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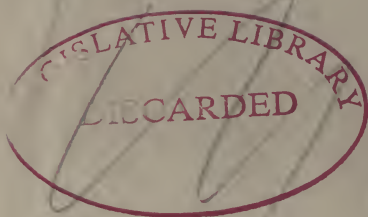
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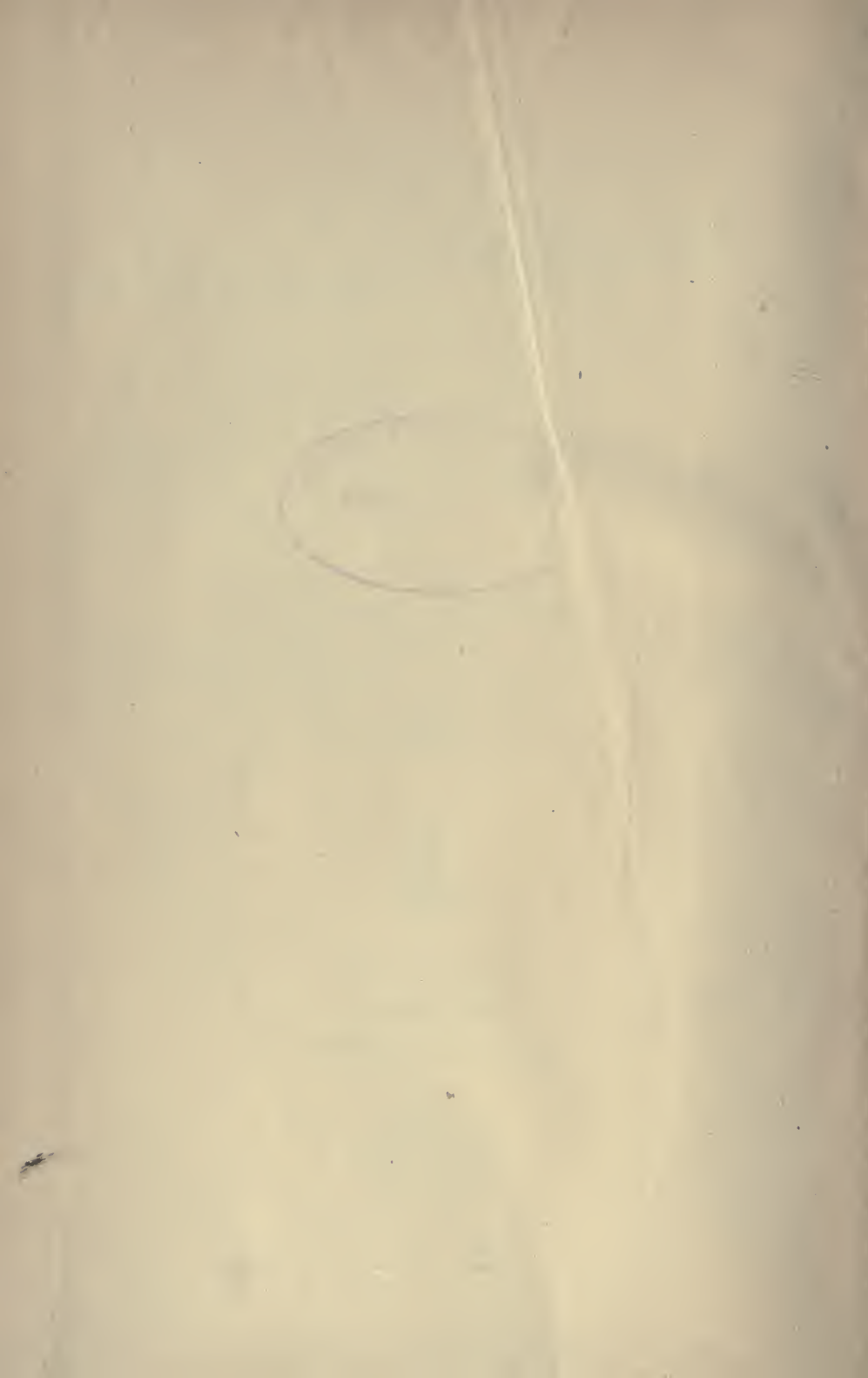


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LITTELL'S

# LIVING AGE.

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"Made up of every creature's best,"

"Various, that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME II.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CXVII.

APRIL, MAY, JUNE.

1873.

BOSTON:  
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume II. }

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HOW DOTH DEATH SPEAK OF OUR BE-  
LOVED?

How doth Death speak of our beloved,  
When it has laid them low —  
When it has set its hallowing touch  
On speechless lip and brow?

It clothes their every gift and grace  
With radiance from the holiest place,  
With light as from an angel's face;

Recalling with resistless force  
And tracing to their hidden source  
Deeds scarcely noticed in their course;

This little loving fond device,  
That daily act of sacrifice,  
Of which too late we learn the price!

Opening our weeping eyes to trace  
Simple, unnoticed kindnesses,  
Forgotten notes of tenderness,

Which evermore to us must be  
Sacred as hymns of infancy,  
Learned listening at a mother's knee.

Thus doth Death speak of our beloved,  
When it has laid them low;  
Then let Love antedate Death's work,  
And do this *now*!

How doth Death speak of our beloved,  
When it has laid them low —  
When it has set its hallowing touch  
On speechless lip and brow?

It sweeps their faults with heavy hand,  
As sweeps the sea the trampled sand,  
Till scarce the faintest print is scanned.

It shows how such a vexing deed  
Was but a generous nature's weed,  
On some choice virtue run to seed;

How that small fretting fretfulness  
Was but love's over-anxiousness,  
Which had not been had love been less.

*Thus* doth Death speak of our beloved,  
When it has laid them low;  
Then let Love antedate Death's work,  
And do this now!

How doth Death speak of our beloved,  
When it has laid them low —  
When it has set its hallowing touch  
On speechless lip and brow?

It takes each failing on our part,  
And brands it in upon the heart  
With caustic power and cruel art.

The small neglect that may have pained,  
A giant stature will have gained  
When it can never be explained.

The little service which had proved  
How tenderly we watched and loved,  
And those mute lips to glad smiles moved;

The little gift from out our store,  
Which might have cheered some cheerless  
hour,  
When they with earth's poor needs were  
poor,  
But never will be needed more!

O Christ, our life, foredate the work of Death,  
And do this now!  
Thou who art Love, thus hallow our beloved!  
Not Death, but Thou!

## MARCH.

He comes, the month of storms, his features  
cast

In ice, with train of sleet and whelming flood;  
With devastation on his stormy blast,  
And blighting hopes just in their early bud.  
He comes, the month of ice and biting frost;  
And homeless wanderers, shivering in his  
breath,  
Friendless, on waves of fell misfortune tossed,  
Sink in Despair's dark sea, and welcome  
death.

He goes, the king of winter's retinue,  
And, like a pitying conqueror, bestows  
Blossoms of flower and fruit, that spring to view  
To heal the wounds left by his frosts and  
snows.

He dies, and in his death-throe heaves a sigh  
That wakes to life sweet Spring's long slum-  
bering eye.

Tinsley's Magazine.

## HIDDEN IN LIGHT.

WHEN first the sun dispels the cloudy night,  
The glad hills catch the radiance from afar,  
And smile for joy. We say, "How fair they  
are,

Tree, rock, and heather-bloom so clear and  
bright!"

But when the sun draws near in westering  
might,

Enfolding all in one transcendent blaze  
Of sunset glow, we trace them not, but gaze  
And wonder at the glorious, holy light.  
Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness! that we,  
Whose swift short hours of day so swiftly run,  
So overflowed with love and light may be,  
Lost in the glory of the nearing Sun,  
That not our light but Thine, may brightly  
shine,

New praise to Thee through our poor lives  
be won!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Sunday Magazine.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
EXPLORATIONS.

OF all the kinds of offerings which are tendered to the supreme public, none is so safe from depreciation and neglect as that which gives accounts of unknown or imperfectly-known regions of the earth. A strong natural curiosity prompts us to delight in the information therein given; in acquiring the information we of necessity become acquainted with the personal adventures of the traveller; we learn at what cost and risk our gratification has been procured for us; and we feel a personal regard for the author. As a bearer of new and interesting knowledge, and as a hero greater or less, he establishes a double claim on our goodwill; and if his work has any merit at all, he may calculate on a gracious recognition. The great progress of science, however, and the precise accurate methods of conducting explorations in our day, have—paradoxical as the assertion may seem—raised up a barrier between travellers and the great bulk of the people. If the information which we receive now be far more reliable and satisfying than that which used to reach our fathers in times past, it is more slowly procured, and is communicated with more caution, and in greater detail. Startling discoveries and connections cannot be allowed to rest upon the opinion of the traveller alone, but must be confirmed or supported by a collection of careful evidence, that will bear to be sifted by keen philosophical brains. Imagination has to be sternly and habitually subordinated to judgment; there must be no jumping at conclusions, no announcement of surmises as if they were established facts, however astonishing and interesting such facts might be if they could be proved; the steps of the most alluring research must be patiently registered, and proof must be advanced upon proof, with the order and severity of a mathematical demonstration. It follows, therefore, that the narrations reflect the minds and feelings of the writers somewhat less than they did of old, and that the highly valuable facts which they report are involved in a covering of details, and are not to be reached but at an expense of

some time and labour. But the greater part of the busy world cannot bestow the necessary time and labour, and that is what was meant when it was said above that the very truthfulness and minuteness with which modern research is recorded raises up a barrier between writer and reader which did not exist in times when writers could do things in their own way, and compose with an eye to their readers' convenience. This being so, it seems to us that an acceptable service may be done by giving a short account of some results of explorations, of the means used, and of the adventures encountered, while passing over the more tedious details. The idea of so doing occurred to us while lately most agreeably occupied in following the footsteps of different searchers who have been laboriously examining lands and sites which in times past were powerful kingdoms and cities, which have always continued famous, though their greatness has long since passed away, and the remains of which, associated as they are with our earliest lessons and emotions, must interest us in a high degree.

As surpassing all other regions in our regard, precedence is due to the Holy Land and countries adjoining, where the greatest energy has been exercised with a view to presenting an accurate and complete description of their appearance and topography, to identifying the scenes of events recorded in the sacred writings, and to ascertaining what was the aspect of the land and the form of its edifices—more particularly of the famous Temple—in the times to which those writings refer. The Palestine Exploration has been effected as far as it has been carried out, and is still being prosecuted, principally by officers and non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers, but in part by enterprising civilians who have joined in the examination. The first object of the Royal Engineer expeditions (of which there have been several, the first having gone out in 1864) was to obtain an accurate survey of the country, with views of the most important places, and a full report of proceedings and observations: the second was



to explore beneath the present surface of the ground about Jerusalem and other noted places, and to realize, if possible, their ancient figures and construction from an examination of their foundations and buried remains. The superficial surveys were made by Captains Wilson and Palmer, and by Lieutenant Anderson, Royal Engineers; the excavations were the work of Captain Warren, Royal Engineers. The Holy City was measured and mapped with all the accuracy which is observed in the operations of the Ordnance Survey at home, and special surveys were made of two hills in the Sinaitic peninsula; but the surveys of other parts of Palestine and of a part of Arabia were, to use a military phrase, *reconnaissances*; that is to say, such plans or maps as engineers and staff-officers on active service are able to make rapidly of parts of the theatre of war—prominent points of the country are fixed as accurately as can be done by pocket-instruments, minor points are laid down according to judgment, the judgment being assisted occasionally by angles and compass-bearings; and the details are sketched in by aid of the eye alone. An accomplished surveyor will in a very short time make a general map of astonishing accuracy by this last method. All maps, views, and measurements of Palestine or its parts were of course sent home with the reports, so that the societies and persons connected with, and interested in, the explorations, could, sitting at their desks in England, follow every move of the examiners, and draw their inferences and conclusions almost as readily as if they had been on the spot. The means adopted for exploring beneath the surface we will state when we come to speak of Captain Warren's subterranean work, and we will find an opportunity for saying something of the personal adventures of the members of the expeditions; but in the first place it will perhaps be more convenient to give some account of what was accomplished and ascertained. In doing this we will not follow the order in which the researches were made, but begin with that investigation the subject of which is related to

events of oldest date. Accordingly it is to the examination of the Sinaitic peninsula—which was made in 1868, after the survey of Jerusalem had been accomplished—that we first draw attention. This peninsula, as most of our readers are aware, is included between the gulfs of Suez and Akaba, and lies altogether north of the Red Sea of modern geographers. But perhaps it may not be so widely known that, up to the year 1868, this peninsula—which is close to the isthmus—had never been thoroughly explored, and that no one traveller who penetrated its defiles had traversed more than two of the routes of the desert. This is remarkable in an age when the Egyptian deserts have been intersected by railways, and communication with India has been long established by way of Suez. But in truth this interesting region never could or would have been satisfactorily inspected so long as the task of searching it should have been left to enterprising individuals travelling alone or in small bands. The country is mountainous, wild, and rugged; its desolation is such that merely to make good a passage to and from its recesses is a task which the energies of few adventurers would bear: but making the passage is a feat very far short of taking in the features of the whole ground, and comparing routes, and heights, and pools and torrents, and forms of hills, so as to determine the points which most nearly answer to those mentioned in the Exodus. The Rev. F. W. Holland, whose account we are following, says: "Few countries present to the view so wild an aspect. The mountains appear heaped together in utter confusion, and they are intersected in every direction by deep valleys, which, in the lapse of ages, have been cut out by the winter torrents." Clearly, then, the daring wanderer who could say that he had come and seen, could not reasonably claim to have overcome the difficulties of this intricate topography. Many a one flattered himself that he had solved perplexing problems, and come back with some, at least, of the desired information: but he was sure to find that another was equally positive, and not less



plausible, in a different view. There were no ready means of bringing the conflicting opinions to a common test; and so, while each defended his own theories, the civilized world remained as much as ever in doubt as to the exact track of those memorable wanderings with which it was spiritually so familiar, the obsolete names of whose stations were household words in its vocabulary, and whose trials and dangers are a shadow of the lives of just men of all times, seeking with patience and fortitude the way to their promised rest.

Thus a well organized and appointed expedition was indispensable to the successful exploration of the peninsula; and in order that the exploration, when made, should even partially dissipate the mists of ages, good maps and views must form part of the achievement. Besides these things the exigencies of the service demanded that the Arabic names should be thoroughly understood and considered and compared on the ground, so as to guard against not only accidental and innocent errors of nomenclature, but also against the wilful deceits which the suspicious nature of the Arabs leads them to practise on strangers who evince curiosity about the land. And it was desirable, although not imperative, that the natural history of the peninsula should receive attention. It will be seen that provision was made in the expedition of 1868 for the fulfilment of all these conditions. The Rev. F. W. Holland, whom we quoted above, and who had made three previous visits to the neighbourhood of Sinai, made one of the adventurers, to act, as he modestly puts it, in the capacity of guide; but it is clear that his experience, zeal, and acumen were of the greatest assistance in regard to the main objects of the expedition. Mr. E. H. Palmer, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, whose intimate knowledge of Arabic made his services invaluable, was another of the band. Mr. Wyatt went to collect specimens of natural history. These with Captains Wilson and Palmer, Royal Engineers, before mentioned, were the leaders. Then there was a Serjeant-major, R. E., who was an expert photo-

grapher, and four other non-commissioned officers of the corps, selected from the companies that are attached to the Ordnance Survey. The party started with a caravan of forty-two camels, attended by forty Arab drivers. Thus there was the greatest probability that the exploration would this time be thorough and accurate, and the evidence incontrovertible.

Before stating the strong testimony furnished by this expedition, and the important conclusions to which it leads, it may be well to premise that the names of places given in the *Exodus* have all perished, or if any of them endure it is in altered forms, so that they of themselves contribute very little to identification. Hence the field for speculation as to the route of the Israelites after they left Egypt has been very wide; and some writers, who have given attention to the subject, have doubted whether the wilderness of the wanderings was in the so-called Sinaitic peninsula at all. But these writers who have so doubted have been few; tradition is altogether in favour of the peninsula; and the Rev. Mr. Holland, before giving the evidence obtained in the territory itself, makes it sufficiently clear that the claims of the peninsula are, from the witness of Scripture, so strong as to entirely warrant the search in that direction for further knowledge. He shows that, from the number of the journeys (three) from the land of Goshen to the sea-shore, the sea which was reached could be no other than that which is now called the Gulf of Suez; also, that after the passage of the sea, the course was at first southward along its eastern shore: so that, concurrently with the Biblical account, the scenes of the earlier wanderings and of the delivery of the law could have been nowhere else than on the peninsula. It must be remembered, too, that the Egyptians, even of that remote time, were amazingly advanced in intelligence and ability: it is known—for the hieroglyphic records may be read on the rocks and the remains of the mines seen to this day—that somewhere near the centre and to the eastward of the peninsula, they had

mines of metal and precious stones: it is known, also, that there was at the time of the exodus an Egyptian settlement inland to the eastward of the gulf. There would, of course, be communication between this settlement and Egypt round the head of the gulf; so that if Moses desired, as no doubt he did, to avoid collision with the Egyptians, his only course was to march southwards by the sea, as we are told that he did. It being thus taken as proved by the explorers that Mount Sinai lay within the peninsula, their first care was to identify the mountain. There is no hill bearing that name now; and as to traditions, though there were plenty of them, they did not agree, and it was impossible to distinguish those which might have been merely monkish from those which might have come down from older days. Hence there was none but topographical evidence—the form, the surroundings, and the approaches—by which the identification could be arrived at. Sinai must be a mountain rising abruptly from a plain, because (Deut. iv. 11) the people came near and stood under it; moreover, in Exodus xix. 11, 17, it is said that the mount could be touched, and that the people stood at the nether part of it. It must also be a separate and distinct hill, because bounds were set about it, as we read in verse 12 of the above-mentioned chapter of Exodus. There must be a spacious area before it, because the whole congregation was assembled at its base to receive the law. And there must be a supply of water and pasturage in the neighbourhood. Now there are only two hills in the peninsula which have ever been thought to satisfy these conditions. One of them, Jebel Musa, is about 45 miles due north from the southern point of the peninsula; the other, Jebel Serbal, is a little further to the north, but much more to the west, being less than 20 miles from the coast of the Gulf of Suez. The former is 7375, the latter 6735 feet high. The object of the explorers being not so much to put forth speculations of their own, as to give to all interested in the subject means of judging for themselves, they set to work and surveyed both of these mountains and the ground surrounding them, making in either case a map of about 17 square miles, on a scale of six inches to the mile. They also, from the survey measurements, made models. Now, on the dispute between the favourers of the respective hills\*

being tested in view of the maps and models, the pretensions of Jebel Serbal, the mountain near the shore of the gulf, are seen to dwarf immediately. It has properties which no doubt seemed convincing to those who did not see its rival, or who, visiting the other hill, could not compare save mentally the merits of the two: "In massive ruggedness, and in boldness of feature and outline, Jebel Serbal unquestionably presents an aspect unequalled by any other mountain in the peninsula. . . . It has a greater command than almost any other mountain over the surrounding country, and looks more imposing from the valleys beneath." But it seems to have been the grandeur of its appearance alone which led to its being thought to be Sinai. It cannot be comprehensively seen from any point in the valleys near its base; and it is necessary to ascend one of the neighbouring hills to view the whole range of its magnificent peaks. No one of those peaks is so separated from the others that it could be enclosed by bounds. There is no spot which could have served as a camping-ground. The only two valleys which run away from the mount are wildernesses of boulders and torrent-beds; and the space between the valleys, which was once thought to be a plain, proves to be a chaos of rugged mountains rising to the height of 2500 feet, and intersected by deep ravines. The explorers, after spending several weeks in its neighbourhood, and after examining it most closely, as well as carefully mapping and modelling it, came to the conclusion that it cannot possibly be the Mount of the Law. This opinion, supported as it is by the documents, will, we expect, become general, and we shall hear no more of Jebel Serbal as a probable or a possible Sinai. It is otherwise with Jebel Musa. This mountain rises precipitously from the bottom of the plain of Er-Râhah to a height of about 2000 feet. It is distinctly visible from every part of the plain. It is a mountain which can be touched, and about which bounds can be set. In front of it thousands of people could be assembled. Near it are the requisite springs and pasture. Its peaks have been described by the Dean of Westminster as "standing out in lonely grandeur against the sky like a huge altar." Writing of Er-Râhah Mr. Holland says: "The plain itself is

from Egypt, Ethiopia, and the Peninsula of Sinai." The learned author, at the time of writing, was in favor of Jebel Serbal.

\* See the whole case stated in Dr. Lepsius' "Letters



upwards of two miles long, and half a mile broad, and slopes gradually down from the watershed on the north to the foot of Ras Sufsáfeh.\* About 300 yards from the actual base of the mountain there runs across the plain a low, semi-circular mound, which forms a kind of natural theatre; while further distant, on either side of the plain, the slopes of the enclosing mountains would afford seats to an almost unlimited number of spectators. The members of our expedition were as unanimous in their conviction that the Law was given from Ras Sufsáfeh to the Israelites assembled in the plain of Er-Râhah, as they had been unanimous in rejecting Serbal as the Mount of the giving of the Law.† Until some unsuspected positive evidence may be presented to us, we may therefore rest assured that we know the mountain whose pretensions to be Sinai exceed those of any other. The point has been determined as far as examination of the ground can determine it, and the fancies of travellers can no longer have power to disturb a belief which can be effected by only direct testimony.

Notwithstanding the irresistible claims of Jebel Musa itself, we should be much embarrassed if the few circumstances given in the Pentateuch of the passage of the children of Israel from Rameses to Sinai should prove to be inconsistent with any practicable route from a cultivated part of Egypt to Jebel Musa. But the surveys and examinations showed that an itinerary can be laid down so generally agreeable to the Scriptural account that the stations eastward of the sea may all be placed in it. The three days' march in Egypt—first, from Rameses to Succoth, next to Etham, and last to Pi-hahiroth—were in the first place so directed as to take the fugitives past the head of the Gulf of Suez; but, by divine command (Exod. xiv. 2), it turned on the third day to the south, so as to strike the sea. Whatever may have been the angle of inclination, it is clear that the length of one day's journey would not reach very low down the coast: we may therefore fairly assume that the camp from which the miraculous passage of the Red Sea was made was not far south of where the town of Suez now stands.‡ On the Ara-

bian side of the gulf, eight miles below the town, are some pools which have been dug in the sand, lying now amid palm-trees and gardens. It is probable that water may have been always procurable here by a little digging; the spot is likely, therefore, to have been the first resting-place of the chosen people after they had witnessed the signal discomfiture of their enemies, and to have been that which echoed with their songs of triumph. It is known as "The Wells of Moses;" and although the name may have been given long after the flight of the Israelites, this is proof that inhabitants of the land before our time regarded this as one of their stations. After leaving their first encampment on the Arabian coast, the children of Israel, we are told, went three days' journey in the wilderness and found no water. Their progress—encumbered as they were with women and children, and old people, and flocks and herds, and spoil—would hardly be more than 12 miles a day; so it seems to tally well with the Scriptural account that the next water to be found south of the Wells of Moses is at a distance, as the wayfarer must travel, of about 35 miles therefrom, and that this water is unwholesome and bitter. This place may be the Marah of Scripture; but it is also possible the wandering host may have left it on their right altogether, and passed on to a well on higher ground a few miles further on, to which tradition points as Marah. Howarah is the modern name of the supposed Marah: it is but a small water-hole, yet there are signs of its having been much larger in former days. Hitherto there has been a difficulty about these three day's march through the desert, because, according to the accounts of all travellers who had traversed the ground, nothing in the shape of pasturage was to be found, only some scanty shrubs. But our surveyors, by their more complete examination, have cleared up this matter: by keeping closer to the sea than the more common track, pasture may be found. Elim is the next station named, where there were twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm-trees. The exact site of this Elim cannot be agreed upon; not because a place answering the description cannot be found, but because there are many which would correspond. Water begins to be plentiful about this part of the route, and surrounding some of the water-pools there still are, and surrounding others there may have been, clusters of trees. There

\* The name of the northern peak of Jebel Musa.

† The position of the head of the gulf might be very different now from what it was so many centuries ago; but some ancient ruins have been found very near to the present Suez, and this and other considerations lead to the belief that the Red Sea was passed not far below that town.

is a long valley named Gharundel, in which there are springs which run freely and fill many pools along its length. The water, too, when fresh, is very drinkable. We have now to find the Wilderness of Sin, and this our travellers identify with the plain of El Murkah, a long desert extending some twenty miles by the seashore. Here the children of Israel remained some time, and here were first received the memorable gifts of manna and quails. Between the southern border of the Wilderness of Sin and the plains near the mountain Jebel Musa, which, as we have said, is now believed to be Sinai, are only four journeys, which may have been performed on consecutive days, but not necessarily so. About the route from the desert to Sinai the explorers are quite agreed; but of two of the stations the Scripture gives simply the names, and there is no use in attempting to find them exactly. The third station is one to which the greatest interest attaches—namely, Rephidim—where Moses struck the rock and brought forth water, and where the Israelites under the command of Joshua fought their first battle. Close to it must be the hill on which Moses stood to witness the engagement: “And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. And so when Moses’ hands were heavy they brought him a stone to sit on, and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands until the going down of the sun, when Amalek was thoroughly discomfited. Now there are two places on the way either of which may have been the scene of these memorable deeds: the explorers are unanimous in supposing that one or other of them is Rephidim, but they are not all in favour of either. When it is remembered that this is the only point of importance on which, after their patient and painstaking investigation, they were not in entire consent, we see how powerfully the survey has dispersed an immense amount of speculation and doubt which till now has been obscuring the evidence of the valleys and hills.

The progress of the Israelites after they left the vicinity of Sinai was not investigated by the expedition. The work which they did perform—namely, the identification of Sinai, and of the route to it from Egypt, described in Exodus—occupied them from November 1868, to April 1869. They carried with them all the necessaries of life, including water. From Suez to Sinai was to them a journey

of ten days; for they proceeded, in the first instance, as rapidly as they could to Jebel Musa, where, at the convent of St. Catherine, they established a depot for their stores. The explorers, however, did not take up their quarters in the convent, but lived always under canvas. The special survey of the Jebel Musa region was the operation first commenced; but the weather became so cold at the end of the year that they were compelled to interrupt this survey, and to move to more sheltered ground. As they were less exposed in the valleys near Jebel Serbal, they made the special survey of that mountain and its environs in the depth of winter, some of the party making excursions and carrying on other investigations while the survey proceeded. Then they went back to Jebel Musa and completed the survey of that part. The *reconnaissances* were effected at convenient opportunities; and the result is, that besides the two special surveys above named, seven hundred miles of route-survey, showing the course of the principal valleys, were completed, making, with the *reconnaissances*, a map of more than 4000 square miles of country. After first reaching the convent the party travelled generally on foot, the camels carrying their provisions, implements, and stores. Toils, risks, and privations seem to have fallen to their share in plenty; but they had patience and energy sufficient to cope with all difficulties; their work was faithfully done; and they have presented us with documents of surpassing value.

In 1864-65, Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Anderson made a *reconnaissance* of part of the Holy Land. They began at the northern frontier and surveyed the western highlands of Palestine from Mount Hermon to Jerusalem, taking in as much ground to the right and left of the highest ridge as they conveniently could. There is only one short break in this survey, at a point where, from the ruggedness of the region and the wars of the tribes of Bedouins which were going on at this point rather hotly, the connection was lost. It is the first map of any portion of the Holy Land that has been constructed from actual survey: it must be largely added to before a complete map can be furnished; but the extension will be far less difficult than the fundamental survey; and the benefits to science already resulting from what has been done are so great, that there is very little doubt of the survey being completed. Those benefits, of course, are mainly the aid



given to students of the sacred writings ; but there are more than that, for it seems that we are beginning to open up ancient sites and buildings hitherto not known to be recognizable, and we have a glimpse of the geography of a not very remote land, which, independently of its grand associations, we are bound to be acquainted with. A few memoranda of the things already established by the survey will abundantly prove the service that has been done ; so we will proceed to state what some of those points and places are, which, although they have for ages been seen by every religious mind, have never till to-day obtained their rightful recognition by geography.

The site of the encampment of Abram and Lot at the time when their herdmen quarrelled, consequently the spot on which Abram and his nephew came to the agreement that they would separate, can now be determined very approximately. It was a hill between Bethel and Hai ; and Bethel (now Beitin) and the heap which once was Ai, have been laid down in the survey. From this hill, as we know, is visible the Dead Sea, which in Abram's day was the vale of Siddim, and the whole plain of Jordan, so that Abram's altar must have stood within a limited area. The survey of the vale of Jordan also enables us to estimate properly the brilliancy of the exploit which Abram performed in effecting the punishment of the *reguli* and the rescue of Lot. In this very vale of Siddim it was that the battle took place in which the native princes were beaten ; and the invaders with their captives and spoil made off up the valley of the Jordan. Abram armed his retainers, and, with a following of three hundred and eighteen men, started in pursuit. The ground which he traversed can be seen now pretty much as it was in his day ; for the deadness of that region for ages, which has caused the obscurity which is now being removed, has, at any rate, prevented much alteration of the natural features. Past Jericho and Gilgal the course leads up to Succoth and the Sea of Galilee, along the whole shore of which (afterwards a region of such celebrity) the pursuit must have been maintained ; thence past the waters of Merom (now Lake Huleh) through the territories which were afterwards allotted to Naphtali and Dan, up to the sources of the river, across Mount Hermon, and beyond the boundaries of Canaan to Hoba, which is near Damascus. A smart chase indeed, over at least a hundred and

thirty English miles of difficult ground ; and we see by studying the map what first-rate conduct it must have been that kept it up so vigorously, crowned it with a signal victory, and obtained from the excursion such complete success that all the captives and goods were brought back again to the cities of the plain.

The same site of the encampment of Abram and Lot is close to Bethel, where Jacob dreamt his well-known dream, — Bethel is but a ruin now ; and on the other hand, that is, eastward, of the same site, is "Et Tel," *the heap*, which our surveyors had no hesitation in identifying as all that remains of Ai. Behind it is the valley where Joshua placed his ambush : the plain or ridge down which the men of Ai were drawn by the feigned retreat can still be seen ; and opposite is the hill on which Joshua stood to give the signal to the men in ambush, who took the place "and made it an heap for ever, even a desolation unto this day." Bethel and Ai being fixed, there was but little difficulty in finding Shiloh, its relative position being accurately described in the Book of Judges. A little way from Shiloh is a spring which indicates the position of the vineyards where the daughters of Shiloh were dancing when the young men of Benjamin ran upon them and carried them away for wives. It was at Shiloh that Joshua divided the land, and it was here that the ark rested. The site is marked by a ruin now ; "and a curious excavation in the rock in the side of the hill . . . might have been the actual spot where the ark rested, for its custodians would naturally select a place sheltered from the bleak winds that prevail in these highlands."

A little north of Shiloh the scene changes, the country becoming broken and rugged, with many and steep ravines ; but this is softened down at length, and the intersecting valleys wind or stretch out in remarkable beauty. One of these sweet little valleys, not more than 100 yards wide, is enclosed by two mountains, each of which rises 1200 feet above the vale. Their bases almost touch, although the summits recede ; and in the sides of both are circular indents facing each other, and so forming an amphitheatre capable of containing an immense concourse of people. Here stood, six tribes on one side and six on the other, the children of Israel to hear the words of the law and the blessings and cursings, as Moses had before directed that they should do. The northern mount

is Ebal, the southern Gerizim. The vale is the vale of Shechem, "unrivalled in Palestine for beauty and luxuriance." Shechem, the city of refuge, stood here. We are, of course, contemplating "the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph," and we know that close to it was a place called Sychar, and that "Jacob's well was there." Jacob's well *is* there—the veritable well, undisputed in any age or by men of any religion, of which Jacob himself drank, and his children, and his cattle, and from which, in later days, Jacob's divine descendant asked a drink of water from the woman of Samaria.\* It is close to the high road from Jerusalem to Galilee. About half a mile from the well is Joseph's tomb.

More to the north, but still within the territory of Manasseh, a hill named Dotan was found, which the explorers identified with the Dothan where Joseph came to visit his brethren and was so cruelly treated by them. Cisterns hewn in the rock are very numerous there: they are all bottle-shaped, with narrow necks, so that it would be difficult for any one who had been put inside to get out. It has been suggested that one of these was the pit into which Joseph was lowered.

\* "Some men," says Lieutenant Anderson, "were set to work to clear out the mouth of the well, which was being rapidly covered up. A chamber had been excavated to the depth of 10 feet, and in the floor of the chamber was the mouth of the well, like the mouth of a bottle, and just wide enough to admit a man's body. We lowered a candle down the well and found the air perfectly good, and after the usual amount of noise and talking among the workmen and idlers, I was lashed with a good rope round the waist and a loop for my feet, and lowered through the mouth of the well by some trusty Arabs, directed by my friend Mr. Falcher, the Protestant missionary. The sensation was novel and disagreeable. The numerous knots in the rope continued to tighten and creak, and after having passed through the narrow mouth I found myself suspended in a cylindrical chamber, in shape and proportion not unlike that of the barrel of a gun. The twisting of the rope caused me to revolve as I was being lowered, which produced giddiness, and there was the additional unpleasantness of vibrating from side to side, and touching the sides of the well. I suddenly heard the people from the top shouting to tell me that I had reached the bottom, so when I began to move I found myself lying on my back at the bottom of the well; looking up at the mouth the opening seemed like a star. It was fortunate that I had been securely lashed to the rope, as I had fainted during the operation of lowering. The well is 75 feet deep, 7 feet 6 inches diameter, and is lined throughout with rough masonry, as it is dug in alluvial soil. The bottom of the well was perfectly dry at this time of the year (the month of May) and covered with loose stones. There was a little pitcher lying at the bottom unbroken, and this was an evidence of there being water in the well at some seasons, as the pitcher would have been broken had it fallen upon the stones. It is probable that the well was very much deeper in ancient times, for in ten years it had decreased ten feet in depth. Every one visiting the well throws stones down for the satisfaction of hearing them strike the bottom, and in this way, as well as from the *debris* of the ruined church built over the well during the fourth century, it has become filled up to probably more than a half of its original depth."

North of Dothan is a very rough and barbarous country, indeed the country where the survey was slightly interrupted, as has been mentioned; but a little further yet to the north a clear survey was made of a region which, after the immediate vicinity of the Holy City, is the most interesting, as regards Old Testament history, of all in Palestine. We did not know until we studied this survey, and possibly some of our readers may only now learn, how nearly on the same ground occurred a great many of the events of different periods. From the names of places being different in different books of Scripture, and from the stories being unconnected, one is apt to imagine a wholly different scene for each incident of the narrative. But the map and the account at once rectify any such error as this, as is exemplified in the not very extensive area which we are about to notice—namely, that between Mounts Gilboa and Tabor. This area is the valley of Jezreel, which, westward, leads towards the plain of Esdraelon, a frequent battle-ground. The brook or river Kishon flows across this plain, and on the edge of it is the ancient city of Megiddo, now El-Lejjun. It was along the western border of the flat, under the hills from Megiddo to Taanach, that Sisera's army was extended. Barak with Zebulun and Naphtali occupied Mount Tabor, which lay north-east from, and in sight of, the Canaanitish army, fourteen miles across the plain. The battle, as we know, took place on the banks of the Kishon. Sisera's army after being beaten received no quarter; and Sisera himself, alighting from his chariot, fled away on his feet. The wretched man made off over the Nazareth hills, across the land of Zebulun, passing the whole length of the Sea of Galilee until he reached the plain of Zaanaim. We do not know how long he was in getting there, but we now see that Jael's tent, which was at Kedesh, was forty miles from the battle-field, and over that distance at least of hill and dale he must have hurried to his miserable death. In the valley of Jezreel, too, was it that the Midianites and Amalekites were spreading terror when Gideon was commissioned to arrest their progress. Close behind Jezreel, and under Mount Gilboa, the explorers found a beautiful spring, which they do not doubt is the water where Gideon tested his forces by their modes of drinking, and selected his three hundred, all of whom had lapped the water with their hands. Again, it was



here that the ark of God, which had been brought to the camp from Shiloh, was taken by the Philistines and carried thence to the temple of Dagon. Here, too, it was, by Gideon's spring, that Saul, terrified by the Philistines, who were encamped at Shunem on the other side of the vale, took his resolution to consult the weird woman at Endor, which is between six and seven miles from his position. We read that he disguised himself, and for doing so he probably had another reason besides a wish not to be recognized by the woman. To get to her he had to skirt the enemy's camp, and he ran of course a great chance of being taken prisoner. There are inhabited caves at Endor to this day, and it was probably in one of these that the witch lived. The day after the visit Saul's army was beaten and he slain in the valley, the fugitive Israelites betaking themselves to the recesses of Mount Gilboa. Here, too, by Gideon's spring, must have been Naboth's vineyard, and close to it the scene of his murder. At Jezreel, close at hand, Jezebel paid the penalty of her misdeeds. There are crowds of starving dogs, it seems, still in the villages; "and we vividly realized," says Lieutenant Anderson, "how, when the men went out in the evening to bury Jezebel, they found no more than the skull, the feet, and the palms of the hands." A little eastward from hence is the ford over the Jordan at the mouth of the Jabbok, by which both Abram and Jacob crossed when they came from Haran.

A little to the north-west of Mount Tabor lies the town of Nazareth, completely surrounded by rugged and barren hills. It is a lovely little spot, the more so by contrast with the rough ground around. Having reached this point, it may be expected that we turn aside and notice what has been done in exploring the shores of the Sea of Galilee; but that we propose to do further on, after we have reviewed the survey of Jerusalem. The *reconnaissance* which we are at present considering, kept to the line of watershed between Jordan and the Mediterranean as its main direction. As we pass north of Nazareth the points away from the river and lake become less interesting, although it would appear that there are many curious remains in this little-known region. Kadesh, the city of refuge, is recognizable, as is also Laish. The hills of Naphtali are still well covered with oaks, but these are being thinned by charcoal-burners,

who find a market for their goods at Damascus. The main line of survey kept south of Libanus and Anti-Libanus, crossed the Upper Jordan, and had its northern terminus at Cæsarea Philippi, now the village of Banias. A point on the Jordan—*i.e.*, the confluence with a united stream rising at the two points Banias and Tel-el-Kadi—was geographically established. The Jordan, just above this point, is 45 feet broad, is of a dirty-yellow colour, and flows between banks 25 feet below the general level of the plain. Below the confluence the stream is 90 feet broad. For some way it flows through a deep gorge, but at last it issues suddenly on the plain at a very low level. "Its very waters seem to flow suspiciously, as if they were going on a fruitless journey, never to reach the sea." Below Lake Merom it flows once more in a narrow channel with precipitous banks; but it is already as low as the sea-level, and, of course, by the time it has passed through the Sea of Galilee it is below the level of the Mediterranean. Then "the river rushes on boisterously; but it is too late to accomplish the great object of all other rivers, for its waters are now 600 feet below the level of the 'ocean.'" Just below Jericho it falls into the Dead Sea. Before leaving this general survey we may quote the account of a little adventure of the surveying officers:—

While we were encamped at Jezreel, the sheikh of the village complained that a tax-gatherer from the neighbouring town of Jenin had just paid them a visit, and had flogged our water-carrier because the latter would not wait upon him. The chief desired Captain Wilson to make a report to the governor at Jenin, and our dragoman was accordingly directed to write a letter in Arabic and submit it for signature. The dragoman's interpretation of his own letter was as follows: "To the governor of Jenin. The chief of the village of Jezreel, what you send one policeman he come speak bad words and beat near to kill him one man what fetch de water for one English *Colonel*. I come for see you presently." This was duly signed by Captain Wilson; and as the chief insisted upon a seal being appended to the signature, an old monogram was cut off a sheet of note-paper and affixed to the letter. This was supposed to prove the genuineness of the document, as a man's seal cannot be forged.

It is now time to speak of the operations at Jerusalem, which were the earliest, and which led to the other explorations of which mention has been made. Many will learn with surprise that up to the year 1864 no wholly reliable map or plan of the Holy City existed; which does

not mean that no attempt had been made to delineate it, because for many ages diagrams had been appearing; but it means that the maps were partial, that each was made to illustrate some particular points only, and that one or two more recent surveys which aimed at being general and accurate were not equally trustworthy in all parts. Hence, when some eight years since the unhealthy condition of Jerusalem attracted to it observation and much sympathy, it was seen that an improved water-supply and improved drainage—which were clearly the principal requirements—could not be designed for want of a complete survey and levels. The brooks and springs of the city and neighbourhood are many, the rainfall is considerable, and no city could from its situation be more easy to drain; but then we know that the place is under Turkish rule, and so do not marvel that the distresses of the inhabitants, uncared for by their own rulers, came to be adopted as a legitimate concern of theirs by the "Franks." The means of paying for the necessary survey were provided by Miss Burdett Coutts; and an officer (Captain Wilson) and five non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers were detached from the companies employed on the Ordnance Survey, and sent out to Jerusalem to execute the work. Their duty was completed in 1865. It was, however, hardly possible for a scientific officer employed on the survey of such a region to confine himself to superficial operations. Accordingly Captain Wilson made attempts to penetrate some of the secrets that lie hid beneath the masses of rubbish—the quantity of which is hardly conceivable, as will be explained—which conceal the ancient forms of the hills and valleys, and the remains of nearly all the ancient works of men. But he was unprovided with the necessary stores and implements for subterranean exploration, and it was left to his brother officer, Captain Warren, to follow out his designs, and to furnish data for restoring the ancient, as he himself had delineated the modern, Jerusalem.

One perceives with regret, after having followed the energetic proceedings of these officers, which in themselves are highly interesting, that they have as yet been able to establish beyond controversy but very few of the sites which have been wrangled over for so many centuries. We cannot say positively where the Holy Sepulchre is, where Solomon's or the succeeding temples exactly stood, or where

we can find Calvary. But enough has been done to show how with more labour great results may be obtained. The difficulties of searching underground are enormous, formidable in themselves, and added to by the wilful impediments placed in the way by Turkish officials. Yet we see now that all these may be overcome; if little has been established, a great deal of error has been disestablished and altogether eliminated; and we have at least a conception of the vastness of the work which some of the kings of old were able to execute.

The Temple, the great glory of old Jerusalem, stood, as we know, on Mount Moriah, the hill on which Abraham had bound Isaac preparatory to offering him for a sacrifice, and on ground which David in later days purchased from Araunah, whose threshing-floor it had been. The apex of the rock of that hill may still be seen—the sacred rock it is called—and around it is an artificial plateau in the form of a rectangle, whose length is 1500 feet north and south, and its breadth 900 feet east and west. It is enclosed by walls and is known as Haram ash Sharif, or the Noble Sanctuary. This is now the apparent top of the hill, which, beyond the southern wall of the sanctuary, slopes downward to the south, and is a tongue of ground running between two valleys which unite at its foot. The valley on the west of Moriah is the Tyropæan, that on the east is the valley of Kedron or of Hinnom. Across the Tyropæan and opposite the southern tongue of Moriah, is the upper city on another plateau; opposite and to the west of the Sanctuary is the summit known as Zion or Acra. The valleys and the sides of the hills are covered with rubbish, the depth of which is so great that the walls of the Sanctuary cannot be seen for more than a half, a third, or a fourth of their height in most parts of the enclosure; and the ancient, or, as we may say, the real beds of the valleys have been entirely altered. We know by means of the explorations where the channel of the brook Kedron used to be: the stream has a very different course now from what it had when sorrowing David passed over it at the time of Absalom's rebellion. Of the remains of the Sanctuary (and probably the same may be said of the upper city and Zion) that which is above ground is but a very small part. Its walls rest throughout their lengths on the rock; the levels of the foundations vary, therefore, accord-



ing to the outline of the rock, being at the Triple Gate in the south wall about a hundred feet higher than at the most depressed points. Seventy feet appears to be the least height, and a hundred and seventy feet the greatest. These high walls were at one time exposed to view, and could, with their magnificent superstructure, dazzle the senses by their grandeur. A building longer and higher than York Minster stood, as Captain Wilson explains it, on a solid mass of masonry nearly as high as the tallest of our church spires.

Nearly everywhere there are about four feet of firm rich mould resting upon the rock. Above the mould are many layers of stone-chippings, cubical or hemispherical in form, and mixed with lumps of broken stone of various sizes. Here and there a stratum of fat earth from one to three feet thick may be found, but not frequently. Sometimes the shingle is more or less cemented together by mud, which has percolated through it; but outside of the city walls, and particularly on the east side of the Kedron valley, it is quite loose, without a particle of cohesive matter, so that once set in motion it runs like water. To get at the cartography (or an approximation to it) of the ancient city, the wells, cisterns, aqueducts, vaults and passages which lie in and beneath these masses of rubbish, must be thoroughly examined. Captain Warren has already brought to light many and striking facts which up to his time were unknown or not established; and others, no doubt, following in his footsteps and imitating him on other ground, will accumulate evidence sufficient to decide many of the contested points. We will state the principal of Captain Warren's discoveries, and then give some account of the means by which he achieved them, and the adventures of himself and party during the execution of their works.

Let us first mention, that Captain Warren, by working through the rubbish and by exploring subterranean passages, has been enabled to find the rock of Mount Moriah and of its flanking valleys in so many places, that he could make a contoured plan of the whole area—and what, to the eye unaccustomed to drawings of the ground, is more instructive, a model. A few feet of red earth overlies the rock pretty equally; so, then, having the form of the rock, we have the form of the hill, as it appeared to Solomon. And this work serves a far higher purpose than the gratification of curiosity or

the excitement of wonder. If we can see the hill as Solomon and his architects saw it, we can recover pretty closely the considerations that no doubt moved them in determining the exact site of the first Temple. This will not give conclusive proof, but it will reveal a strong probability which, if supported by further discoveries, may at last amount to proof. Then, once we are morally certain about the site of Solomon's Temple, there will be less difficulty about Nehemiah's and Herod's. Now then, looking at the contoured plan or the model, it is at once evident that appearance and economy of time and of labour, would require the Temple to be on the plateau of the summit, where there was just room for it to stand. If that was the site chosen, the Temple area must have been bounded on the south by a wall parallel to, and three hundred feet north of, the present south wall of the sanctuary; its north wall would have been six hundred feet north of its south wall, or nine hundred feet north of the present south wall; and its end walls would have been coincident with portions of the present west and east walls of the Sanctuary. This is an entirely new argument, which, without the form of the hill, recovered by Captain Warren's labours, could not have been used. The threshing-floor of Araunah, we may fairly assume, was on the summit, as was customary, in order that the winnowing might be conveniently effected; and as we know that the threshing-floor became the site of the Temple, some further strength is thus given to the supposition that the first Temple was placed as we have described. But further proofs are forthcoming from the evidence of the buried walls. The level at which the stones in any part of the wall begin to be dressed and carefully-lined stones, as distinguished from the rougher foundation-stones which were not intended to be seen, is a guide to the age of that part of the wall. Where the dressed stones are traceable down to the neighbourhood of the rock, it may be concluded that the wall is of the age of Solomon or of the kings of Judah. Where there are many courses of rough foundation-stones above the rock, it is a fair inference that the wall was built after the rubbish had begun to accumulate. Some Phœnician characters have been found on the chiselled stones of those parts where the dressed stones most nearly approach the rock, and this is another proof of the antiquity of these parts.

The position of the gates also—since they would surely be designed with some regard to symmetry—is another guide to the selection of the oldest part of the work. Now, without going into details, we may say that the evidence of the walls is quite in harmony with the supposition which places the first Temple on the summit as above described. This also is quite new evidence, like that concerning the form of the rock. If the Turkish authorities had not expressly forbidden excavations within the Sanctuary, it would be advisable to try to find the foundations of the north and south walls of Solomon's Temple. If these should be discovered on the sites whereon they are supposed to have stood, little doubt could remain as to the plan of this building; but we must wait for more liberal times before this test can be applied. It has been ascertained, however, by examination of the ground outside the Sanctuary walls, and by some observations which it was possible to make within them without disturbing the ground, that along the line which is thought to have been that of the north wall of the Temple, the side of a natural valley or an artificial ditch, extended. Probably the two containing valleys of Mount Moriah turned inwards and nearly met there; and advantage was taken of this circumstance by connecting the two with a ditch. Some part of the rock on this ditch side is known to be scraped—that is, cut to nearly a vertical plane. All this favours the idea that the wall of Solomon's Temple stood here.

But there is a portion of the present south wall which is, there can be no doubt, as old as the walls which have been suggested as being the east and west walls of the Temple enclosure. If the south wall of the ancient Temple was 300 feet away from this wall, what can this wall have been? The answer is that it was probably the wall of Solomon's palace, which is of antiquity equal to that of the Temple. The former building may have been built a little below the brow of the hill although the latter might not—indeed, if we suppose the Temple on the plateau of the summit, there is no place near it for the palace without going a little down the hill. But if the palace occupied only a portion—to wit, the south-east angle—of what is now the Sanctuary, how comes it that the Sanctuary is now a rectangle with a continuous south wall running right across? Well, the supposition is that Herod built

the western part of the south wall, and that the precincts of the Temple which *he* built extended over the sites of Solomon's Temple and Solomon's palace, as also over the space near those buildings in the south-west angle. Herod's Temple, in short, is thought to have had its north wall on the same line as Solomon's, but to have been 900 feet square, instead of 600 by 600.

Somewhere near the present north wall of the Sanctuary was the Pool of Bethesda. There are pools in that vicinity now, fed, no doubt, by the same spring which fed the Bethesda of St. John's Gospel; but at present it cannot be ascertained which of them, or whether any of them, is that pool. There is reason to believe that pools which once existed in that neighborhood have disappeared, and that the water is now collected in newer reservoirs. The Pool of Siloam remains as of old just at the junction of the Tyropæan and Kedron valleys. A fountain known now as "the Virgin's Fount" has been identified with En-Rogel, which was a point in the boundary line between Judah and Benjamin, as recorded in the Book of Joshua; it is the same En-Rogel by which Ahimaaz and Jonathan\* the son of Abiathar waited on David's behalf for tidings of the determination of the council of Absalom's rebellion; and it is that at which Adonijah† slew sheep and oxen when he laid claim to the kingdom. This is a very recent discovery, due to the survey which noted the rock Zohelath, and so led to the identification of the fountain. The pools of Solomon were supplied from a fountain at Hebron, and they again supplied water to the city. Two aqueducts by which the water was conveyed have been traced. One is quite useless now, and the other of but little use. From the great number of channels and cisterns which have been discovered, it is clear that the Holy City was once very well supplied with water; but the aqueducts have been destroyed, or suffered to fall to decay, and the cisterns have been turned to the vilest uses. The very soil has been so poisoned by impurities, that a scratch or a cut on a workman's hand would not heal for a long time; and as for the water, it is in many places so contaminated by the neighbourhood of the drains as to be offensive to the taste.

The ancient articles brought to light by the exploration were but few. They

\* 2 Samuel, xvii. 17.

† 1 Kings, i. 9.



were principally lamps and vases, weights, bronze figures, and sepulchral chests. The seal of Haggai the son of Shebniah was found in the rubbish of the Tyropæan valley, at a depth of 22 feet. But of the few articles found, it is remarkable that hardly any are Jewish. A great mass of details has been given, which, though as yet they have led up to nothing positive, may, after further inquiry, be found to contain the keys to many disputed questions; for the work of the survey is not likely to perish; what has been done is distinctly recorded on drawings with dimensions and levels, so that the work can at any time be farther prosecuted without having to repeat any of the operations already registered.

But while we are gratified at the clear and unquestionable results of these enterprises, we must not overlook the risk and toil by means of which they were successful. Captain Warren and his assistants would seem to have been daily in peril of their lives; the climate punished them, their work was dangerous, and the Turkish officials continually thwarted them. One of these enlightened persons explained to Captain Warren the whole structure of the noble Sanctuary—the very place that the Christian world is yearning to know even a little concerning—“winding up with the information that the sacred rock, Sakhra, lies on the top leaves of a palm-tree, from the roots of which spring all the rivers of the earth; and that the attempt of a Frank to pry into such matters could only be attended by some dire calamity befalling the country.” From functionaries with minds thus cultivated much sympathy or aid was not to be expected; and although our explorers were fortified by a vizierial letter from Constantinople, excuses were continually invented for interfering with and restricting the proceedings. The probability that they might disturb the graves of some of the faithful was continually put forward as a reason for interrupting the search. The orientals, it seems, can form no higher idea of our objects than that we are seeking for buried treasure, which, although they have not the energy to look for it themselves, they cordially grudge us. The vizierial letter unfortunately excepted the Noble Sanctuary from the places where digging was to be permitted; consequently Captain Warren commenced operations outside its walls; whereupon the Pacha forbade him to dig within 40 feet of the walls, lest he should bring

them down—bring down, that is, some of the finest and most massive masonry in the world, which rested on the rock, by removing some of the rubbish which had accumulated beside it! Captain Warren was, however, even with the intelligent Pacha as far as examining the walls went, as we shall see directly. First let us explain that the method of examination which Captain Wilson, when he made the survey, was not provided with the means of following, and which Captain Warren did adopt in all his principal examinations—was the rough-and-ready style of mining made use of in sieges, the same being taught to all officers of Royal Engineers at the school of Military Engineering. A well or shaft, three or four feet square, is commenced, and as soon as it has been excavated to a slight depth, wooden frames of a strength in inverse proportion to the self-supporting power of the earth, clay, gravel, or other soil, are introduced. Where the ground has any tenacity at all, the first three or four feet of shaft can be sunk before a frame is fixed, and then the frames can be built in one over another from the bottom upwards; but as the depth increases, this method becomes impossible, and a frame has to be fixed under those already in place as soon as there is space dug out for it. The cases or frames are in four parts, made with mortises and tenons, so that they may be easily put together; and if the soil be very loose indeed, it may be necessary to excavate one side only of the shaft, then to fix the half of the frame, and afterwards to excavate the other side and fix the rest of the frame. The series of cases or frames forms a strong wooden lining to the shaft. Any part of the lining liable to extra pressure may, of course, be strengthened by screwing on additional planks. Captain Warren appears to have carried these shafts to a greater depth than is usually necessary in military mining, for we find him sometimes sinking 90 feet below the surface of the ground. But the art of military mining includes something more than making wells and going up and down in them; it can from the bottom or from any stage of the shaft commence and produce a subterranean passage or gallery, either horizontal or inclining upwards or downwards, and so give means of moving about in the recesses of the earth. The galleries are supported by timbers and planking much in the same way as the mines are lined. The breadth and depth

of them are kept as short as possible, and there is usually no more than room for a man to crawl along in them. It was by means of his burrowing power that Captain Warren out-witted the Pacha. He obeyed the direction to dig at least 40 feet away from the walls; but as soon as he was down to a convenient depth he burrowed back to the wall, and then along its face, so as to examine it, without the Pacha being, in the first instance, at all the wiser. Afterwards, the limit of 40 feet was encroached on, little by little; and the Pacha, when he came to know that the miners had had their will in spite of him, seems to have taken the frustration of his orders with the philosophy of a Turk, and not to have been extreme in marking the distance of the shafts from the wall. But he continued to be obstructive and disagreeable in a variety of ways; and first among the difficulties with which Captain Warren had to contend, and which he patiently grappled with, was the hostile spirit of the local government. Then came the morbid effects of the climate, and of the air of wells and tunnels in soil charged with all manner of impurities. The party sickened one after another; every one appears to have been attacked by fever; some of the non-commissioned officers had to be invalided and sent home; and one of them died. Thirdly, there were the natural difficulties of making the explorations, which were so great and numerous that the party may be said to have wrought constantly in peril of their lives. The shingle, or stone-chippings, was, as has been said, so loose that when once set in motion it flowed like water. It rushed into the shafts and galleries at times, completely flooding the passages, and threatening to overwhelm the explorers. Sometimes it ran away from outside their casings, or from beneath them in their shafts, or from before them in their galleries, leaving vast and dangerous chasms; and on one or two occasions compelling them to leave the place where they were, fill up their excavations, and be cheated of their reward after days of labour. And the flowing of the shingle was dangerous, not only for what it could do itself: when it gave way, it allowed heavy stones that might have been resting on it to fall; and these thundering into a shaft or gallery were anything but pleasant or harmless intruders. Scarcely an excavation was undertaken without a *contretemps* that might have been a fatal accident—the persons most frequently in jeopardy being Captain Warren himself, and his most useful and adventurous chief assistant, Sergeant Birtles. The Sergeant, while they were examining some vaults near the west wall of the Sanctuary, “clambered up a piece of wall where the stones were sticking out like teeth. At about 8 feet from the ground one of these gave way, and he fell back with it in his arms. Luckily, it was so heavy that they turned in falling, and fell together sideways; it then rolled over on to him, and injured him severely, so that he could barely crawl out into the open air. He suffered from this injury for some months.” At another time the same adventurous explorer was, by a fall of rubbish behind him, blocked up without a light for two hours. The following adventure occurred in a vault under the convent of the Sisters of Sion:—

I looked into this passage, and found it to open out to a width of 4 feet, and to be full of sewage 5 feet deep. I got some planks, and made a perilous voyage on the sewage for about 12 feet, and found myself in a magnificent passage cut in the rock 30 feet high, and covered by large stones laid across horizontally. Seeing how desirable it would be to trace out this passage, I obtained three old doors, and went down there to-day with Sergeant Birtles. We laid them down on the surface of the sewage, and advanced along by lifting up the hindmost and throwing it in front of us. . . . In some places the sewage was exceedingly moist and very offensive, and it was difficult to keep our balance whilst getting up the doors after they had sunk in the muck. [The earth level suddenly changed and they had to descend.] Everything had become so slippery that we had to exercise great caution in lowering ourselves down, lest an unlucky false step might cause a header into the murky liquid.

Another time Captain Warren descending from a private garden through a tank's mouth found part of the aperture to be so small that he could not succeed till he had stripped nearly to the skin. Then he found himself in a cistern having in it three feet of water; but on lighting up some magnesium wire, he saw such a series of arches as made him think at first that he must be in a church. So he signalled for Sergeant Birtles to come down too; but the Sergeant, after considerably injuring his shoulders in the attempt, was unable to pass the narrow opening, and had at last to go and get the owner's permission to pull down the upper mouth of the shaft. This accomplished, he speedily got down and joined his officer, who was waiting all this time



in the cistern. The Captain, however, while directing Birtles' steps, fell himself over a large stone into the water flat on his face. The weather was frosty, and a bath in one's clothes, as he says, not pleasant under the circumstances. The building they were in was not a church, but an extensive underground area, surmounted by groined arches resting upon many piers. Its present use is as a tank, but it is not yet clear whether it was originally so or not. In following the course of an aqueduct which they traced for 250 feet in one direction and 200 feet in another, this was the sort of passage which they had in some places to make: "Sometimes we could crawl on hands and knees; then we had to creep sideways; again we lay on our backs and wriggled along." But this was a mild aqueduct adventure compared with another which we quote:—

Our difficulties now commenced. Sergeant Birtles, with a fellah, went ahead, measuring with tape, while I followed with compass and field-book. The bottom is a soft silt, with a calcareous crust at top, strong enough to bear the human weight, except in a few places where it lets one in with a flop. Our measurements of height were taken from the top of this crust, as it now forms the bottom of the aqueduct; the mud silt is from 15 inches to 18 inches deep. We were now crawling all fours, and thought we were getting on very pleasantly, the water being only 4 inches deep, and we were not wet higher than our hips. Presently bits of cabbage-stalks came floating by, and we suddenly awoke to the fact that the waters were rising. The Virgin's Fount is used as a sort of scullery to the Silwān village, the refuse thrown there being carried off down the passage each time the water rises. The rising of the waters had not been anticipated, as they had risen only two hours previous to our entrance. At 850 feet the height of the channel was reduced to 1 foot 10 inches, and here our troubles began. The water was running with great violence, 1 foot in height; and we, crawling full length, were up to our necks in it.

I was particularly embarrassed: one hand necessarily wet and dirty, the other holding a pencil, compass, and field-book; the candle for the most part in my mouth. Another 50 feet brought us to a place where we had regularly to run the gauntlet of the waters. The passage being only 1 foot 4 inches high, we had just 4 inches breathing space, and had some difficulty in twisting our necks round properly. When observing, my mouth was under water. At 900 feet we came upon two false cuttings, one on each side of the aqueduct. They go in for about 2 feet each. I could not discover any appearance of their being passages: if they are, and are stopped up for any distance, it will be next to impossible to clear them out in such a

place. Just here I involuntarily swallowed a portion of my lead pencil, nearly choking for a minute or two. We were now going in a zigzag direction towards the northwest, and the height increased to 4 feet 6 inches, which gave us a little breathing space; but at 1050 feet we were reduced to 2 feet 6 inches, and at 1100 feet we were again crawling with a height of only 1 foot 10 inches. We should probably have suffered more from the cold than we did, had not our risible faculties been excited by the sight of our fellah in front plunging and puffing through the water like a young grampus.

One can hardly wonder that these poor men got fevers; the marvel rather is how they were able to persevere at all with such work to its completion. They certainly were strangely protected. Once on having worked their way to the bottom of a well, they saw a piece of loose masonry (which was afterwards found to weigh 8 cwt.) hanging 40 feet above their heads. One of the feebly-held stones starting would have sent the whole mass on them, and there they would have ended their labours, crushed and buried in a deep enough grave, had the least thing gone wrong; but with the greatest coolness and care they climbed up to the top, using many odd means of raising themselves, but doing all so cleverly as to emerge unhurt. Here is another of Captain Warren's escapes, quite as worthy to be called hair-breadth as many that make the excitement of fiction, which we cannot refrain from quoting:—

About a mile south of the village of Lifta, on the crest of a hill, is a chasm in the rocks, about which there are many traditions, and which we failed to explore in the spring. We went there last Monday, provided with three ladders, reaching together 120 feet, and a dock-yard rope 165 feet long. We had three men to assist in lowering us on the rope. The entrance from the top just allows of a man squeezing through; but as you descend the chasm opens out, until at 125 feet it is about 15 feet by 30 inches. At this point is a ledge, and we rested there while we lowered the ladders another 30 feet, to enable us to descend to the bottom, which is at the great depth of 155 feet from the surface. The chasm is exactly perpendicular, and the bottom is horizontal. Water was dripping quickly from the rocks, but ran out of sight at once. On the floor was a rough stone pillar, and near it the skeleton of an infant; close to the pillar is a cleft in the rock, very narrow, into which water was running. I got down into this; but it is a crevice which gets narrower and narrower, and there being no hold, I slipped down until my head was about 4 feet below the surface. Here I stuck, every moment jamming me tighter down the cleft. Ten minutes of desperate struggling, and the help of a friendly

grip, brought me to the surface again, minus a considerable portion of my skin and clothing. On ascending we had some little excitement: at one time the grass-rope-ladder caught fire; at another, the men suddenly let me down nearly 3 feet, the jerk nearly wrenching the rope out of their hands.

Now and then they had a comic adventure—as, for example, when Sergeant Birtles, down a shaft and working laterally through a wall, found himself in an underground smithy. The conscience of the smith told him that the intruder must be a *gin* come to torment him for his hard bargains, and he accordingly fell on his knees before the apparition. It is, however, comforting to know, that of all their moving accidents in

Antres vast, and deserts wild,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads  
touch heaven,

only one had at all a serious termination. They had been making a cut some 20 feet deep through a bank of earth that lay against a wall of the city, and the men (natives) were just getting into the excavation to set to work—only six of them were dangerously advanced—when the bank gave way, falling in upon the wall, and partially inhuming the six men. One of them was wholly buried; but before the second slip occurred which took him from their sight, they saw for a second or two his ghastly face. They were all extricated—the other five with ease, but this man only after some digging; and when the latter was got out he had to be carried to his friends at Bethlehem. His pay was drawn for two weeks; but they could never see the man again, and were left to conjecture either that he had not been much hurt and had been drawing pay while able to work, or that he had died soon after the accident, and his brother had concealed the death that he might get the pay.

Of course the small staff sent out from England could do no more than direct the various operations and keep account of them. Native labour had to be largely used, and very troublesome and inefficient gangs they appear for the most part to have been, requiring all the skill and tact of the Engineers to get work out of them. It is a remarkable fact that Jews, as workmen, were found to be utterly useless. We might have added that they were useless in any capacity as regarded the explorations, had it not been that one Jew turned out a capital overseer, who administered the *corbatch* in first-rate style when the men were idling, showed no fear of

the Arabs, and was in every way qualified for his office. The people who did the work were Arabs from Siloam and Lifta, villages near Jerusalem, and Nubians and men from the city. There was, of course, the usual higgling about wages; but when this was over, it was found that the true believers were constantly seized with an inclination to pray during working hours, although they were never seen to do so in their leisure times, so that it became necessary to make a deduction from the pay for every prayer, which had the effect of considerably moderating the religious ardour. One good old fellow and old *fellah*, though, did submit to the deduction, and ask leave regularly on Fridays to go to the Mosque; and the directors cleverly proposed that, he\* should pray for all, and, in consideration of so doing, receive pay for the time of absence. This arrangement smoothed matters greatly. The wages fixed were rather high, but the officer was able to adhere to them, and the men did not at all relish being sent off the works. It was customary for the sergeant to keep always enough money about him to settle with a man and discharge him on the spot, if he wouldn't be obedient and work. When the offence was idleness, the culprit had the choice of being punished with the *corbatch*, or being discharged, and he generally chose the corporal punishment. The *fellahin* understand, Captain Warren says, the meaning of justice, but not the power of kindness. After a time they began to understand him, and he could always command labour at the known rates. In a strange village the higgling would have lasted a day or more, and, after all, the employer would have been imposed on. The arts of these people are very cunning. They practise upon Europeans, and act their parts so cleverly, that it requires much experience to escape being taken in. Though some of them are smart, strong men, they cannot manage barrow-work at all; wheeling seems in a very short time to exhaust them altogether. The patriarchal feeling is still so strong among them, that it was soon found that by treating the elders with a little consideration, a pretty stern discipline could be maintained among the younger. Every man was searched when he came off the works, and as another precaution against dishonesty, people of different races were mixed together in the gangs. No thief could trust a man of another

\* It seems that he was a descendant of the Prophet.



nation, who would be sure to inform against him. They work best in summer, not caring for the heat, which is so far unfortunate for the explorations that Englishmen in Palestine are not generally in their best working trim during the hot weather. In winter they become very miserable creatures, and cannot understand how working can keep them warm. Their idea, derived from some wiseacre among themselves, of the object of the explorations was,\* that the Franks were dropping all round the walls of the Sanctuary small deposits of gunpowder, which in time would grow to be large ones, and that when these should have sufficiently expanded, say in twenty years or so, the explorers would return with some machine and blow the whole place up.

Here we must leave the exploration of the Holy City for the present, earnestly hoping that Captain Warren and Sergeant Birtles, or some Engineers of equal energy, may ere long be able to give us much more information. We had purposed to follow our notice of the work by some account of the survey of the Sea of Galilee; but we have found so much to say that we have outrun our space, and must await another opportunity to speak of that water so familiar in name to us, and of the undying region about its coasts.

\* In addition, we presume, to the search for treasure.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE next day, towards the afternoon, Frederic Lemerrier, somewhat breathless from the rapidity at which he had ascended to so high an eminence, burst into Alain's chamber.

"*Pr-r! mon cher*; what superb exercise for the health—how it must strengthen the muscles and expand the chest; after this, who should shrink from scaling Mont Blanc?—Well, well. I have been meditating on your business ever since we parted. But I would fain know more of its details. You shall confide them to me as we drive through the Bois. My *coupé* is below, and the day is beautiful—come."

To the young Marquis, the gaiety, the heartiness of his college friend were a cordial. How different from the dry

counsels of the Count de Vandemar! Hope, though vaguely, entered into his heart. Willingly he accepted Frederic's invitation, and the young men were soon rapidly borne along the Champs Elysées. As briefly as he could Alain described the state of his affairs, the nature of his mortgages, and the result of his interview with M. Gandrin.

Frederic listened attentively. "Then Gandrin has given you as yet no answer?"

"None: but I have a note from him this morning asking me to call to-morrow."

"After you have seen him, decide on nothing—if he makes you any offer get back your abstract, or a copy of it, and confide it to me. Gandrin ought to help you; he transacts affairs in a large way. *Belle clientèle* among the *millionnaires*. But his clients expect fabulous profits, and so does he. As for your principal mortgagee, Louvier, you know of course who he is."

"No, except that M. Hébert told me that he was very rich."

"Rich—I should think so; one of the Kings of Finance. Ah! observe those young men on horseback."

Alain looked forth and recognized the two cavaliers whom he had conjectured to be the sons of the Count de Vandemar.

"Those *beaux garçons* are fair specimens of your Faubourg," said Frederic; "they would decline my acquaintance because my grandfather kept a shop, and they keep a shop between them!"

"A shop—I am mistaken, then. Who are they?"

"Raoul and Enguerrand, sons of that mocker of man the Count de Vandemar."

"And they keep a shop! you are jesting."

"A shop at which you may buy gloves and perfumes, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. Of course they don't serve at the counter; they only invest their pocket money in the speculation, and in so doing treble at least their pocket money, buy their horses, and keep their grooms."

"Is it possible! nobles of such birth! How shocked the Count would be if he knew it!"

"Yes, very much shocked if he were supposed to know it. But he is too wise a father not to give his sons limited allowances and unlimited liberty, especially the liberty to add to the allowances as they please. Look again at them; no better riders and more affectionate brothers since the date of Castor and Pollux.

Their tastes, indeed, differ : Raoul is religious and moral, melancholy and dignified ; Enguerrand is a lion of the first water, — *élégant* to the tips of his nails. These demigods are nevertheless very mild to mortals. Though Enguerrand is the best pistol-shot in Paris, and Raoul the best fencer, the first is so good-tempered that you would be a brute to quarrel with him ; the last so true a Catholic, that if you quarrelled with him you need fear not his sword. He would not die in the committal of what the Church holds a mortal sin."

"Are you speaking ironically? Do you mean to imply that men of the name of Vandemar are not brave?"

"On the contrary, I believe that, though masters of their weapons, they are too brave to abuse their skill; and I must add, that though they are sleeping partners in a shop, they would not cheat you of a farthing. — Benign stars on earth, as Castor and Pollux were in heaven."

"But partners in a shop!"

"Bah! when a minister himself, like the late M. de M——, kept a shop, and added the profits of *bon-bons* to his revenue, you may form some idea of the spirit of the age. If young nobles are not generally sleeping partners in shops, still they are more or less adventurers in commerce. The *Bourse* is the profession of those who have no other possession. You have visited the *Bourse*?"

"No."

"No! this is just the hour; we have time yet for the Bois. — Coachman, drive to the *Bourse*."

"The fact is," resumed Frederic, "that gambling is one of the wants of civilized men. The *rouge-et-noir* and *roulette* tables are forbidden — the hells closed; but the passion for making money without working for it must have its vent, and that vent is the *Bourse*. As instead of a hundred wax-lights you now have one jet of gas, so instead of a hundred hells you have now one *Bourse*, and — it is exceedingly convenient; always at hand; no discredit being seen there, as it was to be seen at Frascati's — on the contrary, at once respectable, and yet the *mode*."

The *coupé* stops at the *Bourse*, our friends mount the steps, glide through the pillars, deposit their canes at a place destined to guard them, and the Marquis follows Frederic up a flight of stairs till he gains the open gallery round a vast hall below. Such a din! such a clamour! disputatious, wrangling, wrathful.

Here Lemer cier distinguished some

friends, whom he joined for a few minutes.

Alain, left alone, looked down into the hall. He thought himself in some stormy scene of the First Revolution. An English contested election in the marketplace of a borough when the candidates are running close on each other, the result doubtful, passions excited, the whole borough in civil war, is peaceful compared to the scene at the *Bourse*.

Bulls and bears screaming, bawling, gesticulating, as if one were about to strangle the other; the whole, to an uninitiated eye, a confusion, a Babel, which it seems absolutely impossible to reconcile to the notion of quiet mercantile transactions, the purchase and sale of shares and stocks. As Alain gazed bewildered, he felt himself gently touched, and, looking round, saw the Englishman.

"A lively scene!" whispered Mr. Vane. "This is the heart of Paris: it beats very loudly."

"Is your *Bourse* in London like this?"

"I cannot tell you; at our Exchange the general public are not admitted; the privileged priests of that temple sacrifice their victims in closed penetralia, beyond which the sounds made in the operation do not travel to ears profane. But had we an Exchange like this open to all the world, and placed, not in a region of our metropolis unknown to fashion, but in some elegant square in St. James's or at Hyde Park Corner, I suspect that our national character would soon undergo a great change, and that all our idlers and sporting-men would make their books there every day, instead of waiting long months in *ennui* for the Doncaster and the Derby. At present we have but few men on the turf; we should then have few men not on Exchange, especially if we adopt your law, and can contrive to be traders without risk of becoming bankrupts. Napoleon I. called us a shop-keeping nation. Napoleon III. has taught France to excel us in everything, and certainly he has made Paris a shop-keeping city."

Alain thought of Raoul and Enguerrand, and blushed to find that what he considered a blot on his countrymen was so familiarly perceptible to a foreigner's eye.

"And the Emperor has done wisely, at least for the time," continued the Englishman, with a more thoughtful accent. "He has found vent thus for that very dangerous class in Paris society to which the subdivision of property gave birth — viz., the crowd of well-born, dar-



ing young men without fortune and without profession. He has opened the *Bourse* and said, 'There, I give you employment, resource, an *avenir*.' He has cleared the byways into commerce and trade, and opened new avenues of wealth to the *noblesse*, whom the great Revolution so unwisely beggared. What other way to rebuild a *noblesse* in France, and give it a chance of power because an access to fortune? But to how many sides of your national character has the *Bourse* of Paris magnetic attraction? You Frenchmen are so brave that you could not be happy without facing danger, so covetous of distinction that you would pine yourselves away without a dash, *coûte que coûte*, at celebrity and a red ribbon. Danger! look below at that arena—there it is; danger daily, hourly. But there also is celebrity; win at the *Bourse*, as of old in a tournament, and paladins smile on you, and ladies give you their scarves, or, what is much the same, they allow you to buy their *cache-mires*. Win at the *Bourse*—what follows? the Chamber, the Senate, the Cross, the Minister's *portefeuille*. I might rejoice in all this for the sake of Europe—could it last, and did it not bring the consequences that follow the demoralization which attends it. The *Bourse* and the *Crédit Mobilier* keep Paris quiet—at least as quiet as it can be. These are the secrets of this reign of splendour; these the two *lions couchants* on which rests the throne of the Imperial reconstructor."

Alain listened surprised and struck. He had not given the Englishman credit for the cast of mind which such reflections evinced.

Here Lemerrier rejoined them, and shook hands with Graham Vane, who, taking him aside, said, "But you promised to go to the Bois, and indulge my insane curiosity about the lady in the pearl-coloured robe?"

"I have not forgotten; it is not half-past two yet; you said three. *Soyez tranquille*; I drive thither from the *Bourse* with Rochebriant."

"Is it necessary to take with you that very good-looking Marquis?"

"I thought you said you were not jealous, because not yet in love. However, if Rochebriant occasions you the pang which your humble servant failed to inflict, I will take care that he do not see the lady."

"No," said the Englishman; "on consideration, I should be very much obliged

to any one with whom she would fall in love. That would disenchant me. Take the Marquis by all means."

Meanwhile Alain, again looking down, saw just under him, close by one of the pillars, Lucien Duplessis. He was standing apart from the throng—a small space cleared round himself—and two men who had the air of gentlemen of the *beau monde* with whom he was conferring. Duplessis, thus seen, was not like the Duplessis at the *restaurant*. It would be difficult to explain what the change was, but it forcibly struck Alain: the air was more dignified, the expression keener; there was a look of conscious power and command about the man even at that distance; the intense, concentrated intelligence of his eye, his firm lip, his marked features, his projecting, massive brow,—would have impressed a very ordinary observer. In fact, the man was here in his native element—in the field in which his intellect gloried, commanded, and had signalized itself by successive triumphs. Just thus may be the change in the great orator whom you deemed insignificant in a drawing-room, when you see his crest rise above a reverential audience; or the great soldier, who was not distinguishable from the subaltern in a peaceful club, could you see him issuing the order to his aides-de-camp amidst the smoke and roar of the battle-field.

"Ah, Marquis!" said Graham Vane, "are you gazing at Duplessis? He is the modern genius of Paris. He is at once the Cousin, the Guizot, and the Victor Hugo of speculation. Philosophy—Eloquence—audacious Romance;—all Literature now is swallowed up in the sublime epic of *Agotage*, and Duplessis is the poet of the Empire."

"Well said, M. Gram Varn," cried Frederic, forgetting his recent lesson in English names. "Alain underrates that great man. How could an Englishman appreciate him so well?"

"*Ma foi!*" returned Graham, quietly; "I am studying to think at Paris, in order some day or other to know how to act in London. Time for the Bois. Lemerrier, we meet at seven—Philippe's."

#### CHAPTER. V.

"WHAT do you think of the *Bourse*?" asked Lemerrier, as their carriage took the way to the Bois.

"I cannot think of it yet; I am stunned. It seems to me as if I had been at a *Sabbat*, of which the wizards were

*agents de change*, but not less bent upon raising Satan."

"Pooh! the best way to exorcise Satan is to get rich enough not to be tempted by him. The fiend always loved to haunt empty places; and of all places nowadays he prefers empty purses and empty stomachs."

"But do all people get rich at the *Bourse*? or is not one man's wealth many men's ruin?"

"That is a question not very easy to answer; but under our present system Paris gets rich, though at the expense of individual Parisians. I will try and explain. The average luxury is enormously increased even in my experience; what were once considered refinements and fopperies are now called necessary comforts. Prices are risen enormously,—house-rent doubled within the last five or six years; all articles of luxury are very much dearer; the very gloves I wear cost twenty per cent more than I used to pay for gloves of the same quality. How the people we meet live, and live so well, is an enigma that would defy *Œdipus* if *Œdipus* were not a Parisian. But the main explanation is this: speculation and commerce, with the facilities given to all investments, have really opened more numerous and more rapid ways to fortune than were known a few years ago.

"Crowds are thus attracted to Paris, resolved to venture a small capital in the hope of a large one; they live on that capital, not on their income, as gamblers do. There is an idea among us that it is necessary to seem rich in order to become rich. Thus there is a general extravagance and profusion. English *milords* marvel at our splendour. Those who, while spending their capital as their income, fail in their schemes of fortune, after one, two, three, or four years—vanish. What becomes of them, I know no more than I do what becomes of the old moons. Their place is immediately supplied by new candidates. Paris is thus kept perennially sumptuous and splendid by the gold it engulfs. But then some men succeed—succeed prodigiously, preternaturally; they make colossal fortunes, which are magnificently expended. They set an example of show and pomp, which is of course the more contagious because so many men say, 'The other day those *millionaires* were as poor as we are; they never economized; why should we?' Paris is thus doubly enriched—by the

fortunes it swallows up, and by the fortunes it casts up; the last being always reproductive, and the first never lost except to the individuals."

"I understand: but what struck me forcibly at the scene we have left was the number of young men there; young men whom I should judge by their appearance to be gentlemen, evidently not mere spectators—eager, anxious, with tablets in their hands. That old or middle-aged men should find a zest in the pursuit of gain I can understand, but youth and avarice seem to me a new combination, which Molière never divined in his '*Avare*.'"

"Young men, especially if young gentlemen, love pleasure; and pleasure in this city is very dear. This explains why so many young men frequent the *Bourse*. In the old gaming tables now suppressed, young men were the majority; in the days of your chivalrous forefathers it was the young nobles, not the old, who would stake their very mantles and swords on a cast of the die. And naturally enough, *mon cher*; for is not youth the season of hope, and is not hope the goddess of gaming, whether at *rouge et noir* or the *Bourse*?"

Alain felt himself more and more behind his generation. The acute reasoning of Lemercier humbled his *amour propre*. At college Lemercier was never considered Alain's equal in ability or book-learning. What a stride beyond his school-fellow had Lemercier now made! How dull and stupid the young provincial felt himself to be as compared with the easy cleverness and half sportive philosophy of the Parisian's fluent talk!

He sighed with a melancholy and yet with a generous envy. He had too fine a natural perception not to acknowledge that there is a rank of mind as well as of birth, and in the first he felt that Lemercier might well walk before a Rochebriant; but his very humility was a proof that he underrated himself.

Lemercier did not excel him in mind, but in experience. And just as the drilled soldier seems a much finer fellow than the raw recruit, because he knows how to carry himself, but after a year's discipline the raw recruit may excel in martial air the upright hero whom he now despairingly admires, and never dreams he can rival; so set a mind from a village into the drill of a capital, and see it a year after; it may tower a head higher than its recruiting-sergeant.



## CHAPTER VI.

"I BELIEVE," said Lemer cier, as the *couplet* rolled through the lively alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, "that Paris is built on a loadstone, and that every Frenchman with some iron globules in his blood is irresistibly attracted towards it. The English never seem to feel for London the passionate devotion that we feel for Paris. On the contrary, the London middle class, the commercialists, the shopkeepers, the clerks, even the superior artisans compelled to do their business in the capital, seem always scheming and pining to have their home out of it, though but in a suburb."

"You have been in London, Frederic?"

"Of course; it is the *mode* to visit that dull and hideous metropolis."

"If it be dull and hideous, no wonder the people who are compelled to do business in it seek the pleasures of home out of it."

"It is very droll that though the middle class entirely govern the melancholy Albion, it is the only country in Europe in which the middle class seem to have no amusements; nay, they legislate against amusement. They have no leisure-day but Sunday; and on that day they close all their theatres,—even their museums and picture-galleries. What amusements there may be in England are for the higher classes and the lowest."

"What are the amusements of the lowest class?"

"Getting drunk."

"Nothing else?"

"Yes. I was taken at night under protection of a policeman to some *cabarets*, where I found crowds of that class which is the stratum below the working class; lads who sweep crossings and hold horses, mendicants, and, I was told, thieves, girls whom a servant-maid would not speak to—very merry—dancing quadrilles and waltzes, and regaling themselves on sausages—the happiest-looking folks I found in all London—and, I must say, conducting themselves very decently."

"Ah!" Here Lemer cier pulled the check-string. "Will you object to a walk in this quiet alley? I see some one whom I have promised the Englishman to— But heed me, Alain; don't fall in love with her."

## CHAPTER VII.

THE lady in the pearl-coloured dress! Certainly it was a face that might well

arrest the eye and linger long on the remembrance.

There are certain "beauty-women" as there are certain "beauty-men," in whose features one detects no fault—who are the show figures of any assembly in which they appear—but who, somehow or other, inspire no sentiment and excite no interest; they lack some expression, whether of mind, or of soul, or of heart, without which the most beautiful face is but a beautiful picture. This lady was not one of those "beauty-women." Her features taken singly were by no means perfect, nor were they set off by any brilliancy of colouring. But the countenance aroused and impressed the imagination with a belief that there was some history attached to it which you longed to learn. The hair, simply parted over a forehead unusually spacious and high for a woman, was of lustrous darkness; the eyes, of a deep violet blue, were shaded with long lashes.

Their expression was soft and mournful, but unobservant. She did not notice Alain and Lemer cier as the two men slowly passed her. She seemed abstracted, gazing into space as one absorbed in thought or reverie. Her complexion was clear and pale, and apparently betokened delicate health.

Lemer cier seated himself on a bench beside the path, and invited Alain to do the same. "She will return this way soon," said the Parisian, "and we can observe her more attentively and more respectfully thus seated than if we were on foot; meanwhile, what do you think of her? Is she French—is she Italian?—can she be English?"

"I should have guessed Italian, judging by the darkness of the hair and the outline of the features; but do Italians have so delicate a fairness of complexion?"

"Very rarely; and I should guess her to be French judging by the intelligence of her expression, the simple neatness of her dress, and by that nameless refinement of air in which a *Parisienne* excels all the descendants of Eve—if it were not for her eyes. I never saw a Frenchwoman with eyes of that peculiar shade of blue; and if a Frenchwoman had such eyes, I flatter myself she would have scarcely allowed us to pass without making some use of them."

"Do you think she is married?" asked Alain.

"I hope so—for a girl of her age, if *comme il faut*, can scarcely walk alone in

the Bois, and would not have acquired that look so intelligent—more than intelligent—so poetic.”

“But regard that air of unmistakable distinction, regard that expression of face—so pure, so virginal: *comme il faut* she must be.”

As Alain said these last words, the lady, who had turned back, was approaching them, and in full view of their gaze. She seemed unconscious of their existence as before, and Lemercier noticed that her lips moved as if she were murmuring inaudibly to herself.

She did not return again, but continued her walk straight on till at the end of the alley she entered a carriage in waiting for her, and was driven off.

“Quick, quick!” cried Lemercier, running towards his own *coupé*; “we must give chase.”

Alain followed somewhat less hurriedly, and, agreeably to instructions Lemercier had already given to his coachman, the Parisian’s *coupé* set off at full speed in the track of the strange lady’s, which was still in sight.

In less than twenty minutes the carriage in chase stopped at the *grille* of one of those charming little villas to be found in the pleasant suburb of A——; a porter emerged from the lodge, opened the gate; the carriage drove in, again stopped at the door of the house, and the two gentlemen could not catch even a glimpse of the lady’s robe as she descended from the carriage and disappeared within the house.

“I see a *café* yonder,” said Lemercier; “let us learn all we can as to the fair unknown, over a *sorbet* or a *petit verre*.”

Alain silently, but not reluctantly, consented. He felt in the fair stranger an interest new to his existence.

They entered the little *café*, and in a few minutes Lemercier, with the easy *savoir vivre* of a Parisian, had extracted from the *garçon* as much as probably any one in the neighbourhood knew of the inhabitants of the villa.

It had been hired and furnished about two months previously in the name of Signora Venosta; but according to the report of the servants, that lady appeared to be the *gouvernante* or guardian of a lady much younger, out of whose income the villa was rented and the household maintained.

It was for her the *coupé* was hired from Paris. The elder lady very rarely stirred out during the day, but always accompanied the younger in any evening

visits to the theatre or the houses of friends.

It was only within the last few weeks that such visits had been made.

The younger lady was in delicate health, and under the care of an English physician famous for skill in the treatment of pulmonary complaints. It was by his advice that she took daily walking exercise in the Bois. The establishment consisted of three servants, all Italians, and speaking but imperfect French. The *garçon* did not know whether either of the ladies was married, but their mode of life was free from all scandal or suspicion; they probably belonged to the literary or musical world, as the *garçon* had observed as their visitor the eminent author M. Savarin and his wife; and, still more frequently, an old man not less eminent as a musical composer.

“It is clear to me now,” said Lemercier, as the two friends reseated themselves in the carriage, “that our pearly *ange* is some Italian singer of repute enough in her own country to have gained already a competence; and that, perhaps on account of her own health or her friend’s, she is living quietly here in the expectation of some professional engagement, or the absence of some foreign lover.”

“Lover! do you think that?” exclaimed Alain, in a tone of voice that betrayed pain.

“It is possible enough; and in that case the Englishman may profit little by the information I have promised to give him.”

“You have promised the Englishman?”

“Do you not remember last night that he described the lady, and said that her face haunted him: and I——”

“Ah! I remember now. What do you know of this Englishman? He is rich, I suppose.”

“Yes, I hear he is very rich now; that an uncle lately left him an enormous sum of money. He was attached to the English Embassy many years ago, which accounts for his good French and his knowledge of Parisian life. He comes to Paris very often, and I have known him some time. Indeed he has intrusted to me a difficult and delicate commission. The English tell me that his father was one of the most eminent members of their Parliament, of ancient birth, very highly connected, but ran out his fortune and died poor; that our friend had for some years to maintain himself, I fancy, by his pen; that he is considered very



able; and, now that his uncle has enriched him, likely to enter public life and run a career as distinguished as his father's."

"Happy man! happy are the English," said the Marquis with a sigh; and as the carriage now entered Paris, he pleaded the excuse of an engagement, bade his friend good-bye, and went his way mus- ing through the crowded streets.

## CHAPTER VIII.

LETTER FROM ISAURA CICOGNA TO MADAME DE GRANTMESNIL.

VILLA D'—, A—.

I CAN never express to you, my beloved Eulalie, the strange charm which a letter from you throws over my poor little lonely world for days after it is received. There is always in it something that comforts, something that sustains, but also a something that troubles and disquiets me. I suppose Goethe is right, "that it is the property of true genius to disturb all settled ideas," in order, no doubt, to lift them into a higher level when they settle down again.

Your sketch of the new work you are meditating amid the orange-groves of Provence interests me intensely; yet, do you forgive me when I add that the interest is not without terror. I do not find myself able to comprehend how, amid those lovely scenes of nature, your mind voluntarily surrounds itself with images of pain and discord. I stand in awe of the calm with which you subject to your analysis the infirmities of reason and the tumult of passion. And all those laws of the social state which seem to me so fixed and immovable you treat with so quiet a scorn, as if they were but the gossamer threads which a touch of your slight woman's hand could brush away. But I cannot venture to discuss such subjects with you. It is only the skilled enchanter who can stand safely in the magic circle, and compel the spirits that he summons, even if they are evil, to minister to ends in which he foresees a good.

We continue to live here very quietly, and I do not as yet feel the worse for the colder climate. Indeed, my wonderful doctor, who was recommended to me as American, but is in reality English, assures me that a single winter spent here under his care will suffice for my complete re-establishment. Yet that career, to the training for which so many years have been devoted, does not seem to me so alluring as it once did.

I have much to say on this subject, which I defer till I can better collect my own thoughts on it—at present they are confused and struggling. The great *Maestro* has been most gracious.

In what a radiant atmosphere his genius lives and breathes! Even in his cynical moods, his very cynicism has in it the ring of a jocund music—the laugh of Figaro, not of Mephistopheles.

We went to dine with him last week; he invited to meet us Madame S—, who has this year conquered all opposition, and reigns alone, the great S—. Mr. T—, a pianist of admirable promise—your friend M. Savarin, wit, critic, and poet, with his pleasant sensible wife, and a few others whom the *Maestro* confided to me in a whisper, were authorities in the press. After dinner S— sang to us magnificently, of course. Then she herself graciously turned to me, said how much she had heard from the *Maestro* in my praise, and so-and-so. I was persuaded to sing after her. I need not say to what disadvantage. But I forgot my nervousness; I forgot my audience; I forgot myself, as I always do when once my soul, as it were, finds wing in music, and buoys itself in air, relieved from the sense of earth. I knew not that I had succeeded till I came to a close and then my eyes resting on the face of the grand *prima donna*, I was seized with an indescribable sadness—with a keen pang of remorse. Perfect *artiste* though she be, and with powers in her own realm of art which admit of no living equal, I saw at once that I had pained her; she had grown almost livid; her lips were quivering, and it was only with a great effort that she muttered out some faint words intended for applause. I comprehended by an instinct how gradually there can grow upon the mind of an artist the most generous that jealousy which makes the fear of a rival annihilate the delight in art. If ever I should achieve S—'s fame as a singer, should I feel the same jealousy? I think not now, but I have not been tested. She went away abruptly. I spare you the recital of the compliments paid to me by my other auditors, compliments that gave me no pleasure; for on all lips, except those of the *Maestro*, they implied, as the height of eulogy, that I had inflicted torture upon S—. "If so," said he, "she would be as foolish as a rose that was jealous of the whiteness of a lily. You would do yourself great wrong, my child, if you tried to vie with the rose in its own colour."

He patted my bended head as he spoke, with that kind of fatherly king-like fondness with which he honours me; and I took his hand in mine, and kissed it gratefully. "Nevertheless," said Savarin, "when the lily comes out there will be a furious attack on it, made by the clique that devotes itself to the rose: a lily clique will be formed *en revanche*, and I foresee a fierce paper war. Do not be frightened at its first outburst; every fame worth having must be fought for."

Is it so? have you had to fight for your fame, Eulalie? and do you hate all contest as much as I do?

Our only other gaiety since I last wrote was a *soirée* at M. Louvier's. That republican *millionnaire* was not slow in attending to the kind letter you addressed to him recommending us to his civilities. He called at once, placed his good offices at our disposal, took charge of my modest fortune which he has invested, no doubt, as safely as it is advantageously in point of interest, hired our carriage for us, and in short has been most amiably useful.

At his house we met many to me most pleasant, for they spoke with such genuine appreciation of your works and yourself. But there were others whom I should never have expected to meet under the roof of a Cræsus who has so great a stake in the order of things established. One young man—a noble whom he specially presented to me, as a politician who would be at the head of affairs when the Red Republic was established—asked me whether I did not agree with him that all private property was public spoliation, and that the great enemy to civilization was religion, no matter in what form?

He addressed to me these tremendous questions with an effeminate lisp, and harangued on them with small feeble gesticulations of pale dainty fingers covered with rings.

I asked him if there were many who in France shared his ideas.

"Quite enough to carry them some day," he answered, with a lofty smile. "And the day may be nearer than the world thinks, when my *confrères* will be so numerous that they will have to shoot down each other for the sake of cheese to their bread."

That day nearer than the world thinks! Certainly, so far as one may judge the outward signs of the world at Paris, it does not think of such things at all. With what an air of self-content the beautiful city parades her riches! Who can

gaze on her splendid palaces, her gorgeous shops, and believe that she will give ear to doctrines that would annihilate private rights of property; or who can enter her crowded churches, and dream that she can ever again instal a republic too civilized for religion?

Adieu. Excuse me for this dull letter. If I have written on much that has little interest even for me, it is that I wish to distract my mind from brooding over the question that interests me most, and on which I most need your counsel. I will try to approach it in my next. ISAURA.

*From the Same to the Same.*

Eulalie, Eulalie!—What mocking spirit has been permitted in this modern age of ours to place in the heart of woman the ambition which is the prerogative of men?—You indeed, so richly endowed with a man's genius, have a right to man's aspirations. But what can justify such ambition in me? Nothing but this one unintellectual perishable gift of a voice that does but please in uttering the thoughts of others. Doubtless I could make a name familiar for its brief time to the talk of Europe—a name, what name? a singer's name. Once I thought that name a glory. Shall I ever forget the day when you first shone upon me; when, emerging from childhood, as from a dim and solitary bypath, I stood forlorn on the great thoroughfare of life, and all the prospects before me stretched sad in mists and in rain? You beamed on me then as the sun coming out from the cloud and changing the face of earth; you opened to my sight the fairy-land of poetry and art; you took me by the hand and said, "Courage! there is at each step some green gap in the hedge-rows, some soft escape from the stony thoroughfare. Beside the real life expands the ideal life to those who seek it. Droop not, seek it; the ideal life has its sorrows, but it never admits despair; as on the ear of him who follows the winding course of a stream, the stream ever varies the note of its music, now loud with the rush of the falls, now low and calm as it glides by the level marge of smooth banks; now sighing through the stir of the reeds, now babbling with a fretful joy as some sudden curve on the shore stays its flight among gleaming pebbles;—so to the soul of the artist is the voice of the art ever fleeting beside and before him. Nature gave thee the bird's gift of song—raise the gift into art, and make the art thy companion.



"Art and Hope were twin-born, and they die together."

See how faithfully I remember, methinks, your very words. But the magic of the words, which I then but dimly understood, was in your smile and in your eye, and the queen-like wave of your hand as if beckoning to a world which lay before you, visible and familiar as your native land. And how devotedly, with what earnestness of passion, I gave myself up to the task of raising my gift into an art! I thought of nothing else, dreamed of nothing else; and oh, how sweet to me then were words of praise. "Another year yet," at length said the masters, "and you ascend your throne among the queens of song." Then — then — I would have changed for no other throne on earth my hope of that to be achieved in the realms of my art. And then came that long fever: my strength broke down, and the *Maestro* said, "Rest, or your voice is gone, and your throne is lost forever." How hateful that rest seemed to me! You again came to my aid. You said, "The time you think lost should be but time improved. Penetrate your mind with other songs than the trash of *Libretti*. The more you habituate yourself to the forms, the more you imbue yourself with the spirit, in which passions have been expressed and character delineated by great writers, the more completely you will accomplish yourself in your own special art of singer and actress." So, then, you allured me to a new study. Ah! in so doing did you dream that you diverted me from the old ambition? My knowledge of French and Italian, and my rearing in childhood, which had made English familiar to me, gave me the keys to the treasure-houses of three languages. Naturally I began with that in which your masterpieces are composed. Till then I had not even read your works. They were the first I chose. How they impressed, how they startled me! what depths in the mind of man, in the heart of woman, they revealed to me! But I owned to you then, and I repeat it now, neither they nor any of the works in romance and poetry which form the boast of recent French literature, satisfied yearnings for that calm sense of beauty, that divine joy in a world beyond this world, which you had led-me to believe it was the prerogative of ideal art to bestow. And when I told you this with the rude frankness you had bid me exercise in talk with you, a thoughtful melancholy shade fell over your face, and you said

quietly, "You are right, child; we, the French of our time, are the offspring of revolutions that settled nothing, unsettled all: we resemble those troubled States which rush into war abroad in order to re-establish peace at home. Our books suggest problems to men for reconstructing some social system in which the calm that belongs to art may be found at last: but such books should not be in your hands; they are not for the innocence and youth of women, as yet unchanged by the systems which exist." And the next day you brought me Tasso's great poem, the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, and said, smiling, "Art in its calm is here."

You remember that I was then at Sorrento by the order of my physicians. Never shall I forget the soft autumn day when I sat amongst the lonely rocklets to the left of the town — the sea before me, with scarce a ripple; my very heart steeped in the melodies of that poem, so marvellous for a strength disguised in sweetness, and for a symmetry in which each proportion blends into the other with the perfectness of a Grecian statue. The whole place seemed to me filled with the presence of the poet to whom it had given birth. Certainly the reading of that poem formed an era in my existence; to this day I cannot acknowledge the faults or weaknesses which your criticisms pointed out — I believe because they are in unison with my own nature, which yearns for harmony, and, finding that, rests contented. I shrink from violent contrasts, and can discover nothing tame and insipid in a continuance of sweetness and serenity. But it was not till after I had read *La Gerusalemme* again and again, and then sat and brooded over it, that I recognized the main charm of the poem in the religion which clings to it as the perfume clings to a flower — a religion sometimes melancholy, but never to me sad. Hope always pervades it. Surely if, as you said, "Hope is twin-born with art," it is because art at its highest blends itself unconsciously with religion, and proclaims its affinity with hope by its faith in some future good more perfect than it has realized in the past.

Be this as it may, it was in this poem so pre-eminently Christian that I found the something which I missed and craved for in modern French masterpieces, even yours — a something spiritual, speaking to my own soul, calling it forth; distinguishing it as an essence apart from mere



human reason; soothing, even when it excited; making earth nearer to heaven. And when I ran on in this strain to you after my own wild fashion, you took my head between your hands and kissed me, and said, "Happy are those who believe! long may that happiness be thine!" Why did I not feel in Dante the Christian charm that I felt in Tasso? Dante in your eyes, as in those of most judges, is infinitely the greater genius, but reflected on the dark stream of that genius the stars are so troubled, the heaven so threatening.

Just as my year of holiday was expiring I turned to English literature; and Shakespeare, of course, was the first English poet put into my hands. It proves how childlike my mind still was, that my earliest sensation in reading him was that of disappointment. It was not only that, despite my familiarity with English (thanks chiefly to the care of him whom I call my second father), there is much in the metaphorical diction of Shakespeare which I failed to comprehend; but he seemed to me so far like the modern French writers who affect to have found inspiration in his muse, that he obtrudes images of pain and suffering without cause or motive sufficiently clear to ordinary understandings, as I had taught myself to think it ought to be in the drama.

He makes Fate so cruel that we lose sight of the mild deity behind her. Compare, in this, Corneille's "*Polyeucte*" with the "*Hamlet*." In the first an equal calamity befalls the good, but in their calamity they are blessed. The death of the martyr is the triumph of his creed. But when we have put down the English tragedy—when Hamlet and Ophelia are confounded in death with Polonius and the fratricidal king, we see not what good end for humanity is achieved. The passages that fasten on our memory do not make us happier and holier; they suggest but terrible problems, to which they give us no solution.

In the "*Horaces*" of Corneille there are fierce contests, rude passions, tears drawn from some of the bitterest sources of human pity; but then through all stands out, large and visible to the eyes of all spectators, the great ideal of devoted patriotism. How much of all that has been grandest in the life of France, redeeming even its worst crimes of revolution in the love of country, has had its origin in the "*Horaces*" of Corneille. But I doubt if the fates of Coriolanus, and Cæsar, and Brutus, and Antony, in

the giant tragedies of Shakespeare, have made Englishmen more willing to die for England. In fine, it was long before—I will not say I understood or rightly appreciated Shakespeare, for no Englishman would admit that I or even you could ever do so—but before I could recognize the justice of the place his country claims for him as the genius without an equal in the literature of Europe. Meanwhile the ardour I had put into study, and the wear and tear of the emotions which the study called forth, made themselves felt in a return of my former illness, with symptoms still more alarming; and when the year was out I was ordained to rest for perhaps another year before I could sing in public, still less appear on the stage. How I rejoiced when I heard that fiat, for I emerged from that year of study with a heart utterly estranged from the profession in which I had centred my hopes before—. Yes, Eulalie, you had bid me accomplish myself for the arts of utterance by the study of arts in which thoughts originate the words they employ, and in doing so—I had changed myself into another being. I was forbidden all fatigue of mind; my books were banished, but not the new self which the books had formed. Recovering slowly through the summer, I came hither two months since, ostensibly for the advice of Dr. C—, but really in the desire to commune with my own heart, and be still.

And now I have poured forth that heart to you—would you persuade me still to be a singer? If you do, remember at least how jealous and absorbing the art of the singer and of the actress is. How completely I must surrender myself to it, and live among books, or among dreams, no more. Can I be anything else but a singer? and if not, should I be contented merely to read and to dream?

I must confide to you one ambition which during the lazy Italian summer took possession of me—I must tell you the ambition, and add that I have renounced it as a vain one. I had hoped that I could compose, I mean in music. I was pleased with some things I did—they expressed in music what I could not express in words; and one secret object in coming here was to submit them to the great *Maestro*. He listened to them patiently; he complimented me on my accuracy in the mechanical laws of composition; he even said that my favourite airs were "*touchants et gracieux*."

And so he would have left me, but I stopped him timidly, and said, "Tell me

frankly, do you think that with time and study I could compose music such as singers equal to myself would sing to?"

"You mean as a professional composer?"

"Well, yes."

"And to the abandonment of your vocation as a singer?"

"Yes."

"My dear child, I should be your worst enemy if I encouraged such a notion; cling to the career in which you can be greatest; gain but health, and I wager my reputation on your glorious success on the stage. What can you be as a composer? You will set pretty music to pretty words, and will be sung in drawing-rooms with the fame a little more or less that generally attends the compositions of female amateurs. Aim at something higher, as I know you would do, and you will not succeed. Is there any instance in modern times, perhaps in any times, of a female composer who attains even to the eminence of a third-rate opera writer? Composition in letters may be of no sex. In that Madame Dudevant and your friend Madame de Grantmesnil can beat most men; but the genius of musical composition is *homme*, and accept it as a compliment when I say that you are essentially *femme*."

He left me, of course, mortified and humbled; but I feel he is right as regards myself, though whether in his depreciation of our whole sex I cannot say. But as this hope has left me, I have become more disquieted, still more restless. Counsel me, Eulalie; counsel, and, if possible, comfort me.

ISAURA.

*From the Same to the Same.*

No letter from you yet, and I have left you in peace for ten days. How do you think I have spent them? The *Maestro* called on us with M. Savarin, to insist on our accompanying them on a round of the theatres. I had not been to one since my arrival. I divined that the kind-hearted composer had a motive in this invitation. He thought that in witnessing the applauses bestowed on actors, and sharing in the fascination in which theatrical illusion holds an audience, my old passion for the stage, and with it the longing for an *artiste's* fame, would revive.

In my heart I wished that his expectations might be realized. Well for me if I could once more concentrate all my aspirations on a prize within my reach!

We went first to see a comedy greatly in vogue, and the author thoroughly understands the French stage of our day. The acting was excellent in its way. The next night we went to the *Odeon*, a romantic melodrama in six acts, and I know not how many *tableaux*. I found no fault with the acting there. I do not give you the rest of our programme. We visited all the principal theatres, reserving the opera and Madame S—— for the last. Before I speak of the opera, let me say a word or two on the plays.

There is no country in which the theatre has so great a hold on the public as in France; no country in which the successful dramatist has so high a fame; no country perhaps in which the state of the stage so faithfully represents the moral and intellectual condition of the people. I say this not, of course, from my experience of countries which I have not visited, but from all I hear of the stage in Germany and in England.

The impression left on my mind by the performances I witnessed is, that the French people are becoming dwarfed. The comedies that please them are but pleasant caricatures of petty sections in a corrupt society. They contain no large types of human nature; their witticisms convey no luminous flashes of truth; their sentiment is not pure and noble — it is a sickly and false perversion of the impure and ignoble into travesties of the pure and noble.

Their melodramas cannot be classed as literature — all that really remains of the old French genius is its *vaudeville*.

Great dramatists create great parts. One great part, such as a Rachel would gladly have accepted, I have not seen in the dramas of the young generation.

High art has taken refuge in the opera; but that is not French opera. I do not complain so much that French taste is less refined. I complain that French intellect is lowered. The descent from Polyeucte to Ruy Blas is great, not so much in the poetry of form as in the elevation of thought; but the descent from Ruy Blas to the best drama now produced is out of poetry altogether, and into those flats of prose which give not even the glimpse of a mountain-top.

But now to the opera. S—— in Norma! The house was crowded, and its enthusiasm as loud as it was genuine. You tell me that S—— never rivalled Pasta, but certainly her Norma is a great performance. Her voice has lost less of its freshness than I had been told, and



what is lost of it her practised management conceals or carries off.

The *Mastro* was quite right — I could never vie with her in her own line ; but conceited and vain as I may seem even to you in saying so, I feel in my own line that I could command as large an applause — of course taking into account my brief-lived advantage of youth. Her acting, apart from her voice, does not please me. It seems to me to want intelligence of the subtler feelings, the under-current of emotion, which constitutes the chief beauty of the situation and the character. Am I jealous when I say this ? Read on and judge.

On our return that night, when I had seen the Venosta to bed, I went into my own room, opened the window, and looked out. A lovely night, mild as in spring at Florence — the moon at her full, and the stars looking so calm and so high beyond our reach of their tranquillity. The ever-greens in the gardens of the villas around me silvered over, and the summer boughs, not yet clothed with leaves, were scarcely visible amid the changeless smile of the laurels. At the distance lay Paris only to be known by its innumerable lights. And then I said to myself —

“No, I cannot be an actress ; I cannot resign my real self for that vamped-up hypocrite before the lamps. Out on those stage robes and painted cheeks ! Out on that simulated utterance of sentiments learned by rote and practised before the looking-glass till every gesture has its drill.”

Then I gazed on those stars which provoke our questionings, and return no answer, till my heart grew full, so full, and I bowed my head and wept like a child.

*From the Same to the Same.*

And still no letter from you ! I see in the journals that you have left Nice. Is it that you are too absorbed in your work to have leisure to write to me ? I know you are not ill ; for if you were, all Paris would know of it. All Europe has an interest in your health. Positively I will write to you no more till a word from yourself bids me do so.

I fear I must give up my solitary walks in the Bois de Boulogne : they were very dear to me, partly because the quiet path to which I confined myself was that to which you directed me as the one you habitually selected when at Paris, and in which you had brooded over and revolved the loveliest of your romances ; and partly because it was there that, catching,

alas ! not inspiration but enthusiasm from the genius that had hallowed the place, and dreaming I might originate music, I nursed my own aspirations and murmured my own airs. And though so close to that world of Paris to which all artists must appeal for judgment or audience, the spot was so undisturbed, so sequestered. But of late that path has lost its solitude, and therefore its charm.

Six days ago the first person I encountered in my walk was a man whom I did not then heed. He seemed in thought, or rather in reverie, like myself ; we passed each other twice or thrice, and I did not notice whether he was young or old, tall or short ; but he came the next day, and a third day, and then I saw that he was young, and, in so regarding him, his eyes became fixed on mine. The fourth day he did not come, but two other men came, and the look of one was inquisitive and offensive. They sat themselves down on a bench in the walk, and though I did not seem to notice them, I hastened home ; and the next day, in talking with our kind Madame Savarin, and alluding to these quiet walks of mine, she hinted, with the delicacy which is her characteristic, that the customs of Paris did not allow *Demoiselles comme il faut* to walk alone even in the most sequestered paths of the Bois.

I begin now to comprehend your disdain of customs which impose chains so idly galling on the liberty of our sex.

We dined with the Savarins last evening : what a joyous nature he has ! Not reading Latin, I only know Horace by translations, which I am told are bad ; but Savarin seems to me a sort of half Horace. Horace on his town-bred side, so playfully well-bred, so good-humoured in his philosophy, so affectionate to friends, and so biting to foes. But certainly Savarin could not have lived in a country farm upon endives and mallows. He is town-bred and Parisian, *jusqu'au bout des ongles*. How he admires you, and how I love him for it ! Only in one thing he disappoints me there. It is your style that he chiefly praises : certainly that style is matchless ; but style is only the clothing of thought, and to praise your style seems to me almost as invidious as the compliment to some perfect beauty, not on her form and face, but on her taste in dress.

We met at dinner an American and his wife — a Colonel and Mrs. Morley : she is delicately handsome, as the American women I have seen generally are, and



with that frank vivacity of manner which distinguishes them from English women. She seemed to take a fancy to me, and we soon grew very good friends.

She is the first advocate I have met, except yourself, of that doctrine upon the Rights of Women — of which one reads more in the journals than one hears discussed in *salons*.

Naturally enough I felt great interest in that subject, more especially since my rambles in the Bois were forbidden; and as long as she declaimed on the hard fate of the women who, feeling within them powers that struggle for air and light beyond the close precinct of household duties, find themselves restricted from fair rivalry with men in such fields of knowledge and toil and glory, as men since the world began have appropriated to themselves, I need not say that I went with her cordially: you can guess that by my former letters. But when she entered into the detailed catalogue of our exact wrongs and our exact rights, I felt all the pusillanimity of my sex, and shrank back in terror.

Her husband, joining us when she was in full tide of eloquence, smiled at me with a kind of saturnine mirth. "Madoiselle, don't believe a word she says; it is only tall talk! In America the women are absolute tyrants, and it is I who, in concert with my oppressed countrymen, am going in for a platform agitation to restore the Rights of Men."

Upon this there was a lively battle of words between the spouses, in which, I must own, I thought the lady was decidedly worsted.

No, Eulalie, I see nothing in these schemes for altering our relations towards the other sex which would improve our condition. The inequalities we suffer are not imposed by law — not even by convention; they are imposed by nature.

Eulalie, you have had an experience unknown to me; you have loved. In that day did you — you, round whom poets and sages and statesmen gather, listening to your words as to an oracle — did you feel that your pride of genius had gone out from you — that your ambition lived in him whom you loved — that his smile was more to you than the applause of a world?

I feel as if love in a woman must destroy her rights of equality — that it gives to her a sovereign even in one who would be inferior to herself if her love did not glorify and crown him. Ah! if I could but merge this terrible egotism which op-

presses me, into the being of some one who is what I would wish to be were I man! I would not ask him to achieve fame. Enough if I felt that he was worthy of it, and happier methinks to console him when he failed than to triumph with him when he won. Tell me, have you felt this? When you loved did you stoop as to a slave, or did you bow down as to a master?

*From Madame de Grantmesnil to Isaura Cicogna.*

*Chère enfant,* — All your four letters have reached me the same day. In one of my sudden whims I set off with a few friends on a rapid tour along the Riviera to Genoa, thence to Turin on to Milan. Not knowing where we should rest even for a day, my letters were not forwarded.

I came back to Nice yesterday, consoled for all fatigues in having insured that accuracy in description of localities which my work necessitates.

You are, my poor child, in that revolutionary crisis through which genius passes in youth before it knows its own self, and longs vaguely to do or to be a something other than it has done or has been before. For, not to be unjust to your own powers, genius you have — that inborn undefinable essence, including talent, and yet distinct from it. Genius you have, but genius unconcentrated, undisciplined. I see, though you are too diffident to say so openly, that you shrink from the fame of singer, because, fevered by your reading, you would fain aspire to the thorny crown of author. I echo the hard saying of the *Maestro*, I should be your worst enemy did I encourage you to forsake a career in which a dazzling success is so assured, for one in which, if it were your true vocation, you would not ask whether you were fit for it; you would be impelled to it by the terrible star which presides over the birth of poets.

Have you, who are so naturally observant, and of late have become so reflective, never remarked that authors, however absorbed in their own craft, do not wish their children to adopt it? The most successful author is perhaps the last person to whom neophytes should come for encouragement. This I think is not the case with the cultivators of the sister arts. The painter, the sculptor, the musician, seem disposed to invite disciples and welcome acolytes. As for those engaged in the practical affairs of life, fathers mostly wished their sons to be as they have been.

The politician, the lawyer, the merchant, each says to his children, "Follow my steps." All parents in practical life would at least agree in this—they would not wish their sons to be poets. There must be some sound cause in the world's philosophy for this general concurrence of digression from a road of which the travellers themselves say to those whom they love best, "Beware!"

Romance in youth is, if rightly understood, the happiest nutriment of wisdom in after-years; but I would never invite any one to look upon the romance of youth as a thing

To case in periods and embalm in ink.

*Enfant*, have you need of a publisher to create romance? Is it not in yourself? Do not imagine that genius requires for its enjoyment the scratch of the pen and types of the printer. Do not suppose that the poet, the *romancier*, is most poetic, most romantic, when he is striving, struggling, labouring, to check the rush of his ideas, and materialize the images which visit him as souls into such tangible likenesses of flesh and blood that the highest compliment a reader can bestow on them is to say that they are life-like? No: the poet's real delight is not in the mechanism of composing; the best part of that delight is in the sympathies he has established with innumerable modifications of life and form, and art and nature—sympathies which are often found equally keen in those who have not the same gift of language. The poet is but the interpreter. What of?—Truths in the hearts of others. He utters what they feel. Is the joy in the utterance? Nay, it is in the feeling itself. So, my dear, dark-bright child of song, when I bade thee open out of the beaten thoroughfare, paths into the meads and river-banks at either side of the formal hedgerows, rightly dost thou add that I enjoined thee to make thine art thy companion. In the culture of that art for which you are so eminently gifted, you will find the ideal life ever beside the real. Are you not ashamed to tell me that in that art you do but utter the thoughts of others? You utter them in music; through the music you not only give to the thoughts a new character, but you make them reproductive of fresh thoughts in your audience.

You said very truly that you found in composing you could put into music thoughts which you could not put into

words. That is the peculiar distinction of music. No genuine musician can explain in words exactly what he means to convey in his music.

How little a *libretto* interprets an opera—how little we care even to read it! It is the music that speaks to us; and how?—Through the human voice. We do not notice how poor are the words which the voice warbles. It is the voice itself interpreting the soul of the musician which enchants and entralls us. And you who have that voice pretend to despise the gift. What! despise the power of communicating delight! the power that we authors envy; and rarely, if ever, can we give delight with so little alloy as the singer.

And when an audience disperses, can you guess what griefs the singer may have comforted? what hard hearts he may have softened? what high thoughts he may have awakened?

You say, "Out on the vamped-up hypocrite! Out on the stage-ropes and painted cheeks!"

I say, "Out on the morbid spirit which so cynically regards the mere details by which a whole effect on the minds and hearts and souls of races and nations can be produced!"

There, have I scolded you sufficiently? I should scold you more, if I did not see in the affluence of your youth and your intellect the cause of your restlessness.

Riches are always restless. It is only to poverty that the gods give content.

You question me about love: you ask if I have ever bowed to a master, ever merged my life in another's: expect no answer on this from me. Circe herself could give no answer to the simplest maid, who, never having loved, asks, "What is love?"

In the history of the passions each human heart is a world in itself; its experience profits no others. In no two lives does love play the same part or bequeath the same record.

I know not whether I am glad or sorry that the word "love" now falls on my ear with a sound as slight and as faint as the dropping of a leaf in autumn may fall on thine.

I volunteer but this lesson, the wisest I can give, if thou canst understand it: as I bade thee take art into thy life, so learn to look on life itself as an art. Thou couldst discover the charm in Tasso; thou couldst perceive that the requisite of all art, that which pleases, is in the harmony of proportion. We lose



sight of beauty if we exaggerate the feature most beautiful.

Love proportioned, adorns the homeliest existence ; love disproportioned, deforms the fairest.

Alas ! wilt thou remember this warning when the time comes in which it may be needed ? E ——— G ———.

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From The Contemporary Review.

MENDICITY: FROM A CLERICAL POINT OF VIEW.

A CLERGYMAN, especially in London, has much experience of mendicants of every degree, from the pretentious "solicitor" down to the humble "loafer." The latter he finds, sometimes makes, in more or less abundance, in his own parish. The "solicitors," coming he knows not whence, find *him*, and lose no time in making his acquaintance. No sooner is he settled in his lodgings, on his appointment to his first curacy, than they are upon him ; for they like to catch him whilst he is young and innocent. They come with loud double knock ; they enter his room with the confident air of old friends ; they salute him by name ; they shake hands with him, talk with him about the weather, inquire if he is any relation to some one of the same name in such and such a town, and sometimes even mention the names of some of his college friends. Finally it turns out that they are in a little temporary difficulty ; and of course it is impossible for him to be hard-hearted towards gentlemen with whom he has been engaged in pleasant conversation. How do they manage so quickly to know all about him ? Do they hang about London House in Ember week, like crimps about a ship that is being paid off, and somehow contrive to get a list of all the candidates for ordination, so that they may lose no time in setting to work ? Do they, at whatever headquarters they may frequent, take in the "Clergy List," the "Clerical Directory," the "University Calendars," the "Ecclesiastical Gazette," &c. ? Do they employ a secretary, whose business it is to register each new comer, and to record all the information that can be procured about him ? No doubt they are quite equal to the organization of such a system. But I have no light to throw upon the subject. Various are the characters they assume. One is a brother clergyman, another a scripture reader, another a cap-

tain in the army, another a lieutenant in the navy. Another has committed a crime which weighs on his conscience, and he has come for advice as to whether he should deliver himself up to justice ; only the crime was committed at Southampton or Brighton, and he has not the means to pay his fare. Another is an author, who has just lost his wife, and, what with her illness and funeral, he has been put to such heavy expenses that he is obliged to have recourse to what he would never otherwise have thought of — the soliciting of your attention to his last work. Another has difficulties on the subject of prayer, and having, by a fortunate coincidence, heard your last sermon, has entertained a hope, from some words you let fall in that excellent discourse, that you are able to set his perplexity at rest. He will probably, if you are of a hospitable disposition, get at least a luncheon or two out of you. Whether he has the ulterior design of making a great hit by publishing "The Answers of the Clergy to an Inquiring Spirit," remains to be seen.

Such are the master mendicants with whom the London curate comes in contact during the period of his deaconship ; and as long as he cordially receives them, and is willing to "lend" them the trifle they may happen to want, so long the succession of such visitors is brisk and continuous. But sooner or later he discovers that he is obliged to make a stand against them. As they are not his parishioners, he can only relieve them out of his own pocket ; and as he is seldom overburdened with cash, he must make up his mind to discourage their visits, in order to save himself from becoming an inmate of the workhouse. The effect of his decision, if it be resolutely carried out, is quickly apparent ; for no sooner does he firmly, however politely, dismiss a few of the brethren without acceding to their requests, than a perceptible diminution of their visits takes place. Not that he need expect to be ever quite free from them. To say nothing of stray practitioners, perhaps unconnected with headquarters, who from time to time will wait upon him, some even of his earliest visitors, as years roll on, will occasionally reappear. Either they forget that they have paid him a previous visit, or they reckon on his having forgotten it. Some time ago an elderly gentleman called upon me, and sent in his card, on which was printed the "Rev. ———, M.A." I suppress the name, because it is one



borne by several respectable clergymen. He shook hands with me, and "with evident emotion" began to rehearse the tale of his wife's death, which had necessitated his coming to ask me to purchase some of his works. "Well, Mr. —," I said, "I do not think it worth while to repeat the reasons I gave you on the occasion of your first wife's death for not buying any of your works." "Then have I called on you before?" he asked. "Yes, and I do not wish to go through the conversation again." He merely bowed and went out. And yet when he called on me the first time I had great difficulty in getting rid of him. He took high ground, and talked about the lack of christian charity in brother clergymen now-a-days as contrasted with the abundance of it in apostolic times. But we understood each other on the second occasion, and there was no need of any conversation about apostolic times. Years had elapsed since his first visit.

What a life such a man must lead! Surely the dictum that the professional mendicant is ready to do anything rather than work must be received with considerable limitation. It appears to me that he does work; and very hard too. Whoever has taken a district, upon occasion of some parochial house-to-house visitation, for the purpose of collecting money for a national school or some similar object, is well aware that the soliciting of money from house to house, even under the most favourable circumstances, is not easy work. No doubt there is something rather exciting in the sudden transitions of feeling which await the house-to-house visitor. At one place he is received with the utmost deference, and perhaps is invited to partake of refreshment whilst the cheque-book is being got ready; from the next he is summarily ejected. On some men the rebuffs exercise a very depressing influence; but other men are only roused by them to more vigorous exertion. It is necessary that the successful mendicant should belong to the latter class. It is also necessary, in order that he may be able to stand the wear and tear of his occupation, that he should be of a speculative turn of mind. Some men cannot bear the monotony of a fixed settled income. They like it to fluctuate. Their turn of mind is a dangerous one. It may secure one man a villa at Twickenham; it consigns another to house-to-house visitation. Such visitation, I am sure, is no mere idle amusement. Mr. —, whatever else he may be, cannot be

idle. He does not look idle; he does not talk idle. He has all the appearance, the air and manner, the tone and conversation, of a very active man. I came on his track no less than four times soon after his last interview with me. I heard of his inquiring in a shop respecting the various parochial clergy. It was on a Saturday that he was thus engaged, and when the tradesman suggested that Saturday was a bad day for calling on clergyman, his scornful disparagement of the practice of leaving the writing of sermons to the end of the week testified to his instinctive aversion to idleness. Two ladies and a clergyman also informed me that he had received a visit from this energetic man, and that he took the same high tone with them as he did on the first occasion with me. The clergyman said he could not assist him without making inquiries about him. "Sir," said the other, "the Master never made inquiries before He gave help." "No," said my friend, "but the Master knew what was in man, and I do not." The mention of these facts may save some reader from being imposed upon by Mr. —; though so clever a tactician has doubtless more manœuvres than one.

Great, indeed, is the versatility of the fraternity. Two men, one dressed in black, with a white tie, once called upon me, and unrolled a petition to Parliament in favour of some new restrictive legislation concerning the observance of Sunday. They requested my signature. Having doubts about the wisdom of overmuch legislation on this subject, I began to argue the point with them, when they tried to intimidate me by saying that I should stand alone among the clergy if I refused to sign; and they showed me the names of some of the clergy. I said that "standing alone" was nothing to me, even if I did stand alone, which I did not believe. So off they went. Next day I asked my brother curate if they had been to him. "Yes," he said; "and I signed the petition." He then told me that, after he had signed, they said that the expenses of the petition were very heavy, and therefore they hoped he would give a subscription towards defraying them. Accordingly he subscribed. A few days afterwards I was in the shop of a tradesman who told me that he had been signing a petition about "Early Closing;" and he also, it appeared, had been asked for a subscription, which he gave. I asked him to describe the men. Sure enough, the "Sabbath" petitioners who had been working the clergy were also the "Early Closing"

petitioners who were working the tradesmen. Such men as these must take a positive delight in chicanery, and are willing to take any amount of trouble to indulge their propensity. To say that it would be better if they employed their talents for some other purpose is altogether wide of the mark. They would be the same men, having recourse to the same manœuvres, in any other course of life. In order to gain their ends they make it their business to cajole, to flatter, to intimidate. They would do the same, whatever they supposed their ends to be. The same thing, indeed, is done continually by many who would be very much surprised at having imputed to them any sympathy with the tactics of fictitious advocates of Early Closing and Sabbath Observance. The argument used to induce me to sign the "petition" would have been none the less objectionable even if the document had been genuine. And yet it is but a fair specimen of a kind of argument which is frequently brought to bear upon members of my profession who manifest any reluctance to sign one or other of the numerous "protests" to which our adhesion is from time to time demanded. No clergyman will have forgotten the famous "Declaration," to which his signature was requested by a committee of influential laymen and church dignitaries, who accompanied their solicitation with the significant hint that "A copy of this Declaration, with the signatures affixed, will be forwarded to each of the Bishops." It is difficult to believe that such a committee as that which put forth this "Declaration" could have deliberately agreed to appeal to an abject motive by putting the screw on us in this way. Perhaps they handed over the document to some experienced electioneering agent, who of his own accord added the offensive clause, and in so doing prided himself on his cleverness. A tactician of high repute as a counter of heads, a collector of signatures, a gatherer of funds, he may have been, and no doubt was. But such a man, capable of such a device, can do neither his employers, nor those whom they set him to influence, nor least of all himself, any good. He may make a successful beggar, if that be his line, or something else equally successful and equally objectionable, if respectability or even orthodoxy be his line; but the doing of good, whether to himself or to others, is altogether another matter. My "Sabbath" petitioners throw light upon all intimidators of the "inferior" clergy.

From which it appears, and from much else of a like kind which might be adduced, that the professional mendicant supplies a useful element in the training of the clergy. He enlarges their knowledge of human nature; a department of knowledge in which they, of all men, need to be proficient. They see reproduced in him, under circumstances favourable to accurate diagnosis, many traits of conduct and character which in a more respectable sphere not only pass muster but even gain credit. They learn to know what these traits indicate, and to rate at their true value some of the arts by which in high places a specious reputation may be achieved and sustained. Hence, whilst ready to co-operate with "public opinion" in such manipulation of outward circumstances as may tend in low places to render the impostor less obnoxious to "society," they feel that the stronghold of imposture is to be sought and assailed in a region above the sphere of the professional mendicant.

This way of looking at things admits of wide application. Listen, for instance, to that sonorous, fluent, unctuous voice, proclaiming in the street a tale of sudden and overwhelming distress. The man, it is evident, has the gift of utterance; though whether he is speaking *extempore* or is using what is technically known among other public speakers as the *memoriter* system, is perhaps not easy to determine. Most reluctantly, he says, has he at length been driven by dire necessity to appeal to the benevolence of "kind christian friends;" and may they never, he hopes and trusts, know by experience what it is to be reduced to the same extremity. Every now and then he intersperses his oration with an address to the child in his arms, half commiserating half congratulating it because of its unconsciousness of "poor father's misfortune." A boy and girl walk one on either side of the "father," looking as if they think it a great bore to be thus occupied instead of playing about like other-children. But the man does not look as if he thinks it a bore. However he may try to seem miserable, he still leaves on one's mind the impression that he takes a positive delight in hearing the sound of his own voice, that he is very proud of his natural powers, and that he regards anything that may be given him as a just tribute to his ability as a speaker. Whenever he catches sight of me I have no doubt he mentally says:—"Now, if you and I were to change places, I should rise to be



at least a canon, and you would starve." Very likely. A loud voice, with a little dramatic action, goes a long way in the pulpit. If it does not go quite so far in the street, the reason must be sought in the counter-attractions of the street. Some streets are specially ill-adapted to its operations. A lively thoroughfare, with plenty of traffic, does not suit it at all. For other reasons an aristocratic square, however quiet, is not a favourite haunt of our friend with the loud voice. Not that he supposes the rich to be less charitable than the poor, or on the other hand naturally more acute to see through an impostor. But he is aware that information is more generally diffused among the rich than among the poor concerning the unadvisableness of relieving such as cry in the streets; and his knowledge of human nature tells him that under his present circumstances he cannot hope to be appreciated and rewarded as an orator by the genteel, however they may flock in crowds to hear and applaud some less gifted speaker on a respectable platform. Very wisely then he betakes himself to such quiet streets as are inhabited by comparatively poor people, who are not deterred by conventional prejudices from recognizing in him a man of talent unfortunately reduced to the streets for an arena. Of course it is advisable, if one can do so with effect, to warn these people against the arts of such an impostor. But in so doing one does but lay the axe to a mere branch of the evil. The root lies deep down in the readiness of mankind to give undue heed to mere rhetorical speech. Many a so-called eloquent oration, delivered in behalf of a really good cause, is as full of unwholesome exaggeration as the street-beggar's appeal. All who are led away by it get their taste more and more vitiated, until at last they lose all power of instinctive appreciation of the truth when set forth with the plain simplicity with which it best harmonizes. Let them cultivate the habit of resolutely and sedulously seeking for truth, and truth only, whether in thinking for themselves, or in listening to others; and they will spontaneously and unconsciously turn a deaf ear to mere rhetoric, no matter whether they hear it from the pulpit or platform in a good cause, from the stump in a doubtful one, or from the street in behalf of a downright falsehood.

But your "way of looking at things," some one will perhaps say to me, seems to tend to a general distrust of human

nature? Not at all. The more one studies human nature, the more one is able to perceive that no one, not even a street-beggar, is to be deemed altogether out of the pale of sympathy. If some experience of the arts of the mendicant throws light, as I have said, upon the means often used to advance more reputable ends than those of the mendicant, further experience may reveal a ground of sympathy even with the mendicant himself. Walking one day with a friend in a London suburb, I saw a woman begging at the door of a house. The door, as we passed, was shut in her face, and she ran after us with the usual whining request for alms. "You will presently hear that woman's tone change," I said to my friend. "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," she said, as she caught sight of my face; "I didn't know it was you." "Well, Mrs. Smith," I said, "have you heard lately from John?" She put her hand in her pocket, took out a well-worn letter, and gave it to me to read. Having read it, I asked a few more questions about John, and gave her back the letter with a shilling, for which she thanked me and went on her way. "I thought you never gave to beggars?" said my friend. "You thought quite right," I said; "I gave, not to the beggar, but to the woman. She knows what I think of her begging. But she has a claim on my sympathy." I had known her years before, as a parishioner of mine, in a district where I had been curate. She was already a confirmed beggar when I first became acquainted with her. But she had a son, in whom I took an interest, and who enlisted, much for his own benefit, in a regiment which went abroad. To this son, the John above mentioned, I had reason to know she was sincerely attached. He had often been a subject of conversation between us; and I think that a common ground of sympathy in an unlikely quarter deserves the tribute of an occasional shilling. The district in which this woman lived was, when I knew it, now many years ago, a peculiar one. It was a headquarters of very queer people — mountebanks, beggars of every kind, thieves, burglars, garotters. It is only with the beggars that I am concerned in this paper. Not that I would venture to say that the beggar never trenches upon the thief's department. I only say that he is not necessarily a thief. But there is "honour," they say, even "among thieves;" and I have found it, of a certain kind, among beggars. One day, during the



period of my ministry in the "Devil's Acre," as it used to be called, a man well known to me, with a bundle of tracts in his hand, accosted me and asked me to give him something in consideration of his vocation as a tract-distributor. This man I did suspect of being a thief. His tracts, I believed, were only a cloak for facilitating the operations of an "area sneak." So I took a tract from him, and said I would pay him a visit at the lodging-house where he lived, a notorious resort for such characters. I went there late the same evening, and found him, as I expected, in the kitchen, which served as the common room. A good number of the fraternity were present. Holding the tract in my hand, I said, addressing them all, that I had come to make a complaint. How was I properly to discharge my duty as a clergyman in that street if there were to be practised on me any of the moves by which some of them were in the habit of imposing upon the public? What a thing it would be, for instance, if, whilst I might be upstairs in that very house engaged in prayer with a sick man, the conversation downstairs should turn upon the subject of the best way of humbugging the parson! This protest meeting with general and decided approval, I pointed out the tract-distributor as the offender whose conduct had led to these remarks, and rated him soundly, amid cries of "Hear, hear," for having plied me with cant. The only other occasion on which I found it necessary to have recourse to anything like a public protest among these people was on this wise. A young man came up to me one evening as I was just entering the night-school, and, showing me a hospital in-patient's letter, asked me for some money to buy flannel and linen, which he said he should need in the hospital, into which he was to be admitted on the following day. I took the letter from him, in which was written his name and address, and said I would attend to the matter after the closing of the school. On going to his abode, another of the numerous lodging-houses in that locality, I did not find him in the common room. So I informed the assembled company of the request which had been made to me, and, leaving the letter with them, said that if they would let me know of the young man's admission into the hospital, I would visit him there and give him whatever I might ascertain to be necessary. I heard no more of the matter, and I have no doubt that on his return home that night he was told with a

laugh that the parson was not quite so green as he had supposed. Partly by these protests, but chiefly, I am disposed to think, by reason of a general feeling that the clergy of the district were not fair game for strictly professional operations, I arrived at something like a straightforward understanding with these people. My acquaintance with them was real as far as it went. In short, I knew them in private life: and I am bound to record, as the result of personal observation, that it is possible, if one can but get a clear view of him apart from his professional pursuits, to feel no little interest even in a street-beggar. I have known a woman support an aged bed-ridden husband by begging from door to door all over London. Whether, in going her rounds, she was in the habit of telling any lies, I do not know. I only know that she was a kind attentive wife, and that under circumstances of some difficulty she kept the poor old man clean and comfortable; for which he was unmistakably grateful. I used to tell her that, if she could not support him without systematic begging, she ought to let him go to the workhouse, when no doubt she might get her own living by work. Eventually he did go to the house, and the wife, after telling me where he was gone, disappeared. About two years afterwards she called at my house in a suburban district, to which I had removed on changing my curacy, to tell me that her husband was just dead, that he had been well treated and much respected in the workhouse, and that she was sorry he had not gone there earlier than he did. I gave her a trifle for old acquaintance sake, and with tears in her eyes she went away. I have never seen her since.

Let no one, however, take to indiscriminate relieving of beggars for the reason that he may perchance bestow an alms upon some one whose circumstances he might pity, or even whose character he might to some extent respect, if he should happen to know him in private life. By all means let him assist to the best of his ability any necessitous person whom he really does know and respect in private life. It does not follow that in such a case he will give money, still less that he will give it in an off-hand unintelligent way; whilst it does too often follow that in seeking to know people in order to assist them, he may find that, after all, he has not made much way towards the requisite knowledge. Must he therefore hold his hand altogether? By no means.

But let him first be satisfied that he has done his duty toward those in any class of life whom in a natural way he really does know before he goes further afield in search of information concerning those whom as yet he does not know at all. Of one thing let him rest assured, that the probability of his coming face to face with the professional mendicant in such a way as to have any clear insight into his circumstances or his character is small indeed. Let him do what he may, unless he have exceptional opportunities of observation, he will never see the man otherwise than under a professional aspect. In other trades and professions, besides that of the beggar, a real man is often hidden from view under his professional characteristics, which not unfrequently adhere to him even in private life. But the peculiarity of the beggar's trade is that he must needs be plying it in the presence of almost every one who has anything to give ; and the real inner man is therefore but rarely seen by the well-to-do classes. So thoroughly a professional man as the beggar must therefore rest his claim for support and encouragement entirely upon his use and benefit to society. Not that this is at all his way of regarding the matter. He probably only considers of what use society can be to him. But society may take the opposite point of view, and need only consider whether this is a branch of industry which continues to meet the wants of the age. No doubt there has been a time, which may not even yet have wholly passed away, in which the professional beggar has supplied a distinct want. People have felt it their duty to be charitable to the poor, but until recently have known little or nothing about the poor. To persons in this state of mind the mendicant has presented himself as the representative of the poor, and forthwith has reaped the usual benefit of supplying a demand. In short he has been in the position of the purveyor of a luxury—the proverbial luxury of doing good. But of late years so much information concerning the poor has been disseminated through all classes of society, so many persons have taken an active interest in the condition of the poor, and so many charitable agencies for assisting the poor have been set on foot, that society no longer stands in the same need as formerly of the services of the professional mendicant. It has even happened to him, as to other favourites of society, to become an object of public dislike, and to encounter organized oppo-

sition. Destined before the march of modern ideas to recede from his happy hunting grounds, perhaps no sentimental regret will be expressed upon his retirement ; but it should at least be remembered in his favour that he did once supply a want.

Meanwhile he has to adapt himself to altered circumstances, in short to shape his old course "in pastures new." When, for instance, he hears of large sums of money sent to a particular locality for distribution among the poor, he is not the man to despair of diverting a due share of it into his own pocket. Having obtained the necessary information respecting any committees that may have been formed, the appointed distributors, the districts assigned to them, and so on, he forthwith sets to work testing the various distributors. The more there are of them, the better for him, both as extending the sphere of his operations, and as increasing the probability of his lighting upon the sort of almoner with whom his tactics are likely to be successful. Early one morning during an exceptionally severe winter, when I was a member of an East End Relief Committee, a man called at my house, said he was out of work, and had a sick wife, for whose necessities he wanted immediate relief. The place where he said he lived was in the district assigned to me by the committee. I told him that his wife should be the first person I would visit when I came out that morning, which would be in about an hour. "But she's dying of starvation, sir, and wants instant relief." I said that in that case I would go at once. "Wait till I get my coat and hat, and we'll go together." When I returned to the door the man was gone, and it is almost needless to add that I found no sick wife at his alleged place of abode. He had of course hoped that I might be unwilling or unable to come out immediately, and would therefore feel it necessary without delay to give him what he asked.—This, by the way, throws light upon an incident which attracted some attention at the time of the disappearance of Mr. Speke. A clergyman wrote to the *Times* to the effect that he had been stopped in the Strand by a woman, who asked him to go with her to a court in St. Clement Danes to baptise a child, but, on his consenting to go, soon gave him the slip. He then asked a policeman the way to the court, who told him it was a dangerous place to venture into alone, and accordingly went with him ; but they failed



to find what they sought. Now the inference that this was a "plant," with a view to robbery and perhaps murder, is not sustained by the facts of the case. It is more likely that the woman hoped that the clergyman might have no time to spare, and, seeing her to be poor, might give her a shilling. As he disappointed her expectation, it only remained for her to take the earliest opportunity of releasing herself from his company. No doubt the policeman did right to warn the clergyman of the character of the court, and the clergyman did right under the circumstances to accept his escort; but that either the woman or any inhabitant of the court devised so atrocious a method of decoying a clergyman to destruction, I should be very unwilling to believe. Occasionally a gentleman of the press gives us an account of a supper in low life, at which he tells us it would have been dangerous for him to be present unaccompanied by the police. Of course it would. What right has he to be there at all? It would be dangerous for me to insist, especially for the purpose of writing about it, upon "interviewing" a dinner party of bishops at Lambeth Palace; more dangerous, in fact, with a policeman than without him, as he would probably be requested to take me into custody.—But this is a digression; from which let me return to my visitor, whom I left, or rather who left me, at my doorstep. He was but one of a number of applicants who tried the same manœuvre; and, the committee being a large one, containing many members inexperienced in such matters, the chances were considerable that the manœuvre would not always be unsuccessful, especially as the more favourite time for executing it was late at night. Such applicants were probably old professional hands, perhaps from Westminster or St. Giles, men and women who keep their eyes open to what is going on and let no chance escape. Indeed it is certain that some of them found it worth while to migrate altogether into our neighbourhood, and to take lodgings there, in order to qualify themselves in point of residence as recipients of what we had to bestow. In so doing they evinced a sagacious appreciation of the value of the principle of the migration of labour. They quickly transferred their abilities to the best market.

Good service has since been done both to East London and to the whole country by a judicious application of the same

principle. Whole families, whose abilities were of a kind more useful to the community than those of the above-mentioned gentry, but for which there was little scope at the East End, have since been transplanted to the factory towns of the north, to their own great comfort as well as to the amelioration of the general condition of the neighbourhood they have quitted. Better service still might have been done had any permanent organizations for considering the condition-of-East-London question resulted from the operations of the committee of which I have spoken. It may be as well to specify this committee. It was one composed of a large number of the leading inhabitants, lay and clerical, churchmen and nonconformists, of the great parish of Mile End Old Town, formed to administer the charitable funds supplied to that parish through the Mansion House during the memorable winter of 1867–8. Its operations lasted for thirteen weeks. That a portion of the funds, during the earlier weeks of that period, not only fell into the hands of professional mendicants, but also went to foster what may be termed amateur mendicity, may be admitted. This must needs be the case when you suddenly send through a district a number of almoners, several of whom have no special knowledge, and some not even a general knowledge, of the circumstances of the poor, and who do not so much as know what sort of questions to put to an applicant for relief, but have to depend for their guidance upon their own inefficient observation. Yet it is certain that in any committee so constituted there will be those who learn wisdom from experience, and who, if the committee instead of being disbanded after a few weeks were made permanent, would eventually bring its operations into accord with sound principles. Such men there were—and not a few of them—in this Mile End Committee; and I cannot but regard it as a misfortune that no permanent organization grew out of their labours. Of course I do not mean that they should have gone on distributing the same amount of relief. This they certainly would not have done, even if the West-end had continued to supply them with the means. But it would have been an incalculable benefit to the East-end if they had continued to meet together, and, with the experience they had gained, had made some endeavour to establish a wise system of administering such charitable funds as are ordinarily distributed



throughout the parish, and also had taken in hand such a matter as the migration of labour.

One excellent feature in their work, whilst it lasted, was that they released the ministers of religion from the responsibility which at ordinary times is supposed peculiarly to belong to them in this matter. They were essentially a lay committee, and, for convenience of administration, divided the parish according to its wards, and not according to its ecclesiastical districts. Not that the clergy and dissenting ministers did not freely co-operate with them. But it was as laymen that they took their seats on committee. And it was well that they did. The clergy are not less competent than the laity to administer relief with discretion. They ought to be, and often are, by reason of their experience, more competent. But that their churches, chapels, mission-houses, or parsonages, should in any sense be regarded as relieving-offices, is at best a great misfortune, and in some cases a means of encouraging a very mischievous kind of mendicancy. I have known it to be a curate's duty to receive applications for relief in a vestry after morning prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays. Any one who should have chanced to stray into the church on one of those mornings, on a cold winter's day, would at first sight have felt highly gratified at seeing so many poor people attending divine service. And when after service he saw the congregation, instead of leaving the church, form a *queue* at the vestry door, waiting each his or her turn for an interview with the curate, he might have felt still further gratification at their desire for private advice and instruction. But if he had gained access to the vestry during these proceedings, and moreover had heard the curate's private opinion on the subject, he would have arrived at the conclusion that no more effectual machinery for the rearing of "loafers" could have been devised. In another parish a friend of mine, upon whose veracity I could fully rely, once overheard a conversation between two poor women respecting the hardness of the times. "And how do you get along, this winter?" said one. "Very poorly indeed," said the other; "there'll soon be nothing for it but to take to morning prayers." It would be unfair to call this woman a hypocrite, as it was evidently with shame and reluctance that she had recourse to the distasteful expedient. But it is certain that the system pursued in both these parishes

must have produced no small amount of hypocrisy. Such systems, however, produce something else besides hypocrisy—indeed the reverse of it—equally detrimental to the religious influence of the clergy. They positively more or less deter the independent poor from attendance at divine service. As a matter of fact we know that the independent poor do not as a rule attend the ministrations of the church. No doubt, as partly accounting for this, other causes may be assigned; but in any inquiry into the alleged indifference of the working classes to religion this one cause must not be overlooked. Working people, especially men, who do regularly attend church, have told me that the imputations sometimes cast upon them on this score are a hard trial to bear. Of course it is easy to remind them that they who will live godly shall suffer persecution; but the question is whether we have any right, because of its purifying influence, to bear a hand in providing them with persecution. "I came to your church the other night," said a poor woman to the curate of a church with which I was once connected. "I am very glad to hear it," said the curate. "Yes, but I'll never go there again." "How so?" "Why, I saw bread being given away after service; and I can't stand being suspected of that sort of thing." The bread was regularly given away after the Wednesday evening service, in accordance with the will of some "benefactor" of the church; and in order to be placed on the list of recipients it was necessary to be a communicant. It is impossible to calculate the mischief that must have resulted from such a practice. The atmosphere of such a Wednesday evening service was not likely to be one in which the independent poor could breathe freely. And, to revert to the levee in the vestry, mentioned above, it is almost needless to say that the Wednesday and Friday congregations were exclusively composed of persons who were about to take their stand in the *queue*. These may be extreme cases. But extreme cases try principles. The principle in question is the distribution of relief by or through the clergy, which, though it may often take a less obtrusive form than in these instances, cannot but be both positively and negatively injurious to the interests of religion. The clergy themselves have of late years come more or less to look at the matter in this light. One hears them at clerical meetings saying, one after another, that their work is not to "serve

tables," that they desire to confine their attention to spiritual duties, and that they feel that their rightful influence is much diminished by their having anything to do directly with the relief of distress. Here and there one will say perhaps that he has entirely deputed this work to his district visitors. But that is no real escape from the difficulty; for the poor will still believe him to be the responsible person, as indeed he really is under this system, even though he never with his own hands gives away a single ticket. Other clergymen complain that the laity do not come forward to help. But in what way do they wish the laity to help? If they expect the laity in any great number to act as their agents in the distribution of relief, they will certainly be disappointed; nor is the help of the laity in this way at all what is needed. As for the alleged disinclination of the laity to interest themselves in these matters, let us ask whether it really exists. The guardians of the poor, it will be admitted, take a vast amount of trouble in the administration of relief; and are they not almost exclusively laymen? Who are the members of the various philanthropic societies here in East London, which have such vitality that, besides their regular committee meetings and visits of inquiry, an annual public dinner and excursion down the river form prominent features of their proceedings? I do not allege the dinner and the excursion as necessary elements in these societies, but merely as indications of their vitality. Once more, who principally form the committees of the various branches of the Charity Organization Society which are now so busily at work in different parts of London? Surely it is not the case that the laity do not care to concern themselves with the distribution of charitable funds. But it is true that they are not, for the most part, willing to concern themselves with this matter merely as agents of the clergy. And herein, if the clergy but know their own interests, lies the true solution of the difficulty which they are becoming more and more able and willing to recognize. Let them shift the responsibility entirely on to the shoulders of the laity. But in order to do that effectually, it must not be the laity of this or that church or chapel; nor must the districts to be dealt with be marked off according to ecclesiastical subdivisions. Then, indeed, I believe, the clergy may even take their share in "serving tables" without any detriment to their spiritual

influence. I do not forget that the apostles appointed men specially "over this business," whilst they themselves withdrew to "prayer and to the ministry of the word." But neither do I forget that one of their table-servers contrived to exercise the chief spiritual influence during his brief public career. If his table-serving did not stand in the way of his influence with the brethren, it was because it was well known that his appointment and that of his colleagues arose out of a protest against an alleged system of favouritism, which the poor, rightly or wrongly, are apt to impute to clerical administration of relief.

The clergy, I repeat, are not less but sometimes more competent by reason of their experience than the generality of laymen to pronounce an opinion not only on the merits or demerits of any particular case with which they may happen to be acquainted, but also on the principles by which a relief committee should be guided. No doubt, in their endeavours to alleviate the temporal necessities of their parishioners, they have made mistakes, to which all are liable, but which in their case, on account of their position are of more serious consequence than similar mistakes on the part of the laity. Yet even mistakes, when recognized as such, are a means of education in practical wisdom. I have made a good many mistakes in my time in the matter I am now discussing, and, though perhaps I have not profited from them as much as I ought, nevertheless I have learned a few lessons. If I select one from the rest for special mention, it is because a singular circumstance enabled me to see the extent of my error, and also because the error itself is one into which an inexperienced clergyman, or one who has not learned anything from experience, is very apt to fall. In the first year of my ministry a woman, who lived in the parish in which I was curate, asked me for a written testimony to her character, which she said would help her to get a situation for which she intended to apply. Not knowing anything against her, and having in the course of parochial visitation conceived a favourable impression of her, I granted her request. "When you are my age," said my incumbent, on my mentioning to him what I had done, "you will not be so ready to put your hand to such a document. Better take any amount of trouble about a case than commit yourself in that way. You can never know to what use a general statement of this



kind may be put." The woman got no situation, but soon afterwards left the district under circumstances which led me to perceive that I had made a mistake. Some years afterwards, when I held a curacy in another parish, I met this woman one day in the Strand. Trusting, I suppose, to my having forgotten all about those circumstances, or perhaps thinking they had never come to my knowledge, she stopped me, and producing from her pocket my letter of recommendation, handed it to me with a request that I would rewrite it with the date of the current year. Her recollection of me had no doubt inspired her with no respect for my sagacity. "This letter," I said to her, "it was a mistake on my part ever to have written. It has evidently seen service. But its course has now come to an end." I put it in my pocket, and wishing her good morning, passed on. If my old friend, the above-mentioned incumbent, should chance to read this paper, he will at this point quote a favourite maxim of his. "Yes," he will say, "*littera scripta manet.*" There are none whom it more behoves than the clergy to bear that maxim in mind. It has happened, I suppose, to many a clergyman to put his signature to a petition, perhaps to draw up the petition himself, in which assistance is solicited for some more or less deserving case. Armed with this document the petitioner goes the round of the parish, and collects enough, or more than enough, to meet the wants of the case. But in going his rounds he is perhaps struck with the idea that this is an excellent way of gaining a livelihood; and when the money collected on his first round is gone and spent, he sets his wits to work how to collect more in a similar fashion, and in one way or another adopts the profession of the mendicant. Nor does the mischief end here. Some of the clever people described in the earlier part of this paper get information that it is the practice of this or that clergyman to put his hand to documents of this kind. They forthwith manufacture a petition, and forge his signature. The police reports in the papers show that this has been done again and again. Of course it is impossible altogether to prevent its being done. But a clergyman may at least put his own parishioners on their guard, if he is able to tell them that he never puts his signature to anything of the kind. Such a course may entail upon him extra trouble in particular cases; which

trouble, if he must needs concern himself with them, he had better take.

Other ways in which a clergyman who is not careful may encourage and indeed produce mendicity in his parish might be mentioned. Let one suffice by way of illustration. A school treat is on hand; and school treats, as it is the fashion to conduct them, are expensive affairs. Amongst other devices for raising the necessary funds, several of the children are sometimes sent with collecting cards on a round of house-to-house visitation. Thus initiated into the art of begging, they occasionally learn to practise it on their own account. Painful instances of demoralization of children by this means have come under my observation. Moreover, as a police report a few months ago showed, the clever professionals are not slow to provide themselves with collecting-cards "for the school-treat." The treat itself, apart from objectionable modes of obtaining money for it, is often so managed as to be a demoralizing institution. Instead of being a reward for regularity of attendance, it is too often virtually a bribe to allure children away from other schools, and becomes, as the Bishop of Manchester has said, a shameless method of "touting for scholars." The position of teacher and scholar is in one respect reversed, the latter supposing that, by the desultory attendance which secures his admission perhaps to two or three treats at rival schools, he confers instead of receiving a favor. Meanwhile the clergyman has himself taken a turn at mendicity. Last summer I read in the *Times* an appeal from a clergyman, who said he "*only* wanted £70" in order to take his school children for "a day in the country" to a place which he named. How much money he obtained by his appeal, or how many children he took with him, of course I do not know. But I do know that 230 national school children and 228 adults, mostly parents of the children, went from an East-end parish on an excursion in the same month to the same place, and paid their own expenses all but 18s. 10d.!

Much might be said—indeed a whole treatise might be usefully written—on the subject of "urgent appeals" in the newspapers. There are those in East London who could tell of a rise of rents in particular parishes owing to an influx of population consequent upon the success of clerical appeals. Tradesmen, whose favoured names have appeared on the "tickets" issued in those parishes,



could tell of a tide in their affairs which has led on to fortune. The same tide, taken at its turn, has led several of the great masters of the art of urgent appeal—well, away from East London. But here and there, as the advertisement sheet of the *Times* testifies, we have still left amongst us worthy successors of those whom we have lost. One would think—at least many a West-ender, on reading such advertisements, must think—that these clerical “solicitors” are in charge of exceptional parishes. But we East-end parsons know only too well that “an entirely poor parish” is the rule rather than the exception in these parts. Assistance, heaven knows, is needed sorely enough by all. What with church expenses, with “balances” here and there “due to the treasurer” in every department of his parochial work, with “contributions from local sources”—*i.e.*, too often, from his own pocket—“to meet the grant” from this or that society, there is many an East London vicar who might well cry, “Who will help?” But he would think it unfair to his brethren to parade his difficulties in the papers, as if his case were one which stood alone; and as to appeals on behalf of the poor, emanating from this or that particular parsonage, he knows full well how they tend to complicate the whole question of the relief of the poor, the true solution of which cannot be to send hundreds, or—as in some cases has happened—thousands of pounds into one parish, converting it into a hot-bed of mendicity, whilst adjoining parishes similarly circumstanced in every respect, have to be content with the grant from the Metropolitan Relief Association, eked out with what the clergy can obtain from their private friends. The very existence of such inequality suggests that the relief of the poor should be altogether separated from clerical administration.

But no doubt this is more easily said than done; for though the clergy, with some exceptions, are now more or less aware of the mischievous results which follow from their giving relief with their own hands, they are not, as a rule, yet aware that the results of their distributing it through their known agents are almost equally unfortunate. Those who are most aware of it are generally they who have least to distribute; and therefore their voices are uninfluential in advocating reform. Shrinking then from solitary attempts to carry out the requisite reform, they go on doling out their tickets, at a cost which, though it does not amount

in the year to what is given by the guardians to a few families, is often a heavy burden to themselves. Any position more humiliating to one who is able to see through the mischievous character of the system cannot well be imagined. But what can he do? Throw it overboard altogether? He does not like to do so whilst surrounded by other clergymen who keep it up; \* and if he were to urge upon them—for the purpose of alleviating such distress as does not come under the charge of the guardians—the desirableness of fusing several districts into one, handing them over for this purpose to a general committee selected from all religious denominations, he would probably be met by the rejoinder:—“It is very well for you to urge this, who have everything to gain by it, and little or nothing to lose.” Meanwhile he is of opinion that it is not he only, but the whole church and people, who would gain by such an arrangement. But he does not see how it is to be brought about.

Nor is there any likelihood of its being brought about till a great emergency, perhaps an outbreak of cholera, or another such winter as that of 1867-8, again calls public attention to the subject. On such occasions certain important but previously unrecognized principles have a way of just showing themselves, giving the public, as it were, an opportunity of laying hold of them. If not laid hold of, these principles return to the obscurity from which they have emerged, and there await a more convenient season. Such an opportunity was, as I have said, suffered to pass by when the Mile End Committee of 1868 was disbanded. But, I am glad to say that we can point to at least one instance of a permanent organization resulting in East London from the labours of the laity upon a great and stirring occasion. During the cholera outbreak of 1866 there sprang up everywhere committees to alleviate the distress which it occasioned. But for the most part, when the crisis was over, the members of these committees did not seem to recognize that there remained anything further to be done than to hear and accept their secretary's report, and to pass a vote of thanks to their chairman; after which, as the reporters say, “the proceedings terminated.” But on one of the committees

\* Some clergymen, however, already refuse relief to all but the sick; for an able advocacy of which system, see a pamphlet, published at 15, Buckingham Street, Strand, on “The Charitable Administration of an East End District, by A. W. H. C.”

there happened to be men who had not only caught sight of a few valuable principles, but who also were resolved to make an attempt to put them to permanent use. Accordingly they have ever since continued to meet together, and have established a system of administering charitable funds, which, if not as complete and satisfactory as they could wish, is at least a step in the right direction. I am alluding to the Hackney Association for improving the condition of the Poor. The most noticeable feature of this association is that it is composed of resident inhabitants of Hackney, of all classes and creeds, and that, whilst inviting the co-operation of ministers of all denominations, its operations are not under their direction, and its almoners are its own agents. I am told that the zeal and industry of several of the lay members of this association is worthy of all praise. But I also understand that some clergymen of the neighbourhood keep aloof from them, and moreover that, with some exceptions, they do not receive the support which they desire from the nonconformist ministers. Why the latter should be apathetic in this matter I do not exactly see; because I should have thought they were less trammelled by burdensome traditions in this respect than the clergy. If they suppose that it is a secular business, which would interfere with their devoting themselves to the preparation needful for the discharge of spiritual duties, I can but refer them to the spiritual achievements of Stephen, the table-server. I think that there must be some confusion in their minds as to what it is that really constitutes spirituality, and that they fail to perceive that spirituality does not consist in the thing done, but in the way in which it is done. After what I have said concerning the prominence of the lay element in the Hackney Association, it may seem odd that I should have to record that the prime mover of the plan from the first has been a clergyman.\* This association is now a branch of the Charity Organization Society; but it was in active operation before that society came into existence.

Some of my readers will perhaps here exclaim:—"He is coming to the point at last; we had almost begun to think that the Charity Organization Society must be utterly unknown in East London." Well, to some extent, that is about

the truth; for though this society has its branches in the borough of Hackney, including Bethnal Green, it has hitherto had nothing but an Inquiry Office throughout the Tower Hamlets. To this office there come week after week several gentlemen from the West-end, who devote themselves with praiseworthy diligence to the work of examining cases of application for relief which have been referred hither from all parts of London—the cases being those of persons resident in the Tower Hamlets—careful reports of which, after due investigation, are forwarded to those who have asked for the inquiries to be made. But, as yet, the only persons connected with this office who live in East London are the secretary and the agent. Nor, except in peculiar cases, and then only as a loan, is relief ever given by this committee. Elsewhere, I understand, inquiry forms but a part of the business of the Society. To what extent the principles which I have advocated in this paper are acted upon, through the instrumentality of the Society, in other parts of London, I do not know. But in any case, even if it has not yet succeeded in inducing the West-end and suburban clergy to cast their charitable funds into a common treasury, to be administered upon a uniform system, it must be doing good service as a centre of information, of discussion of principles, and especially as a means of affording publicity to the various relief agencies which cross each other's paths in any given neighbourhood. I am far from thinking that we East London clergy, always excepting our advertising brethren, stand in greater need than the clergy of the West of publicity in order to keep our relief proceedings within the bounds of innocence. The mere fact of our having so much less than they to give, and so many more poor among whom to distribute it, would itself settle that point. Still we do need—what we certainly have not got—some means of co-operation, for the purpose of arriving at common principles in the administration of charitable funds. Nor is it the clergy alone who are in this need. At present the various agencies, societies, chapels, as well as churches, act in complete isolation from each other. And no doubt they will continue to do so, until, as I have said, some great emergency again puts all their machinery out of gear; when out of the confusion let us hope that there may arise a new and better order.

\* The Rev. E. C. Hawkins, Head Master of St. John's Foundation School.



From Macmillan's Magazine.

## A SLIP IN THE FENS.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. GAIHTHORNE had hardly slept, but was astir soon after daybreak. On her way downstairs she peeped into Elsie's room and found her fast asleep, looking so placid and happy that she did not disturb her.

Mrs. Gaithorne moved much more slowly than was usual with her, at the beginning of such a busy day as this promised to be. It seemed as if she was planning some scheme to set matters right. Presently, when she had fastened back all the shutters and set the kitchen-door open, she took her black bonnet down from the hook, tied the strings in a decided manner, as if she had made up her mind, and set out for the dairy. The air was cold and raw, and there was a heavy fog over the meadow. The fens are in a perpetual ague. Yesterday they were parched and feverish, now they shuddered with the cold. Many people waste their lives here, and know nothing different. If Mrs. Gaithorne had been conscious of a lighter air while she lived with the Lillingstones, she attributed it, in some vague way, to wealth and its influence; so she did not know that she felt its heaviness, she only said to herself, "If I hadn't plenty to do I shouldn't like to hear that engine going all day long," and she quickened her pace, for the thought of "plenty to do" brought to her mind the plenty well done which always stirred her housewifely pride, and now coaxed her back into cheerfulness. But this cheerfulness was not thorough, and it did not spend itself pleasantly. Jim the farm-boy felt its energy, and so did the dairy people, though somewhat deservedly, for they showed a tendency to gossip, quite unusual at that early hour.

Elsie slept long after her usual time, but Mrs. Gaithorne was still in the dairy when she went down. As she lighted the fire and set the place in order, she went from time to time to the door and looked out at the morning. This had brightened into pleasantness. The dew had settled on the grass, and showed the tracks of the fowls as they grouped wistfully round the brick path waiting for Mrs. Gaithorne. Then Elsie reproached herself for loitering, and was going out to find her, when an unexpected cackling of the fowls announced her arrival. The loud remonstrative cackle that quickly succeeded this, however, noted the unusual conduct

on her part, for she carried their food straight past them and hurried on to the house as soon as she saw Elsie.

"Well, child, you're looking fresh enough now, *though* you were up so late last night, or this morning as I ought to say." She rested her sieve of corn for a minute on the table. "I ran in to tell you that it's well after all you decided on stopping here, for that was Joe Bailey's boy who you frightened, and it's like to be all over the parish soon that you were out there."

"Did he know me, then?" Elsie asked quickly.

"I've heard no sound of you as yet, but there is no knowing how those things come out, and I wouldn't for anything that you'd be going away just now — that would set all their tongues a-going; but I think we can manage that they don't know nothing about it. As for Master Claude, I've got a trimming ready for him as soon as I can catch him alone."

The "trimming" heightened the colour on Elsie's cheek, but she said nothing.

"Joe's father was took worse in the evening, and it was in going to fetch physic for him that he took fright at you, the little fool. Now if you'll clean out the dining-room," gathering up her sieve, "I'll take up the hot water myself. We must manage to keep you as much as possible out o' their way this morning;" and Mrs. Gaithorne went back to the fowls that had huddled impatiently round the door.

She was still feeding them when Elsie ran back to her quickly.

"Here's a note I've found on the table; it's directed to Miss Grey."

"That's Mr. Claude's writing," said Mrs. Gaithorne, taking it from her hand. "Well! what can he be up to now? Well, I suppose I must take it to Miss Mildred, but *why* he can't speak to her when he's in the same house with her is more than I can make out. I hate those nonsensical whimsies. I'll call them in a few minutes, and take it then. Now be as quick as you can with your work, there's no time to waste."

An hour later the room was looking fresh and pleasant, with its French window open. Mr. Lillingstone was walking thoughtfully up and down under the verandah, waiting for the ladies. Mildred came in and looked round hurriedly.

"There you are, uncle. I wanted to find you, for I have a note from Claude. He went off to Cambridge before six o'clock."



Mr. Lillingstone looked up, then down again, without saying anything, but he listened attentively.

"He says he is so disappointed at not getting nets here that he has gone to get some in Cambridge; and he will bring a croquet set with him also, that the evening may not be so dull; but I think it is a pity, do you not? The day would have passed off better if he had stayed here to amuse them."

"Oh, oh!" said Mr. Lillingstone, still pacing up and down, and continuing his own musing. "The butterfly nets!—is it?" then stopping before his niece, he held out his hand for the note, and, fixing his glass on his nose, he glanced over it, but did not wait to read it.

"Mildred," he said, in a confidential tone, "you're a sensible *girl*; I can trust you. Let me have a word with you before the others come down," and the two walked out into the garden.

As soon as they were out of hearing from the house, Mr. Lillingstone began, "Did you hear a noise in the night?"

"Of screaming? yes; it woke me up. I did not like to disturb Mrs. Gaithorne to ask what it was: but afterwards the maid ran upstairs and told me it was some boy; she did not wait, however, to give any further particulars."

Mr. Lillingstone nodded to himself. He had already made sure that it was Elsie by asking Mrs. Gaithorne. "Well! It was a boy who made the noise. He was startled by seeing two figures near these *in*-teresting ruins; and *those* figures," he added slowly, pointing every word with his eye-glass, "were that maid and our Claude." He stepped back a pace or two to see the effect this would have on Mildred. "Well, young lady, what have you to say to that?"

She met his inquiry with a quiet smile, but this amused look soon changed to one of sadness. "I am not so *very* much surprised."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed her uncle, coming down at once from his superior position. "My good girl, what do you mean?"

"Very little; only I thought his manner rather odd yesterday, and I noticed that the girl behaved a little oddly too;—but here are the party from the inn. If you wish this to be hushed up we ought not to be seen consulting together."

"You are right; but I shall want to speak to you after post is in. I shall have letters of importance;" he looked at her intelligently.

"I shall be ready at any time," and she turned away quickly to receive Dobree and his companions; at the same time, Laura stepped out into the verandah, dressed as usual in frills and smiles.

Mrs. Gaithorne, who had followed close behind with the breakfast, overheard Mildred retailing the contents of the note; and as she left the room she thought Claude a worse coward even than she had suspected.

"I can tell you what that letter was about, Elsie," she said, as soon as she got back into the kitchen. "Mr. Claude's gone to Cambridge, and he won't be back till dinner-time. Like enough he didn't care to be all the morning with his father," she added, smiling satirically to herself.

This suggested "the trimming" to Elsie's mind, so she was rather glad that Claude was out of the way for the time.

When the post came in, Mr. Lillingstone called Mildred as he had promised. He told her what had passed in the night, and spoke out his anger very strongly against Claude, "not altogether on account of the affair with Elsie, but for his deceit in the matter. Such a mean, paltry lie; I have hardly slept all night for thinking of it;" and the old man stopped and turned away his face. "I've had my eye upon him for some time," he said, after a little while; "and now I begin to have my doubts of Claude. However, he's gone," he resumed, with more energy, "and we must try to keep him away. I think I have settled how to do it."

Then Mr. Lillingstone showed Mildred that the original plan for Claude to stop at the farm to read was now quite out of the question. Indeed, it would not be advisable for him to come back at all, so he intended to send Luard after him at once with instructions for him to remain where he was, as they would all follow him there in the course of the day. Then Claude was to go down with them into Scotland. He would not venture to object to this, under the circumstances; and when once there it would be easy to find some quiet place where he could read till the vacation was over.

Mildred knew Claude too well to feel so confident of the ultimate success of this device; but she said nothing, as she did not wish to make her uncle uncomfortable to no purpose, and she could not suggest anything that would be more binding on Claude.

The version that was to be given to everybody around was easily arranged. Mr. Lillingstone had received a letter

from Captain Macneill — to whose place they were going — persuading him very strongly to hasten the journey. His brother, also, a schoolboy friend of Mr. Lillingstone's, had just come home from the Continent, with his two daughters. They were now in Perth, but they would not think of staying there after the last week in September, as the younger was too delicate to bear the cold of the north. Captain Macneill urged his friend to go down at once, as it would be much more cheerful for his nieces if they had companions, in what he chose to call his "dull country place."

Mr. Lillingstone had really heard from Scotland that morning, and though the letter was only a repetition of hospitable civilities, now that the visit was imminent, he was glad to avail himself of it to the letter.

"As he was on such intimate terms with Macneill, a word or two aside to him when they met would prevent any possibility of the young people finding out that he had somewhat strained its meaning."

While he was planning this there flashed through his mind an additional satisfaction. "The companions were to be young ladies — intellectual, handsome girls." He little suspected Claude's aversion to "intellectual" women. If they were agreeable, they exacted too much of his indolence; and if they were disagreeable, he positively wriggled at the thought of being shown up by them. It was the worst thing his father could have devised. Meanwhile he valued himself on it very much; this was plain in his increased composure when he closed the conversation.

"Well, now, Mildred," making a slight ceremonious bow to his niece, as he shut his glasses with a click, "I think we may say that we have dismissed this little affair quite satisfactorily, and — as it is likely to pass off without any more difficulty — it would be judicious to withhold this from your mother; we should only be giving her unnecessary pain. But, begad!" and the disturbing thought lowered his tone a little, "she may have been alarmed too! Do you know if she was?"

"Oh, no; when I took her a cup of tea this morning she was much as usual; and since then she has eaten a good breakfast, and has gratified Mrs. Gaithorne by saying she was surprised she had slept so well."

"Good," said Mr. Lillingstone, in a sententious tone. "Now *you* go and prepare her gently for our move to-day.

You can tell her of Macneill's letter and, by-the-by, you will not forget to dwell on the point he makes of introducing his girls to her."

Shortly after, the whole place was in a bustle, and there was running upstairs, and in and out; but only Mildred and her uncle knew what it was for. Those who had nothing to do stood in the doorway, and jostled the others who were busily employed; for when Mr. Lillingstone had told Mrs. Gaithorne he wanted to send into Cambridge at once, he let fall that they would all go away the same day, but he did not say why; therefore all except that quick-sighted widow thought something very unusual must have happened. Mildred was upstairs with her mother, and no one ventured to question the old gentleman as he paced restlessly up and down the long passage, waiting till some vehicle should be found for Luard. He held the note ready written for Claude in his hand, and muttered to himself as he kept looking at the door. Presently Elsie ran in from the yard to say that the spring cart would not be back from Soham before eleven o'clock. While she was still speaking, Jim came back breathless from the inn with the answer that Watson had just started for Newmarket; then Mrs. Gaithorne set upon the boy and rated him soundly for taking a wrong message. "It wasn't Watson they wanted — it was the gig."

"If Watson had gone, no doubt the gig had gone too," Dobree suggested in mediation. But old Mr. Lillingstone cursed the whole country, and did not care who was in the wrong.

"What do you say to try at the Wileys'?" said Bordale, from behind.

"Well, of course," retorted the old man, facing round upon him suddenly. "Why the deuce hadn't they thought of that before?"

"I'll run down there," said Bordale, snatching up his cap. "I suppose anything will do?"

"It doesn't matter *what*, so that you get a horse that will go," insisted Mr. Lillingstone, regardless of Luard's entry into the town.

"All right!" Bordale shouted, as he ran across the meadow.

Meanwhile Luard was standing by, without presuming to offer a word. Mr. Lillingstone was getting restless again when Bordale suddenly appeared through the road-gate, driving furiously in something very high, that might have been a butcher's cart.



"Splendid to go," he called out as he dashed past the window, and pulled up suddenly before the kitchen door. "Have to be your own whip; not even a boy to be got."

"Now, then," said Mr. Lillingstone, instantly taking Luard's arm and walking with him towards the door, "you will be as quick as you possibly can. Give this to Claude in time to prevent his returning here."

But when Mr. Lillingstone let him go, Luard did not bound into the cart with the alacrity which was expected of him. He had prolonged difficulty in getting the note into his breast-pocket, during which time he eyed the horse with an unmistakable expression.

"Don't like the look of him, eh?" said Bordale, who had got down and was ready to give him the reins.

It was a gaunt, raw-boned animal, and its ears were set back with an expression as unmistakable in its way as Luard's. It had, too, a trick of slightly showing its teeth at intervals.

"Involuntary muscular action, that. The pace will take it out of him," and Bordale laughed as he looked past Luard at Dobree.

Luard did not seem so sure of this; he still stood hesitating. "I don't mind driving," Bordale said good-naturedly. "Ill-looking beast certainly; but with the two of us we shall get in all right."

Luard looked from Bordale to the horse, and back again at Bordale, then jumping into the cart he said over his shoulder, to Dobree, "You said one might as well come to the end at once, didn't you?"

"I did *not* say a violent one, though," Dobree retorted, laughingly; "but you'll be punctual to-night, or I shall feel bound to look you up."

"Oh, *he's* safe enough with me," said Bordale, flourishing his whip as he drove off.

They had just turned into the road, when Mildred came running down stairs, as Mrs. Gaithorne was hurrying into the larder. "Do you know if any one reminded them of the post-horses?"

"Bless me! No; I'm sure they didn't!" exclaimed Mrs. Gaithorne, looking about in a great bustle, "and that Jim's so slow; but there's Mr. Dobree, if *he* wouldn't mind."

Dobree was ready to go anywhere. "If he'd run down to the ferry, just by the inn, he'd catch them before they got over. It's a good thing you spoke in

time," Mrs. Gaithorne said, looking after him.

"Do you think he'll overtake them?" Mildred asked.

"Yes, sure; *he's* quick, and they'll be kept back a little at the ferry."

Dobree got down to the river just as the cart was landing on the opposite side, so that was made all right. He was returning slowly when Scholefield called after him from the inn, where he had been to fetch a specimen case that Laura had professed a great curiosity to see. As they walked on, Dobree told him of the change of plan, and how Luard and Bordale had gone off to keep Claude in Cambridge, as his father had decided on going to Scotland at once and wished to see him before he started.

"Well, I thought something had happened, because Mrs. Gaithorne's boy came in a great hurry to ask for the loan of the gig. What is the reason of this?"

"That is what no one knows, and Mr. Lillingstone was so anxious to get Luard off that I asked no questions; but I strongly suspect that this sudden move has something to do with young Lillingstone. I thought that the story of the 'nets' as they gave it out at breakfast, was rather flimsy, and you must have noticed that Mr. Lillingstone was quite preoccupied the whole time. I think there must be something wrong between the father and son," he repeated, reflectively. "Part of his duties seem to have fallen on *you*," he added presently, laughing, as he looked at the little tin case.

"It would appear so; but it is a pity Bordale has gone. From what Mrs. Watson has just told me, he might have entertained Miss Laura with the last edition of his ghost story; for they say that as a boy was passing through the farm last night he saw a man and woman standing at the dairy-door, just where they ought to be, and he persists they were the ghosts. It is lucky for me you passed, or I have no doubt I should still be listening to Mrs. Watson's roundabout story."

Dobree thought for a few minutes.

"Well," said Scholefield, breaking the silence, "do you think *you* can throw any light on the mystery?"

"What do *you* think? Suppose the ghost to be Claude Lillingstone, and that he was seen — and not alone — I can understand the pressing nature of his business in Cambridge."

"Yes; but would he have come back again to-day?"

"Is he coming back to-day? or at least until *we* are all well out of the way. Better keep to your butterflies, I think; and not attempt to interest Miss Langdale in any sensational story," and they dropped the subject as they neared the house.

Mr. Lillingstone had recovered his composure; he went out slowly to meet them in his old formal manner.

"He was extremely sorry that Dobree should have had so much trouble." Indeed, and he looked at Scholefield, including him in his excuses, "he cordially regretted that their visit should end so abruptly."

Then he explained, in a semi-confidential manner, his motive for going away—the motive that was to be given out; and they listened courteously. Of the plan for Claude he said nothing.

"Mrs. Grey is not yet downstairs," he continued, pointing to the dining-room; "but I have just left the young ladies there;" and he went off towards the kitchen to have a few words with Mrs. Gaithorne. He told her it was not likely that Claude would return to Upware—he was going down with them into Scotland. But her difficulties with the unexpectedly early dinner were so pressing, that they gave him ample excuse not to detain her with confidences which he felt she might have claimed, but which it would have been unpleasant for him to give.

On second thoughts Mrs. Gaithorne did not regret this either, as she told Elsie afterwards. "She thought she could see through these people, and their ways of acting—no doubt Mr. Claude *would* go away with them as his father wished—it suited his convenience just now," and her lips curled a little. But she did *not* tell Elsie she knew he would be obliged to come back to Cambridge in a month, when none of his family would be there, "and no doubt he expected to have it all his own way;" for during the morning she had seen that Elsie was cheerful and active as ever, and she attributed this to the effect of her own advice, and the girl's strong sense. Elsie was different to anybody she had ever known, but then, "she had always been a strange child." She was thankful for that now. "She would not advise her any more on the subject to-day; the poor girl had been worried enough already; and, during the month, she would have many opportunities of reminding her of the hints she had already given her."

Elsie herself was very little affected by  
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hearing that Claude's departure was final. She was thankful that "these people" were going away, and that she should not see Claude with them any more; but the coming here had been a great break in her quiet life, and somehow—although she was glad they were going—their packing made her feel dull, and as they left, one party after the other, a sense of desolation came over her, and she longed to be out of it too.

Dobree and Scholefield were lounging about in the garden, reading the papers, and talking to Mr. Lillingstone in a desultory way. Laura, who was evidently in a state of increased excitement and delight, came down stairs from time to time to talk to them, and from what Elsie heard of her chattering at these times, she gathered that Miss Langdale was to be of their party; this was news to her, and though she did not attach more importance to it than it deserved, it helped her depression for the time.

The two young men had refused the offer of the drive into Cambridge; "they would leave more room for the ladies in the carriage, and they should enjoy the walk later in the day." Then, when all arrangements were made, none of them had anything more to do. They waited about in a restless way, to which Elsie was unaccustomed, and the hours seemed long to her while they waited.

At last they were gone, and Dobree was returning from a solitary stroll on the road, where he had first come with Luard a month ago, when he saw Elsie carrying a bundle; she was going towards Wicken. He stopped her. "Why, Elsie, how is this? Surely you are not going home!"

"Yes, sir, I only came to help Mrs. Gaithorne while young Mr. Lillingstone was here—and I'm not wanted now that he's gone away," she added reluctantly, seeing that Dobree did not appear to understand her.

"Gone! but he is not gone away altogether, is he?" Dobree exclaimed involuntarily.

Elsie was puzzled, but at the same time it pleased her that Mr. Dobree, no more than herself, believed that he had left for good.

"Mrs. Gaithorne told me they were all going to Scotland," she said quickly, "and that Mr. Claude would go with them."

Dobree's fixed look of surprise confused her; she turned crimson, and began to move on. This pointed his aston-



ishment, but he asked no more questions.

When she had walked a little distance, he turned and looked after her sadly. Her unusual confusion about Claude recalled many slight things he had noticed the day before. Claude's absence of manner in the early part of the evening, his excitement and good spirits towards the end of it, the disturbance of the morning, and the sudden departure from the fens, all this united to confirm his suspicions; but these he did not yet impart to Scholefield, and if he indulged in unfavourable criticism of Claude, it was chiefly in connection with thoughts such as had crossed his mind before. Now again they thrust themselves upon him, and he did not care to force them back. So their walk home was an unusually silent one.

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE next August found Wicken as it had been the last year. Winter had come with its fogs and floods, and had passed away in its turn. Then the wind blew piteously over the wet ground, and made the willows shiver. Now summer was burning them again, and they were thirsty and craved for shelter, but there was none; and the lodes were stagnant, and the river sleepy, and the great engine seemed to labour harder than ever with less water to pump away. The cattle were scattered equally between the two villages, for the plague had settled down on them, and there was no thought of separation now. With the first excitement, hope had passed away; the herds grew thinner and the people suffered — there had been no break in the monotony of the fens.

Harvest was nearly over, and the new stacks were made where the last had been. They were finished that day, a day just like that of Claude's first coming here. Elsie was alone as then, the mother and children were at the pits, and it was again grandfather's day at the Stanards'. Elsie had hurried her usual work to have a little quiet before they all came home; of late, it had become a habit with her to do this, and she was now enjoying herself in her own way. She stood leaning against the door, looking out, with her hands clasped listlessly before her, as if she was waiting — it might have been for her own people, though it was early to expect them yet. Her eyes wandered over her flowers, but she seemed scarcely to notice them — perhaps that

was because she knew them all by heart. Whether she looked at them or not, they were a great part of her home to her; their fragrance pervaded it like a memory always felt through the stillness.

Once there was a break in the stillness — sounds of voices coming up the fen. As they drew nearer one could hear it was laughter; then it was close, and filled up with the thumping of barges and trampling of feet, but above all, laughter. The light fitful laugh of girls, wishing to stay, yet hurrying to be gone — the low satisfied laugh of men; and in and out and among them sparkled the ringing laugh of children — just as the sunbeams that peeped through the old elms laughed idly over their solemn shade. Elsie drew back involuntarily, though she knew none of them would pass that way. Presently, the sounds dispersed and melted away in the winding lanes, but every now and then a burst of voices would come back through some opening in the hedge, and always it was laughter. But soon that died away, and it was silent again till the sun went down. Then there was stirring in the trees, and the hush of nature before night, and it grew black under the elms.

Suddenly Elsie's attention was arrested by a step lighter than that of the fen labourers. She started, listened eagerly for an instant, then, recollecting herself, she leaned back as before, but with hands now rigidly pressed together, her pale face denying the heavy pulsation that no effort of will could keep down.

As the gate opened, she turned in a forced way, but when she saw Dobree, a slight flush passed over her face, her hands fell apart, and the scarcely perceptible quivering of her lips betrayed how great her disappointment had been. Dobree noted this, and attributed it rightly, but his manner ignored it.

"Well, Elsie, you see I have found you out again, as I want more of your help. How soon can you get me some ferns like those you collected for me last year?"

Elsie was nervously ready with her answer.

"As soon as you like, sir; I could go and get them to-morrow, if you like."

"You need not hurry so much as that; I am staying at Fordham, and it will be in time if you get them within a week."

He began at once to admire her garden, and after a few minutes spent in inquiries and praise of her management, he turned towards the cottage, so that she felt obliged to ask him in to rest.

He did not need the rest, he said, but he should not like to go away without seeing the inside of the cottage again. He was glad to find that she was alone, and told her at once the real object of his visit.

He had seen Miss Grey in London a few weeks ago, and when she heard he was coming down there she commissioned him to ascertain if Elsie would be willing to leave her home. A friend of hers wanted a confidential servant; she would have no hard work to do, but this lady was anxious to find some person on whom she might depend. Miss Grey had thought of Elsie, and had instructed him to assure her that if she accepted the offer the new home would be a happy one.

Elsie had blushed deeply at the first mention of Miss Grey's name, but her self-possession returned before he had finished speaking. She refused promptly and firmly, yet with such evident gratitude to Miss Grey, as well as to himself, for their kindness, that Dobree felt that she must have a strong motive for refusing, and that that motive must be a future of which she could not speak. This was the ineffable look, the expectancy in her eyes, as she stood gazing past him out of the window, her whole being wrapped in something beyond and away from him.

Dobree looked at her as he had done the first day he met her in the fens, she being unconscious. It was the sweet face that had never faded in his memory—glorified, as he had known it might be—and yet he was not glad.

He rose wearily. "I will not take your answer until you have more time to think of it," he said; "if you will get the ferns ready for Thursday evening, I will walk over after dinner and fetch them myself; and I hope," he added, looking at her kindly, "by that time you may have thought better of Miss Grey's proposal."

Elsie smiled in answer, though she could promise nothing, and he went away.

On the night fixed for Dobree's return, Elsie had been watering her garden. The cat, perched on the window-sill, in the shadow of the honey-suckle, had watched all her movements with a critical air, and so far seemed to have nothing to complain of in her proceedings; more than that, she even allowed herself to be petted after it was all over, and expressed general approbation in a low purr that was very understandable language to Elsie. *She* had thought much during the last three days.

Had not Claude asked her to believe in him in spite of unfavourable appearances? Had he not given her the most solemn promise before their last parting? It is true *he had not come back* when the term began! . . . It was bad to bear, but he might have had good reasons for that. Again, what did unfavourable appearances mean, if not something unpleasant to herself? All this she would accept; she would yet believe in him, for she knew he loved her.

She could not help attributing Miss Grey's offer of a situation to a plan made by the family to get her away from the fens, suspecting that Claude might *now* be coming there. So her spirits rose in harmony with the summer life that surrounded her, and each new burst of fragrance seemed to confirm as well as to heighten her gladness. Exercise had increased the look of excitement these thoughts had given her, and her hair was arranged more carefully than usual, for she expected Dobree.

She was still stroking her favourite when he appeared at the gate, and as he paused to look at her before raising the latch, he wished he had not undertaken Miss Grey's errand so readily, or at least that he did not feel bound in truth to her to speak that which he felt he must speak, ever since he had parted from her three nights ago. "However," he thought, "this is no place for hesitation, and the probability is that I would not shirk it if I could." So he met Elsie's look of welcome more naturally and with a greater show of firmness than he really felt. Elsie ran off at once to fetch the ferns, which she said were better than the last she had got for him, and her quiet manner, no less than her bright eyes, showed how pleased she was at the praise he gave to her good packing.

She then led the way indoors, and put the ferns on the window-sill near the myrtle, while she offered him grandfather's chair, now drawn close to the open window. This he refused, for he felt he could not be still just now. "He was not going to stay long, but *she* must sit down; there was no occasion for her to stand."

This she also refused, and stood within the recess of the window, in what she called "her own place." The thrush came bustling down to the nearest corner of the cage with inquisitiveness in its eyes, and a sharp little "Quitt," that received a kind look for answer. This, however, was not quite satisfactory, as he let her know, by a still greater show of



bustling; so she leaned forward, chattering to it, and it returned to its perch, coming down now and then afterwards to show that it still kept up an interest in its mistress. Dobree had made a few paces in the room and come back again.

"Are your people always out? No place seems so still to me as this cottage, and yet you are such a large family."

Elsie smiled an amused smile. "It's noisy enough in the mornings and evenings, but now it's harvest-time, and they all come later; that helps to make it seem more quiet just now; but grandfather's home—in the back garden," noticing Dobree's quick look round; "he'll not be coming in till sundown; he says he likes to make the most of these long days; and he does a good bit, too, *though* he's so old."

"Quitt," said the thrush, and Dobree and Elsie looked towards it.

They were both silent.

"You like your home very much, I suppose?"

"I like it more and more—I love it better than ever." She stopped suddenly, and turned her head away, blushing at the excitement she had shown.

They were again silent.

"Have you thought about what I asked you the other evening?"

"Yes."

"You have not changed your mind?"

"No—thank you for your kindness; and please to thank Miss Grey too, but—I *must* stay at home."

Dobree was half disappointed, although this was what he had expected; he looked past her into the garden for some minutes; then, rousing himself,—

"Well, I suppose I ought not to try and persuade you against what you think right; but should anything arise to make you change your plans—or suppose, for instance, you should not be wanted so much at home as you are now—I know I can promise you Miss Grey's help in obtaining a situation out of this place. You need only let Miss Porteous know of your wish."

"Thank you," and the least perceptible smile played on Elsie's lips; "but that would be for a long while, as Rettie is still very young," and she looked down at the ferns as if ready to give them to him; but he was not willing to go, though he followed her movement.

"Have you had a good sale for them this season?"

"For the ferns, sir? No, not so good as last year. I got several for friends of

our clergyman—and—also for Miss Grey's relations, then"—

"Ah! yes, I remember Mr. Lillingstone sent away several baskets from here; but," and he turned away from her and looked into the garden again, "he has been a great deal too busy lately to think of those things."

Something in the tone of his voice suggested a horrible thought to Elsie. "He was very busy with his books last year, wasn't he?" she said, breathing quickly.

A quick light in Dobree's eye showed his scorn.

"I believe he was, but he gave up college life after he left Mrs. Gaithorne's last year, and two months ago he was married; he is now travelling with his wife;" and he pretended to see something new in the elm-trees opposite him.

Elsie leaned against the window-frame. She felt her face was white, and that her lips twitched helplessly now and then. This must not be; she must *not* give way. Yes, there was the garden, cool, rich, and sweet, the smell of the honeysuckle, and her little friend in the cage, and Mr. Dobree, too, looking out of the window quite close to her. Now and then they all swayed up and down. She *must not* give way—she must speak soon—what will he think?—she must say something presently.

"Quitt, quitt," said the thrush, puzzled at the long silence.

Dobree turned his attention to it, speaking low, close to the bars.

Elsie fixed her eyes on them both, and they swayed up and down. What should she say if she were any one else? It seemed an age since the stillness had been broken. "Did he take honours, as he expected?" Her voice, though low, was hard, and seemed painfully clear to her.

Dobree glanced slightly at her before answering; and he groaned within himself at the misery so wantonly caused—the life so early blighted—when "it might have been so different." "No, he disappointed his friends very much by giving up reading altogether some time ago; but I *must* go now." He took up the basket, and put out his hand. "Good-bye, Elsie, and remember what I have said about Miss Grey; you may trust her. She likes you, and will be a friend if you want one, I am sure; and—but it is no matter, it is of little consequence now—good-bye," and he turned away to avoid seeing the quivering lips that strove so hard to be still.

She followed him to the door, and nodded a "good-bye," when he shut the gate. Some time after, she felt a warm soft pressure on her foot, as the cat passed and re-passed, rubbing her back against the hem of her dress, and purring to gain her notice, but in vain.

Elsie was scarcely conscious of this. She was still looking out, attracted—fascinated, it would seem, by the golden pinnacles of the stacks that rose clear from the vague shadow of the trees, and nursed the flattering rays of the daylight after the day had gone.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
ENIGMAS OF LIFE.

AMONG the many things which change from one age to another, there is scarcely any so subject to variation, strangely enough, as those opinions on religious subjects which are the most important our minds are capable of forming. Though the hottest controversies in the Church are generally raised for the rigid conservation of old forms and old conceptions of religious truth, it is nevertheless true that every century, and often every generation, has its own characteristic way of setting forth these truths; and that, not to go back too far nor to venture upon any discussion such as that which has risen round the Athanasian Creed, a pious and even highly orthodox Christian of the present day would hesitate at least, and possibly shudder, were he called upon to utter assertions or explanations which distilled like dew from the lips of his prototype in 1773, only a hundred years ago. And scepticism, or philosophy, or counter-theology, whatever name may be the best to use, changes with equal variety and persistency. From Voltaire to Mr. W. R. Greg, what a difference! We do not know by what name to distinguish the later author. He disbelieves the greater part of—we may almost say all—that Christians believe. He seems on the whole to be of opinion—to us a new and strange one—that Christianity has rather retarded than helped forward the reign of purity and truth on the earth. He is cruelly and unjustly, and sometimes we think ignorantly, contemptuous of all religious teachers of every class, creed, and country. He is not without that intolerance and dogmatism which are so curiously characteristic of the philosophic antagonists of spiritual oppression; but

it would, we think, be impossible for any candid and open-hearted reader of the little volume\* recently published, to think of him as a Sceptic. Scepticism is not a creed but a disposition—a form of mind—a peculiarity of nature—and this is not the mental character of Mr. Greg. He believes—almost in spite of himself—having no means, he confesses, of proving the truth of what he believes in, and acknowledging a great many arguments against it. There is something amusing even in the humility with which he makes this avowal, or rather, something that would be amusing but for the perfect and dignified seriousness of the thinker, who, declining to receive Revelation as a possibility, and rejecting Christianity as a great blunder, cannot yet, he allows, divest himself of his faith in God and the Hereafter. We have used a word which we ought not to have used,—it is pathetic rather than amusing. Mr. Greg puts himself voluntarily at the bar, and gives for his defence the humanest, the most unassailable, of all pleas. It is not at any bar of ours that he makes his defence. We are ready to give him full and frank absolution for believing in God because he cannot help it, because it is *plus forte que lui*: but there is something infinitely curious in the spectacle of this man standing humbly uncovered before his peers, excusing himself for his faith. We can easily conceive that a great effort was necessary to enable him to confront such a tribunal with such a confession. The great leading principle of all the philosophical researches of our day, both physical and mental, is that faith is the one unallowable sentiment—the accursed thing. The very state of mind which makes such a feeling possible, fills science with disgust and opposition; yet here is a distinguished philosopher coming forward to confess to it, with a sense of his own weakness, yet with an absolute incapacity to separate himself from it, which is at once strange and whimsical and pathetic. What he avows is pure faith of the highest and most visionary kind, faith in things unprovable, without tangible foundation, without authority—yet in its naked force prevailing over all the methods and habits of doubt, and all the prejudices of the intellect. The following is Mr. Greg's own explanation or excuse—the plea with which he presents himself at the bar of philosophical thought:—

\* Enigmas of Life: by W. R. Greg. London: Trubner & Co. 1872.



The religious views in which we have been brought up, inevitably colour to the last our tone of thought on all cognate matters, and largely affect the manner and direction of our approach to them, even where every dogma of our early creed has been, if not abandoned, yet deprived of its dogmatic form, as well as of its original logical or authoritative basis. Not only are doctrines often persistently retained, though the old foundations of them have been undermined or surrendered—but beliefs that have dwelt long in the mind leave indelible traces of their residence years after they have been discarded and dislodged. It would be more correct to say that they linger with a sort of loving obstinacy in their old abode, long after they have received formal notice to quit. Their chamber is never to the end of time quite swept and garnished. The mind is never altogether as if they had not been there. When a "yes" or "no" answer is demanded to a proposition, for and against which argument and evidence seem equally balanced, the decision is sure to be different in minds, one of which comes new to the question, while the other has held a preconceived opinion, even though on grounds which he now recognizes as erroneous or insufficient. It was my lot to inherit from Puritan forefathers the strongest impressions as to the great doctrines of religion, at a time when the mind is most plastic and most tenacious of such impressions—

"Wax to receive and marble to retain."

And though I recognize, as fully as any man of science, the hollowness of most of the foundations on which those impressions were based, and the entire invalidity of the tenure on which I then held them, yet I by no means feel compelled to throw up the possession merely because the old title-deeds were full of flaws. The existence of a wise and beneficent Creator, and of a renewed life hereafter, are still to me beliefs—especially the first—very nearly reaching the solidity of absolute convictions. The one is almost a Certainty, the other a solemn Hope. And it does not seem to me unphilosophic to allow my contemplation of life, or my speculations on the problems it presents, to run in the grooves worn in the mind by its antecedent history, so long as no dogmatism is allowed, and no disprovable datum is suffered for a moment to intrude.

The feeling which dictates this plea is as little sceptical as that which makes the firmest believer cling to his creed—nay, it is almost, if we may be permitted to say so, a more pure and unmixed Faith than are those beliefs which are founded upon authority, either human or divine—on Revelation itself, the great final authority, in which Christians trust. Mr. Greg rejects the idea of Revelation as a folly; he smiles at authority in matters of the mind. He believes—because, as we have said, he cannot help it; because he had Puritan forefathers—because

once when he was young he believed. In short, he does what the weakest of us do, what the most illogical do: he believes because he believes. Honour to the philosopher who dares to say so! Let those scoff at him who will, he shall have no scorn from us. We may grieve that he can proceed no further—that he cannot go in at the doors open to us, or see what it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive; but for this vindication, even though uttered somewhat against his will, of pure Faith without foundation or reason, he is to be thanked, almost more deeply than is another man who feels himself able to speak with fuller certainty and a more definite hope. This confession is a triumph of that something above nature, above reason, above all that can be taught or learned: that something ineffable, incomprehensible in us, which makes us what we are—which cannot be altogether destroyed by brutality, nor altogether eliminated by intellect; and which makes us, on the whole, very indifferent to Mr. Darwin's monkeys, even could we see them in actual process of development. Tails are one thing—but souls are quite another thing. The appendage might be got rid of; but the other is not to be got rid of nor accounted for. And here it stands, clear-shining, ineffable, poisoning on angels' wings over the big brain of this thinker, as over the smallest brain of any one of us. We trust and hope that there is a great deal more of this kind of faith present in the world at this doubting and doubtful period, than the Christian critics of the time have any idea of. It is a Faith which has little to say for itself, which sometimes may be somewhat ashamed of itself; but its very shame and its avowed want of absolute foundation are its most valuable qualities. It is like the testimony of an unwilling witness, of whom honour and truth demand that he should tell something which goes against the cause he favours.

Another curious peculiarity of the philosophy of our day is the modesty with which it avows its absolute inability to answer any of the questions it raises. The very name of Mr. Greg's volume shows his full acquiescence in this sentiment. To the deeper Enigmas of Life which he here proposes he offers no answer; he holds out no hope to us that any answer can ever be found by intellect or thought. It is true that to the less lofty—to those which concern the physical wellbeing and progress of man—he believes in the possibility of a limited and

conditional answer, but that only by the interposition of a philosophical millennium—a time when all men will do justly and love mercy, when sanitary science shall vanquish disease, when Peace shall have a universal reign, when men shall learn in all things how much better and more comfortable it is for themselves to do well than to do ill, and vice and dyspepsia shall alike vanish from the face of the earth. We have no disposition to assail with harsh criticism this foolishness of wisdom. We remember that another philosopher, more celebrated still than Mr. Greg, once proposed the same summary and delightful remedy for the woes, not of the world, but of that small part of it called Ireland: Let every man but do his duty; let all be good, sober, virtuous, honest, and peaceable, as it was right to be, and lo, at once, without beating about the bush, or search after elaborate political panaceas, the remedy was found! So said Bishop Berkeley a hundred years ago. An older philosopher still—Francis, of the town of Assisi, in Umbria—held similar yet still wider views. His cure for Turk and Infidel was, not to crusade against them with armies and chivalry, but—the simplest thing, which any poor monk was good for—to convert them! In such company Mr. Greg need not be ashamed to stand; and if he, too, dreams of a time when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and the sucking child lay its hand on the cockatrice' den, we will not attempt to smile down his hope as a devout imagination, as, we fear, did we venture to breathe a word of the millennium of the Apocalypse, he would do to us. No; that obstinate hope in human nature, which is one of the highest symptoms of the possibilities in us, is not one which we can cast any scorn at; but the philosopher's faith in it is yet another proof of the endless potency of that principle which he despises scientifically, but which in the blessed inconsistency of human nature hangs by him still.

In the paper called "Realizable Ideals," Mr. Greg sets forth candidly enough the absolute want of foundation for any such hope. Though he makes much—more a great deal than we should be disposed to make—of those external signs of progress which everybody dins into our ears—the railway, the telegraph, gas, &c.—he acknowledges that man has reached no corresponding advancement; that neither thinker nor poet has gone beyond the range of Plato and Homer; and that the Athenians some two thousand years

ago raised themselves "to the highest summit which any nation has yet reached—the culminating point of human intelligence." To be able to think is surely a greater gift, after all that can be said, than to be able to flash a possibly foolish message from one end of the world to the other in twelve minutes. Almost the only way in which we can consider this latter privilege as an unmingled boon, is either when it works in the service of the affections and relieves the anxious, or when it is used in the royal work of government, facilitating the action of a central authority or summoning aid to a dependency in peril;—yet we all know that in both these cases the telegraph has probably done as much harm as good, torturing the absent who cannot be of any service to a sufferer with all the fluctuations of his malady, and confusing and stultifying the unhappy State subordinate, who is now never out of reach of an ignorant chief, nor allowed to act as his superior local knowledge sees fit. We cannot see how this merely external agency, great as it is, could, even if it had no *défauts de ses qualités*, be either an intellectual or moral influence affecting the minds or wills of men. And certainly its existence is no balance whatever to the confessed non-existence of any marked and general elevation of intellect or wisdom in man. Yet, notwithstanding all this, Mr. Greg still holds his ideal as realizable. Everything is possible. It is true he grants that we may still go on as we have done for past centuries; that "passion may still be in the ascendant, speaking in a louder tone than either interest or duty." "It may be so," he says, and thus proceeds to explain what hope is in him of better things:—

But there are three sets of considerations which point to a more hopeful issue: the inevitably vast change which cannot fail to ensue when all the countless influences which have hitherto been working perversely in a wrong direction shall turn their combined forces the other way; the *reciprocally reacting and cumulative* operation of each step in the right course; and the illimitable generations and ages which yet lie before humanity ere the goal be reached. Our present condition, no doubt, is discouraging enough; we have been sailing for centuries on a wrong tack, but we are beginning, though only just beginning, to put about the helm. What may we not rationally hope for, when the condition of the masses shall receive that concentrated and urgent attention which has hitherto been directed permanently, if not exclusively, to furthering the interests of more favoured ranks? What, when charity, which



for centuries has been doing mischief, shall begin to do good? What, when the countless pulpits that, so far back as history can reach, have been preaching Catholicism, Anglicanism, Presbyterianism, Calvinism, Wesleyanism, shall set to work to preach Christianity at last? Do we ever even approach to a due estimate of the degree in which every stronghold of vice or folly overthrown exposes, weakens, and undermines every other;—of the extent to which every improvement, social, moral, or material, makes every other easier;—of the countless ways in which physical reforms react on intellectual and ethical progress?

What a gradual transformation—transformation almost reaching to transfiguration—will not steal over the aspect of civilized communities, when, by a few generations during which Hygienic science and sense shall have been in the ascendant, the restored health of mankind shall have corrected the *morbid exaggeration* of our appetites; when the more questionable instincts and passions, less and less exercised and stimulated for centuries, shall have faded into comparative quiescence; when the disordered constitutions, whether diseased, criminal, or defective, which now spread and propagate so much moral mischief, shall have been eliminated; when sounder systems of education shall have prevented the too early awakening of natural desire; when more rational because higher and soberer notions of what is needful and desirable in social life, a lower standard of expenditure, wiser simplicity in living, shall have rendered the gratification of these desires more easy; when little in comparison shall be needed for a happy home, and that little shall have become generally attainable by frugality, sobriety, and toil? It surely is not too Utopian to fancy that our children, or our grandchildren at least, may see a civil state in which wise and effective legislation, backed by adequate administration, shall have made all violation of law—all habitual crime—obviously, inevitably, and instantly a losing game, and therefore an extinct profession; when property shall be respected and not coveted, because possessed or attainable by all; when the distribution of wealth shall receive, both from the Statesman and the Economist, that sedulous attention which is now concentrated exclusively on its acquisition; and when, though relative poverty may still remain, actual and unmerited destitution shall everywhere be as completely eliminated as it has been already in one or two fortunate and limited communities. Few, probably, have at all realized how near the possibility at least of this consummation may be. An intellectual and moral change—both within moderate and attainable limits—and the adequate and feasible education of all classes, would bring it about in a single generation. If our working men were as hardy, enduring, and ambitious as the better specimens of the Scotch peasantry, and valued instruction as much, and if they were as frugal, managing, and saving as the French peasantry, the work would be very near completion. . . .

It may sound romantic, at the end of a decade which has witnessed, perhaps, the two most fierce and sanguinary wars in the world's history, to hope that this wretched and clumsy mode of settling national quarrels will ere long be obsolete; but no one can doubt that the commencement of higher estimates of national interests and needs, the growing devastation and slaughter of modern wars, the increased range and power of implements of destruction, which, as they are employable by all combatants, *will grow too tremendous to be employed by any*, and the increasing horror with which a cultivated age cannot avoid regarding such scenes, are all clear, if feeble and inchoate, indications of a tendency towards this blessed consummation.

Heaven forbid that we should sneer at any man for holding so hopeful a view. Yet of all unlikely things this philosophical Utopia seems to us the most unlikely—a thing absolutely without warrant from experience, and little justified, so far as we can see, by the only agencies which are avowedly at command—agencies wholly material, affecting our comfort, but neither touching our minds nor our hearts.

We have not time to do more than indicate Mr. Greg's curiously fine and searching argument on the question of prayer—a question so often and so disagreeably discussed of late days, with what seems to us equal ignorance and bad taste on the sceptical side of the question, and much feebleness on the Christian. Here once again the fine spiritual sense (if we may use such an expression) of which Mr. Greg is incapable of divesting himself, comes in, lifting the argument out of the vulgar circle in which it has been bandied about from one hand to another, into a clearer and serener air. Mr. Greg's eyes are too keen and too candid not to see that in this case, as in so many others, it is a mere question with all thinkers which set of difficulties they will choose to protect and patronize,—those which set forth the impossibility of disturbing the order of nature by the interposition of such an agent as prayer—or those which regard the still deeper impossibility of believing in a God and not appealing to Him. Mr. Greg considers both sides of the question carefully. He declares prayer to be "an inevitable consequence and correlative of belief in God," an "original and nearly irresistible instinct." "We cannot picture to ourselves," he says, with a force of expression which might well be consolatory to timid believers, "what our nature would be without it." He considers both sides

of the question — and he makes no answer to it. We especially recommend to the notice of the reader the few sentences in which he suggests the idea that any extraordinary or importunate search for human aid, such as those which love and wealth make continually, is as much an interference with the rigid sequence of nature as any appeal for divine aid can be. "If," he says, "as philosophers have maintained, we all and always live under the dominion of settled law; if the present in all points flows regularly and inexorably from the past; if all occurrences are linked together in one unfailling chain of cause and effect, and all are foreseen by Him whose foresight is unerring; if indeed they are mere portions of an order of events of which the motive power has been set in action from the beginning,— then is not aid rendered to us by our human friends *in consequence* of our entreaties — as an *effect* of that *cause* — as much a disturbance of the ordained law of sequence as if God Himself had directly aided us, in compliance with our prayers to Him?" This will show, though Mr. Greg gives no conclusion, and evidently feels no certain conclusion possible in such a question, that he treats it in a different spirit, and with a different feeling of its gravity and profound interest, from that which has shown itself in many recent arguments — arguments such as discredit science without having anything really to do with her — and which disgust us by that irreverence for human nature which is even more revolting to the human spirit than profanity towards God.

The most striking passages in Mr. Greg's volume will, however, be found in the last of its chapters — the singular and touching paper called "Elsewhere," in which, by way of showing the mistakes of "divines" in setting forth the conventionally religious view of future rewards and punishments (drawn, we presume, from the vulgarest type of old-fashioned sermons, but probably supposed by Mr. Greg to represent the preaching of his own day), he sets forth his own views on this profoundly interesting subject. The idea of entirely spiritual retribution is not an original one, and commends itself more completely to the mind than any other conception of final punishment. But though the idea is not new, it has seldom been more powerfully expressed. The following picture might probably be equalled in the pages of some "divine" of higher range and older date than those

Mr. Greg condemns; but we do not know where else, except in Isaiah, to find a more terrible or a more powerful picture of a real and spiritual hell: —

When the portals of this world have been passed, when time and sense have been left behind, and this "body of death" has dropped away from the liberated soul, everything which clouded the perceptions, which dulled the vision, which drugged the conscience while on earth, will be cleared off like a morning mist. *We shall see all things as they really are* — ourselves and our sins among the number. No other punishment, whether retributive or purgatorial, will be needed. Naked truth, unfiled eyes, will do all that the most righteous vengeance could desire. Every now and then we have a glimpse of such perceptions while on earth. Times come to us all when the passions, by some casual influence or some sobering shock, have been wholly lulled to rest, when all disordered emotions have drunk repose

"From the cool cisterns of the midnight air."

and when for a few brief and ineffectual instants the temptations which have led us astray, the pleasures for which we have bartered away the future, the desires to which we have sacrificed our peace, appear to us in all their wretched folly and miserable meanness. From our feelings *then* we may form a faint imagination of what our feelings will be hereafter, when this occasional and imperfect glimpse shall have become a perpetual flood of light, irradiating all the darkest places of our earthly pathway, piercing through all veils, scattering all delusions, burning up all sophistries; when the sensual man, *all desires and appetites now utterly extinct*, shall stand amazed and horror-struck at the low promptings to which he once yielded himself up in such ignominious slavery, and shall shrink in loathing and shame from the reflected image of his own animal brutality; when the hard, grasping, sordid man, *come now into a world where wealth can purchase nothing, where gold has no splendour, and luxury no meaning*, shall be almost unable to comprehend how he could ever have so valued such unreal goods; when the malignant, the passionate, the cruel man, *everything which called forth his vices now swept away with the former existence*, shall appear to himself as he appeared to others upon earth, shall hate himself as others hated him on earth. We shall see, judge, feel about all things there, perfectly and constantly, as we saw, judged, and felt about them partially in our rare better and saner moments here. We shall think that we must have been mad, if we did not too well know that we had been wilful. Every urgent appetite, every boiling passion, every wild ambition, which obscured and confused our reason here below, will have been burnt away in the valley of the shadow of death; every subtle sophistry with which we blinded or excused ourselves on earth will have vanished before the clear glance of a disembodied spirit; nothing will intervene between us and the truth. Stripped



of all the disguising drapery of honeyed words and false refractions, we shall see ourselves as we are, we shall judge ourselves as God has always judged us. Our lost or mis-used opportunities; our forfeited birthright; our glorious possibility—ineffable in its glory; our awful actuality—ineffable in its awfulness; the nature which God gave us—the nature we have made ourselves; the destiny for which He designed us—the destiny to which we have doomed ourselves; all these things will grow and fasten on our thoughts, till the contemplation must terminate in madness, were not madness a mercy belonging to the world of flesh alone. In the mere superior mental capacities, therefore, consequent upon spiritual life, we cannot fail to find all that is needed, or can be pictured, to make that life a penal and a purgatorial one. . . . But there is yet another retributive pang in wait for the sinful soul, which belongs to the very nature of that future world; namely, the severance from all those we love, who on earth have trod the narrower and better path. The affections do not belong to the virtuous alone: they cling to the sinner through all the storms and labyrinths of sin; they are the last fragments of what is good in him that he silences or lays aside or tramples out: they belong, not to the flesh but to the spirit; and a spiritual existence, even if a suffering one, will but give them fresh energy and tenacity, by terminating all that has been antagonistic to them here below. Who shall describe the yearning love of a disencumbered soul! Who can adequately conceive the passionate tenderness with which it will cling round the objects of its affection in a world where every other sentiment or thought is one of pain! Yet what can be more certain, because what more in the essential nature of things, than that the great revelation of the Last Day (or that which must attend and be involved in the mere entrance into the spiritual state) will effect a severance of souls—an instantaneous gulf of demarcation between the pure and the impure, the just and the unjust, the merciful and the cruel—immeasurably more deep, essential, and impassable than any which time, or distance, or rank, or antipathy could effect on earth? *Here* we never see into each other's souls: characters the most opposite and incompatible dwell together upon earth, and may love each other much, unsuspecting of the utter want of fundamental harmony between them. The aspiring and the worldly may have so much in common, and may both instinctively conceal so much, that their inherent and elemental differences may go undiscovered to the grave. The soul that will be saved and the soul that will be lost may cling round each other here with wild affection, all unconscious of the infinite divergence of their future destiny. The mother will love her son with all the devotion of her nature, in spite of or in ignorance of his unworthiness; that son may reciprocate his mother's love, and in this only be not unworthy: the blindness which is kindly given us hides so much, and affection covers such a multitude of

sins. The pure and holy wife and the frail and sinful husband can live together harmoniously, and can love fondly here below, because the vast moral gulf between them is mercifully veiled from either eye. But when the great curtain of ignorance and deception shall be withdrawn; "when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known;" when the piercing light of the Spiritual World shall at once and forever disperse those clouds which have hidden what we really are from those who have loved us, and almost from ourselves; when the trusting confidence of friendship shall discover what a serpent has been nourished in its bosom; when the yearning mother shall perceive on what a guilty wretch all her boundless and priceless tenderness has been lavished; when the wife shall at length see the husband whom she cherished through long years of self-denying and believing love, revealed in his true colours, a wholly alien creature;—what a sudden, convulsive, inevitable because natural, separation between the clean and the unclean will then take place! The gulf *which has always existed* is recognized and felt at last; corruption can no longer assort with incorruption; the lion cannot lie down with the lamb, nor the leopard with the kid. One flash of light has done it all. The merciful delusions which held friends together upon earth are dispersed, and the laws of the mind must take their course and divide the evil from the good. But though the link is severed, the affection is not thereby destroyed. The friend, the husband, the lover, the son, thus cut adrift by a just and natural though bitter retribution, *love still*; nay, they love all the more fervently, all the more yearningly, in that they now discern with unclouded vision all that bright beauty, all that rich nature of the objects of their tenderness, of which their dim eyesight could on earth perceive only a part. Then will begin a RETRIBUTION indeed, the appropriate anguish, the desolate abandonment of which, who can paint, and who will be able to bear! To see those we love, as we never loved till then, turn from our grasp and our glance of clasping and supplicating fondness with that unconquerable loathing which virtue *must* feel towards guilt, and with which purity *must* shrink from stain: to see those eyes, never turned on us before save in gentleness and trust, now giving us one last glance of divine sadness and ineffable farewell; to watch those forms, whose companionship cheered and illuminated all the dark places of our earthly pilgrimage, and once and again had almost redeemed us from the bondage and the mire of sin, receding, vanishing, melting in the bright distance, to join a circle *where they will need us not*, to tread a path to which ours bears no parallel and can make no approach; and THEN to turn inward and downward, and realize our lot, and feel our desolation, and reflect that we have earned it;—what has Poetry or Theology pictured that can compete with a Gehenna such as this!

The spiritual heaven which Mr. Greg

offers to our view in contrast with this tremendous sketch of possibilities is less striking and less fine—as, we fear, a Paradiso must always be. We do not know whether, if Mr. Greg should ever see these pages, he would be interested personally to know the effect produced by the reading of this article upon a simple soul with no great reason to render for the faith that is in her. This woman fell a-crying as she closed the book, and burst forth into a broken prayer (all his arguments notwithstanding) that a man so near the kingdom of heaven might have the Christ in whom she trusted yet revealed to him. Such a conclusion is not frequent with such a book.

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#### SOUTH SEA SLAVERY: KIDNAPPING AND MURDER.

As far back as 1868 the deportation of the South Sea Islanders had challenged the attention of the British Government. It was known that one of our Australian colonies, Queensland, was regularly importing labour from the Pacific for plantation work; and though there were few instances—we believe only one well-authenticated—of these natives being treated with neglect on a Queensland station, it was notorious that they were not all there voluntarily, but that many had been enticed on board the vessels and forcibly deported. In fact, so far as the actual procuring of labour, the trade was kidnapping. The Queensland Legislature, to their credit, stepped in and passed an act to regulate Polynesian labour. Since then the traffic has been carried on as free from abuses *as may be*. We use the qualification advisedly; for though we rise from a perusal of the voluminous blue-books on the subject with a conviction that Queensland has purged herself from the odium of a slave state, we maintain that no regulations can control the procuring of coolie labour. No one who considers the hundreds of islands scattered about the Pacific, the various dialects and languages, the powers of the chiefs over the tribes, and the possibilities of agents treating with the chiefs, will imagine that the Kanaka always comes on board, *suâ sponte*, or understands the nature of the agreement he signs.

With the Queensland legal labour traffic, however, we are not at present con-

cerned. But in drawing the picture we propose of the murder, fraud, outrages, and piracy of the South Pacific slave trade, we are anxious to do Queensland the justice she is entitled to. Her Government places a paid agent on board each vessel employed between the islands and the colony, as a check upon decoying and kidnapping, and has met the overtures of the Home Government by undertaking the cost of prosecutions brought by imperial cruisers before their Supreme Court. Apart and distinct from Queensland, another community, in the heart of the Pacific, was crying out for the importation of labour.

In 1859, Mr. Pritchard, H. M. Consul in Fiji, came to England to communicate the cession by the King Cacoban (Thakomban, Thakoban) to her Majesty of the Fiji Islands. What he offered was the actual sovereignty over the whole group, ratified by all the chiefs assembled in council. The Government thereupon despatched Col. Smythe, R. A., and Dr. Berthold Seemann, a name well known to botanists, to investigate on the spot. Colonel Smythe reported, in opposition to the views of several naval officers who had served in those waters, that annexation was not to the interest of Great Britain, asserting that it was not in the power of the King to carry out his engagements—an assertion which we can find nothing in the records of the mission to warrant. The Government acted upon this report, and Capt. Jenkins, in H. M. S. *Miranda*, was ordered to Fiji to communicate the decision. Fiji was left to follow its own devices, and work out its own salvation, with, we may well add, fear and trembling. Meanwhile it was gradually attracting to its shores a population, mixed indeed, but mainly drawn from the Australian continent. Some were undoubtedly men of genuine enterprise, drawn by the promise of successful cotton-planting; but the majority were the waifs and strays, the Bohemians of Australia, many of them bankrupt in name and fortune. On December 31st, 1871, the number of white residents had reached 2,040, scattered over several islands, while the native population was rated 146,000. There has been a steady increase since.

In 1864 the Europeans in Fiji, in need of labour for their cotton-growing, turned their attention to the New Hebrides as a source of supply. In 1867 the New Hebrides missionaries of the Reformed Presbyterian Church furnished a statement to the Synod in Scotland, which



very circumstantially sought to prove the native traffic was simply a slave-trade. Readers will, according to their bias, attach more or less credence to the assertions of missionaries. Where these latter encounter traders and settlers on the same semi-barbarous soil, jealousies will exist and counter-accusations be bandied; and the Pacific has proved no exception. Admiral Guillain, the Governor of New Caledonia, stated to Captain Palmer, of H. M. S. *Rosario*, that the missionaries at the Loyalty Islands connived at the kidnapping, and engaged in trade with the natives. Be that as it may, Captain Palmer ascertained that between May 1865 and June 1868, a brisk trade in natives had been carried on by British vessels.

By August 1869 Lord Clarendon had grounds to write: "A slave-trade with the South Sea Islands is gradually being established by British speculators for the benefit of British settlers. . . . Reports of entry are evaded, fictitious sales of vessels are made, kidnapping is audaciously practised. . . . An intolerable responsibility will be thrown upon her Majesty's Government if the present state of things as regards the introduction of immigrants into the Fiji islands is allowed."

Bishop Patteson, in a letter to the Bishop of Sydney, writes (1868): "I am very anxious as to what I may find going on, for I have conclusive moral (though, perhaps, not legal) proof of very disgraceful and cruel proceedings on the part of traders kidnapping natives and selling them to the French in New Caledonia and in Fiji, and, I am informed, in Queensland. Whatever excuses may be (and have been) made as to the treatment they receive at the hand of the planters, and the protection they may have from a consul when landed, it is quite certain that no supervision is exercised over the traders at the islands. All statements of 'contracts' made with wild native men are simply false. The parties don't know how to speak to each other, and no native could comprehend the (civilized) idea of a 'contract.' One or two friendly men, who have been on board these vessels (not in command), and were horrified at what they saw, have kindly warned me to be on my guard, as they may retaliate (who can say unjustly or unreasonably, from their point of view?) upon the first white men they see, connecting them naturally with the perpetrators of the crime."

The existence of a systematic slave-

trade was established beyond a doubt. The rapid increase of white settlers, and the demand for black labour, were alike favourable to the "blackbird-catching," as the term goes, in the South Seas. The market was expanding, and the article rising in value. It was not to be expected that the men who were engaged in this nefarious traffic would be very scrupulous as to the means employed for catching the natives, or squeamish as to their treatment on shipboard. Murder was added to man-stealing. The horrors of the trade were increased by native reprisals. Massacre was the only return these savages could make for the blessings of contact with the European trader: and on Sept. 28, 1871, at the island of Nukapu, Swallow group, John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop of Melanesia, paid the debt his countrymen had incurred, and won the crown of martyrdom.

We cannot here attempt to do justice to the memory of that noble man and his noble work. Neither the one nor the other are to be introduced *ἐκ παρεργων*. But no record of the South Sea slavery would be complete if it did not mention, however briefly, the story of its greatest victim.

Great as was the shock caused by the news of the Bishop's murder, and irreparable as seemed the loss, a more fitting end could not have been found to close such a life. We doubt if his life, if prolonged, could have wrought so much good as his death. No one in the Australian and Pacific Seas affects to question that it was the result of kidnapping and murdering which had been going on unchecked in the Melanesian group. Those who know the Pacific, know that revenge is a religious duty binding upon the whole tribe, and threatening every member of the wrongdoer's tribe. All the circumstances of the Bishop's murder prove it to have been a premeditated, prearranged act, executed for tribal reasons, without *personal* animosity against the victim. The body was un mutilated save by the death-stroke, and it was placed in a canoe that it might float back to his own people.

It now remains to sketch the practices of the traders in procuring labour, and the atrocities perpetrated on the voyage. Unfortunately for the credit of our countrymen in Australia, fortunately for the case we desire to state, we have no need to cite "missionary yarns," nor quote from a volume which contains such unwarranted aspersions of the New South

Wales authorities as Captain Palmer's "Kidnapping in the South Seas." \* Nor have we very far back to travel in point of time. On the 19th of November, 1872, at the Central Criminal Court at Sydney, Joseph Armstrong, James Clancy, S. M'Carthy, William Turner, George Woods, John Bennett, Thomas Shields, and Augustus Shiegott were charged with having on the 20th February, 1872, on board a British vessel called the *Carl*, unlawfully assaulted, beaten, wounded, and ill-treated a man named Jage, the said prisoners being master and part of the crew of the said vessel. On the following day Armstrong (the captain) and Dowden were tried for murder on the high seas. Clancy, M'Carthy, Turner, Woods, and Shiegott were sentenced to two years' imprisonment, Armstrong and Dowden to death. When the news reached Melbourne, the Victorian Government at once put their police in motion to arrest any persons in Victoria who might be implicated. Two men, Messrs. H. C. Mount and Morris, were arrested, brought before the Police-court on December 5th, and committed for trial on the capital charge. On the 19th and 20th they stood their trial in the Supreme Court, before the Chief Justice, a verdict of manslaughter being returned. From the evidence given in the respective courts, we shall construct a narrative of the case.

On June 8th, 1871, the brig *Carl* left Melbourne for Leonka, Fiji. Her owner, Dr. James Patrick Murray, sailed as supercargo. On arrival, having changed her captain and crew, she started on her first kidnapping expedition in Western Polynesia, returning to Fiji to dispose of her labour. On a second voyage Dr. Murray was attacked by serious illness, and brought to death's door. Whether from genuine repentance, remorse, or sheer fright at the prospect of death, on the return of the *Carl* to Leonka, Dr. Murray, the instigator and principal of the bloody deeds we have to relate, dis-

closed the secrets of the voyage to Mr. Marsh, British consul, who admitted him Queen's evidence, and gave him a certificate to that effect, to be his protection in Sydney. The New South Wales Government felt bound to abide by this action of the consul, and Dr. Murray was admitted "approver," and formed the principal witness in the case. In Victoria, Matthias, Devescote, one of the crew, who was arrested on the same charge as Mount and Morris, was accepted as Queen's evidence. We have no need to add to the horrors of the picture by any heightening of the colours. No descriptive language based upon the evidence could leave half such an impression as the plain, unvarnished disclosures of the agents who told the tales of their own deeds.

James Patrick Murray deposed: "I am a medical man. I was part owner of the British ship *Carl*, sailing under British colours. I was first residing at Melbourne. We left Melbourne for Leonka, with passengers, on a cotton-plantation speculation. . . . We tried to get labour in a legitimate way, but without success. The next island we went to was Palma, and there we tried to get labour by that again; we were however not able to capture the natives at that island. *One of the passengers* (Mr. Mount), *dressed as a missionary, attempted to lure the natives on board*, but it failed. . . . We went on to several islands, and captured the natives, *generally by breaking or upsetting their canoes and by getting the natives out of the water into which they were plunged. We broke up the canoes by throwing pig iron into them.* The passengers used to pick up the natives, and used *sometimes to hit them on the head, in the water, with clubs, or with sling-shot when they dived to get out of the way.* And so on from island to island. In a short time we had about eighty natives on board. . . . On the 12th or 13th of September there was a disturbance during the night. . . . On the following night it commenced again, and the man on the watch fired a pistol over the hatchway, and shouted, to frighten them, as on the previous night. Other methods were tried to quiet them, but all the methods failed; the men below (natives) appeared to be breaking down the bunks, and with the poles so obtained they armed themselves, as with spears, and fiercely attacked the main hatchway. They endeavoured to force up the main hatchway with their poles. The row now appeared to have started in a fight be-

\* Lord Kimberley, in a despatch to Lord Belmore of 8th January, 1872, writes: "I request that your lordship will inform Mr. Robertson that, in my opinion, his statement completely exonerates the Government of the Colony from the charges brought against them by Captain Palmer in the work in question." Captain Palmer, in a letter to the Secretary to the Admiralty, 27th January, 1872, withdraws all the expressions complained of, "and I have only to add that the paragraphs alluded to shall be expunged if my book should go through another edition." But the book may not reach a second edition, and many who have taken their impressions from the first will not see the Parliamentary correspondence from which we quote. The best cause is damaged by such intemperate zeal.



tween the quiet natives and the wild ones. Most of the wild ones were battering at the hatch. The attempts to pacify the men below having failed, the crew commenced to fire on them. The firing was kept up most of the night. I think everyone on board was more or less engaged in firing down the hold. . . . During the night, by way of directing aim, Mr. Wilson, one of the passengers, threw lights down into the hold." At daylight it appeared "there were about sixteen badly wounded and above eight or nine slightly. In the hold there was a great deal of blood with the dead bodies. The dead men were at once thrown overboard. The sixteen badly wounded were also thrown overboard. . . . I saw that the men so thrown overboard were alive. We were out of sight of the land. Some were tied by the legs and by the hands."

R. Wilson, a passenger, corroborated Murray's witness in the main.

George Heath, a seaman, gave evidence not so favourable to Murray, as that miscreant had suppressed certain facts. On the night of the disturbance "saw Dr. Murray with a musket in his hand singing the song 'Marching through Georgia.' At daylight a party went into the fore-hatch and fired in amongst the natives. Believed it was Murray and another man now in Leonka."

We must not omit that the poor wretches who were not butchered, were, on their way to Leonka, taught to hold up their fingers and to say "three yam," meaning three years, as though they had agreed to give three years' service.

On one of the prisoners, a warder in the Sydney gaol found a log of the cruise. We give some specimens.

"Monday, 15th January (1872). Got five men down in the fore-castle threading beads, and hauled the ladder up. Five more were laid hold of on deck and shoved down in the hold. The ship was then got under way for Santo.—January 22. At night, in the first watch, one of the stolen blacks slipped over the rail: whether he fetched the land or was drowned, I don't know.—February 4. Got under way, and went closer in shore. This day stole twelve natives—four women and eight men. One woman came off to give them warning and she got nailed.—February 9. Stole four men. Three swam for the reef. Lowered boats and picked them up. Kept one. The other two were old men. Took them on shore, and three came on board to take canoe on shore, and were kept on board.

However they got two women for the old man.—February 27. Mem. of Malgrave Islanders jumping overboard and fired at.—March 5. Cook going to clear out, but brought up quick with a pistol, after which he went to sleep." But we need not multiply these revelations.

The evidence given on the trial of Mount and Morris in Melbourne supplies some particulars not elicited in the Sydney trial, and we shall give such extracts as appear to us to throw additional light on the incidents of this iniquitous slave-trade.

Matthias Devescote deposed: "We fitted up the hold with saplings. When I saw that the poles were taken in, I thought that the pearl-fishing expedition was cooked then, but it was too late to back out. . . . I heard Dr. Murray say (this was off Palma), 'This is a big ship, and we can make it pass for a missionary ship. If we disguise ourselves we can get some of the natives to come on board, and can then put them down below.' " Another witness will supplement this:—

James Fallon deposed: "The captain and Wilson went ashore. The former turned a coat inside out and put it on. Wilson dressed himself in an unusual way. Mick, a sailor, put on a blue coat, and old Bob, one of the Kanakas, put something round his cap. Mount was dressed in a long red shirt and smoking-cap, but he did not go ashore. They said they would dress like missionaries. Mount got up on top of the house on deck and walked about. He held a book in his hand. The ship was anchored about a couple of hundred yards from the shore. . . . Wilson commenced singing 'Marching through Georgia' and 'Wait for the Tide.' Wilson tore out some of the leaves of a book he had with him and gave them to the natives, who fell upon their knees before he commenced to sing. They were kneeling down all round him."

Devescote relates when the canoes were alongside: "I had heard Murray say to the captain to get all ready, and he would give the word of command. Murray said, 'Are you ready, Captain?' and he said 'Yes,' and Murray said 'When I say one—two—three, let the men jump on the canoes.' This was done. . . . Dr. Murray would say, 'Are you ready? Look out! one—two—three,' and then the crew would be lowered down, the canoes swamped, and the men thrown into the water. . . . The na-

tives were very bruised when they came on board, and the bilge-water of the two boats was mixed with blood. . . . Canoes were smashed again, as usual." On the night of the row in the hold he saw "Scott, Dr. Murray, Captain Armstrong and others firing down into the hold. . . . At one o'clock in the morning the mate raised a cry that the natives had charge of the deck, and Dr. Murray called out, 'Shoot them, shoot them; shoot every one of them.' At four o'clock everything was quiet. . . . One of the crew said, 'Why, there is not a man dead in the hold,' and Mount said, 'That is well.' Dr. Murray put down his coffee and went forward. He was absent about five minutes, and then returned and fetched his revolver. *The second mate got an inch auger and bored some holes in the bulkheads of the fore-cabin, through which Dr. Murray fired. . . . The first and second mates fired as well. After a bit Dr. Murray came aft. Lewis, the second mate, said, 'What would people say to my killing twelve niggers before breakfast?' Dr. Murray replied, 'My word, that's the proper way to pop them off.' Lewis said, 'That's a fine plan to get at them,' meaning the holes bored in the bulkhead.*" The throwing over of the wounded is told—the first, a boy, wounded in the wrist, being pushed overboard by Murray. The dead were hauled up by a bowline, and thrown overboard—thirty-five. The hold was washed, scrubbed, and cleaned up, and ultimately whitewashed. The vessel was boarded subsequently by an officer from H. M. S. *Rosario*, but he seems to have left satisfied. Murray wanted to procure more labour, but after this last butchery passengers and crew alike refused to have any more of such work.

The consular inspection was as perfunctory as the man-of-war's. "We had about fifty natives when we reached Leonka. Consul March then came on board and passed these natives. He asked Lewis, the supercargo, who was also second mate, how he got the natives. Of course Lewis swore he got them in a proper manner. The consul asked Lewis if the natives could answer to their names, and Lewis said 'Yes.' 'Then,' said the consul, 'will you swear you got these men by right means?' 'Yes,' said Lewis. 'How long were they engaged for?' 'Three years,' said Lewis. One of the niggers was then called, and asked by the supercargo, 'How long? How many yams?' The poor innocent nig-

ger held up three fingers and said, 'Three fellow yams.' The consul then said the men were passed, and that was all the inquiry he had made. Lewis was the interpreter. There was no other." This is one of the heroes of the auger-hole butchery. Could this farce be exceeded?

We have selected the latest and best-authenticated case of slavery in the South Seas. But these atrocities have been paralleled within the last few years, and the *Carl* brig is no singular offender. Two points, however, are prominently brought out by this case—the uselessness of our war-ships for the purpose of regulating the traffic by overhauling and examining the labour-vessels, and the farce of consular inspection. The *Carl* was boarded from H. M. S. *Rosario*, not long after the massacre, and no suspicion excited. The survivors of the massacre were examined by Consul March. If the examination was as superficial as stated in evidence, we need not wonder that such a humbug and sham left the natives where it found them. The regulation of this traffic is a myth. Consul March has swelled the blue-books with the exhaustive and comprehensive system he has planned for preventing the abuses of the trade; and he has shown us his practical working of them.

The only satisfactory regulation is total suppression. Total suppression is the duty of Great Britain, and there is only one way to do it—viz. to convert the Fiji Islands into a British colony. The situation at present is full of difficulties awaiting solution. King Jacoban has blessed his subjects with a Constitution, and a responsible Ministry of seven—five of whom are whites—a Legislature, and a Chief Justice. A large number of British subjects have protested against the establishment of the Government there, and have announced their determination to resist it, on the ground that British subjects, who constitute the majority of the white population, cannot form themselves into a separate nation. Lord Kimberley has directed Colonial Governors to deal with it as a *de facto* Government. The Law Officers of the Crown have advised that her Majesty's Government may interfere with the acts of British subjects within Fiji, and that British subjects beyond the limits of the new state, not yet duly recognized, should not be accepted as citizens of the new state. Meanwhile, the British consul declines to give any official recognition to this Government, and according to the complaint of the leading



member of Cacoban's Cabinet, opposes it in every way, thwarts and impedes its every action, and encourages resistance to its authority.

If England would boldly assume the sovereignty of the Fijis, we should very shortly witness the extinction of the slave-trade, and the cessation of the native feuds, the civilization and settlement of the islands, the spread of the Christian religion, and the protection and welfare of the British subject. Had she accepted the offer made her in 1859, the South

Seas might have been spared the horrors and atrocities perpetrated by British man-stealers. The bulk of the white population would now gladly see her assume the sovereignty. Neither Cacoban nor his natives can feel very strongly about their Constitution or the Ministry of the day; and the Pacific Islanders would find established in their midst a power which would protect right by might.

EDWIN GORDON BLACKMORE.

*House of Assembly, Adelaide.*

IVORIES, ANCIENT AND MÆDIEVAL. — The earliest carvings on ivory extant are those found in the caves of Le Monstier and La Madelaine in the Dordogne, consisting of fragments of mammoth ivory and reindeer's bone incised or carved with representations of various animals. These were probably executed, says Sir John Lubbock, at "a time so remote that the reindeer was abundant in the south of France, and probably even the mammoth had not entirely disappeared." Of course the celebrated Egyptian and Assyrian ivories in the British Museum are modern compared with these. There are examples in that collection of the time of Moses, or 1800 B.C. Fifty Assyrian ivories, also there, show the characteristics of the art at that period. When sent to England by Mr. Layard, they were in a state of decay, but the decomposition was arrested, at the suggestion of Professor Owen, by boiling them in a solution of gelatine. The various substances included under the term ivory are the tusk of the elephant, the walrus, narwhal, and hippopotamus. To these we must add the fossil ivory, so often used in early carvings. This was obtained from Siberia, where the tusks of the mammoth are found along the banks of the large rivers. It is a curious fact that the largest tusks of ivory now procured would not furnish pieces as large as those which were used in the Middle Ages. There is every probability that the ancients softened the ivory, and could then enlarge the pieces. A fifteenth-century recipe in the British Museum directs that the ivory should be placed in muriatic acid, and it will become as soft as wax. By being placed in white vinegar, it hardens again. The Greeks used ivory to decorate their couches, and also shields and arms. Greek sculptors did not think it beneath them to work in the substance. Pausanias has left us an account of some of these early statues which he saw on his travels, among them an ivory statue of Venus, at Megara, by Praxiteles; one of Hebe, by Naucydes; an ivory and gold example, the work of Phidias, at Elis; and the coffer which the Cypselidæ sent as an offering to Olympia, c. 600 B.C. Ivories of this period

are of the utmost rarity. The British Museum fortunately possesses several examples which may fairly be considered the work of Greek artists. Early Roman specimens are also extremely scarce. The South Kensington Museum has a *plaque* of the second century, part of a cup, representing a sacrificial procession; and one leaf of a Roman diptych of the third century (the other portion being in the museum of the Hotel de Cluny), upon which a priestess is shown standing before an altar, sprinkling incense in a fire kindled upon it. In the Mayer Museum, at Liverpool, two leaves of a diptych are preserved, upon which Æsculapius and Hygieia are carved. These fine examples are probably of the third century. The following remarks by Mr. Maskell will show the interest and importance of mediæval ivories:—"From the middle of the fourth century down to the end of the sixteenth, we have an unbroken chain of examples, still existing. Individual pieces may, perhaps, in many instances be of questionable origin as regards the country of the artist, and sometimes with respect to the exact date within fifty, or even a hundred years. But there is no doubt whatever that, increasing in number as they come nearer to the middle ages, we can refer to carved ivories of every century preserved in museums in England and abroad. Their importance with reference to the history of art can not be overrated. There is no such continuous chain in manuscripts or mosaics, or gems or enamels. Perhaps, with the exception of manuscripts, there never was in any of these classes so large a number executed, nor the demand for them so great. The material itself, or the decorations by which other works were surrounded, very probably tempted people to destroy them; and we may thank the valueless character of many a piece of carved ivory, except as a work of art, for its preservation to our own days." The word diptych means anything doubled or folded, and, among the ancients, referred to tablets upon which wax was spread for writing. A diptych was in two portions, a triptych in three, and the outer portions of the leaves were ornamented with carving. — *Chambers' Journal.*

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## FELLOW-SUFFERERS.

ALAS, poor tree,  
 Had I thy bravery,  
 Or couldst thou weep in concert to my sighing!  
 Snow-hid, thy leaves lie dead;  
 I wail, but thou dost spread  
 Bare arms of benediction o'er the dying.

Thou their first stay, and last — from bud to leaf;

And this thy thanks, poor tree,  
 That they all fell from thee,  
 Like summer friends when summer days are over:

That thou dost stand alone,  
 With all thy greenness gone,  
 For winds to rock, and winter snows to cover.

Lightly the zephyr came, as lightly hied;  
 But these, when first he wooed,  
 Forsook their real good,  
 Knowing thee faithful and the wind untried.  
 Reproach them, they will hear,  
 Their graves are very near —  
 Close at thy roots thy prodigals abide.

Ah, not reproach, but rather dirge and prayer!  
 They, as they lie and die,  
 So low, who late were high,  
 Fare worse for loss of thee than thou canst fare;  
 The wind that whispered lied,  
 Kissed once, and flung aside,  
 And scent of death soon filled the autumn air.

Alas, poor tree!  
 Thy fate and mine agree:  
 All desolate, but we will not despair:  
 A thousand leaves left thee,  
 An earthly hope left me —  
 Yet another Spring may clothe our branches,  
 cold and bare.

Sunday Magazine.

## POT-POURRI.

“Si jeunesse savait!”

I PLUNGE my hand among the leaves: —  
 An alien touch but dust perceives,  
 Nought else supposes; —  
 For me those fragrant ruins raise  
 Clear memory of the vanished days  
 When they were roses.

“If youth but knew!” Ah, “if” in truth —  
 I can recall with what gay youth,  
 To what light chorus,  
 Unsobered yet by time or change,  
 We roamed the many-gabled Grange,  
 All life before us;

Braved the old clock-tower's dust and damp  
 To catch the dim Arthurian camp  
 In misty distance;

Peered at the still-room's sacred stores,  
 And rapped at walls for sliding doors  
 Of feigned existence.

*Vogue la galère!* What need for cares!  
 The hot sun parched the old parterres  
 And dahlias closes,  
 We roused the rooks with rounds and glees,  
 Played hide and seek behind the trees —  
 Then plucked these roses.

Louise was one — light, mad Louise,  
 But newly freed from starched decrees  
 Of school decorum;  
 And Bell, the Beauty, unsurprised  
 At fallen locks that scandalized  
 Our *censor morum*: —

Shy Ruth, all heart and tenderness,  
 Who wept — like Chaucer's prioress —  
 When Dash was smitten;  
 Who blushed before the mildest men,  
 Yet waxed a very Corday when  
 You teased her kitten.

I loved them all. Bell first and best;  
 Louise the next — for days of jest,  
 Or madcap masking;  
 And Ruth, I thought, — why, failing these,  
 When my High-Mightiness should please,  
 She'd come for asking.

Louise was grave when last we met;  
 Bell's beauty, like a sun, has set;  
 And Ruth, Heaven bless her,  
 Ruth that I wooed, — and wooed in vain, —  
 Has gone where neither grief nor pain  
 Can now distress her.

Good Words.

## WATCHING BY NIGHT.

WATCHING by night, O Sleep, I picture thee,  
 Now as a bridge that links two neighbouring  
 lands,

One worn and barren as the sea's bare sands,  
 One sown and fruitful with all things to be.  
 Now as a mist that spreadeth silently,  
 I see thee hiding with thy vaporous hands  
 All good that gladdens, and all guilt that  
 brands;

All cares that follow, and all joys that flee.  
 And now a seraph, an angelic guide,  
 Thy white wings reaching to thy noiseless  
 feet,

I see thee leading to each loved one's side  
 The longed-for figure that each loves to  
 greet.

Thus, while the darkness and the night abide,  
 Be thou love's guide, and guide me to my  
 “Sweet.”

Tinsley's Magazine.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
LORD LYTTON.

THIS has been a mournful winter, full of the sombre excitement of public loss — an excitement which, though very different from the penetrating anguish of personal bereavement, affects us with an abstract sadness almost more heavy. Those symptoms of the ending of a generation — those breakings-up of dynasties, of sovereignties more extended than any royal house possesses — those periodical heavings of the volcano of time, in which so much is carried away from us — do they not impress us almost more strongly, though more vaguely, than individual loss? Another wave has beaten upon the eternal shore, strewing the beach with mournful relics,—and another is coming, and another,—that which carries ourselves, perhaps, the next; and so the long cadence goes on for ever. We who were the children a little while ago, are now the fathers and the mothers, honoured, respected, smiled at, made allowance for, as is the lot of the older generation; and by-and-by a great hush will come, and standing over us, as we now stand over our predecessors, calm voices will record what we have done. How different is that record with the oldest, with the loftiest, to-day while life lasts, to-morrow when it is over! No uncertainty now is in the tone, no fear to offend, no delicacy lest some chance touch should cause a wound, no flattery to win a smile. In one day, in one hour, criticism changes into history—the career rounds off before our eyes, a perfect thing, to be judged now as a whole, never before but in parts. It is past; it is ended; it is perfect. This is the first rule of the mournful yet splendid grammar of life.

And with few lives is this so emphatically the case as with that of the great writer whom, a few days ago, we laid with his peers, in sorrow and in honour, under the noble arches of Westminster; the highest and last acknowledgment which England can give to a completed fame. During the very last years of his life he was making new reputations carelessly, as a child makes garlands, not even taking the trouble to put upon his head the wreaths

so lightly, so easily woven. None of us could have predicted, even then, what further development his mind might take, or whether it was reserved for the Bulwer of our youth to become not only the accomplished and wise historian of the splendour of mature manhood, but the expositor of a new romance of Age, soft with all the silvery lights of the long-extended evening, the mixture of earthly wisdom and visionary insight which belongs to Genius grown old. This possibility is now, however, ended. He who won so many laurels will win no more: there is no new chapter to be added to the record which we know so well; unless, indeed, it be written in the last work, which will be given to the public almost as soon as this page—and in which the last thoughts of the man who has taught us and charmed us for nearly half a century, will be read with a certain sentiment of affectionate sadness too warm to admit, for the moment, of anything like criticism.

Nearly half a century!—for the preface of the young Bulwer's first work is dated 1828; and during the whole of that long period his mind has more or less been in constant communication with the mind of his country. He has in this very fact a curious advantage which few writers share with him. His great contemporaries, Dickens and Thackeray, altogether lacked the thread of sympathy, of common growth and development, with his audience, which so long a career naturally produced. Dickens did not develop—his first works are his best—there is no fulness of youth in them, and no ripening of maturity in those that followed. Thackeray, on the other hand, was scarcely known as a writer until his mind was fully matured: no young man could have written "Vanity Fair." But Bulwer, who was the magician of our youth, grew with us as we grew, gained maturity as we gained it, and has had a longer and closer influence upon us, a spiritual intimacy more complete and extended, than almost any other mind of the age. People who have been young will remember with tender delight and gratitude those pages (alas! so much less



readable by us now) full of sentiment, full of youthful exuberance, enthusiasm, magnificence, which are always dear and sublime to youth. When Bulwer gave forth the lofty splendour of those high-flown passions and sorrows, we too were high-flown, and revelled in the lofty diction and elevation of sentiment in which there was more than genius — which embodied in its first fervour and reality that Youth which he always looked back upon with such warmth of regretful admiration. And yet no man had less occasion to regret his youth. From the exuberance of that period of poetry, the “years that bring the philosophic mind” matured and developed his rare gifts into something greater and broader than the most enthusiastic admirer of his early genius could have hoped. The author of the “Caxtons,” and of the cycle of noble works which followed — first produced, we are proud to remember, in the pages of this Magazine — made proof of something more than genius, — of that large knowledge of things and men which only experience of the world, and the facilities for observing it possessed by a man to whom all circles are open, could have given. Men to whom the thoughts and projects of a statesman are familiar as those of a poet, who are deeply acquainted with the laws that act upon society as well as of those that influence the individual mind, are, by the nature of things, of very rare occurrence among us. But Lord Lytton added to the inspiration of nature almost everything that experience could give him. It was equally easy to him to place upon his canvas the Nestor of society, the wise man of the world, learned and skilful in all emergencies, and the noble vagabond incapable of any wisdom at all but that taught by generosity and love; the statesman, heavily weighed, and full of the responsibilities of Government, and the light-hearted youth of fashion, acknowledging no responsibility; the duke and the cobbler; the bookworm and the rural squire. This wide range gave him an extent of power which we think no other writer of the day has reached. He is the most brilliant of story-tellers, the most com-

prehensive of social philosophers. His glance takes in all society, not to find out its defects, not to represent its humours only, with no specialty of class or purpose, but with a large and extended vision, less intense, perhaps, than that of some writers in a more limited circle, but broader and fuller than any. His was not the faculty which preaches or criticises, which takes public grievances or individual hardships as a foundation for fiction, or works in illustration of a principle. Lord Lytton’s art was of a broader, older, more primitive description — it was the art which represents. Human creatures acting upon no given standard, working out no foregone conclusion, appear to us in his brilliant pages. He neither selects the odd and the eccentric, like one of his great rivals, nor sets himself forth as an anatomist of human motive, like another; but, while giving its corner to eccentricity and a due importance to the unseen workings of the mind, lays in the lines of his broader landscape, his larger outlines of form, with a humanity which outreaches and transcends the specialties of purpose. It is characteristic of this breadth and humanness of his mind, that there should be so strong a distinction between his earlier and his later works; for in his youth he was young, as other men are young, with all the defects of his age — and in his maturity he was mature, with all the widened views, the deeper conceptions, that belong to advancing life, — more serious, more tolerant, more understanding of all difficulties and heartaches, more humorous in kindly, keen appreciation of mental peculiarities and freaks, more tenderly sorrowful, more softly gay.

No man could possess this varied and sympathetic reputation who had been prudent enough to act upon the famous rule which enjoins an author to keep a work by him so many years before he prints it. Had Bulwer done this, “Pelham” and his earlier works would never have appeared at all; and though probably, in that case, his reputation in the abstract would have been higher, it would have been of a totally different kind. As it was, he was rash enough to pour his early utterances into the world warm and

swift as they came from his lips, and he had his recompense accordingly. To many critics he has been the object of unsparing attack; he has represented the sentimental, the high-flown, the sham-magnificent, in many a popular diatribe; and some voices usually worth listening to have denied him genius altogether, moved no doubt by the promptings of a more mature taste and graver judgment than that which revels in the fine distresses of *Godolphin* and *Maltravers*. But with all these drawbacks his reward has been in proportion to the generous rashness with which he gave all that was in him to the world. There was a day in which *Godolphin* and *Maltravers* were splendid to us also. We have outgrown that day, and so did their author; but we like him the better for having been young with us, foolish with us. No splendour of maturity could quite replace this sympathetic bond. Goethe's "*Meister*," saved up till the man was old, and meaning had gone out of it, is a cold and dreary puzzle even to those who love Goethe best; but Bulwer's *Meisters*, sent forth red-hot out of the glowing youth that produced them, woke other youths to an enthusiasm which men smile at, but do not forget. There is thus a compensation to the hasty, to the bold, to those writers who cannot always be thinking of their reputation, and who give out what is in them with prodigality, as the fountain flows. They may not win the crown of perennial excellence; but it is something to lay hold of the sympathy of your contemporaries, to be young and to grow old with them, and to feel thus a silent multitude by your side as you go forward in the inevitable race.

Lord Lytton's books divide themselves naturally into various classes, all exhibiting distinct phases and developments of his mind. He has himself so arranged them, indeed, in the later editions issued under his supervision; and we will consider them according to his classification. There are stories of life and manners; historical romances; tales of magic and mystery; and what for want of a better title we may call romances of crime. The last and greatest group of his mature

works—or perhaps it would be now right to say, the last group but one, since there yet remains, beyond the ground of criticism which we have chosen, another mystic Three, the almost posthumous children of his genius—belongs emphatically to the first class; but yet is so clearly distinct from all his earlier productions, that we reserve it for discussion by itself. Among the novels of society published in his earlier years, "*Pelham*" is the greatest as well as the first. It was followed by "*Godolphin*," the "*Disowned*," the two novels which embody the fortunes of *Maltravers*, and the exaggerated but admirably-constructed and powerful story of "*Night and Morning*." All these works profess to afford us a picture of society, and the manner in which certain characters make their way through it. The "*Disowned*," it is true, belongs to a somewhat earlier age than our own; but as it is not treated with any attempt at archæological correctness, it may fairly be considered among the novels of contemporary life. These, then, compose the first class of their author's productions. We have said that Bulwer's *Meisters* came forth red-hot and glowing out of the delightful foolishness of his youth; but we confess that there may be many readers who will fail to see any resemblance between the young heroes whom he conducts through so many lively and stormy scenes, and the dreamy being to whose apprenticeship and journeyman experience of life the great German gave so much toil and trouble. A closer glance, however, will show the resemblance to which—in, we think, the preface to "*Maltravers*"—our author himself refers. His invariable aim is, through many diversities of circumstances, to exhibit to us an apprenticeship—a training in the School of Life, with the results naturally arising from it. Love, it may be said, is the paramount inspiration and interest of each; but yet love itself is but one of the educational processes through which the subject of the story is perfected. And in every case success and reputation are the rewards which the author allots to his creations. The alternative of failure



never seems to have occurred to him. As he endows them with every gift to begin with—personal beauty, genius, culture, courage, readiness and determination—so he makes their progress triumphant through a subjugated world. Success is the very condition of their existence; even the poetical trifler who does nothing, manages by mere doing of nothing to attract to himself the eyes of the world, and acquires a reputation for which there is no cause that we can see except the young author's delightful certainty of success—the tradition of fame and glory which has become inevitable in his mind. We do not say that success is his god, for this would be to give but a weak and ineffectual description of his prevailing sentiment. Success is his atmosphere—he understands nothing else, believes in nothing else. That all those paths by which his young heroes—shadows of his own buoyant and intense self-consciousness—set out over the earth, must lead one way or another to glory, is a simple necessity of nature to him. He is not even influenced by the fact that the reader wills it so, and that—howsoever the true lover of art or the true student of human nature may prefer that fiction should accommodate itself to the more ordinary rules of actual life—the public loves above everything else “a happy ending.” No such secondary cause affects the young Bulwer. He too, like the public, abominates failure—nay, he is incapable of it; it does not come within the limit of misfortunes possible to his nature. His young men succeed as he does, as they breathe, by sheer necessity of being. In this point he differs from all other modern writers, most of whom, bound by the timidity of less daring natures, or disabled by the sneers of criticism, allow in general that heroes, like other men, must content themselves with a modest level of good fortune, and cannot all hope to reach the very empyrean of success. But Bulwer allows no such limitation. He will have the highest round on the ladder, the brightest crown within reach. His diplomatist must subdue all opposition; his author must fill the world with his renown; his adventurer must conquer fame and fortune; his very dreamer, as we have said, must attract to himself the universal attention, wonder, curiosity, and admiring envy of the world.

“Pelham,” which is the best of his early works, is the most striking instance of this characteristic. It is not necessary

that we should reintroduce to the reader the most delightful of coxcombs, the most triumphant of dandies—that *fine fleur* of social humbug and falsity, who, notwithstanding his Chesterfieldian training and universal irresistibility, is yet a true friend and a true lover, and altogether worthy of his good fortune. The consummate skill with which so young a writer managed to mingle these most different attributes—to make us perfectly aware of the illimitable powers of management, flattery, and even polite lying, so gaily exercised by his hero, and yet to retain our respect for his real virtue, is one of the greatest triumphs ever won in literature. We do not remember any other leading character in fiction so entirely artificial, yet so true. Pelham's faithlessness, his astounding fibs, his self-adaptation to every sort of man—not to say woman; his perfect toleration of any code of morals, or rather no morals; his clear realization that politics are a craft to live by, and the world in general an oyster to be opened,—which almost in any other hands would disgust and repel the reader, are here so skilfully interwoven with the real honour of the man, his disinterestedness, his readiness to serve and help, his power of just reflection and courageous action, that all our moralities are silenced on our lips. If any of Sir Walter's virtuous heroes had committed himself by one-tenth part of the adventures through which Pelham moves so lightly, what depths of ignominy and remorse would he have dropped into! Even Mr. Thackeray's careless young man, whom he laughs at and quizzes through three volumes, could not venture upon half the humbug resorted to by Pelham, without losing the little hold he has upon our regard. But so judicious is the combination, so spirited the embodiment of this typical man of the world, that we accept him as we would have accepted him had we known him in person, acknowledging all his artificiality, his insincerity, his dauntless determination to make himself agreeable at any cost, without letting these peccadilloes at all affect our admiration of himself and of the real fund of merit in his character. This is almost a contradiction to what we have said above of the youthfulness of Bulwer's earliest works; for such a mingling of good and evil is the last thing which youth recognizes as possible, in most cases. That he had even in his earliest beginning so much of a higher insight as enabled him to realize

this profoundest truth of human nature, is perhaps as great a testimony to his power as anything that could be said.

But to return to the consideration with which we started — Pelham is the very impersonation of success. Over the whole book there is diffused a subdued radiance of continual triumph. Be it the scholar's shrewish wife or the *grande dame* in a Parisian *salon*, be it the clever rogue or the philosophical and titled voluptuary, wherever Mr. Pelham tries his inimitable powers he *must* overcome all obstacles. With a whisper, with a look, with a well-timed compliment, he subdues every one whom he encounters. Nothing comes amiss to him; and the certainty of inevitable triumph is so strong in his mind that he hesitates at no exertion of his skill, whether great or small, whether arduous or easy. This unbounded confidence in himself makes him enter unknown and with few introductions the most brilliant circles in Paris, calmly certain to win all the laurels possible — and leads him secure through the labyrinth of the thieves' den in London. Probably, with the mixture of daring and coolness peculiar to him, he would consider the perils of the last the least alarming of the two. A vulgarminded observer might call Pelham's confidence impudence; but it is not impudence: it is the delightful sense of a good fortune which has never failed him; which he indeed deserves, but which no man ever secures by merely deserving it. His luck is simply unbounded. If at any time it may happen to him to be disconcerted or even discomfited for a moment, out of that very discomfiture will come the means of Success. Success — always Success! He is one of those born to rule the world, and to turn every stream into the channel that suits him; and perhaps this very consciousness is the one that most powerfully influences us in our admiration for him. We go forth with him in the fullest confidence, knowing that however discouraging the circumstances may appear, they will but whet the courage and make more conspicuous the triumph of our hero. How dexterously he manages Lord Guloseton — how he humours Job Jonson! — how he wins over even Mrs. Clutterbuck! He is gaily invincible without effort, without overstrain. He cannot be beaten — his own pride and his author's alike forbid it. Pelham was born but to conquer.

The same thing is true, though in a

less degree, with the followers of this first triumphant hero. The disowned son, Clarence Linden, makes for himself a position in the world which his elder and undistinguished brother, heir to all the family honours, might well envy. Maltravers acquires a European fame. Godolphin wins his countess, wealth, honour, every thing that heart can aspire to; and even Philip Morton, after the wild and theatrical heroics of his youth, reaps such a harvest of honours as fall to the lot of few. The author cannot bear to offer to his children any reward less perfect — it is their birthright. The very fact of so many men and women of genius all appearing together about the same period of the world's history — all fluttering the dovescots of social quiet, and winning wondrous honours, above all and everywhere success, is the strangest thing to realize. The critic, if he had the heart, would demand some counterpoise to all this brightness; and here and there such a counterpoise is, indeed, afforded to us in the blighted splendour of Glanville, and the melodramatic misfortunes of Mordaunt. But with these fine personages we have not sympathy enough to accept them as shadows in the picture — they are not half so lifelike, nay, they are dead as mummies beside our inimitable dandy, our knight of universal conquest. This is the great fundamental distinction of the young Bulwer's heroes. They are all successful men. Sometimes they are practical and enjoy their success; sometimes they are sentimental and despise it: but at least they come out invariable winners out of every struggle. It is the condition of their existence that they succeed.

And by the side of these accomplished heroes, so fertile in resource, so fortunate in friends, so gifted in conversation, what a curious apparition is that of the old man of the world, whom the author loves to introduce, not by way of obvious moral, yet surely with a certain sense of the obverse of the picture, and consciousness that the darker side of worldliness should somehow be brought into evidence! The sketch of Savile in "Godolphin," for instance, is one of singular vividness and force. He is not an old villain like Lord Lilburn in "Night and Morning," but only a perfectly suave, irreproachable Epicurean, occupied about his personal comfort as the younger men are about their progress and reputation, and following that grand aim with a steadfastness, which becomes respectable by



dint of mere continuance, and grows into something like a moral quality in its perfect seriousness and good faith. Savile's death, which is accomplished with perfect calm and coolness — the philosopher being determined to retain his comfort to the last moment, and dying quite undisturbed by any invasions of the emotional or spiritual — is a curious conception to have occurred to a young man. It has, we believe, a deeper truth to nature than the more amiable dreams with which the imagination of mankind, always pitiful of the last scene in a tragedy, has surrounded the conventional death-bed. That the approach of death must awaken emotions of a profound and penetrating character is one of the delusions which nothing but experience will banish from the general mind: and it will always seem incredible that a man should be able to die without thinking of God and of the judgment to come. For this reason the picture of the death-bed of the philosophical man of the world, so strictly in accordance with his life, is not only a very original and striking sketch, but manifests the existence in the young writer, even at this early period, of that profound and searching curiosity (to call it by no higher name) into the last issues and mysteries of life and death which afterwards tempted him into the realms of Magic and Mystery, and seems during his whole life to have existed with unusual strength and persistency within him. When we find him at so early a period tracking the steps of his worldly sage down into the last darkness, we can understand better his fanciful investigations into the mystery of the life elixir in later days; and the strange and weird impersonation of that thirst for mere existence which could buy life even by the sacrifice of soul, with which he astonished and troubled many readers further on in his career. Already, amid all the glow and exuberance of youth, amid the throng of the young heroes, victorious in love, in war, in diplomacy, and in song, with whom the young author sweeps along triumphant, had this wonder seized him. Not the wonder and curiosity, so common to men, as to what must occur when the last boundary line is passed, and we ourselves have entered upon the new existence beyond death with all its incomprehensible changes. Bulwer's curiosity takes a different form. His mind instinctively selects that type of being which it is most difficult to translate in imagination either into the beatitudes of heaven

or the torments of a conventional hell. That wise, keen, cultivated, unloving intelligence, which up to its last moment of mortal breath is visibly as individual, as potent in its self-concentration, as clear-sighted and as dauntless as in its prime, what an amazing mystery is its disappearance beyond our ken and vision! This, we feel, is not such stuff as either angels or devils are made of — and what then? It is curious in the very first rejoicing outburst of romance to catch this first tone of the wonder which seems to have haunted his life and beguiled him into much study, and perhaps some credulity, in his later days.

Bulwer, however, always retained a fondness for the character which no other hand has drawn so well, — that of the accomplished, polished, able, experienced, clear-sighted, and selfish man of the world; with amiability but without heart; possessing no moral code save that which enjoins upon members of society the necessity of not being found out, and no spiritual consciousness of any kind. He grew more merciful as he grew older, ripening this same impersonation into warmer and kinder and more human shape, replacing the Savile of his remorseless youth with the Alban Morley of mellowed days; but it always remained one of his favourite characters, and it seems to us unquestionably one of his best. It is our natural standard, the ideal upon which we fall back when we wish to identify the philosopher of society; just as Pelham has been, for more than one generation, consciously or unconsciously, the model of the brilliant young diplomatist, the splendid neophyte of a school of politicians which we fear is dying out among us — a class of men educated not only at school and college, but by constant and much diversified studies in life, and inheriting the worldly wisdom and knowledge of men acquired by their fathers, the training of a race.

Something of the moral curiosity which we have attributed to Bulwer in respect to the last mystery of existence, no doubt moved him to the composition of those stories which we have called *Romances of Crime*. To trace out, through the dismal tragedy of Eugene Aram, how the mind of a scholar could be moved to the meanness of robbery and brutality of murder, is a morbid exercise of this great sentiment, and the effect to ourselves is a most disagreeable one, characterized by all the faults and few of the merits of the author's peculiar genius; but yet it is a

searching and anxious investigation into a moral problem. The still earlier romance of "Paul Clifford" is neither so dismal nor so tedious. It is an attempt to show how the evil influences of education could corrupt a young spirit naturally honourable and pure. And no doubt the attempt is thoroughly successful; and no one who reads the narrative of the young highwayman's early days will be at any loss to perceive how and why it was that he came to take up with that perilous profession. It is, however, very much more difficult to find out how a true brother of the school of Pelham and Linden, a gay, noble, generous, chivalric, and commanding hero, finding his place naturally among gentlemen, and possessed not only of the instincts but the manners of the best society, should have been brought up among the thieves and ribalds of the lowest dens of London, without even the consciousness to elevate him, that he himself was of better blood. This is the great error of the conception; but it is a weakness of a generous kind, and one which naturally belongs to the romantic age and spirit. It is far less easy to account for the much more elaborate effort made by our author in "Lucretia," to trace the full development of crime, out of mere heartlessness and ambitious longing for the possession of an old man's fortune, to the darkest deliberation of guilt, long premeditated and often repeated murder. He himself tells us with indignation that the book in which he embodied this dark history was attacked by the critics as a book of immoral tendency; and it is evident that this reproach struck him to the heart. So deep was the blow that he did what no writer should allow himself to be tempted to do: he published a reply to the remarks of his assailants, and a defence of the attacked novel. Such defences are always futile. It is true, indeed, that the horrible crimes of Lucretia are followed by such tremendous justice, and are throughout presented to us in such a gloomy and revolting light, that even in her softest moments we are never allowed to pity or take part with the guilty woman; and in this point of view the book is infinitely more moral than Maltravers, for instance, in which something very like vice is made to look like a more than ordinarily ethereal virtue. Nobody can say that crime is recommended or excused in the gloomy pages of "Lucretia;" but the curiosity which investigates the workings of such a mind, and endeavours to trace its crimes

to their origin, is not of a kind which could ever gain the sympathy of humanity. We shrink from the investigation of such dread events. We prefer not to know how by one tortuous way after another the murderer is led from blood to blood. It is the least seductive of all kinds of guilt, and we believe may be safely trusted to lead no one into imitation; but perhaps for that very reason it is the least popular. There are readers enough who love to be stimulated and excited by descriptions of the rise and development of another kind of passion—descriptions really much more dangerous and much more likely to tempt and lead astray than all the spiritual anatomy of "Lucretia;" but while we admit the latter to be less pernicious, it is more inhuman. Lord Lytton himself, who seems to have considered this investigation of moral mysteries as one of the rights of his office, was evidently somewhat bewildered and disconcerted by the storm of opposition which rose against this work. Almost sternly, as well as indignantly, he repels the accusation of having lent the "weight of his name and authority to the defence and encouragement of crime;" and with very good reason; for, certainly, of all works of fiction ever composed, "Lucretia" is the least adapted to "encourage" crime. But he misses, we think, the real point in the charges against him when he attributes this universal disapprobation to the public dislike of painful impressions. The cause is deeper. Men and women are almost all subject to movements of the passion of love, the passion most discussed in books, and accordingly follow with a certain inevitable interest even its darkest and guiltiest developments. But few of us are moved with homicidal impulses, and, therefore, human sympathy totally fails in their analyzation. The first may do us harm—they are distinctly immoral and evil in their tendency; yet even the sternest moralist can scarcely shut his ears entirely to them, unless they stoop to the lowest and coarsest depths. But our interest fails in the other, however finely and tragically drawn. Human nature has no sympathy with the murderer as it has with the lover, however guilty.

On this point, accordingly, the author, carried away by his art and by his inclination to investigate the secrets which he saw before him, parted company with his audience to his evident astonishment. It is clear that this was not only a surprise, but something of a shock to him; and



consequently here his anatomy of crime ended abruptly—a fact which every true admirer of Lord Lytton hailed with pleasure. We do not suppose that in the other still wilder and stranger field of occult investigation to which he more than once recurred there was so complete a separation and failure of sympathy between his readers and himself; yet it is certain that the class to whose interest he appeals in the weird romance of “Zanoni,” and in the still more weird adventures of the “Strange Story,” is a different class from that which applauded “Pelham,” or which gave a new, nobler, and wider reputation than any he had gained in his youth to the author of the “Caxtons.” Yet the mysterious unseen world which surrounds us, of which we know so little by our reason, and so much by our fancy, about which every one believes much which his mind rejects, and feels much which his senses are unconscious of, must ever have a charm, not only for the fanciful and visionary, but for all to whom facts and certainty do not sum up the possibilities of existence. We have said that the germ of that spiritual curiosity which led to such conceptions as those of Zanoni, Mejnour, and Margrave, appears to us to show itself in the singular picture of the worldly philosopher’s death-bed, above referred to. The idea of that calm and unimpassioned, yet intense love of life which makes the sage of society decline to lose in sleep the hour or two of existence which remained to him, might well develop into the acceptance of any ordeal which would prolong that life, whether it was the mysterious spiritual struggle with the powers of darkness embodied in one romance, or the wild magical concoction of the material Elixir in the other. There is something wildly attractive to the imagination in such a thought, as is evident by its constant reappearance in poetic literature. There is, we suppose, no more widely-spread superstition than that which conjures up the figure of the everlasting wanderer—the *Juif errant* of Christendom; and it is touchingly characteristic of humanity that this strange figure should be always to the popular imagination the victim of a curse, a creature doomed and miserable, not a superior being, honoured and elevated above men. What an affecting revelation of the humility of human nature and loyal reception of its great law and condition of mortality lies in this widespread and universal myth! Not such, however, was the idea of the mystic philosophers, of

the old professors of occult arts, who refused to be bound by mortal conditions, and set all their faculties to work at the inconceivable task of extorting a kind of eternity from nature. To mankind in general any such attempt to interfere with the common fate and constitution of the race has always seemed unhallowed work; but it has undoubtedly exercised a strong fascination over many individual men.

It is this idea which Lord Lytton has endeavoured to embody in Zanoni. He has attempted to place before us two human beings who have achieved Immortality—one being the representative of Everlasting Age, beyond passion, beyond personal feeling—calm, benignant, bloodless, an intellect rather than a man; but yet an intellect with all the moral sentiments intensified and strengthened, spotless in integrity and goodness, though dead to human affections. The other possesses an immortality of Youth, full of the capacity to enjoy, and alas! also to love, and as a necessity of that love to sorrow and despair; to be subject to all the penalties which make length of life a punishment rather than a blessing. We need not remind the reader how Zanoni loves, how his everlasting calm is broken, how simple manhood, with all its cares and anxieties, breaks into the perfection of his being; and how finally he gives up the life which had come to hang upon the existence of another, in order to save that other—the trembling and wholly human wife, whose love has drawn him out of his lofty solitude and elevation. Zanoni dies, because to outlive love was impossible to him, and all around him, wife and child, were mortal. But Mejnour lives, who loved not; whose sphere was thought and not affection. This is the moral of the wild fable, and yet not all its teaching; the moral itself has been dwelt upon before in many a primitive legend of nymph and fairy, through which humanity has always glorified its own conditions, by insisting upon the misery of immortality without love; but to this familiar lesson Lord Lytton has added an original suggestion. In all ancient fables of the kind the desire for earthly immortality has been a wildly presumptuous and irreligious desire, the art that aimed at it a “black art,” and the end generally attained by that immortal bargain with the devil, the possibility of which has thrilled humankind for centuries. But the bargain which Faust made is totally different from the ordeal by which Mejnour and Zanoni fight their way into immortality. Theirs is not

a pact with evil, but a struggle against it. The first step of initiation consists in the banishment of all corrupt thoughts, all desire after the pleasures of the flesh. These mystic neophytes are like the virgin-knights of Christian legend watching their consecrated arms all night amid assaults and temptations of every kind, ere they ventured to put on the armour and take their place among proved warriors.

This novel rendering of an old dream is one of the most remarkable developments of the author's individuality and independence of thought. Not half-a-dozen, perhaps, of the many readers who have been thrilled by that most wonderful of ghost-stories, "The House and the Brain," afterwards published under the title of "The Haunted and the Haunters," but has felt a certain annoyance and resentment at the latter part of the story—the "attempt to explain," as people say, and to bring down the wildly marvellous within the reach of material means and ordinary reason. We confess to having shared the feeling; and yet no feeling could be more unreasonable—for the whole aim and object of the author is this so-called explanation. For this he weaves his net of wonder before our eyes, for this summons out of the teeming darkness those pale shapes of mystery—those luminous shadows. His object, from beginning to end, is to prove—or to attempt to prove—that human nature may possess itself of the secrets of the unseen, and that without guilt, or even presumption—that the clue to all that mystic labyrinth of unknown powers and intelligences is in our hands, if we but chose to seize and follow it—that this strange and awful knowledge may be turned to purposes of the highest benevolence; and, so far from being necessarily a "black art," may be the instrument of the highest purity and perfection. It is this which gives its originality among modern works, and in the realm of poetry, to "Zanoni." We are not in a position to inform the reader whether Lord Lytton really believed in the possibility of such an attainment; but, whether he had any personal faith in it or not, here is his theory—and that it was a favourite theory with him no reader of his works will doubt. Probably we would state it more clearly were we to say that his eager, high-toned, and impatient mind, impatient of boundary or limit anywhere, had difficulty in allowing anything to be supernatural: and as it was impossible for him to escape from the supernatural by denying its ex-

istence—an expedient possible to another kind of intelligence—he made a series of remarkable efforts to escape on the other side by demonstrating it to be within the reach of ordinary human agencies, cultivated to their highest point. How far he succeeded in this attempt is a totally different question; but to ourselves it is impossible to accept "Zanoni" and a "Strange Story" as mere freaks of genius—the wild outpouring of a morbid fancy. The one book has a distinct relation to the other. It is the obverse of the medal; and by the very effort and strain of the contrast proves how strong a hold this theory had of the author's mind.

In the curious impersonation of Margrave, Lord Lytton has developed an idea altogether new to modern art. His leading thought here is to represent the effect of a mere vulgar love of life, as life, upon a corrupt and selfish, yet powerful intelligence. He gives us a glimpse of a fiery, presumptuous spirit, with no moral restraint upon its actions, and with an insatiable desire for existence and enjoyment, which, after wearing out in wild indulgence and passion the single human life allotted to it, finds suddenly within its grasp, by help of crime, treachery, and murder, the means of indefinitely prolonging, or rather resuming, that life—means which it seizes remorselessly. But the renewed life thus secured, being sought from the lowest motives, and by the most guilty and cruel means, instead of elevating, debases its possessor. It gives him the most brilliant outward appearance of youth, and stimulates all his superficial gifts and the meaner and crueller parts of his intellectual nature; but it takes his manhood from him, and all the special characteristics of humanity. He becomes a splendid, beautiful, engaging, and destructive animal, without heart, sympathy, or capacity for affection. In short, he is made into the Faun of classic romance—a creature to whom life, air, sunshine, mere existence, is everything, whose universe is concentrated in itself, and who neither knows nor understands nor aspires to anything beyond the wild and somewhat foolish whirl of physical enjoyment in which its empty days are spent. In one of the most poetical efforts of recent fiction, Mr. Hawthorne set forth before us the means by which a native Faun of the Italian woods was charmed and stung by the terrible realities of life into manhood—a picture of which most readers have acknowledged the fantastic



but genuine power. We do not think that the same justice has been done to Lord Lytton's equally powerful—and let us allow equally fantastic—conception. Yet Lord Lytton's has so far the advantage over the other that there is a profound moral involved in the wild story. Many a nameless minstrel, and some of the greatest of poets, have used their powers to show to us the misery of that lofty loneliness of soul in which the man possessed of supernatural power is elevated above his fellows. In the greatest of all the fictions which have been woven about this mysterious theme, it has been the poet's object to mock the contemptible pettiness of that world of coarse magic and debased spirits through which Faust storms in scornful greatness of his humanity. But no one has shown us how humanity itself may be debased by a connection altogether lawless and selfish with the supernatural. The character of Margrave throughout is wonderfully consistent and striking. He is not a man: under the guise of manhood, does not the reader perceive at once the strange earthly being—earthly, yet with no real sympathetic relation to the earth, playful, caressing, and cruel as a young tiger, senseless as the merest brute, frivolous, giddy, and volatile, more peevish than a child, more destructive than any fabulous ogre? We submit that no critic and few readers have done full justice to the weird conception. Most of the comments upon the work have been occupied with the improbability of the machinery, and above all with the unsatisfactoriness of the "explanations." The Cauldron in the last chapter and the gigantic Foot which penetrates into the magic circle, have quite obliterated the real meaning and power of the strange tale. Perhaps now, when we who are Lord Lytton's contemporaries have suddenly become, by the touch of that Death which has removed him from our midst, that Posterity which is the final judge of all art—justice may be done to the highly wrought and everywhere consistent idea of the "Strange Story." The one passion which remains in the Faun-Man, the absorbing and devouring eagerness of his search for the means of preserving life, throws a tragic light upon his last appearance; but even in the tragedy there is nothing which ennoble. It is a wild, strange mixture of Intellect and Animalism at which we gaze and wonder; it is no longer a man.

The reader may perhaps think that we give disproportionate importance to these

works of mystic meaning—works which, to the minds of many, represent rather a momentary aberration of genius than any serious thought or purpose. To our own mind, however, they represent a very important feature of Lord Lytton's peculiar and individual organization. His strong conviction that no kind of knowledge ought to be forbidden, and that all kinds of knowledge ought to be pursued in a noble and lofty way, not for selfish ends or individual gratification, whether that of the body or the spirit, is to our thinking even more clearly embodied in these works than is the natural tendency of an imaginative and aspiring mind towards the marvellous and unaccountable. Everybody is aware of, and many have smiled at, the interest which he is known to have taken in the so-called spiritual manifestations which are still so hotly discussed among us, and about the nature of which opinions are as much, or more divided than ever. Most of us, however, by way of making up to ourselves for the exaggerated respect which we pay to the guesses of Science, permit ourselves an absolute licence of contempt for the guesses in another direction, even when the latter are much more naturally sympathetic to our minds. The truth which concerns us in our lives is probably as little affected by the one kind of speculation as by the other. But poetry must always have infinitely more to do with the vagaries of the Spiritualist, and even of the Magician, than with the ghastly dreams of anatomy; and for our own part we cannot but recognize in Lord Lytton's "Strange Story" at once a fine and curious poetical conception, and the illustration of an interesting theory. Right or wrong, this theory was very dear to his mind: and it is evident that he considered it capable of conveying a lofty and powerful moral lesson—a lesson which he teaches in other ways, with many an iteration, and to which, as one of the leading principles of his genius, we shall recur again.

The group of historical novels is one which it is somewhat difficult to discuss except at length—and to discuss them at length would be beyond the possibilities of our space. They are all conscientious and careful performances, founded upon a principle much more thorough than that which is to be found in most historical novels. Lord Lytton informs us more than once in his prefaces that he does not take up a historical period as a help to fiction, but deliberately, and of set pur-

pose, uses fiction as a means of illustrating history, and making its facts more vivid and easily realized. He does not take the costume of a past century to give character and interest to one of those ordinary human romances which abound in all periods, but he employs the lantern of his special art as a means of illuminating the obscurity of the past, and repeating the curious lessons of history, with the additional effect which may be given by the livelier portrait-painting and more dramatic interest of art. This serious aim we may allow that he has carried out with grace and dignity. But—perhaps because Art declines the secondary place—perhaps that a warmer inspiration is necessary to transport us bodily into a different age, and give us a living interest in the heroes and heroines whose language and manners are so unlike our own—these careful and elaborate studies lay but little hold upon the reader. The fact that the student of history may be warranted in depending upon them, in receiving them as aids to the heavier volumes from which he draws his lore, is a fact to which we bow with infinite respect, but which does not otherwise affect our appreciation of these volumes as works of art. No such certainty could be predicated of “*Ivanhoe*,” which runs away with us, and carries us straight into the lists at Ashby, breathless, without time to ask whether it is correct or not. Lord Lytton is, no doubt, correct in the main, in his reference to the singular faithfulness with which Shakespeare himself, the first of all poetical models, adhered to the old chronicles from which he drew so many of his plots; but Lord Lytton himself is an evidence that our great poet was not always so faithful, and that the fierce partisanship which dictated his picture of “crook-back Richard” has established an image in our minds which no array of facts, and no gentle illumination of fiction, can ever undo. This deviation on the part of Shakespeare from historical accuracy makes the counter inspiration of those who follow him in the path of history all but futile—for the reason, we suppose, that Shakespeare’s Richard is so entirely real and living that the actual Richard, being dead, has no more chance against him than has the dead lion of the proverb. To this point of inspiration our author (we need not say—for who has ever created like Shakespeare?) does not attain. He presents us with an often brilliant, always careful, learned, and able picture of the time he illustrates,

but he has not the power to transport us there.

It requires some boldness, however, to make this assertion in face of the fact that none, we believe, of Lord Lytton’s novels have been more popular than his historical series. The “*Last Days of Pompeii*,” for instance, a sketch all glorious with purple and gold, all glowing with sentiment and passion, with music and song, had “the good fortune to be so general a favourite with the public” that the author felt himself spared the task of making any comment upon it in the preface to his collected edition. And this popularity, so far as we are aware, continues; and we do not remember any other attempt to make the manners of that far-distant period visible to modern readers which is at all equal in power to the glowing scenes through which the gentle image of the blind Nydia wanders, and in which Glaucus and his friends feast and revel. The art of the novelist has here been so highly acknowledged as to connect itself even with the solemn ruins of the disinterred city, and has given a name to the house, once distinguished as that of the “*Dramatic Poet*,” but which now, to all its English visitors at least, is the house of Glaucus. The same may be said of the fine and careful study of Rienzi, which the author had the satisfaction of seeing translated into Italian, and diligently studied in the land to which it was naturally most interesting. He had even the further gratification of believing that his work had been instrumental in “restoring the great Tribune to his long-forgotten claims on the love and reverence of the Italian land”—a real and high reward such as at all times goes to the heart of the artist. The two fine pictures drawn from English history of “*Harold*” and the “*Last of the Barons*,” should be still more popular on English ground. The very names, however, of all these works show the strictly historical character which their author has chosen for them. The catastrophe of each is a public and historical catastrophe. In “*Ivanhoe*,” on the contrary, our interest is centred in a group of private persons, with whose fate no doubt the legendary fortunes of the lion-hearted king are involved, but who have no place otherwise in the annals of their time. The Templar and the Jewess are pure creations of romance, and their fate is brought about by the same agencies which work in the Greek drama and in the modern poem. It is not any vast convulsion



of the country, no historical crisis which cuts the knot of their distresses. But Lord Lytton has made a different selection of materials. He has taken in every case a period of history which is summed up and concluded with tragic completeness in some great downfall; the *last* of the barons, the *last* of the Saxon kings, the *last* of the Tribunes—even the last days of the doomed city. Thus, as he himself says, he allows History to choose the complications of his tragedy, and has every event mapped out before him independent of his creating will. Upon no secondary group whom he is free to deal with as he pleases does he direct our attention, but boldly fixes upon Harold himself, upon Warwick, upon the noble revolutionary of mediæval Rome. This is bold—and it is perhaps wise in a historical point of view—but we doubt if it is advantageous in point of Art. Fiction, poetry, does not love to be fettered; and the stronger the bonds of historical accuracy, the less easy are the movements of the wayward handmaid who loves no bondage at all. We doubt, therefore, whether the highest spontaneity of original work can be conjoined with so stern an adherence to historical truth, or whether anything beyond what Lord Lytton has certainly attained—a careful, elaborate, conscientious representation, sometimes brilliant, always admirable in its way, but seldom inspiring us with any absolute sense of reality—could be hoped for by this mode of treatment. Our historical knowledge—or rather our vivid perception of the history we know—is no doubt quickened and animated, and that is a result worth the labour; but the general world has not widened round us, nor has any new man or woman taken possession of our mind and fancy. The result is good—but it is not the highest that might have been obtained.

We are not aware how long was the pause between the last production of Lord Lytton in what we may call his first period, and the singular outburst of developed and mature power of which the world became sensible in the “Caxtons.” We are old enough to remember the first appearance of that wonderful book. The questions, the bold replies, the whispered suggestions as to its authorship, which resembled so pathetically the questions and answers lately hazarded touching the same author’s last production. “Bulwer!” “No, impossible! it cannot be Bulwer,” said the whole world of readers, debating the question, with

many a triumphant proof on both sides, to show that it must, and that it could not be. We recollect even, with the hot confidence of youth, pledging our own discrimination, save the mark! against the possibility that an author so long before the world, and, according to the judgment of adolescence, worn out already, could be the writer of anything so fresh, so full of life, so original, and so pure. The impression made by the “Caxtons” at the moment of its appearance, was not less than that made by the real first work of a great author, which appeared—we may be allowed some natural pride in saying—in these same pages some years after,—the “Scenes of Clerical Life.” It is a most curious and indeed unaccountable fact, that the painful and unfortunate “Lucretia” was a product of about the same period, and of powers equally matured; and that before the din of disapproval which waited that performance had died away, the author was called upon to receive the laurels of a new and anonymous reputation. He did not keep the public long in suspense; and the fame thus won by universal acknowledgment became his highest and surest claim to immortality. All that went before has fallen into secondary importance in comparison with this later group of contemporary novels. The splendid heroics and vast successes of his youth, the mystic conceptions of his weird imagination, and those burrowings into cause and effect which led him to examine crime as well as mystery—have all been thrown into the shade by the larger, mellowed, broader pictures of an art which had purified itself from its native exaggeration, and to which true humour and the tenderest pathos had come with time. Bulwer had been first among the magicians of a score of previous years; but now Bulwer was beaten—by Lytton. Wonderful strife and most singular victory! There is a size and greatness and poetical force about the one which was not to be seen in the other. This is the first point of difference that strikes us. It is the world itself that has grown and widened out, and filled into vaster horizons; there are more people in it, and more varieties of people. There is more emotion, and that of a nobler and more generous kind. We cannot say that there is more talk, for conversation had never been wanting in vast quantity; but how much the very talk has widened—growing playful, natural, genial, instead of pedantic, or high-flown, as it

used to be! What a difference! More sky, more earth, more and bigger people. No longer the stock triumphs and stock difficulties of old! but now spontaneous human complications through which the new personages struggle hardly, not always having the best of it. Such was the new world which opened to us in the "Caxtons," and which England received with acclamations, seeing itself as in a glass — yet not itself, something nobler, better, more beautiful. The effect has lasted, though the one series of books, like the other, has long lost its novelty, and has been judged by the calm judgment of time and years. At this present period the productions which come to the mind of every reader when Lord Lytton's name is mentioned, are not the earlier works which we have just discussed, but the more recent—the loftier, broader produce of a mellowed intelligence and a ripper heart.

But the subtle difference which exists between these books and their predecessors, is intensified by a resemblance not less striking. It is no longer the young man setting out upon life, and feeling that the world is his oyster, which by strength or skill he has to open. Instead of this there grows upon us in soft radiance a family group, with other families interlacing, widening out the canvas — yet lo! through the genial and gentle crowd, there, too, is the Youth in his perennial apprenticeship, setting out yet once and once again to persuade fortune and to win fame. It is Pisistratus, the scholar's anachronism, moving lightly under the bonds of human affection, duty, and love, unknown to the independent heroes of an earlier day; it is the poet Leonard groping through his first doubting steps into the mystery of life; it is the proud and poor gentleman Lionel Haughton — not all-conquering as of old, yet somehow finding his way to success and honour; a being not so great in society, not so wonderful in talk, but truer, broader in his personality, more of a man. The Maltravers-Meister, making his way through cycles of semi-disreputable adventure and questionable relations — the Godolphin, gloomy and grand — even the Pelham, all-accomplished in his foppery, bravery, unscrupulous selfishness, and disinterested devotion are to be found no longer. But still the author cannot abandon his favourite and unfailing theme. The youth must be trained and shaped into manhood, should the very foundations of the earth be

shaken; the apprenticeship must be carried out, through what changed circumstances soever the training has to be accomplished. This leading and favourite idea is never abandoned. It is to be discovered in everything Lord Lytton wrote.

But how fine and how curiously widened out as we have said, from all the traditions of his earlier life, is the first group which he sets before us! Instead of the little round of worldlings, the fluttering fashionables, the calm and polished votaries of self, the pedants and the butterflyes — comes softly, unfolded out of nature itself and truest art, that cluster of kindred figures. The scholar Austin, the soldier Roland, each with his faults so playfully, so tenderly indicated, held up to us in full light, irradiated with that smile of humour, most human of all faculties — that smile which is of the very essence of respect and love, though it sometimes bears the guise of ridicule; the mother, foolish and simple, yet wise as love and truth can make her, a homely, commonplace woman, yet sacred; the sanguine, selfish uncle, hero of a thousand schemes, unscrupulous out of mere buoyancy, animal spirits, and self-confidence. How clearly the whole party stands out before us, arguing, reflecting, discussing, pulling every subject to pieces that comes into their hands, with a spontaneous warmth and naturalness of comment, which is so unlike, yet so like, the always clever, but often stilted and interminable, conversations of the previous works! We are never tired of the Caxton talk. It never falls into an exchange of abstractions — it is always lively, individual, humorous, kind. The author loves all these good people. He is tender of them, letting us laugh at them with a soft, kind, and genial laughter, never with the ridicule which is of kin to contempt. How great a difference this makes in literature as in life! But true humour, which is the rarest of gifts, is always kind — cannot exist, indeed, without secret admiration, veneration, deep and tender insight. Austin Caxton is as admirable an example of this as can be produced, — as fine as uncle Toby, of whom, indeed, there is a distinct reflection, both in the scholar and the soldier brothers. Mr. Caxton is not like Mr. Shandy; he has too sweet a nature to be a bookworm, and is incapable of contempt for anything, except, perhaps, false pretensions or false quantities. How beautiful, for instance, is his treatment of his simple wife! how much finer and



more true to a high nature than the commonplace superiority of the scholar-husband, the contemptuous affection or much-bored endurance which is the usual sentiment of such a character in fiction! Mr. Caxton knows a great deal better; he laughs at her softly, banters her tenderly, upholds, supports, and venerates, even while he has his gentle joke at her expense, and is amused by her frequent non-comprehension of himself and his quaint words and ways. The respect and the love are so true, that he ventures to be amused, to smile at her, to gibe on occasion, but with gibes which do not hurt nor wound—delightful genial banter, which never withdraws from her, in her own eyes or any one else's, one jot of the reverence that is her due. How subtly and finely this is done, and how much easier it would have been, and according to the traditions of conventional fiction, to make the simple wife merely laughable and silly, and no more, the reader will easily perceive.

The other family, the Trevanion group, which is of the world worldly, though full of generosity and honour and fine feeling in the midst of the inevitable bondage of ambition, is less attractive, because, in fact there are fewer elements of attraction possible; but Trevanion himself is one of Lord Lytton's creations—the first real statesman he has placed on his canvas, and perhaps the most characteristic. The troublesome candour of mind which keeps him from ever being what his position demands, the head of a party; his devouring appetite for work, and conviction that the best thing he can do for his young *protégé* is to supply him with perpetual occupation; the humorous distresses of his impartial judgment, which form the lighter side of the picture—and the sombre sense of unsuccess, at least of the failure of such success as was worthy his aspirations and dreams, which is its tragic side—are all drawn with a masterly hand. Without in the least degree undervaluing the objects of Trevanion's ambition—nay, while giving its full and highest importance to that science of government which is the noblest of professions—he makes us perceive without a word the superior qualities of the lowlier man, the gentle recluse, whose mild eyes penetrate and pity the difficulties of the statesman. But in that pity there is no superiority—no elevation of the contemplative over the active, nothing of the artist's self-assertion over the man of greater ambi-

tion. In this point Lord Lytton has all the superiority of the man who was at once artist and statesman in his own person, to whom all these differing experiences were alike open, and who had learned the greatest lesson which experience can teach—that all ambition, even the highest, must end more or less in disappointment; that the most successful career may bring everything but satisfaction; and that the high ideals of youth, the better hopes of manhood, fade and fail, and have to give way to the merely attainable, leaving a certain subdued bitterness and sense of failure, even in the most complete career. The scholar whose learning comes to so little—the soldier who hazards life and limb for a medal and an obscure captain's half-pay—the statesman who has to give up the ideal rule of the Best, for miserable expediencies and necessities of party,—which can boast over the other? But it is the philosopher's privilege to anticipate this universal fact, and to submit; while the rarely fortunate man who has the repose of domestic happiness to fall back upon, has the only ideal compensation for all that life takes from him. Such is the lesson, unlike that which youth can or ought to draw from its brighter and narrower information, which comes with the wisdom of maturity—a lesson sad but lofty, strangely different from the all-dazzling success which of old awaited the hero, and made him and the young audience which applauded his adventures happy. But the very perfection of this lesson, and of the development of experience and world-knowledge which produces it, would be less satisfactory, did we not remember how differently our author felt once—how pleased and proud he was of his juvenile triumphs, how certain of living happy ever after, as one after another of his glorious young heroes received from his glowing hands the laurel and the myrtle wreaths, the crown of happiness and fame.

"My Novel" came into the world with all the prestige gained by the "Caxtons," and all the advantage of its author's name to extend its sway: and in this great work we think Lord Lytton's genius culminated. Something more of the old romance—a little Bulwerism from which the "Caxtons" was free, betrays, perhaps designedly, the well-known hand which had now given up all attempt to disguise itself; and we do not know what other modern work could be placed by the side of this which can successfully

compare with its variety of character, its fulness of life and humour and wisdom. Even Thackeray in his crowded pictures can give us but one Colonel Newcome; but here the multiplicity of the figures does but enhance the sense of easy wealth; and we feel as we read that instead of rare appearances here and there, the world is full of those noble simple figures, child-like sages, wise companions, who see through and through us, and yet are kind as ignorance never is — tolerant, all-comprehending, all-appreciating as gods, but brimful of delicious human imperfection as schoolboys. The man who has enriched English literature with two such creations as Riccabocca and Parson Dale, has merited Westminster if ever man did. Two wise men, philosophers and scholars — yet so distinct, so individual, so perfect — distinct, too, from Austin Caxton, their brother sage, each of them himself and no other. What lavish yet delicate power is in these impersonations! It is not an easy art to create, and win the reverence and the love of thousands of readers for, such types of men; men in themselves above the common understanding, with little to catch the eye or charm the imagination; displayed to us in all the gravity of middle life — moralists, preachers in their way, commentators upon existence rather than actors in it — yet touching our hearts and moving our interest more warmly than any youthful hero beloved of fortune. The Italian noble with the most astute and worldly wisdom on his lips, a cynic in speech, a Quixote in sentiment, with a heart as pure as a girl's and as simple as an infant's — philosopher, scholar, misanthrope, romanticist, his eyes full of genial humour, his heart trembling with tenderness — is more akin to the great hero of Spanish fiction than any modern creation we know of. And yet Riccabocca, in his learning and shrewdness, the practical skill and patient diligence which belongs to his country, and, above all, in the profound and delicate sense of humour which smiles in his eyes, is of a broader development than Quixote. His musings, his embarrassments, his social difficulties, his proud poverty, and the simple, honest mercenariness of his matrimonial speculation, are all threaded through with this humorous self-consciousness. He is the first to see the jest at his own expense, and to smile at it. Such humour dwells next door to pathos, and does not interfere with the tear which has always some share in the

smile. The fine distinctions of his nationality, too, do but more clearly display the naturalness of the man, who with all his strange ways is so widely sympathetic, so genial in his humanity. Who but an Italian would have lived shut up in his casino, upon meagre fare of stickle-backs, and turned the patient genius of his race to work upon the irrigation of the English hill-side? We like him a great deal better as Dr. Rickeybockey than as the Duke di Serrano. But yet, such is his creator's skill, that the quaint and meagre philosopher might be a king without surprising us. What a true gentleman he is, even in his simple fortune-hunting, which is so *naïve*, so straightforward, so Italian! The book is full of exciting scenes, of high-strained passion, and critical situations; but at the most stirring moment the reader is never reluctant to turn aside to Riccabocca, to watch his delightful jesuitry, which his *Jemima* routs horse and man by one natural womanly appeal — to note his Machiavellian utterances, and his generous doings, his all-sympathizing soul, and the delicious humbug of his cynicism in words.

Parson Dale is a man of very different metal. Spiritual ruler of his little world, deep in many men's secrets, not permitted to stand quietly by and look on, but compelled actively to interfere, to warn and admonish and direct — his philosophy is of a less speculative kind. Machiavel he knows not, but deep is the natural craft with which he points the needful lesson, and guides the refractory intelligence. Fretted by his adversary's trump or his partner's revoke, but ready to put himself to any annoyance for the regulation of a cottage or the guidance of a gardener boy — solemn and impressive in his warnings to the sinner, however highly placed, but complacent about his own journey on unaccustomed horseback — how kindly, how simple, how genial, how wise is this parish priest! He is as English as his brother sage is Italian — true old Tory in politics, genuine Liberal in heart, with an inconsistency which is as admirably true to the type of man as are the gentle human faults which endear his goodness. Would that Providence had established our lot in a parish blessed with a Parson Dale! But, indeed, there can be little doubt that the parish of Hazeldean, with the good squire and his wife for its temporal heads, with Parson Dale for its pope, and that Machiavel lurking in the Casino with his astute counsels, was the happiest parish in all England. The book is over-



brimming with character. The statesman Egerton, the noble and princely Harley, romantic wandering knight and sentimental adventurer, yet capable of all the higher uses of the State when his hour comes; the young poet Leonard, so finely touched in his visionary yet simple nature, generous, proud, hasty, impassioned, yet humble as genius is, and as ready to repent as to err; the group of Avenels; the ruined man of letters, Burley,—how fine, how lifelike is every detail! Yet amid all these we turn back to our two philosophers with a deeper attraction. The perfection of Lord Lytton's own philosophy as well as of his creative power is in Riccabocca and Parson Dale.

We will not enter into any controversy as to the respective greatness of the names which in our age have illustrated the art of fiction. Each has his different gift, and there is room enough in the literary firmament for all these lights. But howsoever others may excel—though one may trace more deeply the hidden springs of character, and another fathom with a more penetrating insight the movements of universal nature—we remain unshaken in our opinion that “My Novel” is, as a novel, the most brilliant and perfect of contemporary works of fiction. George Eliot goes deeper, is more realistic, more potent in her grasp, more concentrated in power and thoughtfulness; and Thackeray is much more universally behind the scenes, more knowing about all the secrets that lie just under the surface. Neither of these great writers is capable, if we may use the expression, of being taken in; the one with a serious pertinacity of gaze which fathoms nature, the other with a malicious, half-diabolical, infallible keenness of vision which lets nothing slip—defy all the arts and all the simplicities of man—and woman—and are beyond the reach of illusion. But Lord Lytton is never beyond it. Even while he rises into the depths of wisdom with his sages, he is still as ready to be deluded as they are, and as capable of seeing through Leonard's poet-eyes, and of throwing a mist of the most rainbow-tinted romance round Harley L'Estrange, as if he were twenty. Human nature has still corners for him, nooks here and there where the gossamer still sparkles with all the dews of morning, where the glory is ever on the grass, and splendour in the flower. He is not always a philosopher, an analyzer, a revealer of mysteries. By times his eyes are veiled over with human

weakness, his heart falls back into the fond illusions of his early years, and before we know where we are, lo! we are swept back into romance, and find a momentary refuge from the too clear daylight in that old Arcadia of the poets, that land where every soul has lingered one time or another; that impossible paradise where the Two dwell, the primitive hero and heroine, the original of all tales. After so many hard and real labours through the stony pathways of life, we leave our heroes, each with his Violante or his Helen, in bliss incomparable, beyond the measure of everyday existence. This power of returning to the old canons of art—this possibility now and then of falling back twenty years or so, and interpolating a chapter of youth into the wiser conclusions of maturity,—may or may not increase our reverence for the greatness of the writer; but it is everything for his art. It makes of it just that mingled draught which is most sweet to our lips—the true, the wise, the sad, consenting still to mix themselves with the bright, the ignorant, the happy. Only so can life be truly represented—life which is not all real, strange though the words may seem,—which finds much of its sweetness in illusion, which takes its rare draughts of joy oftenest in dreams—dreams truer than the facts, more real than flesh and blood.

While we acknowledge, however, this charm of youthfulness, this remnant of Bulwerism which gives an additional attraction to “My Novel,” we must not omit to notice how this book comes in to the deeper unity of Lord Lytton's works. The lesson that it teaches is the same lesson which he has dwelt upon in mystic story, and which has led him in to the realms of the unseen for examples to enforce his moral. The very key-note of much of his philosophy is to be found in the interview which Riccabocca and Parson Dale hold with Leonard Fairfield in his cottage, when the sages bring all the force of their wisdom to contest the principle, upon which the half-taught boy sets himself so proudly, that knowledge is power. The Parson's admirable, spirited, and startling assertion some time later that the Devil himself is a failure, is, as it were, the spirit of our author's teaching made into a maxim. Randal Leslie, the elaborately-designed and carefully drawn villain, is an illustration of the same principle, with a difference, as is the Faun-man Margrave—which is the insufficiency, unsuccessfulness, mean-

ness, and misery of selfish Knowledge vulgarly supposed to be Power. How far we may receive this as true to fact—whether, indeed, the world has wisdom enough in reality to neutralize the advantages of the unscrupulous possessor of Knowledge—and whether, after all, Selfishness is, so far as external successes go, not the best policy—are questions into which we need not enter. But at all events, in an age of which Selfishness is the special vice (as indeed it is in most ages), the lesson is a worthy one; and the curious lines of thought involved merit the attention of the reader. Fiction which takes the trouble to enforce such a lesson at all—a moral entirely within its range and which can be embraced in story without any artificial strain of incident or purpose—takes by that very aim a higher place than that which nowadays the art seems dropping into. To make a novel into a personal plea against some public or private wrong, or to interweave with romance a demonstration of the ordinary daily economical miseries of life, tradesmen's overcharges, house-agents' devices, &c., is as little harmonious to the uses of fiction as can well be conceived. But the bigger principle fits well into its place in the large and wide picture of men and women, of life and thought.

Of men—and women; perhaps it would be wiser to say of men only; for Lord Lytton, with all his gifts, did not possess that of drawing women. It is rare among men—almost if not quite as rare as the faculty of representing men is among women, though the failure in the one case is very much less remarked upon, and less noticeable indeed, from the fact that women have but lately come to occupy leading places in works of fiction. A beautiful and sweet abstraction of womankind, with hair, eyes, throat, &c., nicely put in, with smiles and tears handy, and a few pretty speeches, is all that is really necessary for a heroine of the good old-fashioned type. Lord Lytton has two of these types, the heroic and the gentle, as indeed Sir Walter also had; and most novelists of eminence keep within these safe lines. The sentimental splendour of *Violante*, the sugary sweetness of *Helen*, may dazzle the hasty reader; but how to come to any sort of realization of these young women we are unable to inform him. Every mortal man has his tether and here is one region in which Lord Lytton's tether is apparent, though he does his best by glowing diction and lavish sentiment to throw gla-

mour in our eyes and blind us to the fact. He does blind us so far that we accept the graceful outline enveloped in rainbow-mists of beautiful effect as the symbol of WOMAN—woman the consoler, woman the inspirer, as he himself says. The abstraction is enough for him—he has no need for anything further; neither, we suppose, has the majority of readers, or the typical would not have been so long and so placidly accepted instead of the personal. There is one other point in which the tether is equally visible. The poor are out of Lord Lytton's range. \*He understands gentlemen—and he understands the cunning hanger-on of gentlemen, the rogue, the money-lender, the blackleg—but he does not understand the other classes into which humanity is divided. In his later books, and especially in "*My Novel*," he attains to a certain power in the one group of the *Avenels*; and he is also partially successful in some of the attendant and secondary figures in "*What will he do with it?*"—a work which we have not left ourselves space to discuss, but which contains in the noble vagabond *Waife* one of his finest creations. But all his previous works are signally unsuccessful in this special region. His peasants and his Cockneys talk an unimaginable jargon, and are as fictitious as the villagers in an opera. It is curious to recognize the points in which one man of genius compensates the world for the deficiencies of another. Dickens evidently felt the same insuperable difficulties in the portrayal of a gentleman.

No, we have no time to speak of *Waife*—wayward as the genius that produced him, faulty, foolish, generous, noble—the most wise, witty, tender, patient, and accomplished of vagabonds: it is doing him injustice, indeed, to introduce him at the end, who merits one of the chief niches in the gallery. We place this bowed and travel-worn figure, lowly yet lofty, by the side of *Austin Caxton*, *Riccabocca*, and *Parson Dale*. He completes the cycle worthily, though in his essence he is a vagabond—a wanderer over the face of the earth. Perhaps Lord Lytton hoped in his *Guy Darrell*, in his *Harley L'Estrange*, to strike a higher note; but his genial and gentle sages are his greatest achievement. We can suggest no shadow on their perfection, nothing that could raise him and them to a purer, more real or more ideal elevation. They are the quintessence of his work and of his art.



The same reason which prevents us entering into the last of the Caxton group of novels, also forbids the discussion of Lord Lytton's other appearances before the world. His public life and his poetical works are alike beyond our space. But we leave these with the less regret that while his success in both is well known, it is as a novelist that his fame was won, and as a novelist he will be known to posterity. Taking him all in all, no man of his generation has achieved the same brilliancy of success, or has so true a claim to be the leading and typical novelist of his day. Most of us have recognized him in that capacity since our earliest recollection. And if we cannot raise him to the side of Scott, he is at least the one of all our contemporaries who has most followed Scott's traditions, and kept in the line marked out by that Father of Story. The many though brilliant faults of his youth were more than made up in his riper age. It would be unbecoming on our part to say anything here of the tale now publishing in our pages, which unites the Bulwer of the past with the Lytton of recent years, in a union which has become affecting by the fact that so much of the work will be posthumous. But we need have no hesitation in repeating what all critics and readers have allowed, that no nobler monuments could be raised to the name of an author, and no finer or more high-toned productions given to the literature of a country, than the three noble Tales which mark the maturity of Lord Lytton's intellect, and the highest level which pure fiction has reached in the present age.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

BOOK SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

It is several weeks after the date of the last chapter; the lime-trees in the Tuileries are clothed in green.

In a somewhat spacious apartment on the ground-floor in the quiet locality of the Rue d'Anjou, a man was seated, very still, and evidently absorbed in deep thought, before a writing-table placed close to the window.

Seen thus, there was an expression of great power both of intellect and of character in a face which, in ordinary social

commune, might rather be noticeable for an aspect of hardy frankness, suiting well with the clear-cut, handsome profile, and the rich dark auburn hair, waving carelessly over one of those broad open foreheads, which, according to an old writer, seem the "frontispiece of a temple dedicated to Honour."

The forehead, indeed, was the man's most remarkable feature. It could not but prepossess the beholder. When, in private theatricals, he had need to alter the character of his countenance, he did it effectually, merely by forcing down his hair till it reached his eyebrows. He no longer then looked like the same man.

The person I describe has been already introduced to the reader as Graham Vane. But perhaps this is the fit occasion to enter into some such details as to his parentage and position as may make the introduction more satisfactory and complete.

His father, the representative of a very ancient family, came into possession, after a long minority, of what may be called a fair squire's estate, and about half a million in moneyed investments, inherited on the female side. Both land and money were absolutely at his disposal, unencumbered by entail or settlement. He was a man of a brilliant, irregular genius, of princely generosity, of splendid taste, of a gorgeous kind of pride closely allied to a masculine kind of vanity. As soon as he was of age he began to build, converting his squire's hall into a ducal palace. He then stood for the county, and in days before the first Reform Bill, when a county election was to the estate of a candidate what a long war is to the debt of a nation. He won the election; he obtained early successes in Parliament. It was said by good authorities in political circles that, if he chose, he might aspire to lead his party, and ultimately to hold the first rank in the government of his country.

That may or may not be true; but certainly he did not choose to take the trouble necessary for such an ambition. He was too fond of pleasure, of luxury, of pomp. He kept a famous stud of racers and hunters. He was a munificent patron of art. His establishments, his entertainments, were on a par with those of the great noble who represented the loftiest (Mr. Vane would not own it to be the eldest) branch of his genealogical tree.

He became indifferent to political contests, indolent in his attendance at

the House, speaking seldom, not at great length nor with much preparation, but with power and fire, originality and genius; so that he was not only effective as an orator, but combining with eloquence, advantages of birth, person, station, the reputation of patriotic independence, and genial attributes of character, he was an authority of weight in the scales of party.

This gentleman, at the age of forty, married the dowerless daughter of a poor but distinguished naval officer, of noble family, first cousin to the Duke of Alton.

He settled on her a suitable jointure, but declined to tie up any portion of his property for the benefit of children by the marriage. He declared that so much of his fortune was invested either in mines, the produce of which was extremely fluctuating, or in various funds, over rapid transfers in which it was his amusement and his interest to have control, unchecked by reference to trustees, that entails and settlements on children were an inconvenience he declined to incur.

Besides, he held notions of his own as to the wisdom of keeping children dependent on their father. "What numbers of young men," said he, "are ruined in character and in fortune by knowing that when their father dies they are certain of the same provision, no matter how they displease him; and in the meanwhile forestalling that provision by recourse to usurers." These arguments might not have prevailed over the bride's father a year or two later, when, by the death of intervening kinsmen, he became Duke of Alton; but in his then circumstances the marriage itself was so much beyond the expectations which the portionless daughter of a sea-captain has the right to form, that Mr. Vane had it all his own way, and he remained absolute master of his whole fortune, save of that part of his landed estate on which his wife's jointure was settled; and even from this encumbrance he was very soon freed. His wife died in the second year of marriage, leaving an only son—Graham. He grieved for her loss with all the passion of an impressionable, ardent, and powerful nature. Then for a while he sought distraction to his sorrow by throwing himself into public life with a devoted energy he had not previously displayed.

His speeches served to bring his party into power, and he yielded, though reluctantly, to the unanimous demand of that

party that he should accept one of the highest offices in the new Cabinet. He acquitted himself well as an administrator, but declared, no doubt honestly, that he felt like Sinbad released from the old man on his back, when, a year or two afterwards, he went out of office with his party. No persuasions could induce him to come in again; nor did he ever again take a very active part in debate. "No," said he, "I was born to the freedom of a private gentleman—intolerable to me is the thralldom of a public servant. But I will bring up my son so that he may acquit the debt which I decline to pay to my country." There he kept his word. Graham had been carefully educated for public life, the ambition for which he dinned into his ear from childhood. In his school-vacations his father made him learn and declaim chosen specimens of masculine oratory; engaged an eminent actor to give him lessons in elocution; bade him frequent theatres, and study there the effect which words derive from looks and gesture; encouraged him to take part himself in private theatricals. To all this the boy lent his mind with delight. He had the orator's inborn temperament; quick, yet imaginative, and loving the sport of rivalry and contest. Being also, in his boyish years, good-humoured and joyous, he was not more a favourite with the masters in the schoolroom than with the boys in the play-ground. Leaving Eton at seventeen, he entered at Cambridge, and became, in his first term, the most popular speaker at the Union.

But his father cut short his academical career, and decided, for reasons of his own, to place him at once in Diplomacy. He was attached to the Embassy at Paris, and partook of the pleasures and dissipations of that metropolis too keenly to retain much of the sterner ambition to which he had before devoted himself. Becoming one of the spoiled darlings of fashion, there was great danger that his character would relax into the easy grace of the Epicurean, when all such loiterings in the Rose Garden were brought to abrupt close by a rude and terrible change in his fortunes.

His father was killed by a fall from his horse in hunting; and when his affairs were investigated, they were found to be hopelessly involved—apparently the assets would not suffice for the debts. The elder Vane himself was probably not aware of the extent of his liabilities. He had never wanted ready-money to the last. He could always obtain that from a



money-lender, or from the sale of his funded investments. But it became obvious, on examining his papers, that he knew at least how impaired would be the heritage he should bequeath to a son whom he idolized. For that reason he had given Graham a profession in diplomacy, and for that reason he had privately applied to the Ministry for the Viceroyalty of India, in the event of its speedy vacancy. He was eminent enough not to anticipate refusal, and with economy in that lucrative post much of his pecuniary difficulties might have been redeemed, and at least an independent provision secured for his son.

Graham, like Alain de Rochebriant, allowed no reproach on his father's memory—indeed, with more reason than Alain, for the elder Vane's fortune had at least gone on no mean and frivolous dissipation.

It had lavished itself on encouragement to art—on great objects of public beneficence—on public-spirited aid of political objects; and even in mere selfish enjoyments there was a certain grandeur in his princely hospitalities, in his munificent generosity, in a warm-hearted carelessness for money. No indulgence in petty follies or degrading vices aggravated the offence of the magnificent squanderer.

"Let me look on my loss of fortune as a gain to myself," said Graham, manfully. "Had I been a rich man, my experience of Paris tells me that I should most likely have been a very idle one. Now that I have no gold, I must dig in myself for iron."

The man to whom he said this was an uncle-in-law—if I may use that phrase—the Right Hon. Richard King, popularly styled "the blameless King."

This gentleman had married the sister of Graham's mother, whose loss in his infancy and boyhood she had tenderly and anxiously sought to supply. It is impossible to conceive a woman more fitted to invite love and reverence than was Lady Janet King, her manners were so sweet and gentle, her whole nature so elevated and pure.

Her father had succeeded to the dukedom when she married Mr. King, and the alliance was not deemed quite suitable. Still it was not one to which the Duke would have been fairly justified in refusing his assent.

Mr. King could, not, indeed, boast of noble ancestry, nor was he even a landed proprietor; but he was a not undistin-

guished member of Parliament, of irreproachable character, and ample fortune inherited from a distant kinsman, who had enriched himself as a merchant. It was on both sides a marriage of love.

It is popularly said that a man uplifts a wife to his own rank; it as often happens that a woman uplifts her husband to the dignity of her own character. Richard King rose greatly in public estimation after his marriage with Lady Janet.

She united to a sincere piety a very active and a very enlightened benevolence. She guided his ambition aside from mere party politics into subjects of social and religious interest, and in devoting himself to these he achieved a position more popular and more respected than he could ever have won in the strife of party.

When the Government of which the elder Vane became a leading Minister was formed, it was considered a great object to secure a name so high in the religious world, so beloved by the working classes, as that of Richard King; and he accepted one of those places which, though not in the Cabinet, confers the rank of Privy Councillor.

When the brief-lived Administration ceased, he felt the same sensation of relief that Vane had felt, and came to the same resolution never again to accept office, but from different reasons, all of which need not now be detailed. Amongst them, however, certainly this:—He was exceedingly sensitive to opinion, thin-skinned as to abuse, and very tenacious of the respect due to his peculiar character of sanctity and philanthropy. He writhed under every newspaper article that had made "the blameless King" responsible for the iniquities of the Government to which he belonged. In the loss of office he seemed to recover his former throne.

Mr. King heard Graham's resolution with a grave approving smile, and his interest in the young man became greatly increased. He devoted himself strenuously to the object of saving to Graham some wrecks of his paternal fortunes, and having a clear head and great experience in the transaction of business, he succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations formed by the family solicitor. A rich manufacturer was found to purchase at a fancy price the bulk of the estate with the palatial mansion, which the estate alone could never have sufficed to maintain with suitable establishments.

So that when all debts were paid, Graham found himself in possession of a

clear income of about £500 a-year, invested in a mortgage secured on a part of the hereditary lands, on which was seated an old hunting-lodge bought by a brewer.

With this portion of the property Graham parted very reluctantly. It was situated amid the most picturesque scenery on the estate, and the lodge itself was a remnant of the original residence of his ancestors before it had been abandoned for that which, built in the reign of Elizabeth, had been expanded into a Trentham-like palace by the last owner.

But Mr. King's argument reconciled him to the sacrifice. "I can manage," said the prudent adviser, "if you insist on it, to retain that remnant of the hereditary estate which you are so loath to part with. But how? by mortgaging it to an extent that will scarcely leave you £50 a-year net from the rents. This is not all. Your mind will then be distracted from the large object of a career to the small object of retaining a few family acres; you will be constantly hampered by private anxieties and fears: you could do nothing for the benefit of those around you—could not repair a farmhouse for a better class of tenant—could not rebuild a labourer's dilapidated cottage. Give up an idea that might be very well for a man whose sole ambition was to remain a squire, however beggarly. Launch yourself into the larger world of metropolitan life with energies wholly unshackled, a mind wholly undisturbed, and secure of an income which, however modest, is equal to that of most young men who enter that world as your equals."

Graham was convinced, and yielded, though with a bitter pang. It is hard for a man whose fathers have lived on the soil to give up all trace of their whereabouts. But none saw in him any morbid consciousness of change of fortune, when, a year after his father's death, he reassumed his place in society. If before courted for his expectations, he was still courted for himself; by many of the great who had loved his father, perhaps even courted more.

He resigned the diplomatic career, not merely because the rise in that profession is slow, and in the intermediate steps the chances of distinction are slight and few, but more because he desired to cast his lot in the home country, and regarded the courts of other lands as exile.

It was not true, however, as Lemer cier had stated on report, that he lived on his

pen. Curbing all his old extravagant tastes, £500 a-year amply supplied his wants. But he had by his pen gained distinction, and created great belief in his abilities for a public career. He had written critical articles, read with much praise, in periodicals of authority, and had published one or two essays on political questions, which had created yet more sensation. It was only the graver literature connected more or less with his ultimate object of a public career, in which he had thus evinced his talents of composition. Such writings were not of a nature to bring him much money, but they gave him a definite and solid station. In the old time, before the first Reform Bill, his reputation would have secured him at once a seat in Parliament; but the ancient nurseries of statesmen are gone, and their place is not supplied.

He had been invited, however, to stand for more than one large and populous borough, with very fair prospects of success; and whatever the expense, Mr. King had offered to defray it. But Graham would not have incurred the latter obligation; and when he learned the pledges which his supporters would have exacted, he would not have stood if success had been certain and the cost nothing. "I cannot," he said to his friends, "go into the consideration of what is best for the country with my thoughts manacled; and I cannot be both representative and slave of the greatest ignorance of the greatest number. I bide my time, and meanwhile I prefer to write as I please, rather than vote as I don't please."

Three years went by, passed chiefly in England, partly in travel; and at the age of thirty Graham Vane was still one of those of whom admirers say, "He will be a great man some day;" and detractors reply, "Some day seems a long way off."

The same fastidiousness which had operated against that entrance into Parliament to which his ambition not the less steadily adapted itself, had kept him free from the perils of wedlock. In his heart he yearned for love and domestic life, but he had hitherto met with no one who realized the ideal he had formed. With his person, his accomplishments, his connections, and his repute, he might have made many an advantageous marriage. But somehow or other the charm vanished from a fair face, if the shadow of a money-bag fell on it; on the other hand, his ambition occupied so large a share in



his thoughts that he would have fled in time from the temptation of a marriage that would have overweighted him beyond the chance of rising. Added to all, he desired in a wife an intellect that, if not equal to his own, could become so by sympathy—a union of high culture and noble aspiration, and yet of loving womanly sweetness which a man seldom finds out of books; and when he does find it, perhaps it does not wear the sort of face that he fancies. Be that as it may, Graham was still unmarried and heart-whole.

And now a new change in his life befell him. Lady Janet died of a fever contracted in her habitual rounds of charity among the houses of the poor. She had been to him as the most tender mother, and a lovelier soul than hers never alighted on the earth. His grief was intense; but what was her husband's?—one of those griefs that kill.

To the side of Richard King his Janet had been as the guardian angel. His love for her was almost worship—with her, every object in a life hitherto so active and useful seemed gone. He evinced no noisy passion of sorrow. He shut himself up, and refused to see even Graham. But after some weeks had passed, he admitted the clergyman in whom, on spiritual matters, he habitually confided, and seemed consoled by the visits; then he sent for his lawyer, and made his will; after which he allowed Graham to call on him daily, on the condition that there should be no reference to his loss. He spoke to the young man on other subjects, rather drawing him out about himself, sounding his opinion on various grave matters, watching his face while he questioned, as if seeking to dive into his heart, and sometimes pathetically sinking into silence, broken but by sighs. So it went on for a few more weeks; then he took the advice of his physician to seek change of air and scene. He went away alone, without even a servant, not leaving word where he had gone. After a little while he returned, more ailing, more broken than before. One morning he was found insensible—stricken by paralysis. He regained consciousness, and even for some days rallied strength. He might have recovered, but he seemed as if he tacitly refused to live. He expired at last, peacefully, in Graham's arms.

At the opening of his will it was found that he had left Graham his sole heir and executor. Deducting Government duties,

legacies to servants, and donations to public charities, the sum thus bequeathed to his lost wife's nephew was two hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

With such a fortune, opening indeed was made for an ambition so long obstructed. But Graham affected no change in his mode of life; he still retained his modest bachelor's apartments—engaged no servants—bought no horses—in no way exceeded the income he had possessed before. He seemed, indeed, depressed rather than elated by the succession to a wealth which he had never anticipated.

Two children had been born from the marriage of Richard King; they had died young, it is true, but Lady Janet at the time of her own decease was not too advanced in years for the reasonable expectation of other offspring; and even after Richard King became a widower, he had given to Graham no hint of his testamentary dispositions. The young man was no blood-relation to him, and naturally supposed that such relations would become the heirs. But in truth the deceased seemed to have no near relations—none had ever been known to visit him—none raised a voice to question the justice of his will.

Lady Janet had been buried at Kensal Green; her husband's remains were placed in the same vault.

For days and days Graham went his way lonely to the cemetery. He might be seen standing motionless by that tomb, with tears rolling down his cheeks; yet his was not a weak nature—not one of those that love indulgence of irremediable grief. On the contrary, people who did not know him well said "that he had more head than heart," and the character of his pursuits, as of his writings, was certainly not that of a sentimentalist. He had not thus visited the tomb till Richard King had been placed within it. Yet his love for his aunt was unspeakably greater than that which he could have felt for her husband. Was it then, the husband that he so much more acutely mourned; or was there something that, since the husband's death, had deepened his reverence for the memory of her whom he had not only loved as a mother, but honoured as a saint?

These visits to the cemetery did not cease till Graham was confined to his bed by a very grave illness—the only one he had ever known. His physician said it was nervous fever, and occasioned

by moral shock or excitement; it was attended with delirium. His recovery was slow, and when it was sufficiently completed he quitted England; and we find him now, with his mind composed, his strength restored, and his spirits braced, in that gay city of Paris, hiding perhaps, some earnest purpose amidst his participation in its holiday enjoyments.

He is now, as I have said, seated before his writing-table in deep thought. He takes up a letter which he had already glanced over hastily, and reperuses it with more care.

The letter is from his cousin, the Duke of Alton, who had succeeded a few years since to the family honours—an able man, with no small degree of information, an ardent politician, but of very rational and temperate opinions; too much occupied by the cares of a princely estate to covet office for himself; too sincere a patriot not to desire office for those to whose hands he thought the country might be most safely intrusted—an intimate friend of Graham's. The contents of the letter are these:—

MY DEAR GRAHAM,—I trust that you will welcome the brilliant opening into public life which these lines are intended to announce to you. Vavasour has just been with me to say that he intends to resign his seat for the county when Parliament meets, and agreeing with me that there is no one so fit to succeed him as yourself, he suggests the keeping his intention secret until you have arranged your committee and are prepared to take the field. You cannot hope to escape a contest; but I have examined the Register, and the party has gained rather than lost since the last election, when Vavasour was so triumphantly returned.

The expenses for this county, where there are so many out-voters to bring up, and so many agents to retain, are always large in comparison with some other counties; but that consideration is all in your favour, for it deters Squire Hunston, the only man who could beat you, from starting; and to your resources a thousand pounds more or less are a trifle not worth discussing. You know how difficult it is nowadays to find a seat for a man of moderate opinions like yours and mine. Our county would exactly suit you. The constituency is so evenly divided between the urban and rural populations, that its representative must fairly consult the interests of both. He can be neither an ultra-Tory nor a violent

Radical. He is left to the enviable freedom, to which you say you aspire, of considering what is best for the country as a whole.

Do not lose so rare an opportunity. There is but one drawback to your triumphant candidature. It will be said that you have no longer an acre in the county in which the Vanes have been settled so long. That drawback can be removed. It is true that you can never hope to buy back the estates which you were compelled to sell at your father's death—the old manufacturer gripes them too firmly to loosen his hold; and after all, even were your income double what it is, you would be overhoused in the vast pile in which your father buried so large a share of his fortune. But that beautiful old hunting-lodge, the *Stamm Schloss* of your family, with the adjacent farms, can be now repurchased very reasonably. The brewer who bought them is afflicted with an extravagant son, whom he placed in the—Hussars, and will gladly sell the property for £5000 more than he gave: well worth the difference, as he has improved the farm-buildings and raised the rental. I think, in addition to the sum you have on mortgage, £23,000 will be accepted, and as a mere investment pay you nearly three per cent. But to you it is worth more than double the money; it once more identifies your ancient name with the county. You would be a greater personage with that moderate holding in the district in which your race took root, and on which your father's genius threw such a lustre, than you would be if you invested all your wealth in a county in which every squire and farmer would call you "the new man." Pray think over this most seriously, and instruct your solicitor to open negotiations with the brewer at once. But rather put yourself into the train, and come back to England straight to me. I will ask Vavasour to meet you. What news from Paris? Is the Emperor as ill as the papers insinuate? And is the revolutionary party gaining ground?—Your affectionate cousin,  
ALTON.

As he put down this letter, Graham heaved a short impatient sigh.

"The old *Stamm Schloss*," he muttered—"a foot on the old soil once more! and an entrance into the great arena with hands unfettered. Is it possible!—is it—is it?"

At this moment the door-bell of the apartment rang, and a servant whom Gra-



ham had hired at Paris as a *laquais de place* announced "*Ce Monsieur.*"

Graham hurried the letter into his portfolio, and said, "You mean the person to whom I am always at home?"

"The same, Monsieur."

"Admit him, of course."

There entered a wonderfully thin man, middle-aged, clothed in black, his face cleanly shaven, his hair cut very short, with one of those faces which, to use a French expression, say "nothing." It was absolutely without expression—it had not even, despite its thinness, one salient feature. If you had found yourself anywhere seated next to that man, your eye would have passed him over as too insignificant to notice; if at a *café*, you would have gone on talking to your friend without lowering your voice. What mattered it whether a *bête* like that overheard or not? Had you been asked to guess his calling and station, you might have said, minutely observing the freshness of his clothes and the undeniable respectability of his *tout ensemble*, "He must be well off, and with no care for customers on his mind—a *ci-devant* chandler who has retired on a legacy."

Graham rose at the entrance of his visitor, motioned him courteously to a seat beside him, and waiting till the *laquais* had vanished, then asked, "What news?"

"None, I fear, that will satisfy Monsieur. I have certainly hunted out, since I had last the honour to see you, no less than four ladies of the name of Duval, but only one of them took that name from her parents, and was also christened Louise."

"Ah—Louise!"

"Yes, the daughter of a perfumer, aged twenty-eight. She, therefore, is not the Louise you seek. Permit me to refer to your instructions." Here M. Renard took out a note-book, turned over the leaves, and resumed—"Wanted, Louise Duval, daughter of Auguste Duval, a French drawing-master, who lived for many years at Tours, removed to Paris in 1845, lived at No. 12 Rue de S— at Paris for some years, but afterwards moved to a different *quartier* of the town, and died, 1848, in Rue L—, No. 39. Shortly after his death, his daughter Louise left that lodging, and could not be traced. In 1849 official documents reporting her death were forwarded from Munich to a person, (a friend of yours, Monsieur). Death, of course, taken for granted; but nearly five years afterwards,

this very person encountered the said Louise Duval at Aix-la-chapelle, and never heard nor saw more of her. *Demande* submitted, to find out said Louise Duval or any children of hers born in 1848–9; supposed in 1852–3 to have one child, a girl, between four and five years old. Is that right, Monsieur?"

"Quite right."

"And this is the whole information given to me. Monsieur on giving it asked me if I thought it desirable that he should commence inquiries at Aix-la-Chapelle, where Louise Duval was last seen by the person interested to discover her. I reply, No;—pains thrown away. Aix-la-Chapelle is not a place where any Frenchwoman not settled there by marriage would remain. Nor does it seem probable that the said Duval would venture to select for her residence Munich, a city in which she had contrived to obtain certificates of her death. A Frenchwoman who has once known Paris always wants to get back to it; especially, Monsieur, if she has the beauty which you assign to this lady. I therefore suggested that our inquiries should commence in this capital. Monsieur agreed with me, and I did not grudge the time necessary for investigation."

"You were most obliging. Still I am beginning to be impatient if time is to be thrown away."

"Naturally. Permit me to return to my notes. Monsieur informs me that twenty-one years ago, in 1848, the Parisian police were instructed to find out this lady and failed, but gave hopes of discovering her through her relations. He asks me to refer to our archives; I tell him that is no use. However, in order to oblige him, I do so. No trace of such inquiry—it must have been, as Monsieur led me to suppose, a strictly private one, unconnected with crime or with politics; and as I have the honour to tell Monsieur, no record of such investigations is preserved in the Rue Jerusalem. Great scandal would there be, and injury to the peace of families, if we preserved the results of private inquiries intrusted to us—by absurdly jealous husbands, for instance. Honour, Monsieur, honour forbids it. Next I suggest to Monsieur that his simplest plan would be an advertisement in the French journals, stating, if I understand him right, that it is for the pecuniary interest of Madame or Mademoiselle Duval, daughter of Auguste Duval, *artiste en dessin*, to come forward. Monsieur objects to that."

"I object to it extremely; as I have told you, this is a strictly confidential inquiry, and an advertisement, which in all likelihood would be practically useless (it proved to be so in a former inquiry), would not be resorted to unless all else failed, and even then with reluctance."

"Quite so. Accordingly, Monsieur delegates to me, who have been recommended to him as the best person he can employ in that department of our police which is not connected with crime or political *surveillance*, a task the most difficult. I have, through strictly private investigations, to discover the address and prove the identity of a lady bearing a name among the most common in France, and of whom nothing has been heard for fifteen years, and then at so migratory an *endroit* as Aix-la-Chapelle. You will not or cannot inform me if since that time the lady has changed her name by marriage."

"I have no reason to think that she has; and there are reasons against the supposition that she married after 1849."

"Permit me to observe that the more details of information Monsieur can give me, the easier my task of research will be."

"I have given you all the details I can, and, aware of the difficulty of tracing a person with a name so much the reverse of singular, I adopted your advice in our first interview, of asking some Parisian friend of mine, with a large acquaintance in the miscellaneous societies of your capital, to inform me of any ladies of that name whom he might chance to encounter; and he, like you, has lighted upon one or two, who, alas! resemble the right one in name, and nothing more."

"You will do wisely to keep him on the watch as well as myself. If it were but a murderess or a political incendiary, then you might trust exclusively to the enlightenment of our *corps*, but this seems an affair of sentiment, Monsieur. Sentiment is not in our way. Seek the trace of that in the haunts of pleasure."

M. Renard, having thus poetically delivered himself of that philosophical dogma, rose to depart.

Graham slipped into his hand a bank-note of sufficient value to justify the profound bow he received in return.

When M. Renard had gone, Graham heaved another impatient sigh, and said to himself, "No, it is not possible—at least not yet."

Then, compressing his lips as a man who forces himself to something he dis-

likes, he dipped his pen into the inkstand, and wrote rapidly thus to his kinsman:—

MY DEAR COUSIN, — I lose not a post in replying to your kind and considerate letter. It is not in my power at present to return to England. I need not say how fondly I cherish the hope of representing the dear old county some day. If Vavasour could be induced to defer his resignation of the seat for another session, or at least for six or seven months, why then I might be free to avail myself of the opening; at present I am not. Meanwhile I am sorely tempted to buy back the old Lodge — probably the brewer would allow me to leave on mortgage the sum I myself have on the property and a few additional thousands. I have reasons for not wishing to transfer at present much of the money now invested in the funds. I will consider this point, which probably does not press.

I reserve all Paris news till my next; and begging you to forgive so curt and unsatisfactory a reply to a letter so important that it excites me more than I like to own, believe me, your affectionate friend and cousin,  
GRAHAM.

## CHAPTER II.

AT about the same hour on the same day in which the Englishman held the conference with the Parisian detective just related, the Marquis de Rochebriant found himself by appointment in the *cabinet d'affaires* of his *avoué* M. Gandrin: that gentleman had hitherto not found time to give him a definitive opinion as to the case submitted to his judgment. The *avoué* received Alain with a kind of forced civility, in which the natural intelligence of the Marquis, despite his inexperience of life, discovered embarrassment.

"*Monsieur le Marquis*," said Gandrin, fidgeting among the papers on his bureau, "this is a very complicated business. I have given not only my best attention to it, but to your general interests. To be plain, your estate, though a fine one, is fearfully encumbered — fearfully — frightfully."

"Sir," said the Marquis, haughtily, "that is a fact which was never disguised from you."

"I do not say that it was, Marquis; but I scarcely realized the amount of the liabilities nor the nature of the property. It will be difficult — nay, I fear, impossible — to find any capitalist to advance a sum that will cover the mortgages at an interest less than you now pay. As for a



Company to take the whole trouble off your hands, clear off the mortgages, manage the forests, develop the fisheries, guarantee you an adequate income, and at the end of twenty-one years or so render up to you or your heirs the free enjoyment of an estate thus improved, we must dismiss that prospect as a wild dream of my good friend M. Hébert's. People in the provinces do dream; in Paris everybody is wide awake."

"Monsieur," said the Marquis, with that inborn imperturbable loftiness of *sang froid* which has always in adverse circumstances characterized the French noblesse, "be kind enough to restore my papers. I see that you are not the man for me. Allow me only to thank you, and inquire the amount of my debt for the trouble I have given."

"Perhaps, you are quite justified in thinking I am not the man for you, *Monsieur le Marquis*; and your papers shall, if you decide on dismissing me, be returned to you this evening. But as to my accepting remuneration where I have rendered no service, I request *M. le Marquis* to put that out of the question. Considering myself, then, no longer your *avoué*, do not think I take too great a liberty in volunteering my counsel as a friend—or a friend at least to M. Hébert, if you do not vouchsafe my right so to address yourself."

M. Gandrin spoke with a certain dignity of voice and manner which touched and softened his listener.

"You make me your debtor far more than I pretend to repay," replied Alain. "Heaven knows I want a friend, and I will heed with gratitude and respect all your counsels in that character."

"Plainly and briefly, my advice is this: Monsieur Louvier is the principal mortgagee. He is among the six richest negotiators of Paris. He does not, therefore, want money, but, like most self-made men, he is very accessible to social vanities. He would be proud to think he had rendered a service to a Rochebriant. Approach him, either through me, or, far better, at once introduce yourself, and propose to consolidate all your other liabilities in one mortgage to him, at a rate of interest lower than that which is now paid to some of the small mortgagees. This would add considerably to your income, and would carry out M. Hébert's advice."

"But does it not strike you, dear M. Gandrin, that such going cap-in-hand to one who has power over my fate, while I

have none over his, would scarcely be consistent with my self-respect, not as Rochebriant only, but as Frenchman?"

"It does not strike me so in the least; at all events, I could make the proposal on your behalf, without compromising yourself, though I should be far more sanguine of success if you addressed M. Louvier in person."

"I should nevertheless prefer leaving it in your hands; but even for that I must take a few days to consider. Of all the mortgagees M. Louvier has been hitherto the severest and most menacing, the one whom Hébert dreads the most; and should he become sole mortgagee, my whole estate would pass to him if, through any succession of bad seasons and failing tenants, the interest was not punctually paid."

"It could so pass to him now."

"No; for there have been years in which the other mortgagees, who are Bretons, and would be loath to ruin a Rochebriant, have been lenient and patient."

"If Louvier has not been equally so, it is only because he knew nothing of you, and your father no doubt had often sorely tasked his endurance. Come, suppose we manage to break the ice easily. Do me the honour to dine here to meet him; you will find that he is not an unpleasant man."

The Marquis hesitated, but the thought of the sharp and seemingly hopeless struggle for the retention of his ancestral home to which he would be doomed if he returned from Paris unsuccessful in his errand overmastered his pride. He felt as if that self-conquest was a duty he owed to the very tombs of his fathers. "I ought not to shrink from the face of a creditor," said he, smiling somewhat sadly, "and I accept the proposal you so graciously make."

"You do well, Marquis, and I will write at once to Louvier to ask him to give me his first disengaged day."

The Marquis had no sooner quitted the house than M. Gandrin opened a door at the side of his office, and a large portly man strode into the room—stride it was rather than step—firm, self-assured, arrogant, masterful.

"Well, *mon ami*," said this man, taking his stand at the hearth, as a king might take his stand in the hall of his vassal—"and what says our *petit muscadin*?"

"He is neither *petit* nor *muscadin*, Monsieur Louvier," replied Gandrin, peevishly; "and he will task your powers to get him thoroughly into your net. But I

have persuaded him to meet you here. What day can you dine with me? I had better ask no one else."

"To-morrow I dine with my friend O——, to meet the chiefs of the Opposition," said M. Louvier, with a sort of careless rollicking pomposity. "Thursday with Periera—Saturday I entertain at home. Say Friday. Your hour?"

"Seven."

"Good! Show me those Rochebriant papers again; there is something I had forgotten to note. Never mind me. Go on with your work as if I were not here."

Louvier took up the papers, seated himself in an arm-chair by the fireplace, stretched out his legs, and read at his ease, but with a very rapid eye, as a practised lawyer skims through the technical forms of a case to fasten upon the marrow of it.

"Ah! as I thought. The farms could not pay even the interest on my present mortgage; the forests come in for that. If a contractor for the yearly sale of the woods was bankrupt and did not pay, how could I get my interest? Answer me that, Gandrin."

"Certainly you must run the risk of that chance."

"Of course the chance occurs, and then I foreclose\*—I seize,—Rochebriant and its *seigneuries* are mine."

As he spoke he laughed, not sardonically—a jovial laugh—and opened wide, to reshat as in a vice, the strong iron hand which had doubtless closed over many a man's all.

"Thanks. On Friday, seven o'clock." He tossed the papers back on the bureau, nodded a royal nod, and strode forth imperiously as he had strided in.

### CHAPTER III.

MEANWHILE the young Marquis pursued his way thoughtfully through the streets, and entered the Champs Elysées. Since we first, nay, since we last saw him, he is strikingly improved in outward appearances. He has unconsciously acquired more of the easy grace of the Parisian in gait and bearing. You would no longer detect the Provincial—perhaps, however, because he is now dressed, though very simply, in habiliments that belong to the style of the day. Rarely among the loungers in the Champs Elysées could be seen a finer form, a

comelier face, an air of more unmistakable distinction.

The eyes of many a passing fair one gazed on him, admiringly or coquettishly. But he was still so little the true Parisian that they got no smile, no look in return. He was wrapped in his own thoughts; was he thinking of M. Louvier?"

He had nearly gained the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne, when he was accosted by a voice, behind, and turning round saw his friend Lemercier arm-in-arm with Graham Vane.

"*Bon-jour, Alain,*" said Lemercier, hooking his disengaged arm into Rochebriant's. "I suspect we are going the same way."

Alain felt himself change countenance at this conjecture, and replied coldly, "I think not; I have got to the end of my walk, and shall turn back to Paris;" addressing himself to the Englishman, he said with formal politeness, "I regret not to have found you at home when I called some weeks ago, and no less so to have been out when you had the complaisance to return my visit."

"At all events," replied the Englishman, "let me not lose the opportunity of improving our acquaintance which now offers. It is true that our friend Lemercier, catching sight of me in the Rue de Rivoli, stopped his *coupé* and carried me off for a promenade in the Bois. The fineness of the day tempted us to get out of his carriage as the Bois came in sight. But if you are going back to Paris I relinquish the Bois and offer myself as your companion."

Frederic (the name is so familiarly English that the reader might think me pedantic did I accentuate it as French) looked from one to the other of his two friends, half amused and half angry.

"And am I to be left alone to achieve a conquest, in which, if I succeed, I shall change into hate and envy the affection of my two best friends?—Be it so.

"Un véritable amant ne connaît point d'amis."

"I do not comprehend your meaning," said the Marquis, with a compressed lip and a slight frown.

"Bah!" cried Frederic; "come, *franc jeu*—cards on the table—M. Gram Varn was going into the Bois at my suggestion on the chance of having another look at the pearl-coloured angel; and you, Rochebriant, can't deny that you were going into the Bois for the same object."

"One may pardon an *enfant terrible*," said the Englishman, laughing, "but an

\* For the sake of the general reader, English technical words are here, as elsewhere, substituted as much as possible for French.



*ami terrible* should be sent to the galleys. Come, Marquis, let us walk back and submit to our fate. Even were the lady once more visible, we have no chance of being observed by the side of a Lovelace so accomplished and so audacious !”

“Adieu, then, recreants — I go alone. Victory or death.”

The Parisian beckoned his coachman, entered his carriage, and with a mocking grimace kissed his hand to the companions thus deserting or deserted.

Rochebriant touched the Englishman’s arm, and said, “Do you think that Lemerrier could be impertinent enough to accost that lady ?”

“In the first place,” returned the Englishman, “Lemerrier himself tells me that the lady has for several weeks relinquished her walks in the Bois, and the probability is, therefore, that he will not have the opportunity to accost her. In the next place, it appears that when she did take her solitary walk she did not stray far from her carriage, and was in reach of the protection of her *laquais* and coachman. But to speak honestly, do you who know Lemerrier better than I, take him to be a man who would commit an impertinence to a woman unless there were *viveurs* of his own sex to see him do it ?”

Alain smiled. “No. Frederic’s real nature is an admirable one, and if he ever do anything that he ought to be ashamed of, ’twill be from the pride of showing how finely he can do it. Such was his character at college, and such it still seems at Paris. But it is true that the lady has forsaken her former walk ; at least I — I have not seen her since the day I first beheld her in company with Frederic. Yet — yet, pardon me, you were going to the Bois on the chance of seeing her. Perhaps she has changed the direction of her walk, and — and —”

The Marquis stopped short, stammering and confused.

The Englishman scanned his countenance with the rapid glance of a practised observer of men and things, and after a short pause said : “If the lady has selected some other spot for her promenade, I am ignorant of it ; nor have I even volunteered the chance of meeting with her, since I learned — first from Lemerrier, and afterwards from others — that her destination is the stage. Let us talk frankly, Marquis. I am accustomed to take much exercise on foot, and the Bois is my favourite resort ; one day I there found myself in the *allée* which the

lady we speak of used to select for her promenade, and there saw her. Something in her face impressed me ; how shall I describe the impression ? Did you ever open a poem, a romance, in some style wholly new to you, and before you were quite certain whether or not its merits justified the interest which the novelty inspired, you were summoned away, or the book was taken out of your hands ? If so, did you not feel an intellectual longing to have another glimpse of the book ? That illustration describes my impression, and I own that I twice again went to the same *allée*. The last time I only caught sight of the young lady as she was getting into her carriage. As she was then borne away, I perceived one of the custodians of the Bois ; and learned, on questioning him, that the lady was in the habit of walking always alone in the same *allée* at the same hour on most fine days, but that he did not know her name or address. A motive of curiosity — perhaps an idle one — then made me ask Lemerrier, who boasts of knowing his Paris so intimately, if he could inform me who the lady was. He undertook to ascertain.”

“But,” interposed the Marquis, “he did not ascertain who she was ; he only ascertained where she lived, and that she and an elder companion were Italians, — whom he suspected, without sufficient ground, to be professional singers.”

“True ; but since then I ascertained more detailed particulars from two acquaintances of mine who happen to know her — M. Savarin, the distinguished writer, and Mrs. Morley, an accomplished and beautiful American lady, who is more than an acquaintance. I may boast the honour of ranking among her friends. As Savarin’s villa is at A —, I asked him incidentally if he knew the fair neighbour whose face had so attracted me ; and Mrs. Morley being present, and over-hearing me, I learned from both what I now repeat to you.

“The young lady is a Signorina Cicogna — at Paris exchanging (except among particular friends), as is not unusual, the outlandish designation of Signorina for the more conventional one of Mademoiselle. Her father was a member of the noble Milanese family of the same name, therefore the young lady is well born. Her father has been long dead ; his widow married again an English gentleman settled in Italy, a scholar and antiquarian ; his name was Selby. This gentleman, also dead, bequeathed the Signorina a

small but sufficient competence. She is now an orphan, and residing with a companion, a Signora Venosta, who was once a singer of some repute at the Neapolitan Theatre, in the orchestra of which her husband was principal performer; but she relinquished the stage several years ago on becoming a widow, and gave lessons as a teacher. She has the character of being a scientific musician and of unblemished private respectability. Subsequently she was induced to give up general teaching, and undertake the musical education and the social charge of the young lady with her. This girl is said to have early given promise of extraordinary excellence as a singer, and excited great interest among a coterie of literary critics and musical *cognoscenti*. She was to have come out at the Theatre of Milan a year or two ago, but her career has been suspended in consequence of ill-health, for which she is now at Paris under the care of an English physician, who has made remarkable cures in all complaints of the respiratory organs. M——, the great composer, who knows her, says that in expression and feeling she has no living superior, perhaps no equal since Malibran."

"You seem, dear Monsieur, to have taken much pains to acquire this information."

"No great pains were necessary; but had they been I might have taken them, for, as I have owned to you, Mademoiselle Cicogna, while she was yet a mystery to me, strangely interested my thoughts or my fancies. That interest has now ceased. The world of actresses and singers lies apart from mine."

"Yet," said Alain, in a tone of voice that implied doubt, "if I understand Lemercier aright, you were going with him to the Bois on the chance of seeing again the lady in whom your interest has ceased."

"Lemercier's account was not strictly accurate. He stopped his carriage to speak to me on quite another subject, on which I have consulted him, and then proposed to take me on to the Bois. I assented; and it was not till we were in the carriage that he suggested the idea of seeing whether the pearly-robed lady had resumed her walk in the *allée*. You may judge how indifferent I was to that chance when I preferred turning back with you to going on with him. Between you and me, Marquis, to men of our age, who have the business of life before them, and feel that if there be aught in which *noblesse oblige* it is a severe devotion to noble objects, there is nothing more fatal

to such devotion than allowing the heart to be blown hither and thither at every breeze of mere fancy, and dreaming ourselves into love with some fair creature whom we never could marry consistently with the career we have set before our ambition. I could not marry an actress — neither, I presume, could the Marquis de Rochebriant; and the thought of a courtship, which excluded the idea of marriage, to a young orphan of name unblemished — of virtue unsuspected — would certainly not be compatible with 'devotion to noble objects.'"

Alain involuntarily bowed his head in assent to the proposition, and, it may be, in submission to an implied rebuke. The two men walked in silence for some minutes, and Graham first spoke, changing altogether the subject of conversation.

"Lemercier tells me you decline going much into this world of Paris — the capital of capitals — which appears so irresistibly attractive to us foreigners."

"Possibly; but, to borrow your words, I have the business of life before me."

"Business is a good safeguard against the temptations to excess in pleasure, in which Paris abounds. But there is no business which does not admit of some holiday, and all business necessitates commerce with mankind. *A propos*, I was the other evening at the Duchesse de Tarascon's — a brilliant assembly, filled with ministers, senators, and courtiers. I heard your name mentioned."

"Mine?"

"Yes; Duplessis, the rising financier — who, rather to my surprise, was not only present among these official and decorated celebrities, but apparently quite at home among them — asked the Duchess if she had not seen you since your arrival at Paris. She replied, 'No; that though you were among her nearest connections, you had not called on her;' and bade Duplessis tell you that you were a *monstre* for not doing so. Whether or not Duplessis will take that liberty, I know not; but you must pardon me if I do. She is a very charming woman, full of talent; and that stream of the world which reflects the stars with all their mythical influences on fortune, flows through her *salons*."

"I am not born under those stars. I am a Legitimist."

"I did not forget your political creed; but in England the leaders of opposition attend the *salons* of the Prime Minister. A man is not supposed to compromise his opinions because he exchanges social



courtesies with those to whom his opinions are hostile. Pray excuse me if I am indiscreet;—I speak as a traveller who asks for information—but do the Legitimists really believe that they best serve their cause by declining any mode of competing with its opponents? Would there not be a fairer chance for the ultimate victory of their principles if they made their talents and energies individually prominent—if they were known as skillful generals, practical statesmen, eminent diplomatists, brilliant writers?—could they combine—not to sulk and exclude themselves from the great battle-field of the world—but in their several ways to render themselves of such use to their country that some day or other, in one of those revolutionary crises to which France, alas! must long be subjected, they would find themselves able to turn the scale of undecided councils and conflicting jealousies?”

“Monsieur, we hope for the day when the Divine Disposer of events will strike into the hearts of our fickle and erring countrymen the conviction that there will be no settled repose for France save under the sceptre of her rightful kings. But meanwhile we are—I see it more clearly since I have quitted Bretagne—we are a hopeless minority.”

“Does not history tell us that the great changes of the world have been wrought by minorities? but on the one condition that the minorities shall not be hopeless? It is almost the other day that the Bonapartists were in a minority that their adversaries called hopeless, and the majority for the Emperor is now so preponderant that I tremble for his safety. When a majority becomes so vast that intellect disappears in the crowd, the date of its destruction commences; for by the law of reaction the minority is installed against it. It is the nature of things that minorities are always more intellectual than multitudes, and intellect is ever at work in sapping numerical force. What your party want is hope; because without hope there is no energy. I remember hearing my father say that when he met the Count de Chambord at Ems, that illustrious personage delivered himself of a *belle phrase* much admired by his partisans. The Emperor was then President of the Republic, in a very doubtful and dangerous position. France seemed on the verge of another convulsion. A certain distinguished politician recommended the Count de Chambord to hold himself ready to enter at once as a candidate for the throne. And the Count, with a

benignant smile on his handsome face, answered, ‘All wrecks come to the shore—the shore does not go to the wrecks.’”

“Beautifully said!” exclaimed the Marquis.

“Not if *Le beau est toujours le vrai*. My father, no inexperienced nor unwise politician, in repeating the royal words, remarked: ‘The fallacy of the Count’s argument is in its metaphor. A man is not a shore.’ Do you not think that the seamen on board the wrecks would be more grateful to him who did not complacently compare himself to a shore, but considered himself a human being like themselves, and risked his own life in a boat, even though it were a cockle-shell, in the chance of saving theirs?”

Alain de Rochebriant was a brave man, with that intense sentiment of patriotism which characterizes Frenchmen of every rank and persuasion, unless they belong to the Internationalists; and, without pausing to consider, he cried, “Your father was right.”

The Englishman resumed: “Need I say, my dear Marquis, that I am not a Legitimist? I am not an Imperialist, neither am I an Orleanist nor a Republican. Between all those political divisions it is for Frenchmen to make their choice, and for Englishmen to accept for France that government which France has established. I view things here as a simple observer. But it strikes me that if I were a Frenchman in your position, I should think myself unworthy my ancestors if I consented to be an insignificant looker-on.”

“You are not in my position,” said the Marquis, half mournfully, half haughtily, “and you can scarcely judge of it even in imagination.”

“I need not much task my imagination: I judge of it by analogy. I was very much in your position when I entered upon what I venture to call my career; and it is the curious similarity between us in circumstances that made me wish for your friendship when that similarity was made known to me by Lemer cier, who is not less garrulous than the true Parisian usually is. Permit me to say that, like you, I was reared in some pride of no inglorious ancestry. I was reared also in the expectation of great wealth. Those expectations were not realized: my father had the fault of noble natures—generosity pushed to imprudence: he died poor and in debt. You retain the home of your ancestors; I had to resign mine.”

The Marquis had felt deeply interested in this narrative, and as Graham now paused, took his hand and pressed it.

"One of our most eminent personages said to me about that time, 'Whatever a clever man of your age determines to do or to be, the odds are twenty to one that he has only to live on in order to do or to be it.' Don't you think he spoke truly? I think so."

"I scarcely know what to think," said Rochebriant; "I feel as if you had given me so rough a shake when I was in the midst of a dull dream, that I do not yet know whether I am asleep or awake."

Just as he said this, and towards the Paris end of the Champs Elysées, there was a halt, a sensation among the loungers round them: many of them uncovered in salute.

A man on the younger side of middle age, somewhat inclined to corpulence, with a very striking countenance, was riding slowly by. He returned the salutations he received with the careless dignity of a Personage accustomed to respect, and then reigned his horse by the side of a barouche, and exchanged some words with a portly gentleman who was its sole occupant. The loungers, still halting, seemed to contemplate this parley—between him on horseback and him in the carriage—with very eager interest. Some put their hands behind their ears and pressed forward, as if trying to overhear what was said.

"I wonder," quoth Graham, "whether, with all his cleverness, the Prince has in any way decided what *he* means to do or to be."

"The Prince!" said Rochebriant, rousing himself from reverie; "what Prince?"

"Do you not recognize him by his wonderful likeness to the first Napoleon—him on horseback talking to Louvier, the great financier?"

"Is that stout *bourgeois* in the carriage Louvier—my mortgagee, Louvier?"

"Your mortgagee, my dear Marquis? Well, he is rich enough to be a very lenient one upon pay-day."

"*Hein!*—I doubt his leniency," said Alain. "I have promised my *avoué* to meet him at dinner. Do you think I did wrong?"

"Wrong! of course not; he is likely to overwhelm you with civilities. Pray don't refuse if he gives you an invitation to his *soirée* next Saturday—I am going to it. One meets there the notabilities most interesting to study—artists, au-

thors, politicians, especially those who call themselves Republicans. He and the Prince agree in one thing—viz., the cordial reception they give to the men who would destroy the state of things upon which Prince and financier both thrive. *Hillo!* here comes Lemercier on his return from the Bois."

Lemercier's *coupé* stopped beside the footpath. "What tidings of the *Belle Inconnue*?" asked the Englishman.

"None; she was not there. But I am rewarded—such an adventure—a dame of the *haute volée*—I believe she is a duchess. She was walking with a lap-dog, a pure Pomeranian. A strange poodle flew at the Pomeranian. I drove off the poodle, rescued the Pomeranian, received the most gracious thanks, the sweetest smile:—*femme superbe*, middle-aged. I prefer women of forty. *Au revoir*, I am due at the club."

Alain felt a sensation of relief that Lemercier had not seen the lady in the pearl-coloured dress, and quitted the Englishman with a lightened heart.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"*Piccola, piccola! com' è cortese!* another invitation from M. Louvier for next Saturday—*conversazione.*" This was said in Italian by an elderly lady bursting noisily into the room—elderly, yet with a youthful expression of face, owing perhaps to a pair of very vivacious black eyes. She was dressed, after a somewhat slatternly fashion, in a wrapper of crimson merino much the worse for wear, a blue handkerchief twisted turban-like round her head, and her feet encased in list slippers. The person to whom she addressed herself was a young lady with dark hair, which, despite its evident redundancy, was restrained into smooth glossy braids over the forehead, and at the crown of the small graceful head into the simple knot which Horace has described as "Spartan." Her dress contrasted the speaker's by an exquisite neatness. We have seen her before as the lady in the pearl-coloured robe, but seen now at home she looks much younger. She was one of those whom, encountered in the streets or in society, one might guess to be married—probably a young bride; for thus seen there was about her an air of dignity and of self-possession which suits well with the ideal of chaste youthful matronage; and in the expression of the face there was a pensive thoughtfulness beyond her years. But as she now sat by the open window



arranging flowers in a glass bowl, a book lying open on her lap, you would never have said, "What a handsome woman!" you would have said, "What a charming girl." All about her was maidenly, innocent, and fresh. The dignity of her bearing was lost in household ease, the pensiveness of her expression in an untroubled serene sweetness.

Perhaps many of my readers may have known friends engaged in some absorbing cause of thought, and who are in the habit when they go out, especially if on solitary walks, to take that cause of thought with them. The friend may be an orator meditating his speech, a poet his verses, a lawyer a difficult case, a physician an intricate malady. If you have such a friend, and you observe him thus away from his home, his face will seem to you older and graver. He is absorbed in the care that weighs on him. When you see him in a holiday moment at his own fireside, the care is thrown aside; perhaps he mastered while abroad the difficulty that had troubled him; he is cheerful, pleasant, sunny. This appears to be very much the case with persons of genius. When in their own houses we usually find them very playful and childlike. Most persons of real genius, whatever they may seem out of doors, are very sweet-tempered at home, and sweet temper is sympathizing and genial in the intercourse of private life. Certainly, observing this girl as she now bends over the flowers, it would be difficult to believe her to be the Isaura Cicogna whose letters to Madame de Grantmesnil exhibit the doubts and struggles of an unquiet, discontented, aspiring mind. Only in one or two passages in those letters would you have guessed at the writer in the girl as we now see her.

It is in those passages where she expresses her love of harmony, and her repugnance to contest—those were characteristics you might have read in her face.

Certainly the girl is very lovely—what long dark eyelashes, what soft, tender, dark-blue eyes—now that she looks up and smiles, what a bewitching smile it is!—by what sudden play of rippling dimples the smile is enlivened and redoubled! Do you notice one feature? in very showy beauties it is seldom noticed; but I, being in my way a physiognomist, consider that it is always worth heeding as an index of character. It is the ear. Remark how delicately it is formed in her—none of that heaviness of lobe which

is a sure sign of sluggish intellect and coarse perception. Hers is the artist's ear. Note next those hands—how beautifully shaped! small, but not doll-like hands—ready and nimble, firm and nervous hands, that could work for a help-mate. By no means very white, still less red, but somewhat embrowned as by the sun, such as you see in girls reared in southern climates, and in her perhaps betokening an impulsive character which had not accustomed itself, when at sport in the open air, to the thraldom of gloves—very impulsive people even in cold climates seldom do.

In conveying to us by a few bold strokes an idea of the sensitive, quick-moving, warm-blooded Henry II., the most impulsive of the Plantagenets, his contemporary chronicler tells us that rather than imprison those active hands of his, even in hawking-gloves, he would suffer his falcon to fix its sharp claws into his wrist. No doubt there is a difference as to what is befitting between a burly bellicose creature like Henry II. and a delicate young lady like Isaura Cicogna; and one would not wish to see those dainty wrists of hers seamed and scarred by a falcon's claws. But a girl may not be less exquisitely feminine for slight heed of artificial prettinesses. Isaura had no need of pale bloodless hands to seem one of Nature's highest grade of gentlewomen even to the most fastidious eyes. About her there was a charm apart from her mere beauty, and often disturbed instead of heightened by her mere intellect: it consisted in a combination of exquisite artistic refinement, and of a generosity of character by which refinement was animated into vigour and warmth.

The room, which was devoted exclusively to Isaura, had in it much that spoke of the occupant. That room, when first taken furnished, had a good deal of the comfortless showiness which belongs to ordinary furnished apartments in France, especially in the Parisian suburbs, chiefly let for the summer—thin limp muslin curtains that decline to draw, stiff mahogany chairs covered with yellow Utrecht velvet, a tall *secrétaire* in a dark corner, an oval buhl-table set in tawdry ormolu, islanded in the centre of a poor but gaudy Scotch carpet, and but one other table of dull walnut-wood standing clothless before a sofa to match the chairs; the eternal ormolu clock flanked by the two eternal ormolu candelabra on the dreary mantelpiece. Some of this garniture had been removed, others soft-

ened into cheeriness and comfort. The room somehow or other, — thanks partly to a very moderate expenditure in pretty twills with pretty borders, gracefully simple table-covers, with one or two additional small tables and easy-chairs, two simple vases filled with flowers — thanks still more to a nameless skill in rearrangement, and the disposal of the slight nicknacks and well-bound volumes, which, even in travelling, women, who have cultivated the pleasures of taste, carry about with them, — had been coaxed into that quiet harmony, that tone of consistent subdued colour, which corresponded with the characteristics of the inmate. Most people might have been puzzled where to place the piano, a semi-grand, so as not to take up too much space in the little room; but where it was placed it seemed so at home that you might have supposed the room had been built for it.

There are two kinds of neatness — one is too evident, and makes everything about it seem trite and cold and stiff, and another kind of neatness disappears from our sight in a satisfied sense of completeness — like some exquisite, simple, finished style of writing — an Addison's or a St. Pierre's.

This last sort of neatness belonged to Isaura, and brought to mind the well-known line of Catullus when on recrossing his threshold he invokes its welcome — a line thus not inelegantly translated by Leigh Hunt —

Smile every dimple on the cheek of Home.

I entreat the reader's pardon for this long descriptive digression: but Isaura is one of those characters which are called many-sided, and therefore not very easy to comprehend. She gives us one side of her character in her correspondence with Madame de Grantmesnil, and another side of it in her own home with her Italian companion — half nurse, half *chaperon*.

"Monsieur Louvier is indeed very courteous," said Isaura, looking up from the flowers with the dimpled smile we have noticed. "But I think, *Madre*, that we should do well to stay at home on Saturday — not peacefully, for I owe you your revenge at *Euchre*."

"You can't mean it, *Piccola*!" exclaimed the Signora in evident consternation. "Stay at home! — why stay at home? *Euchre* is very well when there is nothing else to do; but change is pleasant — *le bon Dieu* likes it —

'Ne caldo ne gelo  
Resto mai in cielo.'

And such beautiful ices one gets at M. Louvier's. Did you taste the Pistachio ice? What fine rooms, and so well lit up! — I adore light. And the ladies so beautifully dressed — one sees the fashions. Stay at home — play at *Euchre* indeed! *Piccola*, you cannot be so cruel to yourself — you are young."

"But, dear *Madre*, just consider — we are invited because we are considered professional singers: your reputation as such is of course established — mine is not; but still I shall be asked to sing as I was asked before; and you know Dr. C — forbids me to do so except to a very small audience; and it is so ungracious always to say 'No;' and besides, did you not yourself say, when we came away last time from M. Louvier's, that it was very dull — that you knew nobody — and that the ladies had such superb toilettes that you felt mortified — and —"

"*Zitto! zitto!* you talk idly, *Piccola* — very idly. I was mortified then in my old black Lyons silk; but have I not bought since then my beautiful Greek jacket — scarlet and gold lace? and why should I buy it if I am not to show it?"

"But, dear *Madre*, the jacket is certainly very handsome, and will make an effect in a little dinner at the Savarins or Mrs. Morley's. But in a great formal reception like M. Louvier's will it not look —"

"Splendid!" interrupted the Signora.

"*But singolare.*"

"So much the better; did not that great English lady wear such a jacket, and did not every one admire her — *più tosto invidia che compassione?*"

Isaura sighed. Now the jacket of the Signora was a subject of disquietude to her friend. It so happened that a young English lady of the highest rank and the rarest beauty had appeared at M. Louvier's, and indeed generally in the *beau monde* of Paris, in a Greek jacket that became her very much. That jacket had fascinated, at M. Louvier's, the eyes of the Signora. But of this Isaura was unaware. The Signora, on returning home from M. Louvier's, had certainly lamented much over the *mesquin* appearance of her own old-fashioned Italian habiliments compared with the brilliant toilet of the gay Parisiennes; and Isaura — quite woman enough to sympathize with woman in such womanly vanities — proposed the next day to go with the Signora to one of the principal *couturières* of



Paris, and adapt the Signora's costume to the fashions of the place. But the Signora having predetermined on a Greek jacket, and knowing by instinct that Isaura would be disposed to thwart that splendid predilection, had artfully suggested that it would be better to go to the *couturière* with Madame Savarin, as being a more experienced adviser,—and the *coupé* only held two.

As Madame Savarin was about the same age as the Signora, and dressed as became her years, and in excellent taste, Isaura thought this an admirable suggestion; and pressing into her *chaperon's* hand a *billet de banque* sufficient to re-equip her *cap-à-pie*, dismissed the subject from her mind. But the Signora was much too cunning to submit her passion for the Greek jacket to the discouraging comments of Madame Savarin. Monopolizing the *coupé*, she became absolute mistress of the situation. She went to no fashionable *couturières*. She went to a *magasin* that she had seen advertised in the *Petites Affiches* as supplying superb costumes for fancy-balls and amateur performers in private theatricals. She returned home triumphant with a jacket still more dazzling to the eye than that of the English lady.

When Isaura first beheld it, she drew back in a sort of superstitious terror, as of a comet or other blazing portent.

"*Cosa stupenda!*"—(stupendous thing!) She might well be dismayed when the Signora proposed to appear thus attired in M. Louvier's *salon*. What might be admired as coquetry of dress in a young beauty of rank so great that even a vulgarity in her would be called *distingué*, was certainly an audacious challenge of ridicule in the elderly *ci-devant* music-teacher.

But how could Isaura, how can any one of common humanity, say to a woman resolved upon wearing a certain dress, "You are not young and handsome enough for that"?—Isaura could only murmur, "For many reason I would rather stay at home, dear *Madre*."

"Ah! I see you are ashamed of me," said the Signora, in softened tones: "very natural. When the nightingale sings no more, she is only an ugly brown bird:" and therewith the Signora Venosta seated herself submissively, and began to cry.

On this Isaura sprang up, wound her arms round the Signora's neck, soothed her with coaxing, kissed and petted her, and ended by saying, "Of course we

will go;" and, "but let me choose you another dress—a dark-green velvet trimmed with blonde—blonde becomes you so well."

"No, no—I hate green velvet; anybody can wear that. *Piccola*, I am not clever like thee; I cannot amuse myself like thee with books. I am in a foreign land. I have a poor head, but I have a big heart" (another burst of tears); "and that big heart is set on my beautiful Greek jacket."

"Dearest *Madre*," said Isaura, half weeping too, "forgive me; you are right. The Greek jacket is splendid; I shall be so pleased to see you wear it. Poor *Madre*—so pleased to think that in the foreign land you are not without something that pleases you."

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From The Contemporary Review.

#### THE FIRST ARCTIC EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH-WEST.

THE search for the North-West Passage, which Martin Frobisher opened in the days of Elizabeth, ranks among the most heroic exploits of the English race. It is our Iliad, if we have one—this siege of the Arctic ice and night! The siege has not ended yet, but wise men think that the end is near. There is a little band of sailors and scholars of the old heroic temper, who are bent on making one vigorous and final assault on the Polar citadel. And there can be little question, we imagine, that it is in the heart of the English people to help them to make the attempt, and soon. It seems to be thought in high places that we are too poor to send out in one year the *Challenger* with a commission to rove through the world, and an Arctic Expedition thoroughly equipped for the solution, if solution be possible, of the mystery of the open Polar Sea. But the ground on which the immediate equipment of an expedition is refused, seems almost to pledge the nation to undertake the enterprise at a more convenient season. Are we too sanguine in believing that there is so much resolute purpose in the eminent naval and scientific men who urge the expedition, and so much earnest sympathy with it in the public mind, that the Government will be induced by the moral pressure to take the "adventure" in hand at an early period, probably next year?

The Expedition when it sails will go forth with the most admirable equipment,

with the most perfect instruments, and with the advantage of the charts and observations of three hundred years of skillful and daring toil. But Frobisher and his brave comrades went forth with a gallant hardihood into absolutely unknown regions, with ships hardly stouter than fishing smacks; sailing out like the dauntless Norse rovers of a still earlier time with steadfast courage into the Arctic storm and ice. The comparison between Martin Frobisher's "two small barkes twentie and fyve and twentie tunne apeece," and the splendidly equipped expedition which it is hoped will before long leave our shores, marks the difference not, let us thank God, in skill, courage, and self-devotion, but in furniture and appliances, between the marine of Elizabeth and that of our own day. Arctic matters are likely to occupy some thought, and perhaps to occasion some debate, during the present session. It is well worth our while to study the history of the first expeditions which sailed on this daring quest from our harbours. It can hardly fail to enlarge our apprehension of the lusty vigour of the young giant which has grown into the "naval supremacy of England." Nor will the impression be weakened, if the men are suffered, as far as possible, to tell their own tale.

These were the true successors of the Norse Vikings, the most adventurous seamen known to history. Battling with those wild Northern seas, which filled even the steadfast Roman with a vague terror, these Scandinavian rovers found a high and joyful excitement in the conflict, and owned no master even in the fiercest tempests which beat upon their rock-bound coasts. None who have read the Northern Sagas or *Beowulf* will find anything exaggerated in my language. That people found in the storms of the German Ocean an enemy with which they felt themselves fairly matched; and there our early forefathers learned a contempt of minor perils, and a joy in hardy adventure, which has infused its noblest tincture into the blood of the most sober, sensible, industrious, and law-abiding, but, when pressed, the most daring and terrible nation of the earth.

The same gallant spirit breathes in *Beowulf*, which, however in its present shape it may show traces of a Christian hand, contains perhaps the very earliest revelation which we possess of the native spirit of our race. The passage with which the grand old epic opens, the sublime picture of the burial of the hero, Scyld the father

of *Beowulf*, ought to be familiar to every Englishman whose heart beats at the tale of the naval enterprises and achievements of his countrymen. It runs thus:—

"At his appointed time then Scyld departed, very decrepid, to go into the peace of the Lord. They then, his dear comrades, bore him out to the shore of the sea, as he himself requested, the while that he, the friend of the Scyldings, the beloved chieftain, had power with his words; long he owned it! There upon the beach stood the ring-prowed ship, the vehicle of the noble, shining like ice, and ready to set out. They then laid down the dear prince, the distributor of rings, in the bosom of the ship, the mighty oar beside the mast; there was much of treasure, of ornaments, brought from afar. Never heard I of a comelier ship having been adorned with battle-weapons and war-weeds, with bills and mailed coats. Upon his bosom lay a multitude of treasures, which were to depart afar with him, into the possession of the flood. They furnished him not less with offerings, with mighty wealth, than those had done who in the beginning sent him forth in his wretchedness, alone over the waves. Moreover, they set up for him a golden ensign, high over head; they let the deep sea bear him; they gave him to the ocean. Sad was their spirit, mournful their mood. Men know not, in sooth to say (men wise of counsel, or any men under the heavens), who received the freight."—*Beowulf*. *Kemble's translation*, p. 2.

The people must have had a splendid imagination, the root of all high daring, who could bury their heaven-sent chief like this. Thus our ancestors took possession of these Northern seas as their field of conflict and adventure; much as the patriarchs took possession of their Canaan, by making it the burial-place of their dead.

We get some amusing glimpses of the gossip at Rome when the news of Cæsar's expedition reached the capital. The elements always appeared to the Romans their most formidable enemies in the North-West. Even down to the time of Constantius, when they were more used to our rough seas and tides, the terror was still upon them. Roman courage was as cool and steadfast as any that the world has ever known; but the gallant spirit which loves danger for its own sake, and clasps it as a bride, belongs to another type of character, which is found in its full form among the peoples who are settled along these stormy coasts. Is this the rea-



son why the English in danger are mostly stern and silent, while Southern people gesticulate and shout? Men, and the dangers which arise from men, may be influenced by gestures, but it is of no use to storm at Atlantic waves and walls of rock. At any rate, we may believe that our changeful climate, the constant storms, the long winter nights, and the dangerous coasts of these Northern regions, have nursed that skill, that hardihood, and that pure love of adventure, which found play at last, when the field was ready, in the long and splendid series of Arctic enterprises, the first of which was led by Frobisher; and which won for us, almost by a stroke, in one reign, the naval supremacy of the world.

In the 15th century there was a strong outward pressure on the bounds of Europe, like that which in the century before Christ pressed on the boundaries of the old classical homes of men, on the shores of the Mediterranean. Those bounds were no longer continent of the mass and the force of the Roman people; Cæsar but obeyed the necessities of things in leading the way to a newer and wider sphere. Thus in the 16th century Europe was fairly possessed by her population. Her most cultivated and enterprising peoples were settled along her Western seaboard; and as man knows not finality, whenever he fairly possesses his limits he begins to strain after a wider world. Towards the close of the century European enterprise was breaking out in every direction, stimulated chiefly by the growing commercial activity of the West. The political settlement of the Western kingdoms opened a new era. Society was prepared for a grand expansion; and, as always happens at such crises, the expansion was heralded by a great increase of wealth, a fresh influx of gold. This time the gold lay not in the East, but beyond the Atlantic. The hunger for gold which at such times seizes on nations, looked at in the light of all that flows from it, is far from a base appetite; it is the condition of that expansion of area and of activity for which society has become prepared. Commerce and gold-hunting were really at the root of most of the adventures and heroic enterprises of those times; and, unlovely as much of our commerce and many of its fruits look to us in these days, we are bound to recognize something divine in that form of human activity which moves men forth on distant and perilous enterprises, to increase the sum of the world's commodities, and to devel-

op that fruitful intercourse of nations, which means, in other terms, the civilization and progress of the human race.

There is no power, alas, however benign, which the devil does not sometimes wield as the instrument of the torture and degradation of mankind. The church herself has been the mother of the most awful cruelties which have ever tormented, as well as of the purest benedictions which have ever enriched, the world. It has not fared otherwise with commerce, which has relations with Christianity closer than at first sight appears. It is, in truth, the flesh which clothes the great Christian idea—the brotherhood of our race. The root of it lies in the need which men have of each other's ministries—in the unity of the limbs and organs of humanity in the true body of Christ, the great human world. Commerce, blindly for the most part, but still really, maintains those ministries, and binds the scattered limbs together, despite *prudens Deus, Oceanus dissociabilis*, and all the weary deserts of the earth.

Commerce, if it has not led, has sustained the march of the greatest revolutions in human history; it has opened the track of the grandest discoveries. It has exercised and still does exercise the manliest energies, and some of the noblest, the most self-denying efforts of mankind. It secures in the end to truth, freedom, and energy the preponderating influence among the nations. Perhaps it is its benignest function that it settles the weight of authority with the peoples most distinguished by soberness, industry, hardihood and truth. The position which our commerce holds and enables us to hold, is the fruit of all the qualities which constitute our characteristics, pluck, patience, industry, and inventive and administrative skill. Most decisively were these qualities called forth by the Elizabethan commerce. The history of its growth—and it grew mightily during her reign—is the history of the rise of our people to that leadership which in this and other spheres they have since continued to enjoy. There is a curious account of the bearing of a little knot of Englishmen in Java about the year 1600; how a handful of them held their own against the rabble of Bantam, compelled the Javans to respect their property, and were not afraid to give them a sound beating whenever they found it advisable. But they take special pride in the fact that “we never offered any wrong to the meanest in the Towne, and also we were generally beloved of all

the better sort; they would say it was not so with the Flemings nor with no other nation." (*Purchas his Pilgrims*, i. 178.) The whole narrative is worth reading. It will give some fair notion of the terrible cruelty which, when wreaked on criminals, was quite a matter of course in those days. Nor is the spirit of self-glorification wanting. But it was hardly *vain-glory*. The English had contracted the habit of comparing themselves with the Spanish and other adventurous nations, who had filled the world with tales of barbarity and lust. And this was not altogether an evil; it made them pride themselves on abstinence from the vices and wrongs which stained so shamefully the Spanish name.\* But the commerce must have been hardy, manly work, which nursed such men as the early records of our trade reveal to us. There seems to be something unworthy of Milton's great name in the well-known passage of his Muscovite history. "The discovery of Russia by the Northern Ocean, made first of any nation, as far as we know, by the English, might have seemed an enterprise almost heroic, if any higher end than excessive love of gain and traffic had animated the design." Altogether more noble, more worthy are the words of "Master Henry Sidney, a noble young gentleman and very much beloved of King Edward," who, when the expedition of the gallant but ill-fated Sir Hugh Willoughby was on the eve of sailing, in 1553, came down to the "place where the merchants were gathered together, and began a very eloquent speech or oration, after this manner following:—'My very worshipful friends, I cannot but greatly commend your present godly and virtuous intention, in the serious enterprising (for the singular love you beare to your country) a matter which I hope will prove profitable for this nation and honourable to this our land. Which intention of yours we also or the nobilitie are ready to our power to helpe and further; nor doe we hold anything so deare and precious unto us, which we will not willingly foregoe, and lay out in so commendable a cause. . . . And you are to remember into howe many perils for your sakes and his country's love, he—that is, Chancellor—is nowe to brave; whereof it is requisite that we be not unmindefull, if it please God to send him good successe.

We commit a little money to the chaunce and hazard of fortune: He commits his life (a thing to a man of all things most deare) to the raging sea and the uncertainties of many dangers. We shall here live and rest at home quietly with our friends, and acquaintance; but he in the mean time labouring to keepe the ignorant and unruly mariners in good order and obedience. With howe many cares shall he trouble and vex himselfe? With howe many troubles shall he breake himselfe? howe many disquietings shall he be forced to sustaine? We shall keepe our own coastes and countrey; he shall seeke strange and unknowne kingdoms. He shall commit his safetie to barbarous and cruell people, and shall hazard his life among the monstrous and terrible beastes of the sea. Wherefore in respect to the greatnesse of the danger, and the excellence of the charge, you are to favour and love the man thus departing from us: And if it fall so happily out that hee returne againe, it is your part and dutie also liberally to reward him.'" *Hakluyt*, i. 271, 4to. Ed. 1810.

The aim of this expedition was to force a passage round the Northern Coast of Asia to Cathay and India, and to open for the English a direct trade with those prolific realms.

It may seem to some of our readers that this introduction about commerce is a strange proem to the history of daring battle with Polar storm and ice. And yet, strange as it may seem, it was commerce and nothing else which led men forth into those gloomy and perilous regions; that is, commerce, with those Christian blessings to barbarous and pagan peoples which it was then understood were bound to travel in its train.\* But to understand this we must look south-

\* King Edward the Sixth's missive with Willoughby's Expedition, takes a large and noble view of commercial enterprise.

"Forasmuch as the great and Almighty God hath given unto mankind, above all other living creatures, such an heart and desire, that every man desireth to joine friendship with other, to love and be loved, also to give and receive mutual benefites, it is, therefore, the duty of all men, according to their power, to maintaine and increase this desire in every man, with well deserving to all men, and especially to shew this good affection to such as, being moved with this desire, come unto them from farre countries. . . . Furthermore, the examples of our fathers and predecessors doe invite us hereunto, forasmuch as they have ever gently and lovingly entreated such as of friendly mind came unto them, as well from countries neare hand, as farre remote, commending themselves to their protection. . . . For the God of heaven and earth, greatly providing for mankind, would not that all things should be found in one region, to the ende that one should have neede of another, that by this meanes friendship might be established among all men, and every one seeke to gratifie all, &c.'"—*Hakluyt*, i. 257.

\* Raleigh's narrative of the Expedition to Guiana, and Drake's Voyage round the World, give some very noble instances of the aim and the conduct of the English in these matters.



wards. The reason of these North-Western expeditions lay about the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn. The fifteenth century was the age in which, as we have seen, the Western European peoples were pushing their boundaries outwards in every direction. The man whose life, more than that of any other, was the guide and index of the movement, was Prince Henry of Portugal. Born in 1394, he dedicated a long life to maritime discovery, with rare singleness of purpose; and to him, its strenuous, persevering, and sanguine champion against the ignorance of peoples, the indolence of rulers, and the lies of sailors, with their long yarns of horrible perils, the glory of the result is mainly due. It would be interesting to trace the outline of his achievements, but our space forbids. The knowledge is easily accessible in the earlier chapters of Mr. Helps's masterly history of Spanish Conquest in America.

When Prince Henry settled himself on the Bay of Sagres, in the S.W. of Spain, Cape Bojador was the southernmost limit of maritime discovery. When he died, in 1463, it had reached down the African Coast as far as Sierra Leone. Very noble is the account which he himself gives us of the reason of his devotion to the work. "He considered that neither mariner nor merchant would be likely to adopt an enterprise in which there was no clear hope of profit. It belonged, therefore, to great men and princes; and amongst such he knew of no one but himself who was inclined to it." He was a true leader of men, consumed, like Columbus, nay, like a greater than Columbus, by an inward fire. For us he has not the less interest in that he was grandson of John of Gaunt, nephew, therefore, of our Henry IV., and cousin to Henry V., another adventurous, heroic man, who, had he lived, might have given a new shape to European history. He was half Englishman, who opened the chapter of maritime discovery in the records of the modern world.

After his death the work went on, but less nobly; it missed his royal head and hand. Still he had broken the neck of the difficulty. In 1487 Cape Tormentoso (the Cape of Good Hope was) doubled, in 1497 Vasco de Gama sailed for India, completed the effort and realized the hope of centuries, and brought Europe into maritime contact with the lands of gems, spices, and gold. Meanwhile a greater and more original mind was at work on the problem. Prince Henry had, in 1441,

obtained from Pope Martin V. a bull granting to the Portuguese Crown all that it should conquer from Cape Bojador to the Indies. The Bull of the Pope shut out Spain from any share of the Indian commerce by way of Africa; and Columbus — with far deeper and larger thoughts than commerce, gold, or conquest; \* he dreamed the last great dream of the crusade — stood boldly over the Atlantic on the most heroic quest ever undertaken by man. On Friday, August 3rd, 1492, three little ships, with one hundred men, stood out to sea from Palos; on Friday, October 12th, Columbus, clad in complete armour and bearing the royal banner of Spain, landed on Guanahani, and, as was nobly expressed in his epitaph, gave a new world to Spain.

#### A CASTILLA Y A LEON NUEVO MUNDO DIO COLON.

There are few things in the history of maritime discovery more wonderful than the incident — accident we refuse to call it — by which the career of Columbus was directed to the tropical regions of America. On October 7th he was, as he reckoned, 216 miles beyond the point where he expected to find Japan. He was standing on a course which would have landed him in Florida, whence he might easily have been borne up to Virginia. Perplexed and anxious, he yielded to the advice of Pinzon and bore up for the S.W. Pinzon said to him, "It seems to me like an inspiration, that my heart dictates to me that we ought to steer in a different direction." Pinzon, it seems, had seen a flight of parrots heading S.W., and thither Columbus steered. It was this which determined the stream of Spanish colonization to Central America, and left the North free for the English. Birds played many an important part in ancient history, but never a part so distinguished as this. These parrots decided, as Humboldt says, "the first colonization of the new continent, and the original distribution of the Roman and German races of men." It is remarkable, too, that Raleigh's passionate endeavours to drive a wedge of English oak into the heart of Spain's Colonial Empire failed

\* I am persuaded that this grand crusading passion of Columbus, which was strong even in death, is not sufficiently considered in the estimate of his character and conduct. It seems to me to furnish the only key, and a noble one, to the almost imperial terms which he dictated, and from which nothing could drive him, as to the profit which he was to reap from his enterprise. This is a subject of much interest, but there is no space for its consideration here.

miserably, while the almost casual work of his hand, the colonization of Virginia, grew in the end to a splendid success. Those who believe in the Divine Leader of men, seem to see clearly here the work of the higher Hand.

The discoveries of Columbus of course necessitated a new Papal distribution of the sovereignty of the world. The matter was at once urged by Ferdinand, and considered in the Papal councils. It appears to have been handled in a fair and just spirit. A meridian line was drawn, passing through a point 100 leagues west of the Azores; and Alexander VI.,—a man to whom the most terrible incests and murders were freely attributed by the gossip of every Court in Europe,—took upon himself, in the exercise of his supreme right, to decide that all unknown lands which might be discovered lying to the east of the line should belong to Portugal, and all to the west, to Spain. The language of the Bull is very large and absolute,\* but it is amusing that it contains no hint of a reflection that the empires would meet and clash on the other side of the world. It is easy, of course, for us Protestants to speak sharply of the Papal arrogance, and there is something truly amazing in the language of the proclamation which Ferdinand founds on it, and which Ojeda was to publish to the Indians.† But perhaps we should do more wisely to consider the fearful expenditure of blood and treasure which it probably spared. It was recognized on both sides as an authoritative settlement; and, while it gave birth to some conflicts, on the whole it made something like peace all along the line. So valid was it esteemed that our Edward IV., a keen trader, felt himself precluded from enterprises on the African Coast when the Bull—the earlier one, of course, of Martin V., of 1441—was pleaded in bar; while the Moluccas, being found after a good deal of contention to fall within the Spanish hemisphere, were purchased peacefully by Portugal, at a cost of 350,000 ducats, from Spain.‡

The truth is, that ever since Christendom was fairly constituted, there has been the idea in Christian hearts that there ought to be some organ of authority capable of declaring and maintaining the

true and the right, and of forbidding thereby what Christians are bound to consider fratricidal war. It has been mainly but an idea; but if we dig deep enough, we shall find that it lies at the root of the kind of authority which the Christian Roman Emperors, the Holy Roman Empire, and the Holy Roman Church, which rose to the supremacy on the wreck of the Imperial endeavour to rule Christendom, successively enjoyed. To some limited extent these successive institutions exercised a kind of sacred authority in Europe, and when the Teutonic peoples found at length that the Roman Church as a sacred authority was as dire a failure as the rest, and threw off her yoke, they were sorely perplexed as to how they might find or found something which should stand forth in the room of that institution which had for ages claimed to be the organ of Christ in the Christian world. King James was not a very wise or deep-hearted man, but he had some sense that there was a great want to be supplied, a great gap to be filled, which had been left by the subsidence of Rome, when he formulated the doctrine, which Elizabeth—who, whatever she was, was not doctrinaire—did not formulate, of the Divine right of kings. The Puritans tried hard in their turn to supply it by the letter of the Divine word. Both having failed to make the kind of order which men dream of and long for in a Christian realm, since the Restoration we have had to rely on the enlightened conscience of Christian society. That conscience being still but dimly enlightened and in need of culture, we find ourselves in sore perplexities. The want of an order with a recognized sacred sanction is the cause of the deep spiritual unrest of our times. Rome offers her authority as its basis. We smile at the vain imagination; but sadly: for while we see what must be the principle of the order, the realization of it seems far away. It is strange that Mazzini, at the opposite end of the scale to the Pope or King James, seemed to claim the same kind of inspiration, carrying a Divine authority, for the free public judgment of the people. But we must return to the North-West.

The Reformation opened the eyes of Englishmen, and took the Papal bugbear out of their way. But very substantial difficulties remained. The Indian commerce had developed immensely the naval skill and resources of the Spanish and Portuguese Empires. In 1580, they both fell into one hand through the acquisition

\* The material portions will be found in a note to p. 52, vol. iii., of Humboldt's "Examen Critique," &c. The line was afterwards drawn by agreement further to the west.

† Helps, i. 242, note.

‡ Not that at any time it would bear very much strain, as the expeditions of Catholic France, and the pleas offered for them, show.



of the Portuguese throne by Philip of Spain : and this made the crisis which the Armada fight terminated, so desperate for England. But till then the two monarchies divided between them the dominion of the broad seas. England found herself cut off from the vast advantages which the new commerce afforded. The matter was very earnestly considered by the English statesmen and merchants during the earlier years of the 16th century ; and expeditions were organized for the purpose of conducting such explorations as were possible, without trenching on established rights in the newly-discovered regions of the earth. The idea of wresting the sceptre of the broad ocean from the Catholic powers belongs to Elizabeth's reign. To us, as to Spain, the first inspiration came from Italy. Cabot is the name of our patriarchs of discovery. There were two, John and Sebastian, father and son, but it was with Sebastian that English maritime adventure had chiefly to do. John Cabot was a Venetian\* ; Columbus was a Genoese ; at least we have the evidence of his will to that effect, "Siendo yo nacido en Genova." They were equally famous as pilots, and were probably the ablest mariners of their time. It is remarkable that, as in art, literature, politics, and commerce, so too in discovery, Italy led the way for Europe, though she could not keep the lead. She lit the torch of modern civilization at the old hearth fires, whose embers were still glowing in her great cities, and then passed it on to hardier peoples, who had to play their part, not on the landlocked Mediterranean of Europe, but on the Atlantic, the Mediterranean of the world.

The fact of the discovery of the North American continent by Cabot in 1497, under the auspices of Henry VII., though with little help from him, is now generally accepted. It has been keenly disputed, and is not without its difficulties ; but the balance of evidence is clearly on the affirmative side.† The account which

Sebastian Cabot gave of the enterprise is well known and need not detain us here. The discovery preceded by about a year that of the mainland of America by Columbus. To the English belongs the honour of the modern discovery of that great continent, on which their race was destined to play such a distinguished part. We say modern discovery ; for there is no doubt that the daring Scandinavian sailors were there before them, and that from about the year 1000 to the year 1347, there was frequent intercourse between Greenland and America. It is not easy either to disprove the truth of a Welsh discovery, though the evidence for it is poor ; but there seems less reason to doubt the tale of the voyage of the Venetian Zeno from Friseland (the Færroe Isles), towards the end of the 14th century. But the voyage of the Portuguese Cortereal to the Land of Codfish in 1463 or 1464, which Sir John Barrow accepts as authentic, belongs to the world of fables, or perhaps, to speak plainly, of lies. The Cortereals were not there till the year 1500.\* The expeditions of Cabot bore little immediate fruit. Henry the Seventh was cold and cautious, and much occupied with domestic troubles ; while, as Mr. Beste, writing in the reign of Elizabeth, quaintly observes, "Navigation in the time of Henry VII., was very rawe, but it is now in her Majestie's reign grown to his highest perfection."

But in the reign of Henry VIII. the subject was stirred in earnest by Mr. Robert Thorne, a merchant of Bristol and a most able man. He addressed a remarkable and closely reasoned paper to the king, some portions of which I extract in full. The whole may be read in Hakluyt. It is of deep interest, for it really opens up the question, the solution of which has been sought with daring courage and indomitable energy for three hundred years, and eludes us still. The North-West passage has been found, and has proved an utterly barren discovery. But the open Polar sea of which Mr. Thorne also had vision has yet to be explored, and its exploration may yield to

\* At least he was a naturalized Venetian, probably he too was born on Genoese territory.

† Lorenzo Pasqualigo, a Venetian merchant in London, wrote an account of Cabot's discovery to his brothers in Venice. The letter is dated 23 August, 1497, a few days after Cabot's return. In the course of it he says, "His name is Zuan Cabot, and he is styled the great admiral. Vast honour is paid him, and these English run after him like mad people, so that he can enlist as many of them as he pleases, and a number of our rogues besides. The discoverer of these places planted on his new found land a large cross, with one flag of England and another of St. Mark, by reason of his being a Venetian ; so that our banner hath floated very far afield." See Mr. Major's paper on the date of

the English discovery of the American Continent—in which he proves conclusively that it was 1497—in the "Archæologia," 1871.

\* The reader will find a brief but able discussion of the whole subject in Mr. Major's Introduction to the "Select Letters of Columbus," published for the Hakluyt Society. Second Edit. 1870. In an appendix to Mr. Laing's translation of the *Heimskringla*, there is a very interesting narrative of the Scandinavian Expeditions referred to above.

us very remarkable results. Mr. Thorne writes thus to King Henry :—

“Now I considering this your noble courage and desire, and also perceiving that your grace may at your pleasure, to your greater glory, by a godly meane, with little cost, perill or labour, to your grace or any of your subjects, amplifie and inrich this your sayd Realme, I know it is my bounden duty to manifest this secret unto your Grace, which hitherto, as I suppose, hath beene hid ; which is that with a small number of ships there may be discovered divers new lands and kingdomes, in the which without doubt your grace shall winne perpetuall glory, and your subjectes infinite profite. To which places there is left one way to discover, which is into the North : for that of the foure partes of the worlde, it seemeth three parts are discovered by other Princes. For out of Spaine they have discovered all the Indies and seas occidentall, and out of Portingall all the Indies and seas orientall, so that by this part of the orient and occident they have compassed the world. So that now rest to be discovered the sayd north parts, the which it seemeth to mee is onely your charge and duty. Because the situation of this your Realme is thereunto nearest and aptest of all other ; and also for that you have already taken it in hand.” Then speaking of the ease of the navigation he says, “For they being past this little way which they named so dangerous (which may be two or three leagues before they come to the Pole, and as much more after they passe the Pole), it is cleere that from thence forth the seas and landes are as temperate as in these partes, and that then it may be at the will and pleasure of the mariners to choose whether they will sayl by the coastes that be colde temperate or hotte. If they will goe towards the Orient they shall enjoy the region of all the Tartarians that extend towards the mid-day, and from thence they may goe and proceede to the land of the Chinas, and from thence to the land of Cathaio orientall which is of all the maine land most orientall that can be reckoned from our habitation. And if from thence they doe continue their navigation following the coastes that retorne towards the occident they shall fall in with Malaca, and so with all the Indies which we call orientall, and following the way, may retorne hither by the Cape of Buona Speranza and thus they shall compass the whole worlde.” Then giving the alternative of two other

routes he adds : “Without doubt they shall finde there (under the Equinoctiall) the richest landes and Islands of the worlde of golde, precious stones, balmes, spices, and other things that we here esteeme most : which come out of strange countries and may retorne the same way. By this it appeareth that your grace hath not only a great advantage of the riches, but also your subjects shall not travell halfe of the way that others doe, which goe round about as aforesaid.”—*Hakluyt*, i. 257.

In a letter to Dr. Ley, Henry's ambassador with the Emperor, he deals with distances, and opens as fair and false a dream as ever beguiled mankind, of a near way by the Polar seas to Cathay :—

“Now if from the sayd Newfoundland the sea be navigable, there is no doubt but sayling Northward and passing the Pole, descending the Equinoctiall line, we shall hit these islands (the Spice islands), and it should be a much shorter way than the Spaniards or the Portingalls have. For we be distant from the Pole but 30 and 9 degrees, and from the Pole to the Equinoctiall be 90°, the which added together be an hundred twenty and nine degrees, leagues 2489, miles 7440, where we should find these islands.”—*Hakluyt*, i. 243.

These representations had weight with the King. In 1527 “two faire ships” were sent out, but the result was disastrous. The ships were cast away on Newfoundland, and but little is known of the fate of their crews. In 1536 one Master Henry Hore, “a man of goodly stature, great courage, and given to the study of cosmographie,” sailed on the same quest with results more disastrous still. It is notable that one fourth of the expedition was composed of gentlemen of the Inns of Court, and from the upper ranks of society. The history of the voyage is a sad and shameful one. There were dark tales of cannibalism and other horrors. But the captain behaved nobly. Hakluyt has preserved the record. (Vol. iii. 169, 4to ed.)

The next expedition was that of the gallant Sir Hugh Willoughby, to which we have already referred. In its organization and equipment we are able to trace Sebastian Cabot's masterly hand. Its object was to discover a passage along the northern sea-board of Asia. It is the first of a series of brave attempts to force that ice-bound passage, in which the Dutch chiefly distinguished themselves, and the hapless Barents earned for him-



self an immortal fame. The ships, of whose sailing there is a picturesque description in the narrative of Clement Adams, parted company. Chancellor, the pilot, landed in Russia, reached the Court, and laid the foundation of that commercial intercourse which became so fruitful in this and the following reigns. Willoughby met a darker fate. The next year some Russian fishermen found the ships frozen in and the crew frozen to death. His journals were recovered. It seems that he reached Nova Zembla, and possibly Spitzbergen; but that depends very much on the exact sense in which a technical nautical term is employed. Purchas is clearly perversely wrong about the voyage. Those interested in the subject will find an able discussion of it in the introduction to "Voyages to the North West," edited by Mr. Randall for the Hakluyt Society in 1849. Another north-eastern attempt was made by Borrough in 1553. He reached Nova Zembla, but being driven back by east winds, returned, and reached England safely. The account of the sailing of the expedition is well known, but it is worth quoting, as it brings Sebastian Cabot in his lusty old age upon the scene. "The 27th, being Monday, the right worshipful Sebastian Cabota came aboard, with divers gentlemen and gentlewomen, who after they had viewed our pinnesse and tasted of such cheere as we could make them aboard, they went on shore, giving to the mariners right liberall rewards; and the good old gentleman Master Cabota, gave to the poore most liberall almes, wishing them to pray for the good fortune and prosperous successe of the *Serchthrift*, our pinnesse. And then at the sign of the Christopher, he and his friends banquetted and made me and them that were in the company great cheere: and for very joy that he had to see the towardnes of our intended discovery, he entred into the dance himselfe, amongst the rest of the young and lusty company. Which being ended, he and his friends departed most gently, commending us to the governance of Almighty God."—*Hakluyt*, i. 306.

Meanwhile some of the more thoughtful men in England were pondering over the likelihood of a passage to Cathay by the northwest. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the Bayard of sailors, wrote an able treatise to prove, according to the notions available for proof in his day, that the north-west passage would be found surer, easier, nearer, and in every way more commodious for England than that by the

north-east. He was not destined to make the experiment; his noble life was sacrificed in another though kindred enterprise. The last glimpse which we have of him before his little bark went down is one of the loftiest and most beautiful passages of Elizabethan history.\* There can be no question that his treatise exercised a very powerful influence in stimulating enterprise towards the north-west. He is its true patriarch, while Martin Frobisher, a man of the same heroic temper, though of coarser fibre, is its pioneer.

Frobisher was probably a South Yorkshire man from Doncaster, of good middle-class family. We know little about him save through the "actions" which are part of his country's history. It appears that he was sent to school in London under the care of "Sir John Yorke, knight, his kinsman, who perceiving him to be of great spirit and bolde courage, and natural hardness of body, sent him to the hote Countrey of Guinea," on a voyage. We next meet with him scheming a voyage to the north-west. We have a narrative of the three expeditions which he commanded, by Mr. George Beste, who served in the second and third; and there are other subsidiary narratives preserved in Hakluyt. There is too a curious MS. a good deal defaced, in the British Museum, by one Michael Lok, who seems to have borne to his cost a large part of the expense of the equipment, from which we gather several interesting details about the first voyage, which is our present subject. Rear-Admiral Collinson has collected from the Public Records a great deal of very minute and curious information concerning the details of the expeditions, which he has published in his admirable edition of "Frobisher's Three Voyages" (Hakluyt Society, 1867).† Mr. Beste prefaces his narrative by an elaborate and curious, though wearisome, treatise on geographical matters in general, as understood in his day; always, however, with the north-west expedition in view; and he offers, moreover, a very comfortable but fallacious demonstration

\* There is surely something almost prophetic in the noble words with which he concludes his treatise . . . "give me leave without offence always to live and die in this mind, that he is not worthy to live at all, that for feare or danger of death shunneth his countries service, and his owne honour; seeing death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal. Wherefore in this behalfe, *Mutare vel timere sperno*."

† There is a very interesting and complete account of the voyage and the equipment in Mr. Fox Bourne's "English Seamen under the Tudors." He has thrown, by his researches, much additional light on many points of interest.

of "the commodious and moderate heat of the region under the Poles." The geographical part is dry reading enough; but there are some touches in the exordium on the wider aspects of the matter, which it is worth while to extract; much of it is hardly obsolete yet. It takes a very lofty view "of the invincible minds of our Englishe nation, who have never left anye worthy thing unattempted nor anye parte almoste of the whole world unsearched. . . . The Englishman in these oure dayes, in his notable discoveries to the Spaniard and Portingale is nothing inferior, and for his hard adventures and valiant resolutions greatly superior." He numbers among the fruits of the expedition: "Christ's name spread; the gospell preached; . . . shipping and seafairing men have bin employed; navigation and the navie (which is the chief strength of our realm) maintayned; and gentlemen in the sea service, for the better service of their country, wel experienced." "Hyr Most Excellent Majestie may now stand assured to have many more tried, able and sufficient men against time of need, that are of valour gret, for any gret adventure, and of government good for any good place of service." He betrays the sore feeling which Henry VII., by his hesitating policy with regard to Columbus, had left in the minds of thoughtful Englishmen, in the following passage: "Which sundry countreys to possess and obteyne, as it is an easie thing, so I would not have our Englishe nation to be slacke therein, leaste perhaps agayne they overshoot in refusing occasion offered, as it was in the time of K. Henry VII., when all the West Indies were first proffered to the Englishmen to be given into their hands, which they little regarding, was afterwards offered to the Spaniards, who presently accepted the occasion, and now enjoye the infinite treasure and commoditie thereof.\* I would not wishe Englishmen to be nowe unlike themselves, for in all the later discoveries the English nation hath bin as forward as any other." All which surely may afford to us matter of fruitful reflection at the present day. After a great deal of

weary discourse about the climate of the Polar regions, he thus brings Frobisher on the scene, and the first north-western expedition gets under way. "Which thing being well considered, and familiarly knowne to our generall Capitaine Frobisher, as well for that he is thoroughly furnished of the knowledge of the sphere, and all other skilles appertaining to the art of navigation, as also for the confirmation he hath of the same by many yeares experience, both by sea and land, and being persuaded of a new and neerer passage to Cataya, than by Capo d'buona Speranza, which the Portugalles yearly use. He began first with himselfe to devise, and then with his friendes to conferre, and layde a playne platte unto them, that that voyage was not onely possible by the north-weast, but also, as he could prove, easie to be performed. And further, he determined and resolved wythe himselfe, to go make full prooffe thereof, and to accomlishe, or bring true certificate of the truth, or else never to retourne againe, knowing this to be the onely thing of the worlde that was left yet undone, whereby a notable mind mighte be made famous and fortunate. But although his will were greate to performe this notable voyage, whereof hee had conceived in his mind a great hope by sundry sure reasons and secret intelligence, whiche heere, for sundry causes, I leave untouched—yet he wanted altogether meanes and abilitie to set forward and performe the same. Long tyme he conferred with his private friendes of these secrets, and made also many offers for the performing of the same in effect unto sundrie merchants of our countrey, above fifteen yeares before he attempted the same. . . . But perceyving that hardly he was hearkened unto of the merchants, whiche never regarde vertue without sure, certaine, and present gaines, hee repayed to the courte,\* (from whence, as from the fountain of our commonwealth, all good causes have theyr chiefe encrease and mayntenance), and there layde open to manye great estates and learned men, the plot and summe of hys devise. And amongst manye honourable myndes whyche favoured hys honest and commendable enterpryse, he was

\* It was an unspeakable blessing, to England at any rate, that she missed the opportunity; and that her lot in the new world was cast by Providence in regions whose treasures, not the pick and the melting-pot, but the axe and the ploughshare would open. How it would have fared with the poor Indians is another matter. It is well that we were not tempted as the Spaniards were. But there are passages in the history of Hawkins and others, which deepen our thankfulness that the opportunity was lost.

\* Frobisher was not unknown to the Queen and the Court. He was evidently regarded as a man of action who might be trusted on difficult enterprises. As early as 1574, the Queen wrote to the Muscovy Company, reminding them that it was twenty years since they had sent an expedition to search for Cathay. The bearer of that letter was Martin Frobisher.



specially bounde and beholding to the ryghte honourable Ambrose Dudley, Earle of Warwicke, whose favourable mynde and good disposition, hath alwayes bin readye to countenance and advance all honest actions wyth the authors and executors of the same; and so by meanes of my lorde hys honourable countenance, hee recyved some comforte of hys cause, and by little and little, with no small expence and payne, brought hys cause to some perfection, and hadde drawn together so many adventurers and suche summes of money as myghte well defray a reasonable charge to furnishe himselfe to sea withall."

"He prepared two small barkes of twentie and fyve and twentie tunne apeece, wherein he intended to accomplish his pretended voyage. Wherefore being furnished wyth the foresayde two barkes and one small pinnesse of ten tunne burthen, having therein victual and other necessities for twelve moneths provision, he departed upon the sayde voyage." One of the little ships was named the *Gabriell*, and the other the *Michaell*. Frobisher sailed in the *Gabriell*. The crews numbered some thirty-five hands. There is a narrative in Hakluyt (vol. iii. p. 52) of the first voyage, written by Christopher Hall, who was master in the *Gabriell*, which supplies an interesting little anecdote. "The 8th being Friday\* we wayed at Deptford . . . and bare down by the Court, where we shotte off our ordinance and made the best possible shew we coude. Her Majestie beholding the same commended it, and bade us farewell, with shaking her hand at us out of the window. Afterward she sent a gentleman aboard of us, who declared that her Majestie had good liking of our doings, and thanked us for it, and also willed our Captaine to come the next day to the Court to take his leave of her. The same day towards night M. Secretaire Woolly came aboarde of us, and declared to the company that her Majestie had appointed him to give them charge to be obedient and diligent to their captaine and governours in all things and wished us happie successe."

On July 1st they "hadde sighte of a highe and rugged lande;" it rose "like pinnacles of steeples, and all covered with snow." Evidently the southern part of Greenland, from the latitude. "Not farre from thence he loste company of his

small pinnesse, which by means of the great storme he supposed to be swallowed up of the sea,"—imagine the hardihood of taking her there—"wherein he lost onely four men." The crew of the other ship, the *Michael*, "mistrusting the matter, privily conveyed themselves away," and reached England in safety, reporting Frobisher lost. Frobisher in the *Gabriel* stood on alone. The perilous character of the enterprise the following passage from Lok's MS. will reveal, while it brings out the character of Frobisher in high relief: "On the 13th July, in the rage of an extreme storme, the vessell was cast flat on her syde, and being open in the waste was filled with water. . . .

In this distress, when all the men in the ship had lost their courage, and did dispayr of life, the captayn, *like himselfe*, with valiant courage, stood up, and passed alongst the ship's side, in the chayn wales, lying on her flat syde, and caught holde on the wether leche of the forsaile; but in the weather coylng of the ship the foreyarde brake." But, says Beste, "The worthy captayne, notwithstanding these discomfortes, although his mast was sprung, and his toppemast blown away overboorde with extreame foule weather, continued hys course towards the N.W., knowing that the sea at last must needes have an endying, and that some lande shoulde have a beginning that way; and determined therefore at the least, to bring true proofe what lande and sea the same might be, so farre to the N.W. beyonde anye man that hath hitherto discovered." At the end of July—the dates in the different accounts are perplexing—they fell in with high land in latitude 62° 30m, which they named Elizabeth Foreland in honour of the Queen. Standing on N. another foreland was descried in latitude 63° 8m, which formed the southern point of a "greate gutte bay or passage, deviding as it were two maynlands or continents asunder." He would have crossed this, still continuing to press northwards, "but was alwayes by contrarie winde deteyned overthwarthe these strates, and could not get beyonde." Observation of the currents and the drift of the ice made him determine "to make proofs of this place to see how far that gutte had continuance, and whether he might carrie himself through the same into some open sea on the backe syde, whereof he conceived no small hope." Accordingly he sailed up the inlet some fifty or sixty leagues, and named it Frobisher's Straits, "lyke as Magellans at the south weast

\* They were not afraid of Friday. Nor was Columbus, who also sailed on Friday, and landed on Friday in the New World.

ende of the worlde having discovered the passage to the South Sea, and called the same straites Magellan's Streights.\* He found "upon eyther hand a great mayne or continent; and that land upon his right hande as he sayled westwards, he judged to be the continente of Asia, and there to be devided from the firme of America which lyeth uppon the lefte hande over against the same." After sailing sixty leagues they landed, "and founde signe where fire had been made." Here they fell in with the "salvage people," and with some difficulty entered into friendly relations with them. They greatly resembled Tartars in appearance, but "perceiving these strange people to be of countenance and conversation proceeding of a nature given to fyersnes and rapyne," the captain had to be on his guard. A native came on board the ship, a sailor being sent on shore as a hostage. This led to further intercourse, conducted most loyally on the English side, and Frobisher induced by signs one of them to be his pilot into the West Sea, who gave them to understand that it would be but two days' sail. But he was found useless, and sent on shore in a boat manned by five men. They disregarded their orders about the landing of the native at a certain point, and rowed further. Then they were seen to land, first three of them, then the remaining two, and neither men nor boat were ever heard of more. This loss or desertion, it is difficult to determine which it was—in Lok's circumstantial account it looks more like the latter—was the cause of great sorrow and anxiety to the General. He tried every means to get knowledge of their fate and if possible to recover them. Their loss left him terribly shorthanded, for the complement of the *Gabriel* was but eighteen men; and it seemed to destroy all hope of accomplishing anything that year. After a good deal of management he succeeded in laying hold of the wrist of a native who came along side, fascinated by a bell which he held out to him; and "suddenly by mayne force of strength he plucked both the man and his bote out of the sea into the ship in a tryse, and so kept him without any shew of enmity, and made signes to him presently that yf he would bring his V men he should go

againe at liberty, but he would not seem to understand his meaning, and therefore he was still kept in the ship with sure garde." "Whereupon when he founde himself in captivitee for very choller and disdaine, he bit his tongue in twayne within his mouth; notwithstanding he died not thereof, but lived untill he came in Englande and then he died of a colde which he had taken at sea." It was now far on in August; little had been discovered except ice, snow, and the salvage people; but the set of the Straits encouraged the hope that a path might under more favourable circumstances be found along that inlet to Cathay. But the weather was already growing wintery, the little ship was shorthanded, the people were much worn by their battle with storm and ice, and after earnest consultation it was resolved to return. They anchored for a few days at the mouth of the Straits, and then, on August 26, they weighed for England. They reached Harwich on the 2nd of October, "where they tarried to refresh their sick and weake men, and so came on to London with their ship *Gabriel* on the ix day of October, and there were joyfully received with the great admiration of the people, bringing with them their strange man and his bote, which was such a wonder unto the city, and to the rest of the realme that heard of it as seemed never to have happened the like great matter to any man's knowledge." Arrived at home "the saide Capitaine Frobisher was highly commended of all men for his great and notable attempt, but specially famous for the great hope which he brought of the passage to Cataya, which he doubted nothing at all to find and passe through in those partes, as he reporteth."

This ended this first great and notable attempt of one of the hardiest and most gallant of Elizabethan sailors to force the North-west Passage. He was the pioneer of a long and glorious line of adventurous seamen, who, if the "cheap defence of nations" be worth maintaining, and if Economics be not the Queen of the sciences, deserve all honour as our heroes; men whose memories we are bound to cherish, and whose work we are equally bound, if possible, to complete. Frobisher was in the north-west again in 1577, and 1578, but it was less to discover the passage than to search for gold. He brought home with him something, alas! besides the hope of the passage to Cataya, and the second and third expeditions were perverted, much to Frobisher's sorrow,

\* The idea that a strait would be found in the North corresponding to Magellan's Straits in the South, was a kind of *ignis fatuus* to our early explorers. But it gave them heart and led them on. Lord Bacon was the first to observe that the Continents were broad to the North, while they ran to a point in the South. In Frobisher's time that physical fact was unknown.



to a baser aim. We have no space to dwell upon their fortunes. Nor have they the special interest of the first, which was conceived and carried out in that true adventurous spirit, which solved at last, after the lapse of centuries, the problem which Frobisher was compelled to abandon in disappointment and distress.\* With gold-hunting, strife, violence, angry passions, and mutinous conduct make their appearance. There are noble passages in the history; terrible dangers bravely fronted and skilfully overcome. The cruise of Captain Best with "manful and honest John Gray" in a pinnace rudely put together, and in which the carpenter who did the work declared "that he would not adventure himself for £500," is one of the most daring exploits even of that daring time. Frobisher's character stands out through the whole in bright relief. He was a true captain and leader of men. But he had little heart for the gold-hunting; and the expeditions ended in utter disappointment and loss. They grew out of the following circumstances.

The sailors of course brought home all kinds of curious things, and one brought "a piece of a black stone, much lyke to a seacole in colour, which by the weight seemed to be some kind of metall or mynerall." One of the adventurer's wives by chance threw a piece into the fire and burned it so long "that at the length being taken forth and quenched in a little vinagre, it glistered with a bright marqueset of gold." There is another story told by Michael Lok. He says that he obtained a piece on board Frobisher's ship. He took it to three gold refiners in succession, who reported that they could find no gold. Being resolved apparently to find it to be gold ore, he took it to an Italian, one John Baptista Agnello, who being more compliant found in it a little powder of gold, remarking in answer to Lok's expressions of surprise, "*Bisogna sapere adulare la natura.*" Lok communicated this result to the Queen. Mr. Secretary Walsingham — no more keen-sighted man in England — looked into the matter, "And did thynk it to be but an alchemist matter such as dyvers others before had been brought to hir Majestie by others without trewth." But the report that

gold ore had been found spread rapidly, and raised an eager expectation,\* and it was resolved that a larger expedition, with a royal ship, should be sent out gold-hunting the following year. There sailed in May, 1577, the *Aid*, nearly 100 tons, with 100 persons on board, the *Gabriel*, with 18, and the *Michael*, with 16. The instructions to the "Generall"† were to search only for the ore, and to referre the further discovery of the passage to another time." It seems that a considerable portion of the expenses of the voyages was contributed by Lok. He complains bitterly that he had to make up £800 for the first expedition, and £1,400 for the second. The poor man was utterly ruined. There is a most dismal letter from him dated from "The Fleete Pryson in London," in which he says that he, with his family of fifteen children, are involved in irremediable ruin. He writes fiercely against Frobisher, after the fashion in which men could rave and rail in those days. But his wailings would touch us more deeply if he had not appealed from the judgment of three honest Englishmen to that subtle Italian to find him some trace of gold.

The expedition of 1577 accomplished nothing. Frobisher shewed a true captain's interest in his lost men, whom he tried by every means to recover, but without the slightest success.‡ A dim gleam of light is thrown on their fate by the traditions of the Eskimo, which, with some relics of the expedition, Captain Hall, the American explorer, collected in

\* See an interesting extract from a letter by Philip Sidney, in Mr. Bourne's "English Seamen under the Tudors," i. 134.

† In those days the officer in chief command of a naval expedition was the general; the admiral was the leading ship.

‡ He wrote a letter and sent it on shore, hoping that it might reach them. It is the first Arctic letter and runs as follows: "In the name of God in whome we all believe, who, I trust, hath preserved your bodies and soules amongst these infidels, I commend me unto you. I will be glad to seeke, by all meanes you can devise, for your deliverance, eyther with force or with any commodities within my shippes, which I will not spare for your sakes, or any thing else I can do for you. I have aboard of theys a man, a woman, and a childe, which I am contented to deliver for you; but the man I carried away from hence last yeare is dead in England. Moreover, you may declare unto them, that if they deliver you not, I wyl not leave a man alive in their countrey. And thus unto God, whome I trust you do serve, in haste I leave you, and to him we will dayly pray for you. Yours to the uttermost of my power,

"MARTIN FROBISHER."

The first Arctic watchword is singular. Article 8 of the sailing orders of the third expedition is as follows: "If any man in ye flecte come up in ye night, and hale his fellow, knowing him not, he shall give him this watchword, Before the world was God. The other shall answer him, if he be one of our flecte, After God, came Christ, His Sonne.

\* He appears to have used all his own and his wife's means. She was the widow of a rich merchant. There is a very lamentable letter from Dame Isabel Frobisher to Walsingham, complaining that her husband — "whom God forgive!" — had spent everything, "and put them to the wide world to shift."

1861 and 1862. But it is too dim to be of use. They captured a woman too, and were much struck with her modest carriage, which they had the manliness to respect; and, together with a large quantity of the supposed ore, they brought home "a dead fish having a horn two yards long growing out of its snout, which being, of course, 'the unicorn,' they reserved as a jewell for the Queen's wardrobe." The ore was not found to be satisfactory, but there was immense excitement; and an extensive expedition, consisting of fifteen ships was sent out the following year, to bring home a larger quantity of ore, and to effect a settlement on Meta Incognita—for so the new land was named. The most notable event of this voyage was the discovery accidentally of Hudson's Straits, along which Frobisher longed to force his way, but he was prevented by his instructions and the murmurs of his people, who were all mad for the old inlet, which proved in the end to be no strait at all—and for gold. A large quantity of ore was loaded, and after tremendous buffetings and hairbreadth escapes the fleet reached England. The ore was soon found to be not only poor but worthless. Then began bitter recriminations and complaints. Frobisher was assailed with the most vehement abuse, which he seems to have returned with hearty good will. He was a hasty, choleric, passionate man; but just, generous, and humane. He was a consummate sailor and a daring adventurous leader, sure to be in the foremost ranks in all the most important and enterprising movements of his time. The Queen knew his value, and used him on special services. His part thenceforth was to be played on a wider field. A brave and able man, one of the simplest and noblest of the great sailors of that day, John Davis, carried on his work in the northwest. He reached 73° N., and discovered the passage which is known by his name.\*

Frobisher was in command of the *Triumph*, one of the largest ships in the navy, at England's Salamis. The Lord

High Admiral, writing to the Queen, says—"Sir F. Drake, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Frobisher, and Mr. T. Fenner, are those whom the world doth judge to be men of the greatest experience that this realm hath." To men trained as they had been, it was but a merry sport, a "moric-dance on the waters," as one of them called it, to scatter and destroy the most mighty and splendid armament which has ever threatened the liberties of mankind in these modern days. Frobisher played his part so gallantly, that he was one of the four who were knighted by the Lord High Admiral "when the fight was done." In 1594 he was in charge of a squadron on the French coast, when the Queen addressed to him a characteristic and flattering letter. It was his last service. Brave soldier that he was, he writes to the Lord Admiral a report of his achievements, and then in the last paragraph says quietly, "I was shoott with a bullett in the battrie amongst the huckell-bone. So as I was driven to have an insision made to take out the bullett. So as I am neither able to goa nor ride. And the marriners are verie unwilling to goa Except I goa with them myselfe: yett yf I find it to come to an extremitie we will try what we are able." The letter is dated November 8, 1594. On November 22nd his brave heart had ceased to beat, and his "actions" passed into his country's history.

The path that he opened has been explored for three centuries by some of the boldest, hardiest, and the most heroic of our race. English, Dutch, Scandinavians, Germans, French, Americans, have carried on the Arctic siege with unflinching resolution; and the question seems now to be, who shall be the first to complete the enterprise and win the crown.

It will be strange if the tercentenary of Frobisher's first expedition, which is rapidly approaching, should find the problem solved, and the mystery of the Polar Sea revealed. I occupy in this matter the room of the unlearned; but I may be permitted, in closing this brief narrative, to express my conviction that it will be a stain on that peculiar honour of our country which George Beste held so dear, if, now that volunteers are not only ready but eager, England, in a fit of dear economy, should refuse to complete the great discovery, which was a life-long passion with so many of her noblest and most heroic sons.

\* I would that I had space for a brief notice of John Davis and his work. He was up as far as 66° 19m. N. "in a little boat of thirty tons," in 1586. In 1588 he was out in a boat of twenty tons, in the great Armada fight, to strike a blow for England and the gospel. He afterwards piloted the first Dutch ship to the East Indies, and made no less than five successful voyages to those remote lands; "an instance," says simple-minded Prince in his "Worthies of Devon," of "a wonderful Providence, and an argument that the very same Lord who is the God of Earth, is the God of the Seas."



From Good Words.

## THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

## CHAPTER I.

## A LITTLE CONTRE-TEMPS.

AMONG the inhabitants a tradition existed that when the great naval port of Dockmouth was a fishing village, Mallett was a thriving town, and sent two members to Parliament. It needed a considerable amount of faith to credit this assertion, and of imagination to picture the quiet, old-fashioned place as other than it now stood—a quaint, ill-built cluster of houses stretching from the water's edge by a steep street to the high road above, and terminating in a straggling colony of pretty cottages, villas, and pleasant detached houses. These last were the residences of military and naval men, with large families and small means, and retired officers, maiden ladies and widows, who formed the principal gentry of Mallett. The noses of the Mallett folk were not at all offended by the odour of fish, seaweed, and old rope, which pervaded every nook and corner of their primitive village. When strangers, pointing to the refuse heaps rotting here and there, declared that even the delicious breezes from the adjacent commons could not counteract such baneful poison as this, the Mallett folk only smiled. They treated as new-fangled notions the talk of the Dockmouth people about the drainage being so bad that visitors could not stand it. And when a suspicion dawned upon their untutored minds that some slur was thus intended to be cast upon their beloved home, they would turn suddenly, as was their wont, quick and fierce, and ask, "Who wanted strangers? Not they. Folks as couldn't abide a good wholesome stink o' fish had best stay away. Who was they, they wondered, for whom Mallett must be altered? 'Twas good enough for the Cap'en and Miss Hero; and if any man or woman at Dockmouth, or at any other port, would say that they could lay finger on their betters, why p'raps they'd stand out and say it." And this challenge being given by men, who, noted as wrestlers, are strong and sturdy of limb, it was rarely taken up, and a surly silence, an unintelligible growl, was accepted by the Mallett champions as an acknowledgment that the Cap'en, the King o' Mallett, as many fondly called him, ranked second to none.

The Captain would most assuredly have

sided with his friends. It was his boast that no one could tell the time when there hadn't been Carthews in Mallett. From his father he inherited Sharrows, an unpretentious, rambling sort of residence, visible from the high road, while the grounds—if such the tangle of flowers and shrubs could be designated—ran down to the sandy beach below. Captain Carthew had married somewhat late in life, on account—so he said—of his having been little on shore, and not having been a good hand at keeping up a running fire in the shape of epistolary wooing. When at length he had made his opportunity, he did not long enjoy domestic felicity. His wife died soon after the birth of their first child, named Hero in honor of the dashing frigate which the Captain then commanded. Since that time, by his ardent admiration of the fair sex, and his devoted attentions, Captain Carthew had raised many a fluttering hope among the spinster portion of Mallett society; but one by one these illusions fell to the ground. It gradually came to be understood that such flattering gallantries were only part of the Captain's chivalrous manners, that they meant nothing in particular to anybody, and that it was more than improbable that the dead mistress of Sharrows would ever have a successor.

Twenty years had passed since Mrs. Carthew's death, during which time the Captain had been placed upon the retired list, the navy had gone to the dogs, and his daughter had grown from the "Cap'en's little maid," who shouted with delight as her rough devotees swung her in their brawny arms, into a bright, fearless girl, whose presence was greeted with delight by every inhabitant of Mallett. It took outsiders some time to comprehend, or in the least degree to understand, the bond of faith and trust which existed between the owners of Sharrows and their humble friends. It was patent to all that a man with nothing beyond his pay and good-service pension could not win popularity by gifts or money. Yet not a joy or sorrow entered one of the village homes without sympathy and help, to the best of their means, coming from Sharrows; and there was not a man or woman in all Mallett but felt securely confident that, no matter what happened, the doors of Sharrows would never be closed against them; that if the Cap'en had but one loaf of bread he would share it with them, and that if he had a fortune left him they would be all gainers.

This trust formed the basis of their loyalty, and was a good reason why the inhabitants, while they freely tendered their respects to the rector, the doctor, and the whole of the Mallett gentry (with most of whom either they or their children had served or were serving the Queen), Captain Carthew was "*the Cap'en*," their councillor in difficulties, and their sheet-anchor in trouble or sorrow. When complimented on his popularity, the Captain would shake his head, saying, "But you know it ought not to be so; the master of Combe should be port-admiral at Mallett. Why, do you think I'm blind, because I won't see the things which people, who turn up their noses at us, are pointing out? But there's no getting Sir Stephen down here, and until he knows us, he'll never care about us. Ah! it's a thousand pities to see the old place going to rack and ruin."

The place referred to was Combe-Mallett—an estate which would have found little favour in the eyes of most landowners. The house was moderately large, and old-fashioned enough to look picturesque; but the land attached to it had, from neglect, become all but useless; the park, by which it was surrounded, looked a wilderness of unconvertible timber, stunted trees and brushwood, forming excellent cover for the game, which, on account of Sir Stephen's desire to let Combe, as it was usually called, Mr. Truscott, the agent, kept strictly preserved.

Sir Stephen inherited Combe through his grandmother having brought it as her wedding portion to his grandfather, Sir John Prescott. Sir John had left two sons. In the elder (who succeeded him) he had little pride, simply because he was his heir, and a peculiarly eccentric young man, who preferred his hobbies, and the two or three friends who could share in them, to the county society or his own family. Such things were, of course, looked on by them as unworthy of a man born to be master of the Pamphillon estates, and as such, a leader among Grashire magnates.

The tongues of rich and poor, for miles round, echoed the feelings which rankled in old Sir John's breast; loudly declaring it too bad, that while a churlish bookworm had honours thrust upon him, which he neither valued nor graced, the only prospect for Stephen (the second son), who was jovial and free-handed enough to be a duke, was to wait to step into the shoes which his elder brother, in spite of his

lantern jaws, might fill for many a long year. That sooner or later Mr. Stephen Prescott would succeed, no one doubted. Sir Bernard, it was felt, would never marry, on account of the only woman he had ever been seen to look at, or speak to willingly, having preferred his brother. People who, if *they* did not know the rights of it, nobody could tell them, had said that it was on account of Mrs. Stephen Prescott that Mr. Bernard kept away—living nobody knew how or where, and was a greater stranger to his family than they liked their neighbours to know of. Certain it was, that from the time of his brother's marriage until some twelve months after his father's death (when he had become master of Pamphillon) he had never set foot in his native place; and then he only returned because the brother, who had been his rival in all he set store by, lay in the family vault, with a newly-cut inscription on the church wall, telling how he had met his death by an untimely fall from his horse, leaving a widow and only son to deplore their loss.

When Mrs. Prescott spoke of retiring with her boy to Combe, which had been left to her husband by Sir John, Sir Bernard begged her to remain near him, as he should need her assistance and help, if he lived at Pamphillon among his tenants, as she said it was his duty to do. At first the widow hesitated—recollections made her irresolute, and she would only consent to defer her decision for a time; but she quickly found she had no hidden motive to dread in accepting Sir Bernard's invitation. The offers he had made at their first meeting, to be a father to her child and a brother to herself, he fulfilled to the letter, but nothing more. Never did he allude to any warmer feeling ever having existed between them. Mrs. Prescott smiled a little sarcastically when she thought how much unnecessary pity she had wasted upon a man who could so readily forget a disappointment, which he had told her he should carry to his grave. Yet she felt it was far better as it was. No brother could be more thoughtful, nor father more indulgent. He took as much pride in little Stephen as if he had been his own son. All reserve on her part was at last thrown aside, and she, as well as every one who knew them, uncontradictedly spoke to Sir Bernard of his nephew as his heir.

The boy was scarcely ten when he and his mother were recalled to Sir Bernard's bedside from a visit they were making in Wales. They hurried back with all speed,



to find him already dead, and Stephen his successor—but successor to what? To a name, and nothing more. The estate was mortgaged, tied up, ruined, by the speculations of a man, who had been one of the most splendid tools a set of sharpers ever lighted upon. It seemed as if people would never tire of asking each other what possible motive could have induced the man (whom all his neighbours had regarded as a bookworm and a miser) to enter into speculations and schemes which would have staggered the most desperate gambler. No one being able to solve the enigma, they settled the matter by concurring that he was mad, that he always had been mad, and ought never to have been allowed the handling of a fine property, which had been in the family for generations. Poor Mrs. Prescott, bent on living on bread and water to try and keep it for her son, lived in terror that she would not be able to hold out till Sir Stephen was of age, but would have to take the lawyer's advice and sell it. But, impossible as it had seemed, hold out she did; and at twenty-one Sir Stephen Prescott found himself called upon to manage a large estate, which was hampered by liabilities of every description, and which kept him in a continual strait by forcing him to contract new loans to pay off old scores.

Thus it was, that while the simple Mallett folk regarded him as a Cræsus, who lived a life of thoughtless pleasure, and could turn their poor village into an earthly paradise, without being obliged to deny himself a single luxury; he refrained from asking his agent one word about them, dreading to hear of distresses which he could not remedy, or suggested improvements which he had not the money to carry out.

The agent, Mr. Truscott, lived at Dockmouth, and for the last five or six years, on account of Sir Stephen having been abroad, had reigned supreme over Mallett, ruling with so strict a hand that people rather let things go on, however bad they might be, "than knuckle down to that Truscott, who had swept out Glynn's offices, for all he rode on horseback, switching his whip as flourishin' as if he was his master." During the past year, however, hope had greatly revived. Sir Stephen had not only returned to England, but had announced that he should most probably pay Mallett a visit—an announcement which, a few weeks before, had been confirmed by Mrs. Tucker, the housekeeper at Combe, receiving a letter

from Sir Stephen himself, saying that she was to get a couple of rooms in order, as, in the course of a week or so he would be at no great distance, and would probably run down to Mallett for a few days.

What was to be done? How was he to be received? When would he come? These, and a dozen other questions were speculated upon, without any conclusion being arrived at, except that something must be done; but it was agreed that what this something ought to be need not be decided upon until Sir Stephen wrote again, which most assuredly he would do before he came.

"One thing I am glad of," said Hero Carthew, who was seeing her father as far as Ferry Bridge, on his road to Dockmouth; "I am glad Sir Stephen has chosen this season to pay his visit to Combe. It never looks so lovely as in the spring."

"I wonder when the fellow means to make his appearance?" said the Captain. "These youngsters want such a sight of backing and filling. Why, in my day——"

"Now, you dear old thing, it's your day now," interrupted Hero; "and Sir Stephen never positively said how soon he intended coming."

"Oh! of course, you'll take his part," replied the Captain. "You women are all alike, ready to wager any mortal thing against the likelihood of a full-blown baronet doing wrong."

Hero laughed.

"I hope he will turn out to be as nice as we want him to be," she said. "It would be a little trial to give up going in and out of Combe, as I suppose we should have to do, if Sir Stephen came to live there. Find out if you can, papa, whether Mr. Truscott knows when he is coming, and how long he intends to stay."

"And what do you mean to do with yourself while I am gone?" asked her father.

"I! Oh, I shall go to the Joslyns, and see Alice. You are certain not to be back until five or six o'clock. Be sure and bring me the parcel from Home's, and the wool from Miss Gregory's, and don't forget my brooch and Betsey's orders, whatever you do."

"All right," said the old gentleman, bidding his daughter good-bye.

"Take care of yourself, and don't get into mischief," she called after him; and then, with sundry nods, lookings-back, and shouted messages, the two parted, Captain Carthew to take his place in Ned

Wallis's boat for Dockmouth, and Hero to strike across Passmore Fields, which would bring her, by a short cut, close to the coast-guard station of which Mr. Joslyn held command.

Hero Carthew fell very far short of a beauty, and yet she generally contrived to carry off the lion's share of admiration and attraction. There was an unstudied grace about her figure, an elastic freedom in her movements, which attracted notice before perhaps you had even caught sight of her face, which was, like her nature, sunny and loveable, yet with plenty of character, and showing very openly its likes and dislikes, its pleasure and its pain. It would have thoroughly unhinged the nerves of many a town-bred belle or beau to have followed Hero's track to Winkle station. She walked and ran, climbed hills, jumped gates; singing merrily, and whistling familiarly to all the animals who chanced to lie in her road. Perfect health, temper, and spirits, what more was wanted to make her, what she declared herself to be, as happy as the days were long.

It always gave her additional pleasure to spend a day with the Joslyns. Alice was her greatest friend, the three boys were all in love with her, and Mr. Joslyn was her father's oldest shipmate. However long she had to stay at Winkle, the hour for return came all too soon; so that in this case none of them would credit Mr. Joslyn's assertion that it was already four o'clock, and high time to get into the boat, or the tide would not serve for landing Hero at Combe Point, and thus save her a three miles' walk. It did not take them long to reach Cape Farewell, as they had dubbed the narrow spit of sand which stretched out here; and, after a very reluctant leave-taking, and many promises of another such meeting, Hero was landed, scrambled up the rugged path, and stood waving her hand, watching the little boat as it tacked about, until it finally caught the wind and sailed swiftly out of sight.

Then she turned and began to look about for a certain old bullace-tree, which jutted conveniently out of the cliff. By mounting a stone placed there for the purpose, you could catch hold of a branch and swing yourself down into the park below. It was some time since Hero had availed herself of this mode of ingress, and she had wondered if she should hit the exact spot. She critically examined the bough to ascertain if it would bear her weight; and, being satisfied on that score,

with a one—two—three—the top was gained, and by the reaction of the bough she came down together with a shower of blossom, loose stones, and dust at the feet of a gentleman whose hat she knocked off, and flattened under her feet.

"Oh! what have I done?" she exclaimed, as she endeavoured by beating the cloud to disperse the dust in which she had enveloped him; "I beg your pardon—I am so sorry—I had no idea that any one would be here; why didn't you call out?"

"Call out," he said, in a somewhat injured tone, "really that was an impossibility; I only heard a rustle, and before I had even time to look up, you had descended."

Then, seeing the look of unutterable confusion which came into Hero's face, as her eyes fell on the hat all battered and spoiled, he burst into a hearty laugh, saying—

"Pray, don't mind it; but you must pardon a stranger for being ignorant that the young ladies here have a way of dropping from the clouds."

Hero tried to smile, but the hat weighed heavily upon her.

"Can't something be done to it?" she asked anxiously, trying to restore it to shape; "I feel so dreadfully ashamed of myself."

"Don't do that," he said, looking admiringly at her pretty confusion, "it will come right again, I dare say; and if not, I have some more luggage coming this evening, so don't distress me by distressing yourself."

His luggage! who could he be? Hero looked at him inquiringly, and then a dreadful suspicion arose that this must be Sir Stephen Prescott.

"I had no idea that there was any path outside the cliff," he said, trying to divert her from the unlucky accident.

"Nor is there," stammered poor Hero, who felt that, if her last conjecture proved true, she ought to add an apology for this unwarrantable mode of entrance. "I have been to Winkle station; and, as the tide prevented me from getting back by the beach, Mr. Joslyn landed me at the Point below, and I climbed up here to get home through the park. People have always been allowed to come this way; Sir Stephen Prescott has never objected to it;" and then with a blush and half-smile she asked shyly, "Are you Sir Stephen Prescott?"

"Yes, I am; what made you think so?"

"Because, for one thing, I did not know



you, and we seldom have strangers here ; and then you look — at least you are not quite the same as the people we generally see."

Sir Stephen smiled.

"May I venture to ask," he said, "whom I have the honour of addressing?"

"My name is Hero Carthew. I am Captain Carthew's daughter, of Sharrows, round Combe Point ;" and she pointed in the direction where the house lay.

"Sharrows ! I think Mr. Truscott has spoken to me of Sharrows — is it not the next place to this ?"

"Yes, we are neighbours, though not very near ones. Papa will be so pleased to see you. We heard that it was likely you would come, but no one expected you to-day, or you would have had a proper reception. How did you get here ?"

"I came by train from Garston to Dockmouth, and took a carriage on to this place. The old housekeeper seemed perfectly agast at seeing me. She kept on insisting that she expected I should have written. I told her that I had written *once*. But this was of no use, she kept repeating that she expected I should have written again."

"So we all thought," said Hero. "You know you only said in your letter that she was to get the rooms ready, as it was probable you might run down while you were in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Tucker brought it for me to read the morning she got it, and I believe almost every day since ; she was so afraid there might be some mistake. How vexed the poor old soul will be, that everything is not in apple-pie order ! Of course, nothing was ready."

"Ready !" echoed Sir Stephen. "In all your life, you never saw such scrubbing and cleaning as was going on there ; only that the horse would have been dead beat, I should have returned to Dockmouth without delay."

"Oh, that would have been too bad," exclaimed Hero energetically ; "you must not think of such a thing. You have no idea how every one has been looking forward to your visit. We have talked of nothing else."

"Very flattering, and all that kind of thing," replied Sir Stephen, laughing ; "but practically, I know of nothing more disagreeable than to arrive where you fancy you are expected, and find no rooms ready, and no chance of dinner — an event which this sea air makes exceedingly important to me just at present. I really think it would have been better to

have gone back to the hotel at Dockmouth," he added reflectively.

But Hero shook her head at this. While he had been speaking, she had been rapidly running over in her mind the contents of the home larder. Of course, she decided that she must ask Sir Stephen to return with her. Her father would be very vexed if she did otherwise ; for Captain Carthew's principles of hospitality consisted in offering freely what he had, not in withholding his invitation because he had not that which his liberal heart desired to place before his guest. Turning, she said —

"Papa went to Dockmouth this morning, but by this time he must be back again. I hope you will not stand upon ceremony with us, but return with me, and at least give us the satisfaction of knowing that you are not alone the first evening of your arrival."

"Really, you are very kind, Miss Carthew ; but —" and as he hesitated, Hero said —

"You will only be saving papa a walk, for I know he would set off to fetch you the instant I told him that you were all by yourself."

"I should be sorry to give him that trouble ; so perhaps, as I wish very much to make his acquaintance, you will permit me to accompany you back."

## CHAPTER II.

### A FIRST WELCOME.

"SHALL we go by the cliff path ?" asked Hero. "Perhaps you will not care to go through the village."

"Hardly, if it can be avoided. I do not fancy that at present my appearance is calculated to inspire the authority I am supposed to possess."

"I don't think any one would see it unless they were told," said Hero, colouring, as she glanced at the unfortunate hat. "It was too bad of me, and at our first meeting."

"Oh no, it has but made us better friends," replied Sir Stephen. "A little *contre-temps* is often most successful in putting people at their ease. Don't you think so ?"

Hero shook her head.

"I was in an awful state of fright," she said, "when I began to suspect who you were."

Sir Stephen laughed.

"It is evident I ought not to have come here. I shall never be able to keep up

the character to which distance lent enchantment."

"Oh yes, you will; and if we can only make you like the place, and come and live here sometimes, the people will be ready to do anything for you, as they are for papa."

"Ah! Mr. Truscott told me that Captain Carthew has immense influence among the villagers."

"Yes, papa understands them. Mr. Truscott does not; one must live among them."

"Rather a heavy penalty to pay, though," said Sir Stephen. "In winter it must be fearfully dull."

"Oh, no! it is not; though perhaps you would feel it so; I am forgetting that I have never lived in any other place."

"And you are quite content here?"

"Perfectly. Of course, I am longing to go to a hundred places, and see all one hears about, but I know I shall never find another Mallett."

Here a bend in the path brought them to a cottage, at the door of which a fresh-coloured middle-aged woman was standing.

"Well, Lois," said Miss Carthew, with a friendly smile, "has Osee come home yet?"

"Yes, miss, and the Cap'en, he said, comed back with 'em."

"Oh, that is all right;" then, turning towards Sir Stephen, she said—

"Lois, this is Sir Stephen Prescott."

"My dear life!" exclaimed the woman, dropping a succession of curtseys. "Well, I never did. I'm sure, sir, you'll be as welcome as the flowers o' May to Mallett. Why, Osee!" she called, "do 'ee come out here then. He will be took aback sure enuf," she added, as a square-built, weather-beaten, sea-faring man made his appearance, and was duly pushed forward by his wife with the introduction, "This is my man, Osee Triggs, sir, and at your service by night or by day. 'Tis Sir Stephen Prescott, Osee," she wound up with.

Osee's astonished face beamed again, as with several touches at an imaginary cap he said—

"I'm proud and happy, sir, as you be come among us at last, as Miss Hero will tell ye, 'tis what we've all hoped for for ever so long, 'till some of us thought 'twas never to be; but the Cap'en he stuck to his colours; says he, he'll come yet, never you fear that, he says; and you may always take yer Davy to what the Cap'en says; he never hauls his colours down, he don't."

"Sir Stephen has not seen papa yet," said Hero, nodding her adieu. "So good-bye."

"Good evening," said Sir Stephen.

"Good evening, sir, and thankee for coming."

"And thank you, too, Miss Hero," called out Osee. "I shall just ha' somethin'," he added, "to tell my mates, as I was the first as clapped eyes on un."

"These people seem very odd to me," said Sir Stephen, as he and Hero walked away, laughing over his first welcome.

"Odd!" echoed Hero, who was not quite certain of his meaning.

"Yes," he answered, "they are so completely different from the general class of villagers. They have none of the chronic shyness with which most country people seem oppressed."

"Oh, no; they are not shy; but they have nothing to be shy about."

"Neither have my other tenants; but they would never think of telling me that they were glad to see me, or of entering into any conversation with me."

"No? Well, they are odd then, if you like; but prepare yourself to answer all sorts of questions here; for Mallett people ask anything they want to know."

"So I find," said Sir Stephen. "My driver, and the pedestrians we met and passed, kept up a running fire of 'Why, where ever be *you* going, John Hicks?' 'To Combe, to be sure.'"

"And then," laughed Hero, "I know came—'Why, what be goin' to do there?'"

"Oh yes, and then the answer was given by a turn of the whip, and a jerk of the head towards me, accompanied on selected occasions by the advice to ask Mary somebody at the pike, her'll tell 'ee."

"I don't think you imagined that we were quite so primitive as you have found us," said Hero, "although I don't consider that we are regular country folks; we are too near Dockmouth for that. There is our house; you just catch sight of it round that corner. We have only to go up this hill and we shall be there."

"We have done nothing else but go up hill," said Sir Stephen, a little out of breath, while Hero's pace never slackened, neither did her voice falter. He could not but look admiringly at her lithe figure and elastic step, showing perfect health and no small amount of bodily strength.

"I must induce my mother to come here in the summer," he said; "she is somewhat of an invalid, and the air seems to be delicious."



"Oh, I am sure it would do her good. It is always said that a doctor cannot live nor die at Mallett. People are never ill here."

"I shall tell her that as a certain inducement."

"Yes, do," she said, stopping half way down the lane before a black painted wooden gate. "Here we are. This is Sharrows, and there is papa," and she pointed to a rather stout-looking figure in a short jacket and broad Panama hat.

"Papa! papa! He doesn't hear me—he is a little deaf; but I'll soon make him look up," and, to Sir Stephen's great amusement, she put her two fingers into her mouth and gave a long shrill whistle.

"Shocking," she said turning to her companion, with a little shrug at herself, "but he sees us now;" and, waving her hand, they descended the path towards which Captain Carthew had turned to meet them. As soon as they were within speaking distance Hero called out—

"Papa, who do you think I have brought to see you? This is Sir Stephen Prescott."

"Sir Stephen! God bless my heart, you don't say so!" and Captain Carthew, hurrying forward, seized the long-expected visitor by both hands, giving them a grip they were totally unaccustomed to, as he said heartily—

"Welcome, very welcome. So you've found your way to Mallett at last. Well, I'm very glad to see you. Why, you've regularly stolen a march upon us. When did you come?"

"This afternoon."

"And," broke in Hero, "he was going back to Dockmouth, because nothing was ready at Combe. Mrs. Tucker expected that he intended writing again, as we all did."

"Now," said the Captain, "didn't I tell you she had best set to and get everything square at once. I expected from the first that you'd come and catch us all napping; but these women folk make as much fuss over setting their chairs and tables straight, and getting their sheets out of lavender as we should in rigging out a 'seventy-four.' But there, there; it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and since we've got you down here I won't say any more. Run round to Betsey, Hero, and say she must give us the best dinner she can. Get her steam up," he added, with his hand to his mouth and a jerk of his head towards Sir Stephen, "by telling her who's going to eat it."

Hero ran off by some shorter way, and the Captain, putting his arm in Sir Stephen's, the two proceeded towards the flat upon which the house stood.

Sir Stephen had intended making an elaborate apology for the uncereemonious way in which he had accepted Hero's invitation; but somehow he quite forgot about it, and before an hour had elapsed he found himself chatting away to Captain Carthew as if he had known him all his life. When he casually spoke of leaving Mallett the next day the Captain would not hear of it.

"No, no," he said, "now you are here don't run away directly. I want you to take an interest in the place and the people, and you'll never do that until you've seen a little of them. Why, there are no such sailors in the world as the Mallett men—fine, hardy fellows, true to the backbone, rough and ready to shed their last drop of blood for those they're bound to. Then the place; I've been half over the world, but I never saw anything to touch Mallett. Talk about foreign scenery, pshaw! stuff and nonsense! Look at Winkle; go to Silver Sands. Why, when you've been here a month you won't know yourself for the same man. Except of old age people *can't* die at Mallett; when they come here they get a fresh lease of their lives. So don't talk of running away—and what's the use of going back to Combe? No, no; I shall send for your traps, and you just take up your quarters here, and then I can lay an embargo upon you whenever I see any signs of weighing anchor."

And so finally the matter was settled. Sir Stephen demurred at first, and put forward several feeble objections, which—as he was nothing loth to remain—he was not sorry to have overruled. The end was that he consented to remain, and owned himself very much obliged to Captain Carthew and his daughter for asking him.

By the morning of the next day there was not a man, woman, or child, in all Mallett but knew that Sir Stephen had come, and was staying with "the Cap'en" at Sharrows. Ann House had been up with some whiting pout which her man had caught the night before. Ned Wallis had picked out the finest of the shrimps that he was taking to Dockmouth market, and left them with his duty. Mrs. Carne would be bound that Betsey was put to it for butter, and sent her boy Johnny up with a fresh pound and pot of cream. The general thought was how they could

assist the "Cap'en" in duly entertaining his distinguished guest. Nor was it in the village alone that this feeling existed. Mrs. Thompson remembered that Hero had said some days before that their stock of jam was nearly exhausted, so she must supply that default. Miss Stevens routed out some choice ginger that her brother the chaplain had brought from China. Old Mr. Jamieson, the paymaster, thought he'd take down a bottle of his old Constantia (he'd only four or five left) that the Captain might give Sir Stephen a taste of something he did not get every day. And so all through the small community each drew on his or her little store of dainties, trying to assist their neighbour in setting before his guest those things which his hospitality would prompt, but his resources they knew would not supply.

## CHAPTER III.

## AT SHARROWS.

"THERE is one thing which must be done," said Hero, as Sir Stephen, on the second morning after his arrival stood waiting for Captain Carthew to accompany him to Combe; "so it is of no use talking about your going away. Stay you must, 'for it is your duty to.'"

"And, pray, what is my duty?"

"Well, your duty to your neighbour, in this instance, is that you remain, and I invite all Mallett and its environs to tea, and to meet Sir Stephen Prescott."

Sir Stephen laughed outright. The whole thing was to him so irresistibly comic; in fact, during the last few days, his life had been so entirely altered from its usual routine, that, after the fashion of the ancient dame who fell asleep on the king's highway, he had asked himself, over and over again, "Can this be I?"

A man accustomed to a certain amount of luxury, amusement, and society, found himself suddenly domesticated among comparative strangers, who, though they did their best to entertain him, could offer him nothing beyond the simple enjoyments of their homely life.

Hero's light-hearted face and merry gossip, Captain Carthew's quaint stories, the primitive, out-spoken village folk whom they met on their rambling investigations—all combined to amuse him wonderfully, and somehow the days had seemed very short. But when he called up some of the queer-looking old men and antiquated ladies who had been pointed out to him as of Mallett gentry,

and pictured himself doing the agreeable to them at a tea party, the idea tickled him more than he would have cared for his present friends to see.

"It is of no use laughing," said Hero, trying to look grave. "I really mean what I say; they would be so disappointed if they were not properly introduced to you, just as we should have been, if you had stayed somewhere else, and had gone away without our seeing anything of you. People have so looked forward to your visit, and they are really all so good and kind-hearted that I fear if you went away and did not meet them, they would feel hurt, and fancy you took no interest in the place. If you think you can stay, you would be granting me a favour by doing so."

"My dear Miss Carthew, say no more. I would do a great deal more than that to please you; beside which you and your father are so good to me, that, unless I was absolutely obliged to get back to London, I doubt very much whether you would not experience considerable difficulty in getting rid of me."

"Then you really will stay?"

"Of course I will."

"That is kind of you—thank you so much. I shall invite all I can for to-morrow evening. They know my heart is good to ask everybody, but as papa says, our stowage is not large enough."

"Now I have a brilliant idea," said Sir Stephen, "if you will oblige me by helping to carry it out."

"What is it?"

"Why, this; instead of asking them here, ask them all to Combe-Mallett; the rooms are already dismantled, the people have nothing to do, and I'll send my man off to Dockmouth to order some supper."

"Why, we could have a dance," exclaimed Hero, twisting round in an imaginary waltz; "what a glorious idea! Everybody can be invited there, can't they? They will be so delighted; oh, thank you, Sir Stephen; I am so much obliged to you. You don't know how kind every one will think it."

"There is really no great kindness in it from me, not one quarter as kind as you were going to be; see to what trouble you intended putting yourself."

"Trouble! oh, I do not call that trouble; you should see us at Christmas time. We always give two parties then; one to our friends, and one to the village; although they nearly all come to each. The whole house is turned upside down,



the rooms are decorated with flags and holly, and festooned with bunting; you would not know the place, it looks so gay and pretty."

"And you really enjoy that?" said Sir Stephen, looking rather incredulously at her.

"Enjoy it! why it is the greatest fun in the world. Alice and the Joslyn boys from Winkle always stay here, so I have their help; then Jack Pringle, Jervis Randall, and any of the young men at home or the girls who think they can be of use, come down. Joe Bunce, the carpenter we went to yesterday, nails it all up for us, and papa walks about declaring he does not know where to go or what to do, but really enjoying it twenty times more than any one else. Last year Alice and I were so tired afterwards that we could hardly move. We never sat down all day, and danced all night."

Sir Stephen looked admiringly at the young girl's animated face, and then he said, "I wonder if you know how much you are to be envied. I could tell you of dozens of people who would give the half of their fortune to possess your wonderful capacity for enjoyment."

"I don't understand you," said Hero puzzled.

"Well, I mean this; most of my acquaintances are people who every night of their lives go to operas, balls, theatres, or have amusement of some kind."

"How delicious!" exclaimed Hero.

"But they do not think so."

"Why do they go then?"

"Just that! They go because they have no pleasure in staying away, although they enjoy nothing by going out. They are moped to death if they stay at home, and bored to death by the society they seek."

"Poor things!" said Hero. "Surely they must be ill."

"No, it is not that; they are well enough. Why, do you know," he added, "I am but describing what is very frequently my own condition."

"You, Sir Stephen! Ah, now I know that you are laughing at me."

"Indeed, I am not; you must not think because I have not shown my hoof, that it is my wont to be as cheerful and happy as I have felt since I came here. I cannot make my contented self out, and can only put it down to the influence of the atmosphere by which I am surrounded. You are all so good and happy that you diffuse it to those less fortunately constituted."

"Fancy!" ejaculated Hero. "Do you know, I have been envying you so much. I fancied that people who lived in London, and went to court and into grand society, where they actually saw and heard all the things that we can only read about, could have nothing left to wish for; and yet you mean to say that you are really sometimes dull and unhappy?"

"Very frequently; although I believe I am not tormented half as sorely as many. Whether," he added, smiling at Hero's incredulous face, "it is the curse entailed on riches, or the penalty enforced on those who have the power to supply every wish and want, I cannot tell; but this I can assure you, that I have heard women in satins and jewels envy some poor girl whose merry face they have caught gazing with admiration into their carriage. I have a cousin who, having a large fortune at her command, is regarded by most people with especial envy. She is still young, and by many considered very handsome; yet she is always complaining of low spirits and depression — complaints which I expect you hardly know the meaning of."

Hero shook her head.

"When I was a child," she said, laughing, "I remember feeling cross some days, and inclined to cry about everything, which Betsey, my old nurse, took as a sign that I needed a powder, and, I believe, it generally cured me; but now — Well, if papa is away, I may feel a little dull sometimes, and then I put on my hat and run up to the Randalls or the Thompsons, and I am soon all right. One can never be dull with Mrs. Thompson; she is so full of fun. She has seven children, and only one real servant, and she makes everything they wear, because a captain of marines' pay is so small. I hope she'll be able to come to-morrow."

"I hope she will," replied Sir Stephen, "I should like to make her acquaintance: she must be a wonder."

"Oh, no! she is not. I know several people who do or have done the same."

"And would you be contented with that kind of life, Miss Carthew?"

"Well," laughed Hero, "it is somewhat startling to contemplate just now, but it comes on one by degrees, and — oh, yes, if it was my fate, I should not be very miserable under it; the worst to me would be the partings and the long separations," and she gave a little sigh.

"Yes, that would be exceedingly disagreeable; supposing, of course, that you cared for one another."

"But I mean husbands and wives," said Hero, getting a little red.

"So do I," said Sir Stephen; "but I have known husbands and wives not at all sorry to part, after they discovered they could not live happily together."

"Yes, I know that. Of course *all* do not get on well; in the village some of the married people disagree terribly. They come up here with such stories of each other, and quarrel and fight constantly. But even then, I suppose, a sort of regard exists between them; for if any one else takes sides or interferes, they are sure to leave off and fall upon the unlucky interloper. Papa can always separate two men or two women, but he says he shears off when it's a matrimonial squabble."

"What an influence your father has in the village!" said Sir Stephen; "I quite envy him his popularity."

"Come and live here then, and you'll soon share their favour."

"More unlikely things than that might happen," said Sir Stephen gravely; "sometimes one's life seems to remain stagnant for years, then suddenly an opening is made for new hopes, resolves, and interests. Perhaps this visit which I have paid without even telling my mother that I intended coming, may be a turning point in my life — who knows?"

"It would be the making of the Mallett people if you did come to Combe," said Hero; "you might find it dull at first, though we would do all we could to make you like the place. Papa! papa!" she called out, seeing her father pass the window. "I want to speak to you. Only think, Sir Stephen says I may ask all the people to Combe instead of here. Won't it be nice? I must go to the Joslyns, and ask them; Alice *must* come, you know!"

"Oh! that means the boat and Bunce, I suppose?"

"No, I'd rather go with Jim."

The Captain shook his head. "The wind is sure to drop in the afternoon," he said.

"And if it does we can manage, and perhaps," she added, turning to Sir Stephen, "you might like to come with me."

"I should very much, if our Combe business is over."

"Very well, then, I will be at New Quay by three o'clock, and I shall wait until you come. Good-bye, now I am off to issue the invitations."

Hero had not at all over estimated the amount of pleasure which the news, of

which she was the happy bearer, would give.

"So thoughtful, I call it," said Mrs. Jamieson, turning it over in her mind as to whether her best cap would do. "You know, my dear, it is not every young man in his exalted position who would care to know us simple folks."

"It's all your doing, Hero," said Mrs. Thompson, "and sorry I am my Terence isn't here to enjoy it with us."

"Yes, I wish he was; and that Leo was here too. He knows my step so well; nobody dances as well as Leo — at least I think so."

Mrs. Thompson shook her head. "I often wish now," she said, "that you didn't think quite so much of Leo Despard, Hero. I'd far sooner see ye listening to Jack Pringle, poor boy; and he hanging on your words like the bee does to the flower, and finding nothing but honey in it. Leo thinks too much of himself, and not enough of other people; and you and Aunt Lydia just tickle him with a feather out of his own tail. I suppose she'll hardly venture so far in the night air."

"No," said Hero, "thinking it best to let the remarks on Leo go unanswered; "I am going to her next, but it is not at all likely that she will come; she is so afraid of taking cold;" and after some discussion regarding the dress Mrs. Thompson meant to wear, Hero left for the cottage where the late rector's sister, Miss Despard, or Aunt Lydia, as she was more generally called, resided.

As had been anticipated, the old lady would not hear of it being prudent that she should accept Hero's invitation; although she was equally obliged to Sir Stephen for asking her, and it was only like the Captain to offer to fetch her and see her home. "But I don't feel equal to it, my dear; more particularly as Leo is not going to be there."

"You'd go to see him, wouldn't you, Aunt Lydia?" Hero said, with a look which made Miss Despard take the girl's hand and press it in token of their sympathy on that point.

"Ah, dear fellow! that I would," she replied, with a burst of pride. "Sir Stephen, or fifty Sir Stephens, I know there'll not be one equal to my Leo in that room. You are right to be very proud of being his choice, Hero, for I don't know where you'd go to find his equal."

Hero smiled approvingly; she liked to hear Leo's praises sung, for though there



was no openly-acknowledged engagement between them, everybody knew that there was to be as soon as his ardently longed-for promotion came.

Not a few of Hero's friends shook their heads disapprovingly over this arrangement, and hoped that something might happen to prevent a marriage of which they did not heartily approve; for Leo was not universally popular in Mallett. He did not belong to the place, nor the county, but came from London, which was like belonging to no place, and next to being a foreigner; then there was a little air of mystery about him, inasmuch as no one knew for certain who he was, or who his parents were before him. He had come to Mallett some twenty years before with Mr. Despard, the late rector. Two or three different stories had been given out at odd times about the boy, whether true or false nobody could undertake to say, for Mr. Despard himself was a stranger to Mallett, and held the living because he had been a friend of the former baronet, Sir Bernard Prescott, in whose gift it was. When Leo was sent to Dockmouth grammar-school, the rector gave him his own name in place of the one he had heretofore borne, announcing to Mallett that he meant from henceforth to adopt the boy as his own son, and that they were in future to call him Leo Despard. These circumstances, combined with an undue reticence on the rector's part, and a confusion in his sister's manner whenever the relationship was alluded to, led to the conclusion that perhaps the less said about Leo's birth and parentage the better. On one point every person was agreed—that no parents could have shown more tender love towards the boy than did the shy reserved rector and his ailing spinster sister. By them Leo's wishes, his likes and dislikes, were regarded as those of a genius who ought not to be trammelled with the ordinary rules by which youth is usually governed; and it naturally came to pass that this blind affection strengthened the faults that should have been curbed, and killed the unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others, which in most characters is the result of early training, and accumulated small self-denials.

It had been Mr. Despard's wish that Leo should follow his profession, and, after him, take the Mallett rectorship; but to this plan the boy would not listen, he would be nothing but a soldier; and, as most people agreed that such a handsome young fellow seemed made for a

soldier, Leo was in due time gazetted to a regiment, where his hardest task was trying to keep pace with his brother officers, most of them men more monied than himself. Few, if any, of his associates guessed that their pleasant, popular companion imposed upon himself cares and worries which cankered all his happiness, because his false pride had rebelled against his originally acknowledging his true position; and having commenced his career by announcing a cleverly concocted falsehood, he had now to keep up the fraudulent statement.

All this was unknown to his Mallett friends, who based their opinions of him on the foolish way in which he rebelled against the small economies which Aunt Lydia, in common with her neighbours, had to practice; and he often vexed Hero by seeming to be ashamed of the unpretending mode of living, and the small house to which he had to return. Knowing nothing of such feelings herself, she had no sympathy with them, and she tried to assure herself that in time she should make Leo forget them, and teach him to love Mallett as she loved it.

"If he were but at home now to meet Sir Stephen and hear his admiration of the place and the people, it would be more likely to do him good than anything else." But unfortunately that was impossible, so she must trust to the impression which her repetition of all that her new friend said and did would produce; and with this thought uppermost in her mind, she bade Aunt Lydia good-bye, and proceeded to deliver her round of invitations.

The news "that doings was to be up to Combe" very soon spread through the village, and infected the humbler inhabitants with a general air of excitement. All who could be of any service volunteered their help to Mrs. Tucker, the steward, Betsey, and the Captain, until Sir Stephen, infected by the unwonted stir and bustle, declared that there must be two gatherings, and that, if Captain Carthew would assist him and give him quarters for a day or two longer, they would contrive to get up something for the village people, whose cheerful alacrity he considered was really deserving of recognition. This idea so delighted the Captain that he could scarcely contain his joy until he got down to the water's edge, and no sooner had he reached there, than he roared out to the men gathered about the quay—

"Here, listen to me, my men. Sir

Stephen Prescott has asked his friends and neighbours to his house to-morrow evening, that he may become better acquainted with them; and now he proposes the next evening to have you and your wives and sweethearts, that he may have the opportunity of knowing you too, which I call a very kind action on his part, and every one of us, I am sure, feels it as such, and therefore I say, Three cheers for Sir Stephen Prescott, and God bless him."

"Three cheers for Sir Stephen Prescott, and God bless him!" shouted idle loungers, sturdy young sailors, weather-beaten tars, and the small fry of ragamuffins, who seemed to thrive equally well above or below their native element. Then, after a momentary pause and consultation, Joe Connor, who was generally spokesman, stepped forward, and taking off his hat, into which he gazed intently, said—

"If we might make so free, we thanks your honour for your kindness, which us and ours hope ever to deserve, and that your honour will never regret the day you set foot in Mallett, where 'twould be our pride to know you'd live for ever and die at a good old age, covered wi' medals and glory. With," turning to his comrades, whose pleased faces bespoke their admiration of his eloquence, "a hip, hip, hooray!" and out ran the women, children, and occupants of the near-by cottages, ready to join in any fun or fray which might happen to be going on.

"One more for the Cap'en!" and up rose the cheery shout again; then seeing Hero approach, and Sir Stephen turn to greet her, Ted Connor, who declared he envied the very ground she trod upon, called out, "Once again, boys!" and the rocks resounding and seeming to echo back again the enthusiastic outburst, Sir Stephen, laughingly, put his hands to his ears, saying, "This is the price we pay for your popularity, Miss Carthew."

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Translated from *The Revue de Droit International*.  
FRANCIS LIEBER.

THE last number of this Review had scarcely appeared, with a new article written by Dr. Francis Lieber, when we received the sad news of the death of this eminent man. There is not one of our readers, though he had known nothing of Francis Lieber but his contributions to our periodical, who would not have been

struck by the clearness and power of his talent, the interesting originality of his views and his language, by his faith in and his devotion to the progressive steps of science and humanity, by the ingenious art with which he was able to draw from the most simple propositions the most fruitful results. But among those who have followed with some attention the juridic literature of late years, no one can have remained ignorant of the active and influential part which Dr. Lieber has taken in it. He had a great and elevated mind, which conceived law, in its highest and most truthful sense, as a complete development of our social life, a logical result of our customs, of our civilization, and of our knowledge. Nor was his influence confined to mere theory. It made itself most beneficially felt among his fellow-citizens of America by the solution of a number of political, social, economical, and religious questions. As an example, we may quote the recent well-known and famous Instructions for the Conduct of Armies in the Field, adopted by the government of the United States as its official rule during the civil war, reprinted by Bluntschli, and so often referred to in Europe, particularly since the last war, as one of the happiest attempts at conciliation between what is demanded by the necessities of war and what humanity prohibits.

We find in the relation of the life of Lieber numerous proofs of his enthusiasm and his fidelity to his opinions. Such was the writer and such the man. Born in Berlin on the 18th of March, 1800, he had commenced the study of medicine when in 1815, obedient to the patriotic call which resounded in all Germany, he joined the army and took part in the battles of Ligny and Waterloo. Seriously wounded and among utter strangers, the poor lad was taken to Liège, where he happily was received in a respectable Belgian family, yet living,\* who took the most touching and disinterested care of him.

Recovered from his wounds, he returned to his studies. But he did not believe in having fought only to free his country from foreign masters. He desired liberty and independence for his fatherland, not only from without, but from within, and made no secret of it.

\* The family Lesoine. Mr. Lieber himself about a year ago made us acquainted with this fact. In one of his late letters our venerable friend spoke gaily of his project to pay us a visit in 1873 and to make a pilgrimage to Liège in order to recall his recollections of 1815.



That was enough to make him suspected, and to cause his imprisonment as a demagogue in 1819. We subsequently find him studying in Halle, Jena, and later in Dresden, from whence, in 1821, he made the journey on foot through Germany, Switzerland, and a portion of France to Marseilles, whence he embarked for Greece with the intention of aiding the Greeks in the uprising against the Turks, the signal for which had been given on the 4th of April, 1821. But he found no opportunity to exercise his courage. The revolt was without organization, conducted by small bands at various points and with diverse success. After some time Lieber, entirely deprived of all resources, was constrained to return to Italy. He gives the experience of this episode in his life in his "Tagebuch meines Aufenthalts in Griechenland" in the year 1821.

Arrived in Italy, destitute as he was, our young enthusiast had the good fortune of being received with true friendship by Niebuhr, at that time Prussian ambassador in Rome, and by Chevalier Bunsen. At the expiration of two years he returned with Niebuhr to Germany, where a peaceable sojourn was promised to him. Notwithstanding this, however, he was again arrested in 1824, but through the intercession of Niebuhr obtained his release. Tired of the repeated annoyances and false accusations, he escaped to England in 1825, where he supported himself by giving lessons and in writing for several journals and reviews. Subsequently, in 1827, he proceeded to the United States. We have from himself the characteristic statement that while lecturing, and publishing his *Encyclopædia Americana*, a work of thirteen volumes on the plan of the "Conversations Lexicon" of Brockhaus, he, at the same time, established and conducted a swimming school in Boston.

In 1835 he received a call to the South Carolina College in Columbia, South Carolina, as Professor of History and Political Economy. During the twenty-two years that he occupied this chair, he published a number of his writings, of which the most prominent are his "Manual of Political Ethics," a work in two volumes, classical in America, highly valued and often cited in Europe; "Legal and Political Hermeneutics, or the Principles of Interpretation and Construction in Law and Politics;" "Civil Liberty and Self-government," the second edition of which of 1859 has been translated into German by Wittermeyer, and of which use is made as a manual in several col-

leges and universities, notably in Yale and Harvard; admirable Essays on "Property and Labour," where he with rare vigour opposes the communistic doctrines, on "Penal Laws," "Penitentiary System," "Prison Discipline," on the "Relation between Education and Crime;" "A Letter on Anglican and Gallican Liberty," translated into German by Wittermeyer. When visiting Germany in 1845 and in 1848 he published in German his "Fragments on Subjects of Penology" and a volume on the "Independence of the Judiciary."

In 1850, on the admission of California into the Union as a State, a wide-spread secession movement was forming in South Carolina; Lieber did not hesitate to oppose it, and delivered his celebrated speech on Secession at a large meeting held at Greenville, South Carolina, by the friends of the Union. He here predicted, with a foresight which events have but too strongly confirmed, the probable consequences of an attempt at secession. In the meantime, the publication of these convictions made his position in the midst of a people passionately devoted to slavery untenable; and he did not hesitate in 1857 to accept the chair of History and Political Economy in Columbia College, New York, subsequently exchanging it for the chair of Political Science in the Law School of the same institution. The inaugural at the commencement of his course, and the solemn testimony of his former pupils, prove the success and nobleness of his teachings.

He had not been very long in New York, when the terrible crisis came which for a time seemed to menace the existence of the American Union. From the commencement to the end, Lieber remained true to the cause of liberty, to the Constitution, and the unity of the republic. In 1861 he published his "Two Lectures on the Constitution of the United States." In 1862, his speech at the Inauguration of the Loyal National League in New York, entitled, "No Party now, but all for our Country," which has had several new editions. In 1863 he was one of the founders of the Loyal Publication Society, for the publication and distribution of books, pamphlets, and tracts, in order to stimulate patriotism and to hasten the suppression of the rebellion. Dr. Lieber was made president of this society, and occupied the position until the end of the war. More than a hundred pamphlets were published, and a hundred thousand copies of these distributed. Ten of these

publications bear the name of Francis Lieber. At the same time he wrote his excellent dissertation, often quoted by us and others in the discussions evoked by the Franco-German war, "Guerrilla Parties considered with Reference to the Law and Usages of War," and his "Instructions for the Government of Armies of the United States in the Field," which President Lincoln ordered to be promulgated in the general orders of the war department.

After the war Lieber occupied his mind with subjects of peace, the constitution, and international unity; taking part in all questions of importance in law and politics. His letters to the "Evening Post," signed "Americus," reflect his opinions on the principal events of the day. The form of these is concise, skilful, and impressive. Moreover whether he is impassioned, indignant, or approving, it is never for ignoble motives. In Political Economy he was enrolled under the banner, yet too little popular in the United States, of free trade. His pamphlet, "Notes on Fallacies of American Protectionists," published in a very large edition by the American Free Trade League and republished in England by the Cobden Club, is an excellent refutation of the sophisms by the aid of which protection still makes itself acceptable to a large majority of the American nation. In 1867, "Memorial relative to Verdicts of Jurors," "The Unanimity of Juries," "Reflections on the changes which may seem necessary in the present Constitution of New York," occupy him in turn. In 1868, "International Copyright," and "Fragments of Political Science on Nationalism and Inter-Nationalism," which have been translated into Spanish and which an Italian publicist, M. Gazelli, calls "l'aureo opusculo"—the golden tract.

From the very commencement of this Review, Mr. Lieber, with whom we became acquainted through the medium of Laboulaye and Bluntschli, was kind enough to interest himself in our project. Very soon our correspondence became more intimate, and in later years, notwithstanding the difference of age and the separating ocean, a sincere friendship existed between us, having much of the character of paternal tenderness on the one side, and filial reverence on the other. It was in this frequent and familiar exchange of letters that the author of this notice had the gratification of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the character

and individuality of Lieber, gathering his direct and confidential impressions of men and facts, and learning to appreciate the strength and delicacy, the originality and depth, of this great mind. His attention in late years was especially directed to international law, to the future of this science, and to its practical application. While he rejoiced in the success of Germany, his native country, he did not desire for it an unlimited empire, and he was deeply impressed with the advantages which would result to civilization from the friendly rivalry of several great nations. He cherished the dream, for the realization of which he desired our co-operation, of coming to Europe, to this very spot, in order to take part in a Congress of international jurists, who should be occupied in establishing the rights of the people on a rational, firm, and practical basis. What he desired above all things, what he practised himself, was respect for the right; and such was the name he had acquired in his adopted country for his devotion to this principle, that in 1870, by the united approval of both countries, the honourable office of third arbitrator or umpire was conferred upon him, charging him with the duty of giving the final decision in important cases pending between the United States and Mexico. His death unfortunately prevented him from completing this work.

Lieber's motto was, "No Right without its Duties, no Duty without its Rights." He had himself translated it into French, by the two words "Droit oblige," and the English formula was printed at the head of all his letters. One day he noticed that the "Société Internationale" at the Congress of Geneva had appropriated this device, and still later, during the reign of the Paris Commune, that they had inscribed on some banners, "Pas de droits sans devoirs, pas de devoirs sans droits." We have his letter before us in which he expresses his vexation, and the disgust which he felt at the profanation of his favourite aphorism. Lieber loved liberty and reform; but as rights enjoining moral and juridic responsibilities, so much the greater in the larger measure that they are bestowed.

An American journal, the "Nation," makes this singular admission: that he was one of the few great publicists who believed in republican government, and who had an equally clear insight into its merits and defects. Let us add from our personal knowledge that he had a like



hatred for absolutism of every kind, democratic or monarchical, under whatever name it might be disguised.

Lieber died on the 2d of October, 1872, after a short illness, writing almost to his last hour, at a work entitled, "The Rise of the Constitution."

We shall not, in this hastily written notice, take a final leave of our dear and deeply regretted collaborator. Perhaps we may have the opportunity of commu-

nicating to our readers some of the treasures with which his writings, yet too little known in Europe, abound. Under all circumstances the memory of this friend, whom we have never seen in this world but through the eyes of the soul, will ever be present to us; and whether in writing or in directing this Review we shall endeavour to honor him by being faithful to his motto, "Droit oblige."

G. ROLIN-TAEQUEMYS.

GLEANINGS FROM AUGUSTINE. — The race of man is like the leaf of the olive or the laurel, never without foliage, yet ever varying.

Pride doeth its own will: humility the will of God.

Man is one thing in that he "is;" another, in that he is "able."

He who was God was made man, by taking what He was not, not by losing what He was.

By faith we are knit; by understanding we are quickened.

Those who do not recognize God in the pages of Scripture, will seldom acknowledge godliness in the persons of men.

Wouldst thou pray in a temple? Pray within thyself. Only first be thou a temple of God, because He in His temple will hear him that prayeth.

God will not be any the greater by pleasing thee, but thou wilt be the less by displeasing Him.

If a man lives after the flesh, he lives but as the beast; if he lives after the Spirit, angels are his companions.

There are two sources of sins; one from oneself, the other from the persuasion of others.

The love of things temporal can only be overcome in us by a pleasure in things eternal.

Thou madest us, O Lord, for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it repose in Thee.

If thou art seeking truth, hold thou the way; for that same is the way which is the truth.

A miracle or wondrous work done by God, ought not to excite wonder, the wonder would be if man had done it.

A GENTLEMAN AT HOME: 1588. — In the last volume issued by the Camden Society — *The Trevelyan Papers*, admirably edited by Sir Charles Trevelyan, there are as many illustrations of social or domestic life as of the political and religious aspects of the long period to which the papers refer. One singular figure is exceedingly striking. He thus describes to his wife, Mrs. Grace Kirkham, his doings at home (Feniton) in that "loving wife's" absence: —

All things appertaining to the house are carefully looked unto; and where you wrote unto me that your maid should have more wool, she hath at this present, 4lb. of wool for spinning, which will keep her a-work till Wednesday night. You commanded that 2lb. of this wool should have been delivered to the clerk's wife, but her leisure will not serve her to spin it up, therefore your maid must spin it, else it will be left undone. Your maid Grace hath wrought out her work, all saving the sides. Her thread is all done, so that she is driven to lay it aside, and at this present she worketh upon your drawn work; — (Drawn work was a kind of lace, so named from the mode in which it was made) — but I doubt her silk will scarcely hold out your coming home. I have sought all your lower closet, and I can neither find silk nor thread for her.

Some half a century later, the maid-servants seem to have been more idle, and less easy for a man to manage. Thus, in 1640, John Turberville writes from Clerkenwell to his friend Willoughby: —

Your old maid, Anne Ralph, begins to be weary of working; to make clean a house is too painful for her, and to make clean a shoe, she scorns it. She ran away one day, and came again next to warn herself away, and all was for the abusive word, "base slut!" given her. . . . She now begins to speak more than is fit; but I have found your words true. She loves to *fare well, lie well, and do little*; but I am very glad of her short deliverance from me, and so I leave her to Him that made her.

The servant-maid movement in Scotland is not an original agitation. The three things that Anne Ralph loved, seem to be especially favoured by the "lassies" or "hizzies," who vex the souls of their northern mistresses.

Notes and Queries.

HORSE NAILS BY MACHINERY. — Some new works have been recently constructed near Battersea for the production of horsenails by machinery. It is said that there is a consumption of no less than 150 tons per week of these nails, all of which had hitherto been manufactured by hand labour. The new machinery is said to have proved in every respect satisfactory, and will give employment to a large number of young women from seventeen to twenty-five years of age, thus extending the sphere of female labour in a direction altogether unexpected.

Victoria.

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## A WINTER WEDDING.

*(At Chiselhurst Church, January 9, 1873.)*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

It fled away in a clang of bells,

Marriage bells,

On the wings of the blast that sinks and swells;  
 That bold, weak, fate-struck, suffering soul,  
 Whom Christ wash clean, and God make whole;  
 And we stand in the light of two happy faces,  
 Two happy hearts whom our heart embraces;  
 And we hear the peaceful organ's sound,  
 And the angry storm sweeps harmless round :

Blessed is the bridegroom though the heav-  
 ens are dun;

Blessed is the bride whom no sun shines on.

Mayhap, some wandering angels say,

Stop and say,

As through the gloom they carry away  
 That bodiless spirit to Him who knows —  
 He only — whither the spirit goes;  
 "God give them all that the dead man lacked  
 (As men dare judge him) in thought, word, act;  
 Deny them all that to him was given,  
 Lest earth's doors opened, shut doors of heav-  
 en."

Blessed is the bridegroom without crown or  
 land;

Blessed is the bride with the ring on her hand.

Peal, ye joy-bells, peal through the rain,

Blinding rain;

God makes happiness, God makes pain,  
 Summer and winter a good tree grows,  
 A strong soul strengthens through weal and  
 woes.

"Be not afraid," says the wild, sobbing wind;  
 "Weep," sigh the clouds, "but the blue is be-  
 hind."

Blessed is the bridegroom under shower or  
 sun,

Blessed is the bride whom love's light shines on.

## AFTER THE WAR.

THEY took him at that pleasant time

When summer falleth, and the corn,

And now the places where he stood

Peer dimly through the misty morn;

The hillock where the roses blow

Hath never roses now to show.

The pathway to the distant town,

As ever, windeth low and high;

And yet methinks it wears a look

It wore not in the days gone by :

Maybe it is I wait to catch

No footstep, and no lifted latch.

Beside the window in the gloam

I stand as I have stood before;

I cannot sew, the light is done,

Nor is there need to ope the door;

For he that used to come, they say,

Has travelled on another way.

Did never season fall so glad

As that, before our corn was stored

(And now himself is reaped, and set

Safe in the garner of the Lord) ?

God knows how fair a face can show

Flush'd in the golden evening's glow.

I mind the day the news was told,

And how the village heard the tale, —

Our manhood with a lusty shout,

Our women with a silence pale;

How one by one they wended down

That pathway to the distant town.

For me, I had none closely near

To send forth proudly there to die;

Only this playmate, and you know

We were no lovers, he and I :

And yet methinks I too was pale

At telling of yon woeful tale.

I mind the last long look he gave

Just as he turned him from the door,

My hand was throbbing from his touch —

Poor hand that throbbeth never more!

Look in my eyes — this cheek is dry,

We were but friends to say good-bye.

Now the night cometh — I shall sleep;

And he too sleppeth far away;

My dreams may picture me a face

Turned patient up to wait the day:

Sleep sweet upon the blood-stain'd sod,

Dear playmate, that has gone to God!

Good Words.

C. C. FRASER-TYTLER

## BRAMBLEBERRIES.

## TWO KINDS OF DISCONTENT.

A BASE and selfish discontent

From hell is sent;

A noble discontent is given

Direct from heaven;

*That*, cowardice and low desire

Fill with unrest;

*This*, the soul's longings that aspire

To find the Best.

TO AN ANGEL PICTURED LOOKING THROUGH  
THE SKY.

HIGH Creature, watching twirl'd

This cloudy world,

See, for a seven times seven

Refulgent Heaven,

What belts of hope and fear

Involve our sphere,

Deep gloom, with fitful flash;

And be not rash

In blame, lest One discern

Thy need to learn

How man's faint orison

Strives to His Throne.

Fraser's Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.  
NATURAL THEOLOGY.

"— be sure some lonely strength at first  
Invented organs such as those we use."

ROBERT BROWNING.

IN answer to the question, Where is God the maker? I have replied — it is no new fashioned answer — "I find him in my own dissatisfaction." I find in man, not only the recurrence of certain periodical dissatisfactions which impel him to do what is needful for the maintenance of himself and his race; but I find also — deepening as thought expands — a permanent dissatisfaction with his social, and I may add, with his mortal condition. *With his social condition.* He cannot rest in the presence of injustice or oppression, and he craves a state where justice reigns — where men are done justice to, and treated with due consideration and sympathy. And he is dissatisfied *with his mortal condition.* He craves "a state that hath foundations," a communion with his fellows that is not a delusive shadow of communion to vanish at the touch of death. There is also a third, rarer and nobler dissatisfaction, thoroughly awakened only in the few, but potential enough among the many to give those few a strong hold over them. I mean man's dissatisfaction *with his present animal nature.* He complains that his own selfish lusts and appetites have an undue ascendancy over him: that he is not pure. The inspired teacher of men gets glimpses now and then — seen in the lull of carnal appetite — of a brighter and nobler life. He finds that the appetites and lusts of his lower nature mix themselves up inextricably with these visions, and obscure them, and stand as barriers to hinder his entrance on that better life that awaits the conqueror. Hence the doctrine of original sin: hence the traditions of the fall. Nothing brings home to me the reasonableness of Darwin's view so much as the reluctance of man's lower nature which Paul, with marvellous felicity, calls "the old man." Original sin is that obstinate tendency to revert to a lower state, which the wisest men feel most intensely.

These three dissatisfactions will not

allow man to rest in his present state: he craves a state more righteous, more permanent, more pure than his present one.

Now, who can deny that this disquietude of man's is a power? All great reforms have sprung out of impatience and indignation.

I find supports furnished by the great naturalists to a belief I have held for thirty years — that man's disquietude, to which he owes his morality and religion, is a natural development of that vital motion or disquietude to which are due all the living forms, animal or vegetable, which cover the face of the earth, so that this disquietude presents itself to me as the impulse that has made man, and it gives this token that it has not done making him, that it will not allow him to rest in his present state.

I find tokens everywhere that the impulses which stir the creature are *providential* in their character. The first thing we find in the living substance is, motion in a structureless fluid. This motion is there seen pushing out portions of the living substance, and using them as extempore organs for grasping food, and subsequently, to all appearance making the organs they need. From the most structureless to the most highly organized creature we see all living things impelled to what is needed for their maintenance and preservation, and also for that of their race, and we find them all at first apparently unconscious of the providential nature of the impulses that move them.

Now, if this is true — if the impulses that move every creature are providential in their character — then we may read in man's permanent dissatisfaction an evidence of the direction in which he is being led, of the shape into which he is being transformed.

I think the reason why the doctrine of a providence has been discredited is that men have looked for the first manifestations of it in the wrong place. They have sought it in the *accidents* of life, whereas, it is to be seen first as a *property* of life. Life makes its children, and moves them to do what is needed for their maintenance, and the perpetuation



of their kind, and subsequently shows them what she is doing, and awakens their sympathy with her purposes so that they feel her impulses as their own desires.

Finding the providential purposes of life in every creature so incomparably deeper than the creature's consciousness—finding that the creature is saved by obeying these impulses—finding man under the same natural régime as all other creatures—I consider that true wisdom consists in submitting to the guidance of those impulses which have made and are still making us. These impulses will not allow us to rest but in seeking—I will not say a better country, or a better world, for those expressions are metaphorical—a better state.

The callow swifts hatched in July under our eaves do not know or criticize the call that comes to them the first week in August, and bids them seek another country. Why should we criticize our call? Is not our knowledge like theirs—infinitesimal. What does all the old talk about the Kantian imperative mean, but that man is under the same régime as other creatures, and that his salvation lies in obedience to impulses which he feels he must obey, but whose purposes he cannot fathom?

If I succeed in showing that the creature is everywhere led by impulses whose providential meaning it cannot fathom, towards those things which it needs for the preservation of its race; and if man appears to be under the same régime as other creatures, then man's efforts and prayers will appear to indicate his real needs and his needs to indicate his destiny,—if,—and this "if" is indeed a great deduction—if outward circumstances allow his vital tendencies to develop themselves.

The believer will say, naturally enough, "What is faith worth that rests on such a contingency? My belief is not in a Creator who is trying to accomplish certain ends if outward chances favour him, but in one to whom all chances are alike." And so is mine. But you will agree with me that we do not find indications of design everywhere; we cannot see purpose

manifested in every storm or frost or shower, or in every law of nature. We must be thankful if we can find *some* clear indications of a providence above and beyond ours.

We have such clear indications. And the reason they have been so much overlooked is that men have looked for them where they are *not* to be found, that is, in the *accidents* of life; whereas providence is a *property* of life, each living thing is first passively provided for by the mother life of which it forms a part, and is also impelled to provide for itself: in due time it feels the impulse as its own desire or will. It observes the results of the acts which it finds itself impelled to do, and acts in conscious anticipation of these results. We see in all vital activity that same providential character which man's actions display when he makes arrangements for future contingencies. The recognition of this is a great aid to faith. It is a great encouragement to a man to obey impulses whose authority he feels though he cannot explain its grounds; when he finds that all other creatures find their safety in obeying impulses which they cannot fathom.

I do not say, mind, that we need these manifestations of a providence as the *basis* of our faith. God forbid: the basis of that faith which makes the new fledged swallow venture out across the trackless deep does not rest on appearances, neither does ours, but the power that has made us, has made us parasitic plants, so that we crave outward supports to sustain our instinctive faith, and if we lack these supports it droops and trails along the ground.

#### DARWIN.

I trust to show that there is nothing in Darwin's teaching that excludes this doctrine of a providence, though he uses expressions sometimes that seem as if he almost overlooked its existence.

At the end of his "variations of plants and animals under domestication," he asserts, "No shadow of reason can be assigned for the belief that variations . . . which have been the groundwork through natural selection of the formation of the

most perfectly adapted animals in the world, man included, were intentionally and specially guided." The one expression in this passage against which I protest is, that man owes his *formation* to variation and natural selection, or that these are the *groundwork* of his formation.

I have every inclination to believe that they have formed man in the same way that variation and man's selection have formed the double blossoming garden rose. But I ask, can man be said to have *formed* the rose? No, he has only modified it. So natural selection and variation, as the Duke of Argyll says,\* need something to work on, something to modify, something to select from. Natural selection and variation, whether they are the result of chance or design, are the accidents of life.

There may be no visible design in the accidents of life, and yet life may display providence as its own property. And so it does. In every living thing, whether labelled conscious or unconscious, sentient or non-sentient, we find an indwelling providence, — an impulse that makes it provide for its own maintenance, and that of its kind, and to use the things which chance throws in its way as instruments for the work. Out of this impulse I find all that we call good or divine ultimately disclosing itself: — as I shall hope to show.†

I would grant (what Mr. Darwin is far more competent to judge of than I am) that variation and natural selection in which no providential purpose can be certainly traced, have caused the *diversity* of all the living forms we see, out of a living matter originally everywhere identical in its properties. I find the germ of this idea in Hunter, who says that the principle of life is everywhere the same, and partially illustrates it by reference to the phenomena of grafting.

But whether it is the fact that different species are inalienably endowed with certain diverse habits and organic powers, or whether *accident imposes on them their diversity* (which last seems to me most

probable), I see in all living things a real oneness of character. Everywhere I see providential impulses; I see every living thing moved, by impulses which it apparently cannot at first the least understand, to do what is needed for its own preservation and that of its race. And (as I have said that I hope to show), I find that all we worship as morally good or adorable, appears to be involved in these providential impulses, to be evoked in time in opposition to the pressure of adverse circumstances. What Edmund Burke said of the British nation, that I think may be said of all life, "Its antagonists are its helpers." "In the reproof of chance lies the true proof of men." I shall attempt to show then that everything which we call good or divine exists as a latent property of life, to be evoked, if not directly "*ætatis accessu*," yet by those antagonisms that time is sure to bring.

Holding, as a matter of vital faith which it is spiritual death to let go of, the Christian's presentiment that all things willingly or unwillingly, as antagonists or allies, will be found to do the work of God; I think at the same time that this work of God presents itself to us as an organizing power that overrules things antagonistic or indifferent, and compels them to minister to its purpose.\* It seems to me puerile to deny that the very ideas of love, and goodness, and God, postulate separation and evil and chaos as the groundwork of their manifestation; nay, as the only things that can give these sacred words any meaning whatsoever. Life is organic power; Heaven itself is spoken of as an organism — a kingdom. Now casualties are precisely what life needs to manifest itself as an organizing power — an organon is a tool, a thing that existed for its own end, overruled and made to minister to ends which are not in its own programme at all. It is something adapted to a different use from that which brought it into existence.

The true Christian assertion of the non-casual character of the divine purpose seems to me to be this — not that there

\* "Reign of Law."

† See Murphy's "Habit and Intelligence."

\* In opposition to the idea of one who has originally made all things with an express view to all the ends to which they are intended to subserve.



are no casualties (such may be the case, but such is not the view that our Maker has caused us to see)—but that *to Divine omnipotence all casualties are the SAME: all seeming diversities are ONE.*

They can only *help* divine omnipotence by giving fresh aspects to its power. This is contained in the old assertion, "All things work together for good to them that love God." And this is the only sense in which the following old proverb need be accepted, "*οἱ κυββοὶ Διὸς αἰεὶ ἐνπίπτουσι.*" It need not mean that the dice of God are always loaded, but only that all throws of the dice are one and the same to the Maker. Casualty cannot possibly exclude the idea of Divine Omnipotence, for this idea will vanish into thin air if we attempt to make it mean more than this; namely, that it is a power which will in time conquer all antagonists.

#### THE PLACE OF PROVIDENCE.

Darwin's philosophy may greatly help the cause of Natural Theology, if it leads men to look for a providence not in the things which surround and press on the life, but in the reaction to the pressure. We are not authorized by what has been shown us to call the pressure "God's will." That way lies Moloch worship and every enervating superstition.

If we look for providence, not first in the adverse circumstances that press on the life, and vary the forms and habits it assumes in order to accomplish its ends; but in the living impulse itself, the method has this incalculable advantage, that we are beginning from things within the scope of our vision.\* Here at least we may see a providence whose existence no one can deny, however much they may limit its sphere. No one can deny that *man* exercises providence. I trust further to bring my readers to admit that providence cannot be said to begin with man, or with any creature's consciousness. The first dawn of consciousness is practical, and it consists in noticing the results of our own acts.

A child becomes aware of itself and finds itself already performing certain natural acts by which its life is sustained and developed, such as breathing, eating, drinking, &c. Nature is already doing for it what it will presently in some measure learn to do for itself. It does not perform these acts for the sake of life and development, but for the pleasure, or re-

lief from pain, which they bring. It is as yet simply the creature of impulse moved by a power whose ends it does not sympathize with, to provide for its own preservation and growth. It is learning to work in anticipation of results, but present relief or satisfaction are all the results which it has observed to follow from certain acts, and are still its only motives.

We find in this child traces of a still earlier stage. It is now eating, drinking, and breathing for itself: there was a time when another ate and drank and breathed for it. It is still protected and nursed by its mother, so that the providence to which it owes its life is still in some measure outside of it: this is the survival of a still earlier stage in which it was *in* its parent; wholly formed and cared for by its parent; dependent on her acts for its maintenance. The mother is in this stage the wholly unconscious agent of the providence that is perpetuating her race by forming her child within her. She only gradually comes to sympathize with the providential meaning of her own maternal acts. At first she is wholly unconscious. Then there comes a stage, seen especially in birds and insects, when she is impelled to seek a suitable deposit for her coming eggs—thence in due time, in higher stages of life, she learns to know and love her offspring.

Reader: Does the providence that feeds the embryo, and that makes the embryo appropriate what it needs, originate in the creature's consciousness? To ask the question is sufficient. Everyone must answer, No. The embryo is first preserved by an impulse of which neither itself nor its parent knows or understands anything.

Parent and child are alike preserved and the race perpetuated by a providence which is not their own in any sense, but is a property of the life by which they live. Are these assertions too obvious to need making? I declare that I could show, if needed, the necessity of repeating these obvious truths.

I think there is great danger that followers of Darwin and Herbert Spencer, lacking the wide circumspection of their teachers, may be thoughtless enough to speak as if *all* instinct was at first experience, and that the innate instinct of the young was *always* and *entirely* inherited experience that had passed into mechanical habit. Such persons might say, "It is true that the young of each generation do instinctively many of those natural acts which they subsequently learn to do

\* *Χαρκτηον ουν ισως απο των ημων γνωριμων.*—  
ARISTOTLE.

consciously with a sense of their meaning and purpose : but though the unconscious stage precedes the conscious one in each generation, yet those things which the young do unconsciously and mechanically their ancestors first learnt to do purposefully." They might add, "just as an *individual* comes through long practice to perform unconsciously movements that at first it could only achieve by great effort and attention ; so it is with a *race*." Undoubtedly this tendency of effort to become unconscious is the very warp of progress, or the basis on which it rests. Undoubtedly in a progressive race, or in a growing child, much conscious effort is continually passing into unconscious instinct ; but *consciousness on the other hand presupposes an unconscious state ; acts done with the conscious purpose of attaining certain results implies experience*. We must have seen the result follow the act. And how is a creature to be made and sustained while it is getting its experience ? We are reminded of the old proverb, "While the grass grows the horse starves." From the earliest dawn of living creation there must have existed the same necessity that exists now : every fresh creature would need to be provided for while it was learning its experience, or else it would starve before it had learnt how to live.

And then again the first creature that was capable of learning from experience how to maintain itself, would be unable actually to learn because it would have no such materials at hand as those from which living creatures draw all their experience. For each creature's experience comes by observing the results of those acts to which it finds itself impelled, and those acts which it sees done by its fellows.

Taking these considerations into account, I do not see how we can possibly find supports to enable us to rise above this view ; namely, that the creature is first moved by impulses of which it does not understand the providential meaning, to do these things which are needed for the preservation of itself and its race. I find providence to be the leader, and the living creature the thing led. I think the only report which the present aspects of nature justify us in making is this : namely, that each young creature which comes into the world is first provided for, and is subsequently taught, chiefly by the provisions which it finds made for it, how to provide for itself. First it is engendered. Next, while in the parent's substance it is

nourished, not by its own acts, but by its parent's acts. Often before it is born — nay, in the case of birds and insects before it is even enclosed in a shell — provision is made to secure a deposit for the egg when it is laid.

That the bird's or insect's provident preparation for its coming eggs is simply a fortunate casual impulse seems to me absolutely incredible. Look at the various kinds of bots or gadflies, at the dor-beetle, or at the Egyptian *Scarabæus sacer*.\* Take these as casually mentioned representatives of a whole host of insects. Witness the adroitness, the fertility of device, or in some cases the elaborate preparation, with which these and other insects provide places of deposit for eggs which when once deposited they will never see again. Notice how they make arrangements, not only for their protection and the temperature for hatching, but often also for the sustenance of grubs which they will never know. Here is providence ; but on the other hand, can it be said that they act in anticipation of results, or know the providential meaning of their own acts ? How can they anticipate results which not only they have never seen, but which their ancestors have never seen ?

That ancestral associations recur in new generations in a way that when noticed throws quite a new significance on the theory of reminiscence, is indeed a fact that I cannot but recognize with the deepest interest. What is it in the structureless albumen of a duck's egg hatched in an oven or under a hen, which impels it to move after the ancestral habit of its kind, and so make organs after the ancestral type ? What gives it its connate discerning power, and its connate practical power, so that it at once recognizes in the water a friendly element, and the day after it is born may be seen swimming and springing up from the water to snap at flies in the evening sunshine ?

What makes the lamb, within five minutes of its birth, rise on its legs and stagger tremblingly up to the first grown sheep it sees, seeking a mother in it ; trying to suck it ? The thing that draws it is not any animal magnetism that attracts it to its own mother. It does not know its mother for two or three days sometimes. It is attracted by a physical impulse, but an ideal one. It has inherited an innate idea of the mother : its state of helplessness

\* See Wood, "Strange Dwellings." Index, *Scarabæus*.



ness and isolation perhaps awakens the idea, and at the sight of grown creatures of its own kind it recognizes the friends it needs. It is not magnetically drawn to its own parent, but it has an idea of the parent and recognizes the parental form.

What is it again that makes the newborn creature at first sight anticipate danger from those things or persons that have proved hostile to its race? It may be said, if creatures recognize at first sight things familiar to their ancestors, why may not the first step of some old æonian sequence suggest, by association, the second, and the second the third, and so on? Why may not the bird's pairing bring to its mind the nest building, and that the incubation, and that the hatching? Wonderful as such reminiscence would be, it seems to some, at first sight, less wonderful than the supposition that birds as well as insects provide for the wants of the coming generation without knowing the purpose for which they work. The bird builds, or finds, or captures, or repairs some nest or hole, or nook, not for herself, but for her eggs. She does not build at a season when she requires personal warmth or repose, or when she is shy and retiring. She builds when she enjoys the coming spring, and when she is least shy, least timid, least retiring.\*

That broodiness does not prompt her hardly needs asserting, for the desire of sitting does not come on till some time later. She builds her nest first clearly as a deposit for her eggs. If we are asked what is the impulse that moves her we can really only answer, *she is impelled by the needs of the coming generation*. When the embryo needs warmth for its development she sits on them to give them the warmth they need. Audubon notices that in many cases the same bird sits laxly or assiduously according as little or much heat is needed to supplement the natural temperature. The Telegalla, or brush turkey, does not sit at all because the bottom heat of the great grass mound she makes for her eggs suffices for the hatching. For the same reason the ostrich does not sit by day, and the African Leipoa does not sit at all, but leaves its eggs to be hatched by the heat of the sand mound in which it deposits them. The creature that of all others is the

most careful and fussy about the temperature of its eggs is a creature that cannot sit on them at all: I mean the ant.

Many phenomena show that the bird does not sit, as a rule, out of any passion for sitting. She does not continue, as a rule, to sit after her eggs are taken. That the impulse works *occasionally* through inherited habit, when the reason for it is absent, and that a broody hen or turkey will sit hard on the bare ground does not invalidate what I say. Only take a seat of eggs to a broody bird sitting on the bare ground: notice how she rushes at them and hastens to extend herself over them. She recognizes them at once as the things she craved. As a rule we may say the bird's impulse to sit adjusts itself to the needs of the embryo—it is an impulse to supply to them the shelter or warmth which they need. Witness the way birds relieve one another in the task of sitting, and the energy with which they avail themselves of the reliefs. Here the sitting is not a pleasure but a task, the pleasure is being relieved from it. The need of the embryo compels the service of the parent bird. As the embryos need a more equable temperature, a more equable temperature is supplied; the bird leaves its nest seldomer and returns to it sooner.

Considering the elastic adjustment of the parent's acts to the embryo's needs, I cannot wonder at the theory that the bird anticipates, by some innate tradition, the coming of its eggs and its offspring. Only I maintain that this theory is not needed to account for her acts, because there are a set of acts similar to hers that cannot be attributed to anticipation of results. Of those insects that make such careful provision for their eggs, some die as soon as they have deposited their eggs, and in general, as we believe, they see and know and care nothing about their eggs after they have been deposited. Anticipation of an offspring that not only they but their ancestors have never known or seen, instead of explaining anything would only be itself an inexplicable marvel. There are birds that know or care nothing for their eggs after it is deposited—as the cuckoo—who is nevertheless careful where she deposits her eggs. Some birds behave in a way inconsistent with the idea that anticipation of offspring is the inspiring motive of their care of their eggs. I remember a hen corncrake at Newton Valence which sat on its seat of twelve eggs in a grass field all through the mowing and haymaking

\* Audubon. That animals in seeking their own comfort accidentally provide a place of shelter for their young may be plausibly affirmed of some nest-building or hole-boring mammals, but not of birds or insects.

that went on all around it with no protection from gazers except a few boughs which the mowers had stuck round its nest. It sat with a courage marvellously foreign to the usual nature of the bird, and grew bolder and bolder as the time of hatching drew nigh.

Was this courage due to the anticipation of offspring? It did not seem so; for the moment her young were hatched and *needed her less*, her natural fears returned, and she left them. The power that seems to rule the bird as well as the insect is the need of the unborn offspring. What they need, that the parent is led to provide for them, without apparently any conscious motive beyond the gratification of an impulse; *and it seems as if this impulse was obeyed oftentimes, not as a pleasure but as a duty which could not be gainsayed.*

That animals perform provident constructive acts without having learnt by experience how to do them, or without inheriting the experience or skill which their parents have acquired, is generally supported by reference to the instincts of the sexless working bee, and other sexless working insects. Darwin most assuredly does not overlook this, but perhaps there is a danger that his disciples should overlook its bearings. The bee cannot have got his connate working powers from its ancestors, because its ancestors have not been working bees at all from time immemorial; they cannot transmit their powers to their descendants, for they have no descendants. Natural selection ought to destroy the bee's working powers, for all the workers die and leave no seed, and only the non-workers transmit their kind. The only thing I complain of in Darwin is that he dwells so strongly on the wonder of this instinct. There are other instincts which, with the knowledge we have of brute animal nature, it is impossible to suppose were ever connected with anticipations of results in brute creatures; I speak of the instinct to which the perpetuation of every sexual race of animals is due. What do dumb beasts know or think of the providential meaning of their act when they propagate their race?

Again, let me ask, what man, however wise and scientific, is not compelled to obey impulse or appetite to some extent in order to know what to eat or what to refuse, when to eat and when to cease from eating, when to work and when to rest from working. As often as he does so, he acknowledges a providence and

trusts to a guidance, the rationale of which he cannot fathom. His feeling, not his science, informs him of the extent of his powers. We acknowledge the authority of undefinable instincts also when we allow the unaccountable attraction of two for each other to determine the important question of marriage. But we all of us acknowledge it in more ways than can be enumerated, and no one consistently denies it. When we hear it asserted that certain things are not to be done — however advantageous the result may be — because they are of themselves hateful, unlovely, unclean; we must either assert that these reasons for avoiding them are all nonsense, or else we must admit the authority of unreasoning impulse; of an authority within that will not be disobeyed when, for reasons we cannot fathom, it bids us do certain things and avoid others.

I have given you my reasons, reader, for thinking that before we knew anything or could provide for ourselves, a providence that was the property of our life wrought for us and brought us what was needed for our development. We were first provided for, then made to do the things our needs required, and then by degrees came to learn providence by seeing it in actual operation, noticing not only the things which it was impelling others to do but the things which it was impelling us to do, and so the same power that first made and sustained us, from being our Maker, passed on to become our Inspirer and Teacher.

I find, as I shall show, our goodness and religion unfolding themselves out of our natural affection, and our natural affections again are but an extension of that impulse which makes each creature maintain itself and its kind; and this impulse again presents itself as that which moves and thus makes the structureless *protista* into organized forms.

#### NATURAL DEVELOPMENT OF GOODNESS AND RELIGION.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the lowest forms of life have nothing of the character of monads or individuals about them. Of what the elementary molecules of living matter may be we know nothing, but the lowest molluscs are associations rather than individuals; they may be cut into very small pieces, and each piece becomes a separate association. The unity of these creatures is a *unity of co-operation and sympathy*; the rudest associations are republics not kingdoms.



The hydra, though it has a certain organization, may be turned inside out without destruction to its working power, and may be cut into as many pieces as you like and not be destroyed, but only multiplied by the process, and yet when its internal cavity is empty its tentacula spread themselves out on the chance of catching any passing food, if one of these touches a fly or water-flea it immediately clasps it, the other tentacula come to its aid and coil round their prey and draw it into the digestive cavity.\* This sympathy also, as Hunter and others following him have noticed, exists between the parts of plants, which are associations and not individuals.

So that we may say *co-operation and sympathy* manifests itself almost as soon as life manifests itself. In the earliest stage of life this co-operation and sympathy does not extend beyond the united portions of one isolated mass. The detached bits, or buds, or globules float away and draw to themselves the nourishment they need. As we rise in the scale of beings, the sympathy and help of the parent is extended to the offspring after the offspring has become isolated from it. And it is curious to observe that in proportion as the egg or young one needs the care and help of the parent it gets it. The higher the grown-creature is advanced in the scale of intelligence, the more it is left to provide for itself and to learn by experience—and the more this is the case the more helpless is the young creature that has not yet got its experience. Thus, as intelligence increases, the need of parental help increases, and though the parental impulse to help does not in all cases keep pace with the increased demand, yet it does so in some cases, and only those races continue and save their children in whom the parental impulse is strong; others die out.

The instinct of self-preservation in the case of oviparous creatures seems first to extend into a love of possession. It loves its eggs as its own property. This instinct, on the hatching of the eggs, finds itself transformed into motherly love, which ever remains to man the very purest type under which he can conceive of the highest goodness.

And this instinct cannot be said to be properly understood if we overlook the fact that it contains within it the seed of universal compassion. The mother may

have other offspring secretly substituted for her own. She is a mother to *them*. I have not space to add my little contribution to the interesting facts with which Darwin illustrates this. The impulse which makes the mother delight in shielding and sustaining and educating the little unformed creatures committed to her charge is precisely on a limited scale that love which the Christian man attributes to his Saviour and his God. And it contains in it that expansive potentiality which needs only sufficient breadth of sympathy or intelligence to transform it into that very same love which is spoken of by St. John as the simply convertible attribute of the supreme God.\*

Of filial love I must give the results of my thoughts briefly. It is at first simply the natural craving for food, warmth, comfort, safety. If it was *merely* this it would offer no aspects of sentimental beauty; but the creature inherits motherly love from its parents. A person must be unobservant who has not noticed the strength of motherly love that there is in girls, or even in quite little children. Thus the well-formed child not only forms pleasant associations with its mother as the supplier of its wants, but also sympathizes with her in her motherly love. Filial attachment wins the name of *goodness*, because it involves parental love. Motherly love is the purest type of what men prize and praise in their fellow men. It is the most disinterested and self-sacrificing, the most careful and considerate love that is ever seen in the mere animal or in the mere animal man. The mother is emphatically the supplier of the creature's wants, and so she is emphatically the creature's good. For what does goodness mean? It is important that the word should not be used at all in an essay like this unless it is used in a strict, unmistakable, scientific sense. The word is a perfectly plain one, if people would not saddle it with fanciful ideal meanings. It is simply a term of praise. It is what men praise, or prize, or count dear. Men want help and sympathy, and praise those who freely yield it. And this being the meaning of the word goodness, the maternal instinct at once takes its place as at once the earliest and purest incarnation of it. The idea of the parent dwelling in the mind becomes by degrees refined and purified from all those earthly limitations that obscure it, especially after

\* Carpenter's "Comparative Physiology."

\* "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, for God is love."

the parent's death. And so the soil of man's nature, even among the rudest and most uncultivated races, is prepared to receive the doctrine of an all good, all provident parent, unchangingly the same.

The love of the parent is the purest type of all goodness. It is a mercy that contains in it the seeds of justice and every other social virtue. When we talk of a mother labouring to do justice to her children, we are not using the word justice in its secondary sense, but in its primary sense. For justice in its primary form is simply motherly in its character, distributing to each what they need, what they can hold, and what they can profit by. The fierce, passionate corrective or vindictive form of justice is secondary. That motherhood renders a woman unjust to those who are not her children is no negation of what I say. It merely means that all those affections out of which justice springs, instead of being diffused among her neighbours, are concentrated on her children. Parental love then is the purest type of all goodness; and, on the other hand, filial piety, which proceeds from the indwelling of the spirit of the parent in the child, is the purest type of all religion. The antiseptic influence of the mother's home that may be seen banishing impurity, not only from the Christian man's family circle, but from the Iroquois,\* or modern Red Indian cabin,† and the passionate valour of the mother defending her child, show that the domestic sphere is the cradle not only of the social but of the self-asserting virtues. I must ask my reader not to misunderstand me here. If I was to assert that the thing men emphatically praised or prized in their fellows was parental love, I should not be asserting a fact. Good motherhood by no means makes a woman loved or praised by her neighbours. All I assert is that parental love manifests in a contracted sphere that affection which is called goodness when a man feels it not exclusively to his own children but to his neighbours and fellow-citizens also. So far as man has this all-embracing benevolence and sympathy, so far he shows men the Father.

As parental love contains the germ of all goodness, so Filial Piety contains the germ of all religion. Our Saviour made His followers religious men by showing them what a Father really meant. They learned to know and love and trust the Father in Him. That was their religion.

Thus I find human goodness and human religion existing as a latent property of the living substance.

#### THE FUNCTION OF ADVERSITY.

Now, how is this parental love, the parent of all that we subsequently call goodness in the creature, evoked? By those outward accidents that press on life, and that make life, and that make life impossible for the young without the parent's aid. If the outward pressure on vital development was so feeble that young creatures could at once maintain themselves without parental aid, and floated away like Medusa buds from the parent substance in perfect independence, then parental love and compassion, which is really the mother of all virtue, or, at least, the nurse of all virtue, would vanish. The meaning of the word "mother" would vanish. Our worship of the Father would vanish, the word becoming meaningless. Prayer would vanish, for prayer is the child's cry. It is the filial instinct, worn deep by æonian habits into the creature's being, which makes man capable of receiving the idea of a divine parent, and capable of prayer.

That pressure of outward adversity which some modern men say excludes the idea of a God, actually generated the idea and kept it alive in the hearts of men. We see in vital action a providence. Shall we say that we see no providence in outward accident, even though such accidents should be not only apparently but really undesigned? Well, at least outward accident is needed to manifest it.

#### THE CHRISTIAN'S PRESENTIMENT.

It will still, after all, be said by a Christian man who would otherwise approve of my argument: "You say that Providence is manifested in life but not in life's environment. I grant that I cannot see it manifested in the accidents of life, but I believe that it acts through them, though I cannot see it." And so do I. All I argue for is that we should first confine our attention to the place where it is unmistakably visible. That is in life. Life is provident in its action.

And what do we mean by life? We mean a certain activity resembling in its character that activity to which we feel our will impelling us. Men have probably learnt to call trees and plants alive even in unscientific times, because in attributing to other things certain charac-

\* Lafitau.

† Schoolcraft.



ters like our own they found no stopping point.

In our fellow-men we see an activity like our own which we attribute to motives like our own. In the higher quadrupeds we see a fainter likeness to our own acts, and consequently a fainter suggestion of our own motives. As we approach the ruder forms, and so on to the structureless ones, we see the resemblance to our own acts and the suggestion of motives like our own rapidly approaching a vanishing point. When we reach the colloids it vanishes altogether. *The Christian man denies that the providence visible in living matter is really absent from non-living.* Now let me show him that in this he is really not far from those men whom perhaps he has been apt to consider most opposed to him. I do not assume that Huxley would agree with all I have said about providence. I rather hope than feel convinced that he will do so. But, at all events, Huxley, Bastian, and others, are really one with me on this point. They conjecture that the power which from its likeness to what we find in ourselves we call "life," is not isolated from inorganic nature, but is only a new phase of it. This entirely, I think, coincides with our views that the providence which is immediately visible in those forms of activity which are so near our own that we can understand and sympathize with them, works unseen in those forms of being which are too remote from our own for us to understand them.

#### THE POWER OF NEED.

It is no metaphysical assertion to say that need—desiderium—desire—precedes and causes all living motions, *whether conscious or unconscious.* First, we attribute all human conscious acts to desires. But many of these acts which we attribute to desire are not the least *dependent* on consciousness. We perform them in those states which we call unconscious. Must I no longer speak of need or desire as the motive of an action, because it is done what we call unconsciously—that is, because the actor cannot recall it? Only think what a vague shadowy thing consciousness is, and by what imperceptible gradations it sinks into unconsciousness, and rises out of unconsciousness again. When I see acts like mine I attribute them to motives, to needs and desires, like mine, leaving out the question of consciousness altogether. I should look upon a fellow-creature as a

mere automaton, unless I attributed acts like mine to needs or desires like mine. There are certain acts common to all living things, I mean hunger-like acts; and I trace these from the (so-called) conscious man to the (so-called) unconscious infant, or the (so-called) unconscious mollusc or plant. When I call these living acts, I assert that I am attributing them to motives like ours, and that otherwise the application of the common word *life* to us and them would be a misnomer. If you forbid me to attribute their hunger-like acts to hunger on the ground that they are unconscious, you are forcing me to do what no man can do without shutting himself out from truth. You are making me draw lines of demarcation where nature has drawn none.

I see no lines in nature: the Highest dwells potentially in the lowest, irritability involves sentience, sentience involves consciousness and self-consciousness, and these involve—I know and can defend what I am saying—omniscience. Yes: omniscience; for a man only knows himself or anything else in so far as he knows his or its relation to all other things.

Strange to say, the only writer I know of who, without introducing the question of consciousness, heartily accepts the necessity of attributing like acts to like motives, is William Law. He does not hesitate to speak of the desire or working will of a plant. I think he is right. It seems to me intolerable that the introduction of *consciousness* should compel us to draw a line through the animal kingdom where nature has drawn none.

It will be asked, do you attribute will or desire to structureless organless jelly specks?—I say nothing about their consciousness of what moves them. I only say I find that which moves us moving them, and I assert that I *cannot* draw any line between consciousness and unconsciousness, or say where consciousness begins. I cannot assert that consciousness or sense does not exist where the organs through which it seems to act are absent, because I see living things that are organless and structureless; first extemporizing, and subsequently making the organs they need. I see the function—the movement to compass an end—preceding the organ, and only gradually, in more highly organized beings, becoming entirely dependent on the organs it has made. Not being able, then, to sever their activity from ours, I find myself on the other hand forced by a current of

reasoning from analogy that carries us all along with irresistible force to attribute to them motives like ours, with this sole difference, that *we* cannot imagine that they notice or remember their own acts. If I see a dog vehemently devouring food, I cannot help attributing to it a feeling of hunger like ours; I find this same hunger in the sucking child; in the young cormorant gaping for food, in the whale swimming or the night-jar flying with open mouth on the chance of catching the food it craves. I cannot stop at creatures of lower organization, at the hydra, for instance, whose rapacity Carpenter describes. In plants we lose sight of the process through the slowness of their movements, and the invisibility of their food; but we can trace it in the most structureless living substances, whose movements are rapid enough to be visible, and whose food is sucked out of visible matter. Lionel Beale notices the movement of the structureless germinal matter of the end of a placental tuft, burrowing, as it appears to him, into the nutrient pabulum, not pushed from behind, but moving forward, as he describes it, of its own accord; thence he passes on to the more rapid and unmistakable movements of the amœba.

The account which Carpenter gives of the amœba, though written twenty years ago, still remains profoundly interesting. The amœba is simply a viscous drop, or enfilmed jelly speck. Though structureless, without a ciliated surface, internal currents move rapidly in it, and even propel it. By its motion the chances are increased of its coming in contact with nutriment: when it does so it spreads itself around the nutritive matter, and envelopes it. "It is interesting," Carpenter says, "to see a creature thus manifesting the peculiar nîsus of animal development, making as it were a stomach for itself, by wrapping itself round its food." Next in advance we find the Rhizopods throwing out processes from their mass which seem to be erected through craving for food, and seem quickened by the touch of it into temporary vivacity, so that they hold it and drag it into the substance of their body. Next we come to the Hydra, a creature with some beginnings of organization, but with so little vital unity, that it may be cut up like the sea anemone into many bits without being destroyed. This creature seems to show the next progressive stage to that seen in the Rhizopods, in that its extended processes, put forth apparently for the same purpose

as theirs, become permanent; so that it only partially retracts them when the use for them has ceased. In the lowest creatures we find organs wholly made at a moment's notice, by the rapid flow of vital matter into the part that is used: in the higher we find, the same influx of vital substance extending the organs that have been made by previous efforts to use them. The tentacula of the *Hydra fusca* are described by Carpenter as wart-like excrescences, lying around the orifice of its internal cavity, which are extended to the length of six or seven inches, when the cavity is empty, and needs replenishing. This extension, or—let me use a word that, if less descriptive, is more suggestive—this erection of the organs needed to supply the necessities of the body, if thought of in connection with the erection of the papillæ of the skin, &c.; and, at the same time, with the flow of blood to the organ whose activity is set in motion in higher animals, looks as if a *disquietude or impulse which the conscious being finds moving it, and learns to call desire, was the prime mover of all organisms.*

*The power that moves life everywhere is the power of need.\** By our needs we are impelled to action; and, to some extent also, we compel others to help us. And, on the other hand, the needs of others, whether uttered in words or in deeds, or in dumb show, claim our aid with a force which we cannot resist. *Want is everywhere a power.* Weakness has its claims, suffering, that is *conscious* want, has its undoubted claims, and its appeals cannot be resisted; but we have seen, in the case of the embryo in the womb, or in the egg, that unuttered, or as we label it to the best of our knowledge, unconscious need has also its claims, and is also a power.

The child's cry is, at first, perhaps as unconscious as the sighing of the wind in the casement, or the moan of a door that goes heavily on its hinges; yet it is a prayer for sympathy and help, though the child does not know it. Presently it comes to itself, and finds itself crying for help and sympathy. Its cries are irresistible to the parent, or, failing the parent, to others that hear them. The innumerable life centres that make up our living substance cannot feed or renovate themselves; but their dumb prayers impel us to eat, and drink, and breathe, and do all that they need for their renovation. If

\* Or, as William Law would say, *hunger or desire.*



any member of the body is hurt, or crippled in its work, either from being wounded or overtaxed, it has the power to lay the whole frame under contribution. Swedenborg says : " Whatever the members of the body desire or demand from the universal mass of the blood is accorded to them even if it has to come from the extreme boundaries of the kingdom." Life is desire : it utters itself in efforts and prayers for help.

It may be long before prayers become addressed to an unseen Father. Not that the rudest people are incapable of being taught to pray to a heavenly Father just in the same spirit that we do. The rudest are prepared for receiving the idea by the vision they have of parental love in their infancy, which vision, by the law of vital progress, as it remains in the memory, becomes gradually purified from all those limitations which mar and obscure the reality ; but as it issues at first in leading men to dream, each one of their own parents, as beings that need to be propitiated, it is only by a long and tortuous process that men come to worship in common one unseen parent. *A man's prayers, however, to whomsoever addressed, indicate his destiny.* The impulse that is making man into something better makes him strive and pray for that "better ;" and prayer would be a great source of strength if it was only for its efficacy in purifying and intensifying, and defining a man's aim, and revealing to him his real wants. An inventor will tell you that there is nothing like defining to yourself precisely the result you wish to accomplish ; that when you have clearly defined your aim, you are often half-way to its accomplishment. But prayers are also the definition of our desires under correction ; they bring out the question, are my desires pure ? Do the things I cry out for under my present passion satisfy that permanent will which I feel in the hour of passion's lull to be my own true will ? Prayer keeps alive the salutary thought that our real needs, and, consequently, what our Creator desires for us, is deeper than any conscious want.

But it may be asked, " Suppose a man's wants indicate his destiny, will he always want what he wants now : in other words, will what seems good to him now seem good to him æons hence ? " A most important question.

#### THE IMMUTABILITY OF GOODNESS.

What is goodness ? what do men mean when they call a thing "good ?" It is

simply a term of praise. And what do men praise or prize ? what do they count dear to them ? That which they feel that they possess in deficiency. And so it has been said there is nothing that can be called immutably good. What men call good to-day because it is in demand, will be a drug in the market to-morrow, and will be called bad. (See Emerson's poem of "Uriel.") Unless, says the objector, you can show me something which the creature must always possess in painful deficiency, you cannot show me anything that can be called the creature's immutable good. For what is good, "that which all things aim at ;" \* in other words, that which all things lack.

Is there anything which the Creature must, as long as it continues a Creature, possess in deficiency ? There is. Is there any deficiency in which as long as it continues a Creature, it cannot acquiesce ? There is. It is sympathy. The good which the Creature craves ; the good whose attractive power must always stimulate the Creature's activity, till life loses all that makes it to be life is *sympathy*.

No living man can acquiesce in the feeling that justice is not done him. He wants justice done not only to his acts, but to his powers, his intentions, his good-will, just allowance made for his trials, his difficulties. He wants justice done to his abilities ; just consideration for his sorrows : and such justice must remain imperfect as long as sympathy is imperfect. Imperfect sympathy means imperfect justice ; imperfect mercy, imperfect consideration of one's case in all its bearings, imperfect education, imperfect co-operation. It is an imperfection in which man can never acquiesce. Thus we find the disquietude that is the vital impulse of all living nature, and that seems to have made all living forms, at work in man, making him something better than man ; and we find that this disquietude is the attractive power of an unseen magnet, that will not let the creature rest in its isolation, but impels it ever to seek a wider communion.

If life is an *irrepressible* movement towards sympathy, co-operation, and communion, one thing is clear, it must start from an unendurable isolation. The state of life that is ours, and still more the state of life out of which we have risen, must present itself to us as unendurably isolated, and it must seem unbearable to us to feel that we are shut out from the

\* Aristotle's "Ethics."

sympathy we crave, and we cannot but condemn ourselves when we feel that we are a part of nature, and that the limitations of sympathy which excite our indignation in others are our own limitations. What we hate, and call diabolical in nature, witnesses to the truth that a spirit of love is working in us. And what is love? It is an impulse to fresh communion; it is a rebellion against the limitations that close us in. It would not be love unless it was an impulse that rebelled against the limitations that imprisoned it; it would not be life unless it was a movement that sought to find or make itself new associated substance, or new external associations. Thus we see, in every living thing, *a desire transcending its limited power of continence, straining to grasp new life, and in its vehement effort to clasp the new, letting go of that already held.* Here is the twofold interior motion of composition and decomposition so much talked of as constituting life; but, in reality, constituting death as much as it constitutes life. For life, properly speaking, belongs only to the impulse to associate; the dismissal of that already held belongs to its limitation. Owing to this limitation we find the twofold aspect of life. That love which in the central mind we view as all-embracing, becomes, in a limited being, twofold in its aspect—at once life-giving, and deadly, lovely, and hateful. The hungry mollusc, in its craving after food, becomes a deadly and horrible gulf of death to all it lays hold of. The love of the parent eagle makes it tear its prey to pieces to feed its little ones. The very passion of love assumes the aspect of passionate hostility to all that stands in its way, or of pitiless cruelty to all that can be made to minister to the comfort of its little ones. The love is there and growing. It is internally that motion that is drawing the creature to communion with other living things. The gentlest and most confiding animal, when she becomes a mother, becomes surely fierce and suspicious to all who hover round its little ones. Her love that is on the concave side the signature of the parental love of God, is on its outside dark. That which is (in respect of what it embraces) the chosen type of all that is merciful, is (in respect of what it repels) the chosen type of that is terrible.

That these limitations of sympathy present themselves to us *at once as negations of God and as unendurable*, are in reality *a token that an impulse works in us which will not let us rest but in*

*seeking a wider sympathy.* And if a man is hard enough, or enough habituated to the world to have no sentimental feeling about the bloodshed and oppression that he sees around him, yet he will not endure hardness or oppression towards himself or those he loves. His indignation is aroused, and ever will be till he and those he loves are treated with perfect mercy and consideration. That is till he meets with *perfect sympathy.*

#### THE UNITY OF GOODNESS.

Perfect sympathy! Think what that involves! To understand and feel the sorrows and joys of all others absolutely as you do your own. Why, if you did this, you would be equally present to every living man. As men's pains and sufferings are of a mere animal nature, many of them, to feel these would involve sympathy—equipresence to all things that live and suffer. Here we arrive at the idea of one living sentient centre of all life, feeling all the things of life in absolutely true proportions. Two beings that attained to this omnipresent-omniscience you will find could no longer be spoken of as two. Their duality would cease to have a meaning; they would be one—the one central mind. Perfect sympathy involves mental unity.

Sympathy, the goodness that attracts the Creature can only have its *perfection* in one central mind. Hence the saying, there is none good but One, that is God. So that life, seen in the light of its highest consciousness, means the attracting power of One who is drawing all creatures into communion with Himself.\*

#### AGNI.

Perfect sympathy does not exclude but involves purity. In attaining wider sympathy with the wants of humanity, we attain a proportionately clearer insight into our own. Under this light those past conceptions of our wants, on which our present habits are formed, appear *alloyed with error*, that is, *impure*.† Dyaus is Agni: Light is the purifier. It purges us by convicting us of impurity. A man feels that he is not pure; the passions that hold temporary sway over him slink

\* It may be said this central mind—this perfect sympathy—lies beyond the reach of our conception and of our love. True. We need to see it through a human medium. And such a medium nature supplies: she shows us the Parent, and so suggests to us the unseen eternal Parent; the only aspect under which we are capable of loving and worshipping our Creator.

† I do not restrict the word *pure* to its sense of chaste, but use it in its original sense of *free from alloy*.



away ashamed at those times when he feels, in all its force, the divine dissatisfaction which comes from the vision of an unattained better. I am thankful to see that this work of the purifier is no providential *accident*, but a latent property of life. Our mind is formed not only by the reminiscences which it retains, but by the things that it forgets. A thing or person remembered becomes more or less transfigured, so that the ideal world that is in man's mind is by no means a looking-glass reflection of what he sees. So far as he is young and healthy, he retains only that in the past which strengthens and cheers his mind, and quickens his reforming or creative power.\* Thus he gains and transmits an ideal heritage, and thus the best formed children enter life with an ideal world in their mind with which some things in the outward world correspond and are welcomed like native things, while others fail to correspond, and seem strange and unnatural. But who, with Wordsworth's great ode on their library shelves, can want a description of this *matutina cognitio*. Granted *per contra* that we see reversions to the lower nature from which we are receding. Still we are receding from it—the old man is growing weaker—the new man is slowly, very slowly, with frequent periods of reversion and temporary outbursts of the old wild blood, still advancing. *Life is working itself clear.*

#### EXISTENCE OF EVIL.

What is that *evil* which we cannot tolerate, but strive to subdue in the outer world? Are we to debit the Creator with it? On the contrary it is non-creation; it is chaos that excites our indignation. Our pain arises from a view of the non-realization of that which our Creator impels us to realize. In one sense, then, God does not create evil; for evil is that unendurable sense of the *non-completion* of the Creator's work which urges us to activity. And in another sense again God of his very goodness creates subjective evil. He makes that which was once good become to us *evil*—that is, something to overcome. Acts that are perfectly blameless and harmless in brutes, become hateful and abominable in man, simply by reason of his crescent humanity. Take for instance, acts of ingratitude and incest. These acts become vicious in man simply because they show an oblivion of

past relations which we expect to find in brutes, but which we do not expect to find in man. We punish a man for these acts; we say he deserves punishment for them. Why? because we believe that if he is really the rational being he appears, we shall, by punishment, make him perceive the horror these acts cause us, and that so we shall awake him to a sense of those past relations that make them hateful.

I have not gone so fully as I could wish into this question of the existence of evil. But if we think of our Creator as now creating the world, and creating it through us by making us unable to acquiesce in our present state, we shall find *evil* the name we give to those conditions that have become intolerable to us. Such evil, so far from being a negation of a good God, is the only thing that can render a good God visible to us, for He can only show Himself good by doing good, that is by destroying evil. The only point where Natural Theology clashes—not with Christianity,—no, God forbid; but with orthodoxy, is in this. Orthodoxy views the Creator as rectifying a world that was originally made perfect, but has since gone out of gear. Natural Theology views Him as gradually creating a better world than has been yet seen. Under the first view, I confess, the existence of evil seems to me a negation of Omnipotence. Under the second view evil is the only groundwork on which the antagonistic ideas of omnipotence, or love, or God, or goodness, or righteousness can be rendered palpable to human vision. If we once take in the idea that *the world is not made, but that the Creator is making it through us*; making us dissatisfied with the world around us; making us condemn our present social, mortal, animal state as evil—as a state in which it would be shameful to sink down into sensual enjoyment—I will not say that all the difficulties which encompass the question vanish, but *I think we see daylight through them.*

GEORGE DOYLY SNOW.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

CHAPTER V.

CONFORMABLY with his engagement to meet M. Louvier, Alain found himself on

\* Between reformation and creation I can make no distinction.

the day and at the hour named in M. Gandrin's *salon*. On this occasion Madame Gandrin did not appear. Her husband was accustomed to give *dîners d'hommes*. The great man had not yet arrived. "I think, Marquis," said M. Gandrin, "that you will not regret having followed my advice: my representations have disposed Louvier to regard you with much favour, and he is certainly flattered by being permitted to make your personal acquaintance."

The *avoué* had scarcely finished this little speech, when M. Louvier was announced. He entered with a beaming smile, which did not detract from his imposing presence. His flatterers had told him that he had a look of Louis Philippe; therefore he had sought to imitate the dress and the *bonhomie* of that monarch of the middle class. He wore a wig, elaborately piled up, and shaped his whiskers in royal harmony with the royal wig. Above all, he studied that social frankness of manner with which the able sovereign dispelled awe of his presence or dread of his astuteness. Decidedly he was a man very pleasant to converse and to deal with—so long as there seemed to him something to gain and nothing to lose by being pleasant. He returned Alain's bow by a cordial offer of both expansive hands, into the grasp of which the hands of the aristocrat utterly disappeared. "Charmed to make your acquaintance, Marquis—still more charmed if you will let me be useful during your *séjour* at Paris. *Ma foi*, excuse my bluntness, but you are a *fort beau garçon*. Monsieur, your father was a handsome man, but you beat him hollow. Gandrin, my friend, would not you and I give half our fortunes for one year of this fine fellow's youth spent at Paris? *Peste!* what love-letters we should have, with no need to buy them by *billets de banque!*" Thus he ran on, much to Alain's confusion, till dinner was announced. Then there was something *grandiose* in the frank *bourgeois* style wherewith he expanded his napkin and twisted one end into his waistcoat—it was so manly a renunciation of the fashions which a man so *répandu* in all circles might be supposed to follow;—as if he were both too great and too much in earnest for such frivolities. He was evidently a sincere *bon vivant*, and M. Gandrin had no less evidently taken all requisite pains to gratify his taste. The Montrachet served with the oysters was of precious vintage. That *vin de madère* which accompanied the *potage à la bisque*

would have contented an American. And how radiant became Louvier's face, when amongst the *entrées* he came upon *laitances de carpes!* "The best thing in the world," he cried, "and one gets it so seldom since the old Rocher de Cancale has lost its renown. At private houses, what does one get now?—*blanc de poulet*—flavourless trash. After all, Gandrin, when we lose the love-letters, it is some consolation that *laitances de carpes* and *sautés de foie gras* are still left to fill up the void in our hearts. Marquis, heed my counsel; cultivate betimes the taste for the table; that and whist are the sole resources of declining years. You never met my old friend Talleyrand—ah, no! he was long before your time. He cultivated both, but he made two mistakes. No man's intellect is perfect on all sides. He confined himself to one meal a-day, and he never learned to play well at whist. Avoid his errors, my young friend—avoid them. Gandrin, I guess this pine-apple is English—it is superb."

"You are right—a present from the Marquis of H——."

"Ah! instead of a fee, I wager. The Marquis gives nothing for nothing, dear man! Droll people the English. You have never visited England, I presume, *cher Rochebriant?*"

The affable financier had already made vast progress in familiarity with his silent fellow-guest.

When the dinner was over and the three men had re-entered the *salon* for coffee and liqueurs, Gandrin left Louvier and Alain alone, saying he was going to his cabinet for cigars which he could recommend. Then Louvier, lightly patting the Marquis on the shoulder, said with what the French call *effusion*,—"My dear Rochebriant, your father and I did not quite understand each other. He took a tone of *grand seigneur* that sometimes wounded me; and I in turn was perhaps too rude in asserting my rights—as creditor, shall I say?—no, as fellow-citizen; and Frenchmen are so vain, so over-susceptible—fire up at a word—take offence when none is meant. We two, my dear boy, should be superior to such national foibles. *Bref*—I have a mortgage on your lands. Why should that thought mar our friendship? At my age, though I am not yet old, one is flattered if the young like us—pleased if we can oblige them, and remove from their career any little obstacle in its way. Gandrin tells me you wish to consolidate



all the charges on your estate into one on lower rate of interest. Is it so?"

"I am so advised," said the Marquis.

"And very rightly advised; come and talk with me about it some day next week. I hope to have a large sum of money set free in a few days. Of course, mortgages on land don't pay like speculations at the Bourse; but I am rich enough to please myself. We will see—we will see."

Here Grandrin returned with the cigars; but Alain at that time never smoked, and Louvier excused himself, with a laugh and a sly wink, on the plea that he was going to pay his respects—as doubtless that *joli garçon* was going to do, likewise—to a *belle dame* who did not reckon the smell of tobacco among the perfumes of Houbigant or Arabia.

"Meanwhile," added Louvier, turning to Grandrin, "I have something to say to you on business about the contract for that new street of mine. No hurry—after our young friend has gone to his 'assignation.'"

Alain could not misinterpret the hint; and in a few moments took leave of his host more surprised than disappointed that the financier had not invited him, as Graham had assumed he would, to his *soirée* the following evening.

When Alain was gone, Louvier's jovial manner disappeared also, and became bluffly rude rather than bluntly cordial.

"Grandrin, what did you mean by saying that that young man was no *muscadin*? *Muscadin*—*aristocrat*—offensive from top to toe."

"You amaze me—you seemed to take to him so cordially."

"And pray, were you too blind to remark with what cold reserve he responded to my condescensions? How he winced when I called him *Rochebriant*! how he coloured when I called him 'dear boy'! These aristocrats think we ought to thank them on our knees when they take our money, and"—here Louvier's face darkened—"seduce our women."

"Monsieur Louvier, in all France I do not know a greater aristocrat than yourself."

I don't know whether M. Grandrin meant that speech as a compliment, but M. Louvier took it as such—laughed complacently and rubbed his hands. "Ay, ay, *millionnaires* are the real aristocrats, for they have power, as my *beau Marquis* will soon find. I must bid you good-night. Of course I shall see Madame Grandrin and yourself to-morrow. Prepare for a motley gathering—lots of

démocrats and foreigners, with artists and authors, and such creatures."

"Is that the reason why you did not invite the Marquis?"

"To be sure; I would not shock so pure a Legitimist by contact with the sons of the people, and make him still colder to myself. No; when he comes to my house he shall meet lions and *viveurs* of the *haut ton*, who will play into my hands by teaching him how to ruin himself in the quickest manner and in the *genre Louis XV. Bon soir, mon vieux.*"

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE next night Graham in vain looked round for Alain in M. Louvier's *salons*, and missed his high-bred mien and melancholy countenance. M. Louvier had been for some four years a childless widower, but his receptions were not the less numerously attended, nor his establishment less magnificently *monté* for the absence of a presiding lady: very much the contrary; it was noticeable how much he had increased his status and prestige as a social personage since the death of his unlamented spouse.

To say truth, she had been rather a heavy drag on his triumphal car. She had been the heiress of a man who had amassed a great deal of money; not in the higher walks of commerce, but in a retail trade.

Louvier himself was the son of a rich money-lender; he had entered life with an ample fortune and an intense desire to be admitted into those more brilliant circles in which fortune can be dissipated with *éclat*. He might not have attained this object but for the friendly countenance of a young noble who was then

The glass of fashion and the mould of form.

But this young noble, of whom later we shall hear more, came suddenly to grief; and when the money-lender's son lost that potent protector, the dandies, previously so civil, showed him a very cold shoulder.

Louvier then became an ardent democrat, and recruiting the fortune he had impaired by the aforesaid marriage, launched into colossal speculations, and became enormously rich. His aspirations for social rank now revived, but his wife sadly interfered with them. She was thrifty by nature; sympathized little with her husband's genius for accumulation; always said he would end in a hospital; hated Republicans; despised authors and artists; and by the ladies of the *beau*

*monde* was pronounced common and vulgar.

So long as she lived, it was impossible for Louvier to realize his ambition of having one of the *salons* which at Paris establish celebrity and position. He could not then command those advantages of wealth which he especially coveted. He was eminently successful in doing this now. As soon as she was safe in Père la Chaise, he enlarged his hotel by the purchase and annexation of an adjoining house; redecorated and re-furnished it, and in this task displayed, it must be said to his credit, or to that of the administrators he selected for the purpose, a nobleness of taste rarely exhibited nowadays. His collection of pictures was not large, and consisted exclusively of the French school, ancient and modern, for in all things Louvier affected the patriot. But each of those pictures was a gem; such Watteaus! such Greuzes! such landscapes by Panel! and, above all, such masterpieces by Ingrès, Horace Vernet, and Delaroche, were worth all the doubtful originals of Flemish and Italian art which make the ordinary boast of private collectors.

These pictures occupied two rooms of moderate size, built for their reception, and lighted from above. The great *salon* to which they led contained treasures scarcely less precious; the walls were covered with the richest silks which the looms of Lyons could produce. Every piece of furniture here was a work of art in its way: console-tables of Florentine mosaic, inlaid with pearl and lapis-lazuli; cabinets in which the exquisite designs of the *renaissance* were carved in ebony; colossal vases of Russian malachite, but wrought by French artists. The very nicknacks scattered carelessly about the room might have been admired in the cabinet of the Palazzo Pitti. Beyond this room lay the *salle de danse*, its ceiling painted by —, supported by white marble columns, the glazed balcony and the angles of the room filled with tiers of exotics. In the dining-room on the same floor, on the other side of the landing-place, were stored in glazed buffets, not only vessels and salvers of plate, silver and gold, but, more costly still, matchless specimens of Sèvres and Limoges, and medieval varieties of Venetian glass. On the ground-floor, which opened on the lawn of a large garden, Louvier had his suite of private apartments, furnished, as he said, "simply, according to English notions of comfort." Englishmen would

have said, "according to French notions of luxury." Enough of these details, which a writer cannot give without feeling himself somewhat vulgarized in doing so, but without a loose general idea of which a reader would not have an accurate conception of something not vulgar—of something grave, historical, possibly tragic, the existence of a Parisian *millionnaire* at the date of this narrative.

The evidence of wealth was everywhere manifest at M. Louvier's, but it was everywhere refined by an equal evidence of taste. The apartments devoted to hospitality ministered to the delighted study of artists, to whom free access was given, and of whom two or three might be seen daily in the "showrooms," copying pictures or taking sketches of rare articles of furniture or effects for palatial interiors.

Among the things which rich English visitors of Paris most coveted to see was M. Louvier's hotel; and few among the richest left it without a sigh of envy and despair. Only in such London houses as belong to a Sutherland or a Holford could our metropolis exhibit a splendour as opulent and a taste as refined.

M. Louvier had his set evenings for popular assemblies. At these were entertained the Liberals of every shade, from *tricolor* to *rouge*, with the artists and writers most in vogue, *pêle-mêle* with decorated diplomatists, ex-ministers, Orleanists, and Republicans, distinguished foreigners, plutocrats of the Bourse, and lions male and female from the arid nurse of that race, the Chaussée d'Antin. Of his more select reunions something will be said later.

"And how does this poor Paris metamorphosed please Mons. Vane?" asked a Frenchman with a handsome intelligent countenance, very carefully dressed, though in a somewhat bygone fashion, and carrying off his tenth lustrum with an air too sprightly to evince any sense of the weight.

This gentleman, the Vicomte de Brézé, was of good birth, and had a legitimate right to his title of Vicomte, which is more than can be said of many vicomtes one meets at Paris. He had no other property, however, than a principal share in an influential journal, to which he was a lively and sparkling contributor. In his youth, under the reign of Louis Philippe, he had been a chief among literary exquisites, and Balzac was said to have taken him more than once as his model for those brilliant young *vauriens* who figure in the great novelist's comedy of "Human



Life." The Vicomte's fashion expired with the Orleanist dynasty.

"Is it possible, my dear Vicomte," answered Graham, "not to be pleased with a capital so marvellously embellished?"

"Embellished it may be to foreign eyes," said the Vicomte, sighing, "but not improved to the taste of a Parisian like me. I miss the dear Paris of old — the streets associated with my *beaux jours* are no more. Is there not something dreadfully monotonous in those interminable perspectives? How frightfully the way lengthens before one's eyes! In the twists and curves of the old Paris one was relieved from the pain of seeing how far one had to go from one spot to another — each tortuous street had a separate idiosyncrasy; what picturesque diversities, what interesting recollections — all swept away! *Mon Dieu!* and what for? Miles of florid *façades*, staring and glaring at one with goggle-eyed pitiless windows. House-rents trebled; and the consciousness that, if you venture to grumble, underground railways, like concealed volcanoes, can burst forth on you at any moment with an eruption of bayonets and muskets. This *maudit empire* seeks to keep its hold on France much as a *grand seigneur* seeks to enchain a nymph of the ballet, tricks her out in finery and baubles, and insures her infidelity the moment he fails to satisfy her whims."

"Vicomte," answered Graham, "I have had the honour to know you since I was a small boy at a preparatory school home for the holidays, and you were a guest at my father's country-house. You were then *fêté* as one of the most promising writers among the young men of the day, especially favoured by the princes of the reigning family. I shall never forget the impression made on me by your brilliant appearance and your no less brilliant talk."

"Ah! *ces beaux jours! ce bon Louis Philippe, ce cher petit Joinville,*" sighed the Vicomte.

"But at that day you compared *le bon Louis Philippe* to Robert Macaire. You described all his sons, including, no doubt, *ce cher petit Joinville*, in terms of resentful contempt, as so many plausible *gamins* whom Robert Macaire was training to cheat the public in the interest of the family firm. I remember my father saying to you in answer, 'No royal house in Europe has more sought to develop the literature of an epoch, and to signalize its representatives by social respect and official honours, than that of the Orleans

dynasty; you, M. de Brézé, do but imitate your elders in seeking to destroy the dynasty under which you flourish; should you succeed, you *hommes de plume* will be the first sufferers and the loudest complainers.'

"*Cher Monsieur Vane,*" said the Vicomte, smiling complacently, "your father did me great honour in classing me with Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Emile de Girardin, and the other stars of the Orleanist galaxy, including our friend here, M. Savarin. A very superior man was your father."

"And," said Savarin, who, being an Orleanist, had listened to Graham's speech with an approving smile — "and if I remember right, my dear De Brézé, no one was more brilliantly severe than yourself on poor De Lamartine and the Republic that succeeded Louis Philippe; no one more emphatically expressed the yearning desire for another Napoleon to restore order at home and renown abroad. Now you have got another Napoleon."

"And I want change for my Napoleon," said De Brézé, laughing.

"My dear Vicomte," said Graham, "one thing we may all grant, that in culture and intellect you are far superior to the mass of your fellow-Parisians; that you are therefore a favourable type of their political character."

"Ah, *mon cher, vous êtes trop aimable.*"

"And therefore I venture to say this, if the archangel Gabriel were permitted to descend to Paris and form the best government for France that the wisdom of seraph could devise, it would not be two years — I doubt if it would be six months — before out of this Paris, which you call the *Foyer des Idées*, would emerge a powerful party, adorned by yourself and other *hommes de plume*, in favour of a revolution for the benefit of *ce bon Satan* and *ce cher petit* Beelzebub."

"What a pretty vein of satire you have, *mon cher!*" said the Vicomte, good-humouredly; "there is a sting of truth in your witticism. Indeed, I must send you some articles of mine in which I have said much the same thing — *les beaux esprits se rencontrent*. The fault of us French is impatience — desire of change; but then it is that desire which keeps the world going and retains our place at the head of it. However, at this time we are all living too fast for our money to keep up with it, and too slow for our intellect not to flag. We vie with each other on the road to ruin, for in literature all the old paths to fame are shut up."

Here a tall gentleman, with whom the Vicomte had been conversing before he accosted Vane, and who had remained beside De Brézé listening in silent attention to this colloquy, interposed, speaking in the slow voice of one accustomed to measure his words, and with a slight but unmistakable German accent—"There is that, M. de Brézé, which makes one think gravely of what you say so lightly. Viewing things with the unprejudiced eyes of a foreigner, I recognize much for which France should be grateful to the Emperor. Under his sway her material resources have been marvellously augmented; her commerce has been placed by the treaty with England on sounder foundations, and is daily exhibiting richer life; her agriculture has made a prodigious advance wherever it has allowed room for capitalists, and escaped from the curse of petty allotments and peasant-proprietors—a curse which would have ruined any country less blessed by Nature; turbulent factions have been quelled; internal order maintained; the external prestige of France, up at least to the date of the Mexican war, increased to an extent that might satisfy even a Frenchman's *amour propre*; and her advance in civilization has been manifested by the rapid creation of a naval power which should put even England on her mettle. But, on the other hand——"

"Ay, on the other hand," said the Vicomte.

"On the other hand there are in the imperial system two causes of decay and of rot silently at work. They may not be the faults of the Emperor, but they are such misfortunes as may cause the fall of the Empire. The first is an absolute divorce between the political system and the intellectual culture of the nation. The throne and the system rest on universal suffrage—on a suffrage which gives to classes the most ignorant a power that preponderates over all the healthful elements of knowledge. It is the tendency of all ignorant multitudes to personify themselves, as it were, in one individual. They cannot comprehend you when you argue for a principle; they do comprehend you when you talk of a name. The Emperor Napoleon is to them a name, and the prefects and officials who influence their votes are paid for incorporating all principles in the shibboleth of that single name. You have thus sought the wellspring of a political system in the deepest stratum of popular ignorance. To rid popular ignorance of

its normal revolutionary bias, the rural peasants are indoctrinated with the conservatism that comes from the fear which appertains to property. They have their roods of land or their shares in a national loan. Thus you estrange the crassitude of an ignorant democracy still more from the intelligence of the educated classes by combining it with the most selfish and abject of all the apprehensions that are ascribed to aristocracy and wealth. What is thus embedded in the depth of your society makes itself shown on the surface. Napoleon III. has been compared to Augustus; and there are many startling similitudes between them in character and in fate. Each succeeds to the heritage of a great name that had contrived to unite autocracy with the popular cause. Each subdued all rival competitors, and inaugurated despotic rule in the name of freedom. Each mingled enough of sternness with ambitious will to stain with bloodshed the commencement of his power; but it would be an absurd injustice to fix the same degree of condemnation on the *coup d'état* as humanity fixes on the earlier cruelties of Augustus. Each, once firm in his seat, became mild and clement: Augustus perhaps from policy, Napoleon III. from a native kindness of disposition which no fair critic of character can fail to acknowledge. Enough of similitudes; now for one salient difference. Observe how earnestly Augustus strove, and how completely he succeeded in the task, to rally round him all the leading intellects in every grade and of every party—the followers of Antony, the friends of Brutus—every great captain, every great statesman, every great writer, every man who could lend a ray of mind to his own Julian constellation, and make the age of Augustus an era in the annals of human intellect and genius. But this has not been the good fortune of your Emperor. The result of his system has been the suppression of intellect in every department. He has rallied round him not one great statesman; his praises are hymned by not one great poet. The *célébrités* of a former day stand aloof; or, preferring exile to constrained allegiance, assail him with unremitting missiles from their asylum in foreign shores. His reign is sterile of new *célébrités*. The few that arise enlist themselves against him. Whenever he shall venture to give full freedom to the press and to the legislature, the intellect thus suppressed or thus hostile will burst forth in collected vol-



ume. His partisans have not been trained and disciplined to meet such assailants. They will be as weak as no doubt they will be violent. And the worst is, that the intellect thus rising in mass against him will be warped and distorted, like captives who, being kept in chains, exercise their limbs, on escaping, in vehement jumps without definite object. The directors of emancipated opinion may thus be terrible enemies to the Imperial Government, but they will be very unsafe councillors to France. Concurrently with this divorce between the Imperial system and the national intellect—a divorce so complete that even your *salons* have lost their wit, and even your caricatures their point—a corruption of manners which the Empire, I own, did not originate, but inherit, has become so common that every one owns and nobody blames it. The gorgeous ostentation of the Court has perverted the habits of the people. The intelligence obstructed from other vents betakes itself to speculating for a fortune; and the greed of gain and the passion for show are sapping the noblest elements of the old French manhood. Public opinion stamps with no opprobrium a minister or favourite who profits by a job; and I fear you will find that jobbing pervades all your administrative departments."

"All very true," said De Brézé, with a shrug of the shoulders and in a tone of levity that seemed to ridicule the assertion he volunteered; "Virtue and Honour banished from courts and *salons* and the cabinets of authors, ascend to fairer heights in the attics of *ouvriers*."

"The *ouvriers*, *ouvriers* of Paris!" cried this terrible German.

"Ah, Monsieur le Comte, what can you say against our *ouvriers*? A German count cannot condescend to learn anything about *ces petits gens*."

"Monsieur," replied the German, "in the eyes of a statesman there are no *petits gens*, and in those of a philosopher no *petites choses*. We in Germany have too many difficult problems affecting our working classes to solve, not to have induced me to glean all the information I can as to the *ouvriers* of Paris. They have amongst them men of aspirations as noble as can animate the souls of philosophers and poets, perhaps not the less noble because common-sense and experience cannot follow their flight. But as a body, the *ouvriers* of Paris have not been elevated in political morality by the benevolent aim of the Emperor to find

them ample work and good wages independent of the natural laws that regulate the markets of labour. Accustomed thus to consider the State bound to maintain them, the moment the State fails in that impossible task, they will accommodate their honesty to a rush upon property under the name of social reform. Have you noticed how largely increased within the last few years is the number of those who cry out, '*La Propriété, c'est le vol*'? Have you considered the rapid growth of the International Association? I do not say that for all these evils the Empire is exclusively responsible. To a certain degree they are found in all rich communities, especially where democracy is more or less in the ascendant. To a certain extent they exist in the large towns of Germany; they are conspicuously increasing in England; they are acknowledged to be dangerous in the United States of America; they are, I am told on good authority, making themselves visible with the spread of civilization in Russia. But under the French Empire they have become glaringly rampant, and I venture to predict that the day is not far off when the rot at work throughout all layers and strata of French society will insure a fall of the fabric at the sound of which the world will ring.

"There is many a fair and stately tree which continues to throw out its leaves and rear its crest till suddenly the wind smites it, and then, and not till then, the trunk which seems so solid is found to be but the rind to a mass of crumbled powder."

"Monsieur le Comte," said the Vicomte, "you are a severe critic and a lugubrious prophet. But a German is so safe from revolution that he takes alarm at the stir of movement which is the normal state of the French *esprit*."

"French *esprit* may soon evaporate into Parisian *bêtise*. As to Germany being safe from revolution, allow me to repeat a saying of Goethe's—but has M. le Comte ever heard of Goethe?"

"Goethe, of course—*très joli écrivain*."

"Goethe said to some one who was making much the same remark as yourself, 'We Germans are in a state of revolution now, but we do things so slowly that it will be a hundred years before we Germans shall find it out. But when completed, it will be the greatest revolution society has yet seen, and will last like the other revolutions that, beginning, scarce noticed, in Germany, have transformed the world.'"

"*Diable*, M. le Comte ! Germans transformed the world ! What revolutions do you speak of ?"

"The invention of gunpowder, the invention of printing, and the expansion of a monk's quarrel with his Pope into the Lutheran revolution."

Here the German paused, and asked the Vicomte to introduce him to Vane, which De Brézé did by the title of Count von Rudesheim. On hearing Vane's name, the Count inquired if he were related to the orator and statesman, George Graham Vane, whose opinions, uttered in Parliament, were still authoritative among German thinkers. This compliment to his deceased father immensely gratified, but at the same time considerably surprised, the Englishman. His father, no doubt, had been a man of much influence in the British House of Commons—a very weighty speaker, and, while in office, a first-rate administrator ; but Englishmen know what a House of Commons reputation is—how fugitive, how little cosmopolitan ; and that a German count should ever have heard of his father, delighted and amazed him. In stating himself to be the son of George Graham Vane, he intimated not only the delight, but the amaze, with the frank *savoir vivre* which was one of his salient characteristics.

"Sir," replied the German, speaking in very correct English, but still with his national accent, "every German reared to political service studies, England as the school for practical thought distinct from impractical theories. Long may you allow us to do so ; only excuse me one remark ; never let the selfish element of the practical supersede the generous element. Your father never did so in his speeches, and therefore we admired him. At the present day we don't so much care to study English speeches. They may be insular,—they are not European. I honour England ; Heaven grant that you may not be making sad mistakes in the belief that you can long remain England if you cease to be European." Herewith the German bowed, not uncivilly—on the contrary, somewhat ceremoniously—and disappeared with a Prussian Secretary of Embassy, whose arm he linked in his own, into a room less frequented.

"Vicomte, who and what is your German count ?" asked Vane.

"A solemn pedant," answered the lively Vicomte—"a German count, *que voulez-vous de plus ?*"

## CHAPTER VII.

A LITTLE later Graham found himself alone amongst the crowd. Attracted by the sound of music, he had strayed into one of the rooms whence it came, and in which, though his range of acquaintance at Paris was, for an Englishman, large and somewhat miscellaneous, he recognized no familiar countenance. A lady was playing the pianoforte—playing remarkably well—with accurate science, with that equal lightness and strength of finger which produces brilliancy of execution. But to appreciate her music one should be musical one's self. It wanted the charm that fascinates the uninitiated. The guests in the room were musical connoisseurs—a class with whom Graham Vane had nothing in common. Even if he had been more capable of enjoying the excellence of the player's performance, the glance he directed towards her would have sufficed to chill him into indifference. She was not young, and, with prominent features and puckered skin, was twisting her face into strange sentimental grimaces, as if terribly overcome by the beauty and pathos of her own melodies. To add to Vane's displeasure, she was dressed in a costume wholly antagonistic to his views of the becoming—in a Greek jacket of gold and scarlet, contrasted by a Turkish turban.

Muttering "What she-mountebank have we here ?" he sank into a chair behind the door, and fell into an absorbed reverie. From this he was aroused by the cessation of the music, and the hum of subdued approbation by which it was followed. Above the hum swelled the imposing voice of M. Louvier, as he rose from a seat on the other side of the piano, by which his bulky form had been partially concealed.

"Bravo ! perfectly played—excellent ! Can we not persuade your charming young countrywoman to gratify us even by a single song ?" Then turning aside and addressing some one else invisible to Graham, he said, "Does that tyrannical doctor still compel you to silence, Made-moiselle ?"

A voice so sweetly modulated, that if there were any sarcasm in the words it was lost in the softness of pathos, answered, "Nay, M. Louvier, he rather overtasks the words at my command in thankfulness to those who, like yourself, so kindly regard me as something else than a singer."

It was not the she-mountebank who



thus spoke. Graham rose and looked round with instinctive curiosity. He met the face that he said had haunted him. She too had risen, standing near the piano, with one hand tenderly resting on the she-mountebank's scarlet and gilded shoulder:—the face that haunted him, and yet with a difference. There was a faint blush on the clear pale cheek, a soft yet playful light in the grave dark-blue eyes, which had not been visible in the countenance of the young lady in the pearl-coloured robe. Graham did not hear Louvier's reply, though no doubt it was loud enough for him to hear. He sank again into reverie. Other guests now came into the room, among them Frank Morley, styled Colonel—(eminent military titles in the States do not always denote eminent military services)—a wealthy American, and his sprightly and beautiful wife. The Colonel was a clever man, rather stiff in his deportment, and grave in speech, but by no means without a vein of dry humour. By the French he was esteemed a high-bred specimen of the kind of *grand seigneur* which democratic republics engender. He spoke French like a Parisian, had an imposing presence, and spent a great deal of money with the elegance of a man of taste and the generosity of a man of heart. His high breeding was not quite so well understood by the English, because the English are apt to judge breeding by little conventional rules not observed by the American Colonel. He had a slight nasal twang, and introduced "Sir" with redundant ceremony in addressing Englishmen, however intimate he might be with them, and had the habit (perhaps with a sly intention to startle or puzzle them) of adorning his style of conversation with quaint Americanisms.

Nevertheless, the genial amiability and the inherent dignity of his character made him acknowledged as a thorough gentleman by every Englishman, however conventional in tastes, who became admitted into his intimate acquaintance.

Mrs. Morley, ten or twelve years younger than her husband, had no nasal twang, and employed no Americanisms in her talk, which was frank, lively, and at times eloquent. She had a great ambition to be esteemed of a masculine understanding: Nature unkindly frustrated that ambition in rendering her a model of feminine grace. Graham was intimately acquainted with Colonel Morley; and with Mrs. Morley had contracted one of those cordial friendships which, perfectly free alike

from polite flirtation and Platonic attachment, do sometimes spring up between persons of opposite sexes without the slightest danger of changing its honest character into morbid sentimentality or unlawful passion. The Morleys stopped to accost Graham, but the lady had scarcely said three words to him, before, catching sight of the haunting face, she darted towards it. Her husband, less emotional, bowed at the distance, and said, "To my taste, sir, the Signorina Cicogna is the loveliest girl in the present *bee*,\* and full of mind, sir."

"Singing mind," said Graham, sarcastically, and in the ill-natured impulse of a man striving to check his inclination to admire.

"I have not heard her sing," replied the American, dryly; "and the words 'singing mind' are doubtless accurately English, since you employ them; but at Boston the collocation would be deemed barbarous. You fly off the handle. The epithet, sir, is not in concord with the substantive."

"Boston would be in the right, my dear Colonel. I stand rebuked; mind has little to do with singing."

"I take leave to deny that, sir. You fire into the wrong flock, and would not hazard the remark if you had conversed as I have with Signorina Cicogna."

Before Graham could answer, Signorina Cicogna stood before him leaning lightly on Mrs. Morley's arm.

"Frank, you must take us into the refreshment-room," said Mrs. Morley to her husband; and then, turning to Graham, added, "Will you help to make way for us?"

Graham bowed, and offered his arm to the fair speaker.

"No," said she, taking her husband's. "Of course you know the Signorina, or, as we usually call her, Mademoiselle Cicogna. No? Allow me to present you—Mr. Graham Vane—Mademoiselle Cicogna. Mademoiselle speaks English like a native."

And thus abruptly Graham was introduced to the owner of the haunting face. He had lived too much in the great world all his life to retain the innate shyness of an Englishman, but he certainly was confused and embarrassed when his eyes met Isaura's, and he felt her hand on his arm. Before quitting the room she paused and looked back—Graham's look followed

\* *Bee*, a common expression in "the West" for a meeting or gathering of people.

her own, and saw behind them the lady with the scarlet jacket escorted by some portly and decorated connoisseur. Isaura's face brightened to another kind of brightness—a pleased and tender light.

"Poor dear *Madre*," she murmured to herself in Italian.

"*Madre*," echoed Graham, also in Italian. "I have been misinformed, then: that lady is your mother?"

Isaura laughed a pretty low silvery laugh, and replied in English, "She is not my mother, but I call her *Madre*, for I know no name more loving."

Graham was touched, and said gently, "Your own mother was evidently very dear to you."

Isaura's lip quivered, and she made a slight movement as if she would have withdrawn her hand from his arm. He saw that he had offended or wounded her, and with the straightforward frankness natural to him, resumed quickly—

"My remark was impertinent in a stranger; forgive it."

"There is nothing to forgive, Monsieur."

The two now threaded their way through the crowd, both silent. At last Isaura, thinking she ought to speak first in order to show that Graham had not offended her, said—

"How lovely Mrs. Morley is!"

"Yes, and I like the spirit and ease of her American manner; have you known her long, Mademoiselle?"

"No; we met her for the first time some weeks ago at M. Savarin's."

"Was she very eloquent on the rights of women?"

"What! you have heard her on that subject?"

"I have rarely heard her on any other, though she is the best and perhaps the cleverest friend I have at Paris; but that may be my fault, for I like to start it. It is a relief to the languid small-talk of society to listen to any one thoroughly in earnest upon turning the world topsy-turvy."

"Do you suppose poor Mrs. Morley would seek to do that if she had her rights?" asked Isaura, with her musical laugh.

"Not a doubt of it; but perhaps you share her opinions."

"I scarcely know what her opinions are, but —"

"Yes—but? —"

"There is a—what shall I call it?—a persuasion—a sentiment—out of which

the opinions probably spring that I do share."

"Indeed? a persuasion, a sentiment, for instance, that a woman should have votes in the choice of legislators, and, I presume, in the task of legislation?"

"No, that is not what I mean. Still, that is an opinion, right or wrong, which grows out of the sentiment I speak of."

"Pray explain the sentiment."

"It is always so difficult to define a sentiment, but does it not strike you that in proportion as the tendency of modern civilization has been to raise women more and more to an intellectual equality with men—in proportion as they read and study and think—an uneasy sentiment, perhaps querulous, perhaps unreasonable, grows up within their minds that the conventions of the world are against the complete development of the faculties thus aroused and the ambition thus animated; that they cannot but rebel, though it may be silently, against the notions of the former age, when women were not thus educated; notions that the aim of the sex should be to steal through life unremarked; that it is a reproach to be talked of; that women are plants to be kept in a hothouse and forbidden the frank liberty of growth in the natural air and sunshine of heaven. This, at least, is a sentiment which has sprung up within myself, and I imagine that it is the sentiment which has given birth to many of the opinions or doctrines that seem absurd, and very likely are so, to the general public. I don't pretend even to have considered those doctrines. I don't pretend to say what may be the remedies for the restlessness and uneasiness I feel. I doubt if on this earth there be any remedies; all I know is, that I feel restless and uneasy."

Graham gazed on her countenance as she spoke with an astonishment not unmingled with tenderness and compassion—astonishment at the contrast between a vein of reflection so hardy, expressed in a style of language that seemed to him so masculine, and the soft, velvet, dreamy eyes, the gentle tones, and delicate purity of hues rendered younger still by the blush that deepened their bloom.

At this moment they had entered the refreshment-room; but a dense group being round the table, and both perhaps forgetting the object for which Mrs. Morley had introduced them to each other, they had mechanically seated themselves on an ottoman in a recess while Isaura was yet speaking. It must seem as



strange to the reader as it did to Graham that such a speech should have been spoken by so young a girl to an acquaintance so new. But in truth Isaura was very little conscious of Graham's presence. She had got on a subject that perplexed and tormented her solitary thoughts—she was but thinking aloud.

"I believe," said Graham, after a pause, "that I comprehend your sentiment much better than I do Mrs. Morley's opinions; but permit me one observation. You say, truly, that the course of modern civilization has more or less affected the relative position of woman cultivated beyond that level on which she was formerly contented to stand—the nearer perhaps to the heart of man because not lifting her head to his height;—and hence a sense of restlessness, uneasiness. But do you suppose that, in this whirl and dance of the atoms which compose the rolling ball of the civilized world, it is only women that are made restless and uneasy? Do you not see, amid the masses congregated in the wealthiest cities of the world, writhings and struggles against the received order of things? In this sentiment of discontent there is a certain truthfulness, because it is an element of human nature; and how best to deal with it is a problem yet unsolved. But in the opinions and doctrines to which, among the masses, the sentiment gives birth, the wisdom of the wisest detects only the certainty of a common ruin, offering for reconstruction the same building materials as the former edifice—materials not likely to be improved because they may be defaced. Ascend from the working classes to all others in which civilized culture prevails, and you will find that same restless feeling—the fluttering of untried wings against the bars between wider space and their longings. Could you poll all the educated ambitious young men in England—perhaps in Europe—at least half of them, divided between a reverence for the past and a curiosity as to the future, would sigh, 'I am born a century too late or a century too soon!'"

Isaura listened to this answer with a profound and absorbing interest. It was the first time that a clever young man talked thus sympathetically to her, a clever young girl.

Then rising, he said, "I see your *Madre* and our American friends are darting angry looks at me. They have made room for us at the table, and are wondering why I should keep you thus from the good things of this little life. One word

more ere we join them—Consult your own mind, and consider whether your uneasiness and unrest are caused solely by conventional shackles on your sex. Are they not equally common to the youth of ours?—common to all who seek in art, in letters, nay, in the stormier field of active life, to clasp as a reality some image yet seen but as a dream?"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

No further conversation in the way of sustained dialogue took place that evening between Graham and Isaura.

The Americans and the Savarins clustered round Isaura when they quitted the refreshment-room. The party was breaking up. Vane would have offered his arm again to Isaura, but M. Savarin had forestalled him. The American was despatched by his wife to see for the carriage; and Mrs. Morley said, with her wonted sprightly tone of command,

"Now, Mr. Vane, you have no option but to take care of me to the shawl-room."

Madame Savarin and Signora Venosta had each found their cavaliers, the Italian still retaining hold of the portly connoisseur, and the Frenchwoman accepting the safeguard of the Vicomte de Brézé. As they descended the stairs, Mrs. Morley asked Graham what he thought of the young lady to whom she had presented him.

"I think she is charming," answered Graham.

"Of course; that is the stereotyped answer to all such questions, especially by you Englishmen. In public or in private, England is the mouthpiece of platitudes."

"It is natural for an American to think so. Every child that has just learned to speak uses bolder expressions than its grandmamma; but I am rather at a loss to know by what novelty of phrase an American would have answered your question."

"An American would have discovered that Isaura Cicogna had a soul, and his answer would have confessed it."

"It strikes me that he would then have uttered a platitude more stolid than mine. Every Christian knows that the dullest human being has a soul. But, to speak frankly, I grant that my answer did not do justice to the Signorina, nor to the impression she makes on me; and putting aside the charm of the face, there is a charm in a mind that seems to have gathered stores of reflection which I should

scarcely have expected to find in a young lady brought up to be a professional singer."

"You add prejudice to platitude, and are horribly prosaic to-night; but here we are in the shawl-room. I must take another opportunity of attacking you. Pray dine with us to-morrow; you will meet our Minister and a few other pleasant friends."

"I suppose I must not say, 'I shall be charmed,'" answered Vane; "but I shall be."

"*Bon Dieu!* that horrid fat man has deserted Signora Venosta—looking for his own cloak, I daresay. Selfish monster!—go and hand her to her carriage—quick, it is announced!"

Graham, thus ordered, hastened to offer his arm to the she-mountebank. Somehow she had acquired dignity in his eyes, and he did not feel the least ashamed of being in contact with the scarlet jacket.

The Signora grappled to him with a confiding familiarity.

"I am afraid," she said in Italian, as they passed along the spacious hall to the *porte cochère*—"I am afraid that I did not make a good effect to-night—I was nervous; did not you perceive it?"

"No, indeed; you enchanted us all," replied the dissimulator.

"How amiable you are to say so!—you must think that I sought for a compliment. So I did—you gave me more than I deserved. Wine is the milk of old men, and praise of old women. But an old man may be killed by too much wine, and an old woman lives all the longer for too much praise—*buona notte*."

Here she sprang, lithesomely enough, into the carriage, and Isaura followed, escorted by M. Savarin. As the two men returned towards the shawl-room, the Frenchman said, "Madame Savarin and I complain that you have not let us see so much of you as we ought. No doubt you are greatly sought after; but are you free to take your soup with us the day after to-morrow? You will meet a select few of my *confrères*."

"The day after to-morrow I will mark with a white stone. To dine with M. Savarin is an event to a man who covets distinction."

"Such compliments reconcile an author to his trade. You deserve the best return I can make you. You will meet *la belle Isaura*. I have just engaged her and her *chaperon*. She is a girl of true genius, and genius is like those objects

of *vertu* which belong to a former age, and become every day more scarce and more precious."

Here they encountered Colonel Morley and his wife hurrying to their carriage. The American stopped Vane, and whispered, "I am glad, sir, to hear from my wife that you dine with us to-morrow. Sir, you will meet Mademoiselle Cicogna, and I am not without a kinkle\* that you will be enthused."

"This seems like a fatality," soliloquized Vane as he walked through the deserted streets towards his lodging. "I strove to banish that haunting face from my mind. I had half forgotten it, and now—" Here his murmur sank into silence. He was deliberating in very conflicting thought whether or not he should write to refuse the two invitations he had accepted.

"Pooh!" he said at last, as he reached the door of his lodging, "is my reason so weak that it should be influenced by a mere superstition? Surely I know myself too well, and have tried myself too long, to fear that I should be untrue to the duty and ends of my life, even if I found my heart in danger of suffering."

Certainly the Fates do seem to mock our resolves to keep our feet from their ambush, and our hearts from their snare.

How our lives may be coloured by that which seems to us the most trivial accident, the merest chance! Suppose that Alain de Rochebriant had been invited to that *réunion* at M. Louvier's and Graham Vane had accepted some other invitation and passed his evening elsewhere, Alain would probably have been presented to Isaura—what then might have happened? The impression Isaura had already made upon the young Frenchman was not so deep as that made upon Graham; but then, Alain's resolution to efface it was but commenced that day, and by no means yet confirmed. And if *he* had been the first clever young man to talk earnestly to that clever young girl, who can guess what impression he might have made upon her? His conversation might have had less philosophy and strong sense than Graham's, but more of poetic sentiment and fascinating romance.

However, the history of events that do not come to pass is not in the chronicle of the Fates.

\* A notion.



## BOOK THIRD.

## CHAPTER I.

THE next day the guests at the Morley's had assembled when Vane entered. His apology for unpunctuality was cut short by the lively hostess: "Your pardon is granted without the humiliation of asking for it; we know that the characteristic of the English is always to be a little behindhand."

She then proceeded to introduce him to the American Minister, to a distinguished American poet, with a countenance striking for mingled sweetness and power, and one or two other of her countrymen sojourning at Paris; and this ceremony over, dinner was announced, and she bade Graham offer his arm to Mademoiselle Cicogna.

"Have you ever visited the United States, Mademoiselle?" asked Vane, as they seated themselves at the table.

"No."

"It is a voyage you are sure to make soon."

"Why so?"

"Because report says you will create a great sensation at the very commencement of your career; and the New World is ever eager to welcome each celebrity that is achieved in the Old; more especially that which belongs to your enchanting art."

"True, sir," said an American senator, solemnly striking into the conversation; "we are an appreciative people; and if that lady be as fine a singer as I am told, she might command any amount of dollars."

Isaura coloured, and turning to Graham, asked him in a low voice if he were fond of music.

"I ought of course to say 'yes,' " answered Graham, in the same tone; "but I doubt if that 'yes' would be an honest one. In some moods, music—if a kind of music I like—affects me very deeply; in other moods, not at all. And I cannot bear much at a time. A concert wearies me shamefully; even an opera always seems to me a great deal too long. But I ought to add that I am no judge of music; that music was never admitted into my education; and, between ourselves, I doubt if there be one Englishman in five hundred who would care for opera or concert if it were not the fashion to say he did. Does my frankness revolt you?"

"On the contrary—I sometimes doubt,

especially of late, if I am fond of music myself."

"Signorina—pardon me—it is impossible that you should not be. Genius can never be untrue to itself, and must love that in which it excels—that by which it communicates joy, and," he added, with a half-suppressed sigh, "attains to glory."

"Genius is a divine word, and not to be applied to a singer," said Isaura, with a humility in which there was an earnest sadness.

Graham was touched and startled; but before he could answer, the American Minister appealed to him across the table, asking if he had quoted accurately a passage in a speech by Graham's distinguished father, in regard to the share which England ought to take in the political affairs of Europe.

The conversation now became general; very political and very serious. Graham was drawn into it, and grew animated and eloquent.

Isaura listened to him with admiration. She was struck by what seemed to her a nobleness of sentiment which elevated his theme above the level of commonplace polemics. She was pleased to notice, in the attentive silence of his intelligent listeners, that they shared the effect produced on herself. In fact, Graham Vane was a born orator, and his studies had been those of a political thinker. In common talk he was but the accomplished man of the world, easy and frank and genial, with a touch of good-natured sarcasm. But when the subject started drew him upward to those heights in which politics become the science of humanity, he seemed a changed being. His cheek glowed, his eye brightened, his voice melted into richer tones, his language became unconsciously adorned. In such moments there might scarcely be an audience, even differing from him in opinion, which would not have acknowledged his spell.

When the party adjourned to the *salon*, Isaura said softly to Graham, "I understand why you did not cultivate music; and I think, too, that I can now understand what effects the human voice can produce on human minds, without recurring to the art of song."

"Ah," said Graham, with a pleased smile, "do not make me ashamed of my former rudeness by the revenge of compliment, and, above all, do not disparage your own art by supposing that any prose effect of voice in its utterance of mind

can interpret that which music alone can express, even to listeners so uncultured as myself. Am I not told truly by musical composers, when I ask them to explain in words what they say in their music, that such explanation is impossible, that music has a language of its own untranslatable by words?"

"Yes," said Isaura, with thoughtful brow but brightening eyes, "you are told truly. It was only the other day that I was pondering over that truth."

"But what recesses of mind, of heart, of soul, this untranslatable language penetrates and brightens up! How incomplete the grand nature of man — though man the grandest — would be, if you struck out of his reason the comprehension of poetry, music, and religion! In each are reached and are sounded deeps in his reason otherwise concealed from himself. History, knowledge, science, stop at the point in which mystery begins. There they meet with the world of shadow. Not an inch of that world can they penetrate without the aid of poetry and religion, two necessities of intellectual man much more nearly allied than the votaries of the practical and the positive suppose. To the aid and elevation of both those necessities comes in music, and there has never existed a religion in the world which has not demanded music as its ally. If, as I said frankly, it is only in certain moods of my mind that I enjoy music, it is only because in certain moods of my mind I am capable of quitting the guidance of prosaic reason for the world of shadow; that I am so susceptible as at every hour, were my nature perfect, I should be to the mysterious influences of poetry and religion. Do you understand what I wish to express?"

"Yes, I do, and clearly."

"Then, Signorina, you are forbidden to undervalue the gift of song. You must feel its power over the heart, when you enter the opera-house; over the soul, when you kneel in a cathedral."

"Oh," cried Isaura, with enthusiasm, a rich glow mantling over her lovely face, "how I thank you! Is it you who say you do not love music? How much better you understand it than I did till this moment!"

Here Mrs. Morley, joined by the American poet, came to the corner in which the Englishman and the singer had niched themselves. The poet began to talk, the other guests gathered round, and every one listened reverentially till the party broke up. Colonel Morley handed Isaura

to her carriage — the she-mountebank again fell to the lot of Graham.

"Signor," said she, as he respectfully placed her shawl round her scarlet-and-gilt jacket, "are we so far from Paris that you cannot spare the time to call? My child does not sing in public, but at home you can hear her. It is not every woman's voice that is sweetest at home."

Graham bowed, and said he would call on the morrow.

Isaura mused in silent delight over the words which had so extolled the art of the singer. Alas, poor child! she could not guess that in those words, reconciling her to the profession of the stage, the speaker was pleading against his own heart.

There was in Graham's nature, as I think it commonly is in that of most true orators, a wonderful degree of *intellectual conscience* which impelled him to acknowledge the benignant influences of song, and to set before the young singer the noblest incentives to the profession to which he deemed her assuredly destined. But in so doing he must have felt that he was widening the gulf between her life and his own; perhaps he wished to widen it in proportion as he dreaded to listen to any voice in his heart which asked if the gulf might not be overleapt.

#### CHAPTER II.

ON the morrow Graham called at the Villa at A—. The two ladies received him in Isaura's chosen sitting-room.

Somehow or other, conversation at first languished. Graham was reserved and distant, Isaura shy and embarrassed.

The Venosta had the *frais* of making talk to herself. Probably at another time Graham would have been amused and interested in the observation of a character new to him, and thoroughly southern — lovable, not more from its *naïve* simplicity of kindness than from various little foibles and vanities, all of which were harmless, and some of them endearing as those of a child whom it is easy to make happy, and whom it seems so cruel to pain: and with all the Venosta's deviations from the polished and tranquil good taste of the *beau monde*, she had that indescribable grace which rarely deserts a Florentine, so that you might call her odd but not vulgar; while, though uneducated, except in the way of her old profession, and never having troubled herself to read anything but a *libretto*, and the pious books commended to her by



her confessor, the artless babble of her talk every now and then flashed out with a quaint humour, lighting up terse fragments of the old Italian wisdom which had mysteriously embedded themselves in the groundwork of her mind.

But Graham was not at this time disposed to judge the poor Venosta kindly or fairly. Isaura had taken high rank in his thoughts. He felt an impatient resentment mingled with anxiety and compassionate tenderness at a companionship which seemed to him derogatory to the position he would have assigned to a creature so gifted, and unsafe as a guide amidst the perils and trials to which the youth, the beauty, and the destined profession of Isaura were exposed. Like most Englishmen—especially Englishmen wise in the knowledge of life—he held in fastidious regard the proprieties and conventions by which the dignity of woman is fenced round; and of those proprieties and conventions the Venosta naturally appeared to him a very unsatisfactory guardian and representative.

Happily unconscious of these hostile prepossessions, the elder Signora chatted on very gaily to the visitor. She was in excellent spirits; people had been very civil to her both at Colonel Morley's and M. Louvier's. The American Minister had praised the scarlet jacket. She was convinced she had made a sensation two nights running. When the *amour propre* is pleased, the tongue is freed.

The Venosta ran on in praise of Paris and the Parisians, of Louvier and his *soirée* and the pistachio ice, of the Americans and a certain *crème de maraschino* which she hoped the Signor Inglese had not failed to taste—the *crème de maraschino* led her thoughts back to Italy. Then she grew mournful—how she missed the native *beau ciel*! Paris was pleasant, but how absurd to call it "*le Paradis des Femmes*"—as if *les Femmes* could find Paradise in a *brouillard*!

"But," she exclaimed, with vivacity of voice and gesticulation, "the Signor does not come to hear the parrot talk. He is engaged to come that he may hear the nightingale sing. A drop of honey attracts the fly more than a bottle of vinegar."

Graham could not help smiling at this adage. "I submit," said he, "to your comparison as regards myself; but certainly anything less like a bottle of vinegar than your amiable conversation I cannot well conceive. However, the metaphor apart, I scarcely know how I

dare ask Mademoiselle to sing after the confession I made to her last night."

"What confession?" asked the Venosta.

"That I know nothing of music, and doubt if I can honestly say that I am fond of it."

"Not fond of music! Impossible! You slander yourself. He who loves not music would have a dull time of it in heaven. But you are English, and perhaps have only heard the music of your own country. Bad, very bad—a heretic's music! Now listen."

Seating herself at the piano, she began an air from the "*Lucia*," crying out to Isaura to come and sing to her accompaniment.

"Do you really wish it?" asked Isaura of Graham, fixing on him questioning timid eyes.

"I cannot say how much I wish to hear you."

Isaura moved to the instrument, and Graham stood behind her. Perhaps he felt that he should judge more impartially of her voice if not subjected to the charm of her face.

But the first note of the voice held him spellbound; in itself, the organ was of the rarest order, mellow and rich, but so soft that its power was lost in its sweetness, and so exquisitely fresh in every note.

But the singer's charm was less in voice than in feeling—she conveyed to the listener so much more than what was said by the words, or even implied by the music. Her song in this caught the art of the painter who impresses the mind with the consciousness of a something which the eye cannot detect on the canvas.

She seemed to breathe out from the depths of her heart the intense pathos of the original romance, so far exceeding that of the opera—the human tenderness, the mystic terror of a tragic love-tale more solemn in its sweetness than that of Verona.

When her voice died away no applause came—not even a murmur. Isaura bashfully turned round to steal a glance at her silent listener, and beheld moistened eyes and quivering lips. At that moment she was reconciled to her art. Graham rose abruptly and walked to the window.

"Do you doubt now if you are fond of music?" cried Venosta.

"This is more than music," answered Graham, still with averted face. Then,

after a short pause, he approached Isaura and said, with a melancholy half-smile —

"I do not think, Mademoiselle, that I could dare to hear you often; it would take me too far from the hard real world; and he who would not be left behind-hand on the road that he must journey cannot indulge frequent excursions into fairy-land."

"Yet," said Isaura, in a tone yet sadder, "I was told in my childhood, by one whose genius gives authority to her words, that beside the real world lies the ideal. The real world then seemed rough to me. 'Escape,' said my counsellor, 'is granted from that stony thoroughfare into the fields beyond its formal hedges. The ideal world has its sorrows, but it never admits despair.' That counsel then, methought, decided my choice of life. I know not now if it has done so."

"Fate," answered Graham, slowly and thoughtfully — "Fate, which is not the ruler but the servant of Providence, decides our choice of life, and rarely from outward circumstances. Usually the motive power is within. We apply the word genius to the minds of the gifted few; but in all of us there is a genius that is inborn, a pervading something which distinguishes our very identity, and dictates to the conscience that which we are best fitted to do and to be. In so dictating it compels our choice of life; or if we resist the dictate, we find at the close that we have gone astray. My choice of life thus compelled is on the stony thoroughfares — yours in the green fields."

As he thus said, his face became clouded and mournful.

The Venosta, quickly tired of a conversation in which she had no part, and having various little household matters to attend to, had during this dialogue slipped unobserved from the room; yet neither Isaura nor Graham felt the sudden consciousness that they were alone which belongs to lovers.

"Why," asked Isaura, with that magic smile reflected in countless dimples which, even when her words were those of a man's reasoning, made them seem gentle with a woman's sentiment — "why must your road through the world be so exclusively the stony one? It is not from necessity — it cannot be from taste. And whatever definition you give to genius, surely it is not your own inborn genius that dictates to you a constant exclusive adherence to the commonplace of life."

"Ah, Mademoiselle! do not misrepresent me. I did not say that I could not sometimes quit the real world for fairy-land — I said that I could not do so often. My vocation is not that of a poet or artist."

"It is that of an orator, I know," said Isaura, kindling; — "so they tell me, and I believe them. But is not the orator somewhat akin to the poet? Is not oratory an art?"

"Let us dismiss the word orator: as applied to English public life, it is a very deceptive expression. The Englishman who wishes to influence his countrymen by force of words spoken must mix with them in their beaten thoroughfares — must make himself master of their practical views and interests — must be conversant with their prosaic occupations and business — must understand how to adjust their loftiest aspirations to their material welfare — must avoid, as the fault most dangerous to himself and to others, that kind of eloquence which is called oratory in France, and which has helped to make the French the worst politicians in Europe. Alas, Mademoiselle! I fear that an English statesman would appear to you a very dull orator."

"I see that I spoke foolishly — yes, you show me that the world of the statesman lies apart from that of the artist. Yet —"

"Yet what?"

"May not the ambition of both be the same?"

"How so?"

"To refine the rude, to exalt the mean — to identify their own fame with some new beauty, some new glory, added to the treasure-house of all."

Graham bowed his head reverently, and then raised it with the flush of enthusiasm on his cheek and brow.

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, "what a sure guide and what a noble inspirer to a true Englishman's ambition nature has fitted you to be, were it not —" He paused abruptly.

This outburst took Isaura utterly by surprise. She had been accustomed to the language of compliment till it had begun to pall, but a compliment of this kind was the first that had ever reached her ear. She had no words in answer to it; involuntarily she placed her hand on her heart as if to still its beatings. But the unfinished exclamation, "Were it not," troubled her more than the preceding words had flattered — and mechanically she murmured, "Were it not — what?"



"Oh," answered Graham, affecting a tone of gaiety, "I felt too ashamed of my selfishness as man to finish my sentence."

"Do so, or I shall fancy you refrained lest you might wound me as woman."

"Not so — on the contrary ; had I gone on it would have been to say that a woman of your genius, and more especially of such mastery in the most popular and fascinating of all arts, could not be contented if she inspired nobler thoughts in a single breast — she must belong to the public, or rather the public must belong to her : it is but a corner of her heart that an individual can occupy, and even that individual must merge his existence in hers — must be contented to reflect a ray of the light she sheds on admiring thousands. Who could dare to say to you, 'Renounce your career — confine your genius, your art, to the petty circle of home' ? To an actress — a singer — with whose fame the world rings, home would be a prison. Pardon me, pardon —"

Isaura had turned away her face to hide tears that would force their way, but she held out her hand to him with a childlike frankness, and said softly, "I am not offended." Graham did not trust himself to continue the same strain of conversation. Breaking into a new subject, he said, after a constrained pause, "Will you think it very impertinent in so new an acquaintance, if I ask how it is that you, an Italian, know our language as a native ? and is it by Italian teachers that you have been trained to think and to feel ?"

"Mr. Selby, my second father, was an Englishman, and did not speak any other language with comfort to himself. He was very fond of me — and had he been really my father I could not have loved him more : we were constant companions till — till I lost him."

"And no mother left to console you." Isaura shook her head mournfully, and the Venosta here re-entered.

Graham felt conscious that he had already stayed too long, and took leave.

They knew that they were to meet that evening at the Savarins'.

Graham did not feel unmixed pleasure at that thought ; the more he knew of Isaura, the more he felt self-reproach that he had allowed himself to know her at all.

But after he had left, Isaura sang low to herself the song which had so affected her listener ; then she fell into abstracted reverie, but she felt a strange and new sort of happiness. In dressing for M.

Savarin's dinner, and twining the classic ivy wreath into her dark locks, her Italian servant exclaimed, "How beautiful the Signorina looks to-night !"

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From The Quarterly Review.

#### THE TWO FREDERICKS.\*

THE two ablest sovereigns that ever bore sway in Germany have both by a strange chance — we must not call it singular — borne the title of Frederick the Second. Of these, the one was Emperor of the Romans ; the other, King of Prussia. An interval of five centuries lies between them, marked by the greatest changes in language and in manners, in religion and in modes of thought. Yet still both the characters and times of these two monarchs afford some points of parallel which, as we venture to think, it may not be without interest to trace. Let us then endeavour to compare them in several transactions, and at divers periods of their lives.

Let us first take their early years.

Frederick, the future Emperor, was born on the day after Christmas, in the year 1194, and in the district of Ancona. At present —

Jesi is an interesting little town of some 5000 inhabitants, tracing its origin to an indefinite number of centuries before the foundation of Rome, and famed in the middle ages as the birthplace of Frederick the Second, the great Emperor of Germany, whose constant wars with the Roman Pontiffs, and encouragement of literature, render his memory very popular amongst Italian writers. A thriving trade in silk has preserved it from the squalid misery discernible in most of the inland towns of the March, and it can boast of some palaces in tolerable preservation, a casino, a very pretty theatre, and several churches.

So writes of it Mrs. Gretton, the authoress of two very well informed and very entertaining volumes on Italy, which were published so far back as 1860, and which we are glad to have an opportunity of mentioning, as we do not think that at the time they attracted as much notice as their merit deserved.

In the fourth year of his life Frederick lost his father ; in the fifth, his mother. The infant prince was proclaimed King

\* 1. *Geschichte der Hohenstaufen*. Von Friedrich von Raumer. Neue Ausgabe. 6 Bände. 1872.  
2. *Œuvres de Frédéric le Grand, Roi de Prusse*. Publiés par ordre du Roi régnant. 30 vols. 1846-57.

of Sicily, and crowned in great state at Palermo. There it was that he grew up to manhood. Taught in part by Saracen instructors, he quickly mastered all the learning which could be acquired in that dark age. He was versed in poetry and music; he could speak, it is said, not only Greek and Latin, not only Italian and German, but also French and Arabic. In the year 1209 he was married to Constance, daughter of Alfonso, King of Aragon; and at the beginning of 1212, Frederick, then only seventeen, was suddenly called upon to assume the most momentous responsibilities of public life. An opening appeared in Germany, which seemed to promise him the Crown, worn with so much of glory by his ancestors of the House of Hohenstaufen.

Otho of Brunswick was at this time Emperor. He had dissatisfied the clergy; he was excommunicated by the Pope. Several of the princes and prelates of Germany rose against him. An embassy of two brave Suabian knights was sent by them to Palermo, inviting the young heir of Hohenstaufen to become their chief and do battle in their cause. Well might the boy-king hesitate. It was a perilous adventure of most uncertain issue. His Sicilian counsellors almost with one voice declared that he would hazard his life to no purpose, and urged him to refuse. His young wife, with her new-born son in her arms, tenderly besought his stay. But the martial spirit of his race was roused within him. He resolved to shew himself the worthy grandson of the first Frederick, the renowned "Barbarossa"—to grasp at the prize or to perish in the endeavour.

On Palm Sunday, in the year 1212, the young King embarked at Palermo with a scanty train. He first repaired to Rome, where he sought to confirm the doubtful adherence of the Pope. Thence again embarking, he landed at Genoa, and found a firm friend in its republic. But the hostility of the Duke of Savoy on the one side, and of the citizens of Milan on the other, threatened to bar his passage to the Alps. When at last he did set forth, he hoped by a night-march to elude the vigilance of his pursuers. Scarce, however, had he crossed the river Lambro than he beheld the men of the escort who had brought him from Pavia, and who had made halt on the right bank, assailed and overpowered by a superior force from Milan without his being able to afford them any aid. Some seventy were taken prisoners; all the rest were put to the sword.

Escaped from this imminent danger, and with but few attendants, the young King turned aside from the better known and better guarded passes of the Alps, and climbed the rugged chain—in those days deemed well-nigh impassable—which parts the Engadine from Italy. He passed those steep and solitary heights (as they then appeared to him), where now the bright-coloured houses of Camper and St. Moritz, thronged every summer with English tourists, look gaily on the snow-peak of Surlei and the lakes of Silva Plana. Thence descending, either by the Julier Pass or along the Albula stream, he came down to the valley of the Rhine at Chur. In Switzerland he found some powerful adherents. Above all, he was joined by the Abbot of St. Gall. But as they rode forward on their way to the city of Constance, they were met by evil tidings. At the first report of Frederick's approach, Otho had hastily concluded the war in Thuringia, and was now advancing at the head of 200 knights with a corresponding retinue. Already had he sent his purveyors and cooks into Constance to make ready for his coming.

Frederick had with him no more than sixty horsemen. Nevertheless he utterly disdained the thought of a retreat. On the contrary, spurring forward at full speed, with the Abbot of St. Gall, they succeeded in reaching Constance ere the force of Otho came in sight. Then, by their expostulations with the Bishop—would so holy a man support an excommunicated Emperor?—they wrought with such effect that, when, three hours later, Otho and his retinue appeared, he found the city-gates closed and barred against him. As Dean Milman says, "that rapid movement won Frederick the empire." So great an aim, however, was not at once attained. Months, nay years, were still to pass of arduous warfare and negotiation, before Otho was completely overpowered and Frederick crowned as the successor of Charlemagne, in Charlemagne's own city of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Nor had Frederick perhaps prevailed in the conflict, had not Philip Augustus of France made common cause with him, and gained, in 1214, the decisive battle of Bouvines. Then the remaining adherents of Otho could only sue for peace. His father-in-law and chief support, the Duke of Brabant, went even farther, and addressed to the King of France a letter of congratulation and good wishes. He received in answer two covers sealed. In the first was a blank paper; in the second



the following words: "As yon paper is devoid of writing, so is thy heart devoid of fidelity and honour."\*

The *Schloss* at Berlin was the birth-place of Frederick of Prussia, January 24, 1712. His father, Frederick William, was both the closest of economists and the strictest of disciplinarians. He would have accounts laid before him with entries even for the most tiny items — as eight *Pfennige* for a lemon, or one *Groschen* for milk. He loved to pace the streets of Potsdam cane in hand, and seemed to think that no one ought to walk about them but himself. If he met a French clergyman from the Protestant exiles in Prussia, he was wont to ask him sarcastically: *Avez-vous lu Molière?* — meaning to imply that he was no better than a stage-player. Once, however, he found his match in Beausobre, a son of the well-known theologian, who, in reply to the usual *Avez-vous lu Molière?* question, answered boldly, *Oui, Sire, et surtout l'Avare!* If the King met the wife or daughter of a tradesman taking an afternoon stroll, he would call her an idle hussy, and bid her go and mind her business at home. All such admonitions were apt to be enforced by two or three raps of his favourite instrument, seldom absent from his hand.

All these qualities of Frederick William were called into full play by the education of his son and heir. The establishment of the young prince was cut down to the narrowest limits; the cane was diligently plied; and the pursuit of the Fine Arts as well as the study of the classic authors were denounced with all the zeal of ignorance. A copy of the Royal instructions is still extant.† In one passage it says: "As to the Latin language, my son is not to learn it, and I will not even allow any one to speak to me any further on the subject." In this, however, his Majesty did, perhaps, some injustice to his own acquirements, since in answer to petitions for aid, he would occasionally with his own hand write upon the margin, *Non habeo Pekunia*. Elsewhere in his instructions the King has added these words in French: *l'Histoire des Grecs et des Romains doit être abolie; elles ne sont bonnes à rien.*"

It is greatly to the honour of Frederick that by his great genius and force of will

he surmounted these impediments, and made himself, it may truly be said, a self-taught man. Both in music and in literature he was able to hold his own. He had acquired very great skill in flute-playing, but had to practice that art with as much caution as commonly attends the commission of a crime. When the King went out hunting attended by his princes, Frederick would now and then turn aside to some secluded corner of the forest, and there with a few friends extemporize a concert. Thus also he read with keen delight the poets and philosophers of France, as also, though but in French translations, the great works that have come down to us from ancient times. Of these last, Cicero and Horace, Lucretius and Lucian, besides the "Lives of Plutarch," are named as his especial favourites. Sometimes these forbidden treasures were surprised and seized by the King, then great displeasure ensued; and they were sent in hot haste to the booksellers; to be disposed of for the benefit of the Royal strong-box — the *Schatulle*.

As time passed on, however, Frederick became less and less able to endure the paternal tyranny. He had now grown to be eighteen years of age. At such an age to be caned even in private was hard to bear; to be caned before strangers was intolerable. Frederick wrote to the Queen, his mother, declaring that he would no longer submit to such ill-treatment. Of the King, his father, he asked permission to travel. He was sternly refused. Frederick William had, indeed, at this period, conceived a strong aversion to his eldest son, greatly preferring his second, Prince Augustus, whom it is thought that he desired by some expedient to place in next succession to the throne.

In this well-nigh desperate position, Frederick formed a resolution nearly as desperate — to effect his escape from the Prussian dominions, and take refuge with the Royal Family of England. His secret confidants and partners in the scheme were two young Lieutenants, Katte and Keith by name; and a favourable opportunity was likely to present itself by the journey of the King, attended by his eldest son, to some princes and towns of southern Germany. The details of that journey may be read at length in the sparkling pages of Mr. Carlyle. On their way homeward from Augsburg to Ludwigsburg, they passed close under the hill of Hohenstaufen, a conspicuous

\* Raumer, vol. iii. p. 27. We quote from the fourth edition just published, by the preface to which we learn that the accomplished author has now entered his ninety-second year.

† It has been published by Vehse, "Geschichte des Preussischen Hofes," vol. iii. pp. 109-118.

object from the present railroad, and rising cone-shaped from the fruitful plain.\* There, on the levelled summit, where now scarce a stone remains, once stood the proud *Stammsschloss*, the hereditary fortalice of the Emperors of the House of Suabia. There had dwelt in his power and glory the first Frederick, the warlike Barbarossa. At another period the Prince of Prussia, then only eighteen, might have looked with some interest at this historic hill. But then it is far more probable that, as Mr. Carlyle puts it, he "knows nothing about Staufen, cares nothing. We cannot fancy Frederick remembered Barbarossa at all."\* How should he, while his own fortunes were trembling in the scales?

It is very strange, we may observe in passing, that a writer so thoroughly well acquainted with Germany as is Mr. Carlyle should have misplaced this historic hill of Hohenstaufen by some fifty or sixty miles. He makes the Royal travellers see it, not as in fact they would, on their way from Augsburg to Ludwigsburg, and close to the little town of Göppingen, but far onward on proceeding from Ludwigsburg to Sinzheim.

Reverting to the Royal travellers, we have now to relate that the next day's journey brought them to the small village of Steinfurth. They found no accommodation beyond two barns, the King and his suite sleeping in the one, and Frederick, with some officers, in the other. To the young prince the place seemed favourable for his plan of escape, since but three hours' riding would bring him to the ferry of the Rhine. He rose softly at two in the morning—it was now the 4th of August, 1730—dressed himself in plain clothes, took his money, and walked down into the village, where he had ordered Keith, the Lieutenant's brother, to meet him with his horses. But one of his officers, Colonel Rochow, who had been ordered to keep a strict watch over him, shewed a true military vigilance. He sprang up from his bed of hay almost as soon as Frederick left it. Overtaking the young prince in the village, he wished his Royal Highness "Good morning" in a cheerful tone, as though nothing unusual was occurring, and, when Keith came up with the horses, quietly bade him take them back again, since the royal party would not start till daybreak. Thus was Frederick foiled in his design. He afterwards told his sister that in the anguish

of his disappointment he should, he believed, were there then but his sword at his side, have attempted, at all hazards, to fight his way through.\*

The King was made acquainted with the grave suspicions entertained of the Prince's design, but as there was no positive proof, he dissembled his resentment for the time. Within a few days, however, confirmation came. There was intercepted and brought to his Majesty a letter from Frederick to Lieutenant Katte, by which the whole secret was revealed. Then, indeed, the King's fury blazed forth. He summoned the Prince to his presence, and with his own hands inflicted chastisement upon him, striking him in the face with the handle of his cane until the blood gushed forth. "Never yet did a Brandenburg face bear this!" cried Frederick in utter despair. But his complaint, however just, availed him little. He was now embarked in a separate yacht and brought down the Rhine as a state-prisoner to Wesel. From thence—still in the closest custody—he was transferred to the citadel of Cüstrin.

Of the two Lieutenants—his accomplices, as the King would have termed them—Katte, who had lingered at Berlin, was, like himself, arrested and cast into prison. Keith, having gone on to Wesel, had time to escape to the Hague, where he took shelter in the house of the Earl of Chesterfield, then ambassador from England. His pursuer, Colonel Dumoulin, arrived only a few hours after him. The English Secretary, in Lord Chesterfield's absence, conveyed him in his own coach to Scheveningen, thus enabling him to embark and reach London in security.

The rage of the King was extended to his consort the Queen, and to his eldest daughter, the Princess Wilhelmine, whom he suspected, and not without some reason, of being in the Prince's confidence. To the Queen he caused the utmost agony by announcing to her, in the first instance, that her miserable son had perished in his guilty enterprise. On the Princess he bestowed a buffet of no common force just under her left breast. There remained, says Voltaire, a life-long scar at the place, "which," adds the French satirist, "her Royal Highness did me the honour to shew me!"

This amiable husband and father would view the conduct of his son Fritz in only

\* "History of Frederick the Great," vol. ii. p. 244.

\* "Mémoires de la Margrave de Baireuth," vol. i. p. 260.



one single aspect. Fritz held the rank of Colonel in his service, and Fritz had attempted to cross the frontier without leave; therefore Fritz had been guilty of military desertion, and was liable to the penalty of that crime — death. The same judgment would hold good of Lieutenant Katte, and separate Courts-Martial were appointed to try the two offenders. It would matter little to the King if even these Courts-Martial should take a more lenient view, since on several former occasions he had thought himself entitled in the exercise of his plenary power to overrule the sentence of such tribunals whenever he had deemed the sentence not sufficiently severe. Indeed, at this period, the German princes were nearly as absolute as Turkish pashas, and in many cases used their power as badly.

Meanwhile the Prince was treated with the utmost rigour at Cüstrin. On the 31st August he was expelled from the Prussian army — that army of which, in after years, he was to be the glory and pride. A coarse prison dress was assigned him; as coarse fare without knife or fork; no books beyond the Bible and Prayer-book; no free use of pen and ink. And there was worse behind. When sentence of death had at the King's personal desire been passed on Katte; when, in spite of every intercession, that doom was about to be fulfilled, then on the 6th November, by the King's orders, Frederick was held fast at the prison window to see his unhappy friend pass by. "Forgive me, my dear Katte, forgive me!" cried Frederick in his anguish. "Death is sweet for a prince so amiable," said poor Katte in reply. A few more minutes, and the headsman's sword was wielded, and Katte fell to the ground a corpse. The poor prince had fainted away.

We shall not carry this narrative further, else we might have shewn in some detail the mingled moderation and firmness with which Frederick parried the pressing interrogatories that were more than once addressed to him, the courage with which he confronted his sentence of death as pronounced by the Court-Martial, the politic arts which (not without some foreign aid) enabled him gradually to assuage the Royal resentment, and even in time to regain the Royal favour. But our object in the parallel which we have attempted to draw has been rather to point out that at the same age of eighteen the Prussian prince was still more grievously tried in mind and body than the

Suabian. He had to undergo still greater perplexities and perils; he had to make still larger calls on those high qualities which both of them subsequently displayed upon the throne.

Let us next consider their furthest point in their respective journeys. With Frederick of Suabia that furthest point was Jerusalem; with Frederick of Prussia, Strasburg.

On a Saturday of March, in the year 1229, the Emperor Frederick, with his train of followers, appeared in sight of Jerusalem. He had recently acquired the city by treaty from the Sultan of Egypt, the Christians henceforth to hold it and the Saracens retaining as their own only the Mosque of Omar. It was a gain of the greatest importance to the Christian cause as it was then considered, and above all to the security and comfort of all future Christian pilgrims. But by a strange anomaly, arising from the exorbitant Papal pretensions, Frederick had the Pope for his enemy, and was at this very time under sentence of excommunication. It was forbidden to admit him to any of the offices of the Church, or even to celebrate the Mass in any town where he resided. Thus on his entering Jerusalem, while the laymen for the most part were eager to hail him as a deliverer, the ecclesiastics were no less prepared to shun him as an outcast.

From the gates of the city Frederick, without alighting, rode on at once to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Not a single priest appeared to greet him, not one *Te Deum* was sung. Next day the Emperor, attended by his barons, revisited the church in imperial state. Then again all was solitude and silence so far as the clerical order was concerned. No prelate from the East came forward to crown him King of Jerusalem. Frederick himself walked up to the high altar, took up from thence the crown — a crown of thorns in semblance, as Godfrey de Bouillon in humble piety had first designed it — and with his own hands placed it on his head.

The ceremony over, and an address to the people having been delivered in his name, the Emperor returned through the streets, still wearing his newly acquired crown. Ever since, down to our own days, the title of King of Jerusalem has been an honorary appendage of his successors in the realms of Naples and Sicily.

On the same day the Emperor went to

visit the Mosque of Omar, believed then, as it is believed now, to stand on the site of the Jewish temple. There is great interest in comparing on this occasion the accounts of the Christian writers with those of the Mahometan, as M. Reinaud has deduced them for this period. Yet sometimes the latter are stopped short by singular scruples. Thus one of them, Soyonti by name, thinks gold embroidery and silken vestments inconsistent with true religion. He goes even farther, he thinks the very mention of them profane, and declines to notice any attire which is thus adorned. "I will not put down such dresses in my book," he says, "lest God should call me to account for them in the Day of Judgment!"

Such scruples were not felt by the Imaum at the Mosque of Omar. Richly as Frederick might be attired, this Imaum does not shrink from describing him. His description, however, is more minute than flattering. "The Malek," he says, for so he calls the Emperor, "was red-haired and partly bald and with weak sight. As a slave he would not have sold for more than two hundred drachms."\* We may smile at this truly Oriental mode of estimating merit. It may, however, remind us of the saying which, in a far different state of society, Beaumarchais has put into the mouth of his Figaro. "If so many good qualities are required in a servant, does your Excellency know many masters who would be equal to the place?"

The Imaum goes on, and declares, as he flatters himself, that Frederick was in truth estranged from the Christian faith and inclined to the Mahometan. But the proofs which he gives are strangely inconclusive. He says that, as the Emperor observed an inscription in letters of gold which ran round the cornice of the Chapel de la Sagra, he desired that it should be interpreted to him. It proved to be "Saladin in a certain year purified the Holy City from the presence of those who worship many Gods." This was the common taunt of the Mussulmans against the believers in the Trinity. Frederick made no remark. Are we then to say with the Imaum that a leaning to a foreign faith is to be inferred from merely asking the sense of an inscription in a foreign tongue? If so, how many lady visitors at Athens or at Rome, might be

convicted of devotion to the ancient pagan deities!

It is further related by the Imaum that Frederick asked why the windows of this chapel were so closely barred. He was told that it was to prevent the defilement of the birds. "You may keep out the birds," said Frederick, "but in their place God has sent you the swine." It can scarcely be supposed, however, that a general reflection against any form of faith could be intended by this phrase; least of all could it be levelled at the Christians, since not they, but the Mahometans, were in possession of the mosque. It would seem that the Emperor's words were intended to reprove, in covert terms, those ecclesiastics of any creed who bring only grovelling minds to their holy functions, and from whom no sect can be wholly free.

There was another point in the demeanour of Frederick at this time which, beyond doubt, gave great offence to all his Christian followers. As he stood in the Mosque of Omar, there was proclaimed the hour of noon, when it behoves all men of the creed of Mahomet to pray. At this signal, therefore, the Mussulmans in the train of Frederick fell on their knees in adoration. Among them was Frederick's aged tutor, a Mussulman of Sicily. He had instructed the future Emperor in the principles of logic, principles first framed by Aristotle, and now taught from Arabic writers in lands where Aristotle was forgotten.

At this sight, as the Imaum assures us, Frederick shewed no displeasure, and uttered no reproof. Few men at the present day but would commend his respect for the rights of conscience. But in his times, any toleration of another creed was fiercely denounced by the Christian priesthood, no less than by the Mussulman, as most impious and profane.

The lofty pride of Frederick must have been bitterly chafed by his anomalous position — to find himself excommunicated by the Church in the very city that he had gained over for the Christians. He remained but two days in Jerusalem; thence going back to the coast, he shortly afterwards re-embarked for Italy.

We come now to Frederick of Prussia. Considering his warm attachment to the French literature and language, which he greatly preferred to his own, it is singular that even at the periods when allied to France he should never have paid a visit to Paris. It may also be observed that his warlike deeds were performed within

\* Extracts from the Arabic Chronicles by Reinaud in the "Bibliothèque des Croisades," vol. iv. pp. 112 and 431, ed. 1829.



a narrower space than has been usual with great commanders. We do not think that any of his battles was fought at more than 250 miles' distance from Berlin.

In August, 1740, however, only a few weeks after his accession, Frederick\* undertook a short excursion to Alsace. He travelled with a small retinue, and a strict incognito, under the name of Comte Dufour. One of his objects on his way back was to visit his outlying dominion of Cleves; another to see Voltaire, with whom he had for some years been in correspondence, but whom he had never yet met.

Of this journey Frederick himself wrote a humorous account, part in prose and part in verse, on the model of the celebrated piece by La Chapelle and Bachaumont. The whole of it has been published, but it is best known from the extracts given by Voltaire in that most malignant piece of biography first printed as "*Vie privée du Roi de Prusse*," and since as "*Mémoires*" in the first volume of Voltaire's collected works. The verses are, no doubt, extremely poor, and interesting only from the subsequent renown of the writer. Thus at the outset we find Frederick complain of the scanty fare at a village inn, and still more of the exorbitant charges.

Car des hôtes intéressés,  
De la faim nous voyant pressés,  
D'une façon plus que frugale,  
Dans une chaumière infernale,  
En nous empoisonnant, nous volaient nos écûs.  
O siècle différent des temps de Lucullus!

At the gates of Strasburg, however, there are still deeper murmurs at the grasping propensities of the custom-house officers.

Ces scélérats nous épiaient,  
D'un œil le passe-port lisaient,  
De l'autre lorgnaient notre bourse.  
L'or, qui toujours fut de ressource,  
Par lequel Jupin jouissait  
De Danaë qu'il caressait;  
L'or, par qui César gouvernait  
Le monde heureux sous son empire;  
L'or, plus Dieu que Mars et l'Amour,  
Le même or sut nous introduire,  
Le soir, dans les murs de Strasbourg.

Voltaire, who has transcribed this passage, adds to it this bitter comment:—"It will be seen by these lines that Frederick had not yet become the greatest of our poets; and that philosopher as he was, he did not regard with any indifference the metal of which his father had accumulated such ample stores."

At Strasburg Frederick took up his quarters at a little inn—*l'Hôtel du Corbeau*—and through the mediation of his landlord made acquaintance the same day with three or four French officers, whom he asked to supper. They were greatly pleased with the wit and lively conversation both of the King himself and of the Italian Count Algarotti, who was one of his train; and they returned his invitation for the ensuing day. As Comte Dufour he passed for a *Grand Seigneur* of Bohemia. He was presented next morning to the Maréchal de Broglie, Governor of Strasburg; and in the evening went to the play with *Madame la Maréchale*. But by this time the secret of his rank was rapidly becoming *le secret de la comédie*. It was revealed to the Maréchal himself by a soldier of the garrison, who had not long since deserted from the Prussian service. The Maréchal, it is said, was so incautious after dinner as to begin a sentence with *Sire*—and then, suddenly correcting himself, go on, *Monsieur le Baron*. Frederick afterwards observed, and with good reason, that the Maréchal had been much to blame; "he ought either," he said, "to have carefully preserved my incognito or else paid me the honours that were due to my rank."\*

Even at the time the displeasure of Frederick peeps forth in his poetical "*Récit de Voyage*," as where he bids us not rely too much on the Maréchal's wise looks:—

Il était né pour la surprise;  
Ses cheveux blancs, sa barbe grise  
Formaient un sage extérieur.  
Le dehors est souvent trompeur;  
Qui juge par la reliure  
D'un ouvrage et de son auteur  
Dans une page de lecture  
Peut reconnaître son erreur.

Be this as it may, Frederick, perceiving that his secret was no longer safe, made a hasty exit from the theatre, and set off that same night for the Duchy of Cleves. There he at once resumed his Royal state and his Royal cares. In pursuance of some ancient claims, and by the timely advance of a few battalions, he extorted a million of francs from the Prince Bishop of Liège. He insisted that the money should be paid down in gold ducats; and this, as Voltaire satirically notes, served to indemnify him for the losses which he had lately sustained at the Strasburg custom-house.

\* "*Souvenirs de Thiebault*," vol. i. p. 212. Mr. Carlyle adopts a different version.

Compared as chiefs of armies, the older Frederick can bear no parallel with the later. Frederick of Suabia had, indeed, great personal courage, a cheerful endurance of toil, and, in military skill, was probably not inferior to any leader of armies of that age. He had, also, great ardour of purpose. Thus, on one occasion, when he was informed that the people of Viterbo had rebelled against him, he was heard to exclaim, "Even if I had already one foot in Paradise, I would pull it back again to punish these ungrateful men!" But his success was not commensurate with his ardour or his bravery. He failed in that very siege of Viterbo; he failed in another still more memorable at Bologna. He was put to the rout at that fortified encampment to which he had given, far too prematurely, the proud name of Vittoria. Frederick of Prussia, on the other hand, ranks, and deserves to rank, with the greatest captains whom the world has ever seen — with Hannibal and Cæsar, with Marlborough and Turenne. There is nothing in all history more wonderful than the Seven Years' War. Here were the three greatest monarchies of Continental Europe — France, Austria, Russia — drawing in their train not only Sweden, but also the main States of the Germanic Empire, and arrayed in arms against the single "Marquis de Brandebourg," as at this time the French officers would scornfully call him. It was a league of eighty millions of men against but six or seven millions.\* With such a disparity of forces it might have been expected that one campaign, or even one battle, would decide the war. Far otherwise was the result. Frederick was frequently defeated, but never subdued. He held, or he recovered, his own, with indomitable energy; and at last, instead of the dismemberment of his States, which had been contemplated, he concluded peace without the cession of even a single village to his foes.

It is true that this general statement should not be too absolutely taken. For Frederick there were some gleams of light in the dark picture. There was the constant alliance and the yearly subsidy of England. There was the Czarina's sudden death, and her successor's favourable disposition. Other such retrieving circumstances might be mentioned.

\* This is Dr. Vohse's computation. Lord Macaulay has rather magnified the difference, making the numbers in the one case a hundred millions, and in the other "not five millions." (*Essays*, vol. iv. p. 60, ed. 1866.)

But still, after every possible drawback, there will remain as balance an extraordinary amount of the highest military qualities which throughout this memorable conflict the Great King displayed.

As regards their legislation, the preceding judgment might, perhaps, be reversed, and the superiority be assigned to the Suabian. He of Prussia had, no doubt, great merits in this matter also. There is still standing at Sans Souci, as a monument of his impartial justice, the unsightly mill which he wished to purchase, and which the miller refused to part with, appealing to the protection of the law. The "Code Frédéric," also, may deserve some part, at least, of the high praise which the French philosophers gave it. But we do not find that Frederick ever shewed any real disposition to limit, even in the smallest degree, his own absolute power in State affairs. We do not find that he took any steps to enfranchise the peasantry, who, at the period of his death, continued serfs and bound to the soil in many parts of his dominions. The extent of his shortcomings may best be estimated from a view of the vast reforms which it was left to Baron Stein to inaugurate in 1807.

Reverting to the Emperor Frederick, we may say of him with Dr. Milman that "as a legislator he commands almost unmingled admiration."\* It is truly surprising to see how far on many points he was in advance of his age. Was it not, for example, until quite lately held as an axiom in finance that trade is beneficial to a nation only when its exports are greater than its imports? We find Frederick, on the contrary, declare as his opinion that trade is beneficial to both nations that engage in it. Again, how few years have passed, comparatively speaking, since there was a line of custom-houses to divide, for example, Ireland from Great Britain, and Biscay from Castile? Frederick, on the contrary, lays it down as his rule that within the limits of the same dominion commerce should be absolutely free. Thus, on one occasion, when the governor of a district in Sicily attempted to prohibit the import of provisions across the river Salso, the Emperor sternly rebuked him. "Remember," said Frederick, "that though there may be separate jurisdictions, it is all one empire; and that its people must not be

\* "Latin Christianity," vol. iv. p. 358.



suffered to act as strangers, far less as enemies, to one another."

Equality before the law: such was the maxim of the Suabian sovereign no less than of the Prussian, five centuries later. With this view the Emperor abrogated where he could, and, where he could not, restrained and curtailed, the claim of the nobles and clergy to hold themselves exempt from the duties that devolved on other classes. It was their privilege — by right of conquest, said the Norman Barons; by God's appointment, said the Romish Bishops — not to be liable to trial by the ordinary tribunals, nor to contribution in taxes to the exigencies of the State. Against these odious pretensions — which, as is well known, maintained their ground in France, for example, until the commencement of the French Revolution — Frederick was constantly contending. Nor would he allow the common man to be oppressed. It serves to shew the temper of those times that he found it requisite to issue an edict forbidding, as though a common practice, that a feudal lord might cudgel the vassals of another if his own vassals had in the first instance been cudgelled by that other lord.\* In this case, as in many others, Frederick did his utmost to mitigate and lessen the curse of serfdom as it existed on the estates of the prelates and barons; and he abolished it altogether in the domains belonging to the Crown.

Religious toleration was the rule of both the Fredericks, but toleration is far less worthy of note in the eighteenth century, when it became the common practice, than in the thirteenth, when it appeared a strange portent to the people. A godless policy the priests pronounced it. They viewed with indignation the liberty of conscience which Frederick allowed — alike to the Jew in the commercial cities, to the Saracen on the hills of Sicily, and to the Greek upon the eastern coasts. But they found some consolation in the rigour of the edicts against the Lombard "Paterini," for so these precursors of the Reformation were at that time termed. No severity was deemed too great for them. The obstinate heretic was to be burned alive, and his whole property confiscated. It was declared penal even to petition in his favour. Yet strange as it

may seem, these decrees of Frederick were rather in mitigation of those that had been issued before him. There was, above all, this important provision — the final decision was not to rest with the vengeful ecclesiastical courts, but after due investigation by these each case was to be adjudged by the secular authority.

The subject of religious toleration may invite some remarks on the personal creed of either Sovereign. As to Frederick of Prussia, there is no room for doubt or question. He adhered in the most open manner to the school of the philosophers, as they called themselves in France. Like the great object of his admiration, Voltaire, he would often make the Christian religion the topic for his biting jests. He loved especially to quote and misapply some text of Scripture. This one or two instances will shew.

It appears then that, on one occasion, Frederick found fault with the *façade* of a church of Potsdam, and he caused it to be altered, by which process, however, some windows were shut up. The clergyman and congregation made remonstrances, declaring that they could not see. But they were silenced by the text which Frederick alleged: "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." Thus, again, in the Seven Years' War, the Prussian horsemen of Natzmer, wearing as part of their uniform a white fur jacket, were derided on that account by their antagonists, the Austrian cavalry of General Putkammer, being called "the Berlin sheep." Great resentment was felt by them at this insulting nickname, inasmuch that, having in a battle put the Putkammer regiment to the rout, they shewed it little quarter in their pursuit, and fiercely cut it down. The Austrian General, who was one of the few prisoners, complained to Frederick of the treatment they had received. "But have you read the Bible?" asked Frederick. "Certainly I have, Sir." — "Well, if so, you must have found a sentence which explains the whole case." — "What sentence can that be, Sir?" — "Beware of those which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves."

It was otherwise with the Suabian. No doubt that he also was frequently charged with irreligion. At other times, again, his ecclesiastical enemies, seeing his forbearance to the Jew and the Mahometan in his dominions, were wont to brand him with those opprobrious names, sometimes with either singly, sometimes with both

\* Raumer, vol. iii. p. 234, ed. 1872. If we mistake not, the memory of that barbarous practice still lingers in a German proverb, equivalent to *Tit for tat* — "*Prügelst du meine Juden, so prügele ich deine Juden!*"

together. But Frederick himself, while he disdained the taunt, repelled the charge. He always declared himself a firm believer in the Christian faith, resisting only, as he said the usurpations, spiritual and temporal, of the See of Rome. Some of the sayings ascribed to him are not quite reverent; as when he exclaimed that, if God had borne in mind the beautiful island of Sicily, He would never have assigned the barren country of Judæa to his chosen people. Something, however, must be allowed to the temper of that and the ensuing age. The reader of Chaucer, for example, may recollect some passages in which sacred names are used in most unfit collocation, though, as it would seem, without any scoffing idea.

It may be added that, whenever we come to specific charges, some of those urged against Frederick are almost demonstrably false. Thus it was alleged that, at his instigation, his Chancellor and favourite, Peter de Vineâ, had composed a sceptical treatise against the principal religions known or professed in the world. It was said to be entitled *De Tribus Impostoribus*, meaning Moses, Christ, and Mahomet. This book was much talked of, and yet never seen; and modern research appears to have clearly shewn that, in fact, it never existed.

It is worthy of note that, while a disbelief in Revealed Religion was with more or less justice imputed to both the Fredericks, each lent a ready ear to the predictions of conjurors and fortune-tellers. It had been foretold to the Suabian that he would die in the midst of flowers; and for this reason he would never set foot within the walls of Florence. But he did not thereby escape his doom. In the year 1250, while journeying in Northern Apulia, he was seized with sudden dysentery at the small town of Castel Fiorentino, and there, after a few days' illness, breathed his last. On an earlier occasion, at Vicenza, a conjuror boasted that he would place in the hands of Frederick a sealed paper, naming the very gate by which he would depart from the city on the morrow. Frederick took the paper, but, resolving to disappoint the wizard, caused a breach to be made in the city walls, and by this he issued forth. Then, breaking the seal, he read to his surprise, "The Emperor will leave the city by the New Gate — the *Porta Nuova*."

Frederick of Prussia, coming five centuries later, in an age when among all civilized nations fancies of this kind were

exploded, might have been thought beyond their influence. It is, therefore, with some surprise that we find him in the Seven Years' War carefully collecting the predictions of the countryside conjurors (*les devins de village*) and expressing his disappointment that he learnt so little from them. He had also his lucky and unlucky days. "Do not," he said once to the Prince of Orange, "choose Monday for your marriage with my niece; let it be either Sunday or Tuesday. Monday is not fortunate for us; at least I never won a battle on that day."

The two blots in the character of the Suabian Frederick were, first, his indulgence in illicit amours (of which his accomplished son, King Enzo, was, among others, a living token) and secondly, his cruel treatment of public offenders. On some occasions, as was said, he had punished men guilty of high-treason by wrapping them up in lead and casting them into a red-hot furnace. It is to this that Dante alludes when he speaks of the hypocrites weighed down by gilded robes, so heavy that the Emperor's were trifling in comparison:—

Ma dentro tutte piombo, e gravi tanto  
Che Federigo le mettea di paglia.\*

We hear also of summary executions in the case of towns stormed or troops surrendered. It is only right, however, to bear in mind what was the usual practice in that age. Cruelty was the rule, humanity, the rare exception. As the first instance of the former that just now occurs to us we may mention the "dark Knight of Liddesdale," as Sir Walter Scott has termed him, who, taking prisoner Sir Alexander Ramsey, the gallant ancestor of the Dalhousies, flung him into a dungeon of Hermitage Castle, and left him there to perish of cold and hunger. But such barbarous customs, although some palliation for the conduct of Frederick, by no means afford an adequate defence in the case of a prince so enlightened and accomplished, and so greatly on most other points beyond the temper of his times.

Frederick of Prussia, on the contrary, was not indeed humane, in the sense of having any great sympathy with his fellow-men. He gave a parting token of his disdain for them by desiring to be buried on the terrace of Sans Souci by the side of his favourite greyhounds. But, though harsh, he was by no means cruel. His

\* "Inferno," cant. xxiii. vers. 65.



tendency was rather to lessen than to aggravate any penal sentence. Even in the punishments which he inflicted there not unfrequently mingled some touch of raillery or humour. Of this one instance may be perhaps allowed us. He had in his service several *Kammerhusaren*, as the Germans called them, or, as the French might have said, *sous-valets de chambre*. One of these men, then with his Majesty at Sans Souci, accidentally let fall a letter which he had written to his sweetheart at Berlin, and that letter was picked up by the King. It ran as follows: "My dear Charlotte, I fear that I shall not find it possible to call on you to-day, nor yet for some days to come, for I must stay at home in close attendance on the growling old bear" (*Brummbär*). Frederick was by no means pleased at finding himself thus designated. But, sending for the *Kammerhusar*, he calmly asked him whether he knew how to write. "A little," said the man. "Then sit down at that table," said Frederick, "and write what I shall dictate." His Majesty then began dictating, word for word, the intercepted letter. The *Kammerhusar*, perceiving what had happened, fell on his knees, and implored forgiveness. "Sit down again," said the King, "and go on writing as I bid you." And the King then further dictated as follows: "My dear Charlotte, it is now most probable that several weeks may elapse before I have the happiness of seeing you, since the growling old bear has just signed a warrant sending me a prisoner to Spandau." To Spandau the valet was sent accordingly. But he was not left there more than a few days.

Frederick of Suabia had great advantages of person. Malespini, a writer of some note, says of his son Manfred, "bello era come il padre;" and if we admit the likeness, Dante also becomes a witness to the beauty, when in the "Purgatorio" the shade of Manfred appears:—

Biondo era e bello e di gentile aspetto.\*

Nor are we to attach undue weight to the few lines of disparaging description from the Imaum of the Mosque of Omar. The hair of Frederick, which might seem red to the swarthy Asiatic, was, in truth, of the beautiful German *blond*. There was a statue of him, erected in his lifetime on the bridge at Capua, but it is said to have been destroyed or mutilated in the wars of the last century. A cast of the head

which had been taken by an antiquary, Signor Daniele of Naples, has also disappeared, and there remains only a seal-ring engraved with the profile taken from it. Of that profile a print has been given by Raumer in the earlier and larger editions of his "History." It shows regular and very handsome features, not unlike those of Augustus, with whose coins, indeed, those of Frederick have been sometimes in ignorance confounded.

Frederick of Prussia is said to have been beautiful as a child, but lines of care and thought were early graven on his brow. He was at all times unwilling to spare the time of sitting for his likeness, but there is a good engraving of him from a picture by Pesne soon after his accession to the throne. To the last he was remarkable for the power and piercing lustre of his eyes. "They are too hard in his portraits," says the Prince de Ligne, "and they had been much tried by his labours both in council and the field, but they were wont to soften and beam brightly, whenever he listened to or related *quelque trait d'élevation*." De Ligne, Austrian as he was, adds in his enthusiasm, "I shall never believe that there could be eclipses and earthquakes to signalize the death of Cæsar, since there were none at the death of Frederick the Great."

Both the Emperor and the King were fond of building. Berlin owes to her Frederick no small proportion of her ornaments, as, for example, her excellent Public Library. At Potsdam are the two palaces which he reared, the *Sans Souci* and the *Neue Palais*, besides his decorations in the more ancient *Residenz*. Strangers are now admitted to walk through the apartments which he dwelt in, and which remain nearly in the same state in which he left them. There are still the chairs and the sofa which he used, the silken covers half torn off by the pawing of his greyhounds, and marked by the stains of the plates from which they were fed. There are also the vast conservatories and hothouses which he had constructed for the rearing of exotic plants. Once, in the same conversation with the Prince de Ligne from which we have already quoted, Frederick complained how ill he had succeeded—how frequently his orange and his olive trees had pined away in that ungenial climate and as ungenial soil. "It seems then," replied the ready-witted courtier, "that nothing thrives here except the laurel!"

Frederick of Suabia in like manner

\* "Purgatorio," lib. iii. vers. 106.

built himself several stately palaces, and took great pleasure in adorning the principal cities of his Southern States, more especially Foggia, Naples, and Palermo. His favourite hunting-seat, Castel del Monte by name, is still standing in Apulia, and nearly perfect, so far as its walls and chambers are concerned. It is a magnificent pile, in a rich style of Gothic architecture, built in an octagonal form, with a tower at each angle. Crowning, as it does, the high crest of the Apennines, it overlooks a vast extent of level country to the cities of Barletta and Trani, and the Adriatic Sea beyond them. Mr. Swinburne, who visited the spot in 1777, much admired "the great gate which is of marble, cut into very intricate ornaments, after the manner of the Arabians;" and he further commemorates "two enormous lions of marble that lie on the balustrade of the steps." We observe with regret in Mr. Murray's "Handbook" that this stately castle is utterly neglected and abandoned by its present proprietor, the Duke of Andria; and we join in the hope that the new government of Italy may be induced to take some steps to preserve it from decay.

Both the Fredericks have left behind them compositions both in verse and prose. Those of the King are well known, and on some points justly celebrated. But the Emperor also wrote some graceful pieces of poetry. Those by himself, by his son Enzo, and his Chancellor, Peter de Vineâ, are ranked among the earliest attempts in the Italian language, which began to form itself at his Court. There has also been published an Essay on Falconry from his pen, which is highly commended by the very few who have perused it:—

"That book," says von Raumer, "is astonishing for its accuracy and minuteness; it goes far beyond the limits of its subjects; it treats also of the mode of life of birds, their food, their construction of nests, their propagation, and their care of young, their sicknesses, and the best remedies for these, the flights of some kinds in spring and autumn, their means of attack and defence, and the numbers and the arrangement of their feathers; and it further contains what was still less to be expected in that age, an acute exposition of some points of comparative anatomy."

The consistent object of Frederick the Suabian through his public life was — so think his ablest modern critics, not judging from any single declaration, but rather from the whole scope and tenor of his acts — the unity of Italy. Thus says Ugo

Foscolo: "Federigo II sperava a riunire l'Italia sotto un solo Principe, una sola forma di governo, e una sola lingua." \* If so, it is very striking to find the great project formed by this far-sighted prince six centuries ago fulfilled in our own day by his own descendant, King Victor Emmanuel.

This descent of the present King of Italy may not be immediately obvious to some readers. They must remember that Constance, the daughter of Manfred, carried her claims upon Sicily and Naples by marriage to the House of Aragon. It is to her that Dante refers in the message which he makes Manfred deliver:—

Vedi a mia bella figlia, genitrice  
Dell' onor di Sicilia e d' Aragona.†

In the sixteenth century Aragon became united with Castile through Ferdinand and Isabella, and their great-grandson, King Philip the Second, gave his daughter in marriage to the Duke of Savoy.

But will success continue to attend the descendant and successor of Frederick? Will the noble design of Italian unity in the long-run prevail? If good wishes could ensure it, they would not be wanting. Our good wishes, however, must not blind us to the serious obstacles in the way, and, above all, to those presented by the differences of feeling and of customs in the population of the several States which it is sought to blend and combine. Here are races which, until of late, were almost in arms against each other. Can they so suddenly become, not allies only, but fellow-citizens? Or, if that cohesion be effected, would it stand firm against a blow? Even the imbecility of the old Papal Government might come at last to be regretted in a system of much heavier taxes and a larger standing army.

In a biography which was published fully forty-three years ago, but whose writer still survives amongst us, it was laid down as "a singular and striking fact" that, of all the illustrious men who have done honour to modern Italy, scarce any one has been born at Rome, and by very far the greater number have sprung from its northerly provinces, where there has been from early times an admixture of Gallic and Teutonic blood.‡ Much

\* Ugo Foscolo, "Sulla Lingua Italiana," as cited in Milman's "Latin Christianity," vol. vi. p. 511.

† "Purgatorio," canto iii. vers. 115.

‡ "Life of Belisarius," first edition, p. 267, with list of names in a note. But that list is very incomplete, being restricted to only some classes of eminence.



more recently the same view has been urged with patriotic ardour by an acute and popular author in Bavaria—Louis Steub.\*

The facts, we must say, seem in favour of that assertion. If we take the new Italian kingdom with Sicily included, and draw a line across the Peninsula between what were recently the two principal seaports of the Papal States—from Ancona, we mean, to Civita Vecchia—we shall thus have divided the kingdom into two nearly equal parts. Now look at the list of all the most eminent poets and prose-writers, warriors and statesmen, voyagers and discoverers, astronomers and men of science, sculptors and painters, musicians and composers, of whom since the revival of letters Italy can boast; and it will be found that perhaps nine-tenths of them come from the northward of that line, and only one-tenth, or some such very small proportion, from the southward.

Such a fact, we are strongly of opinion, is not to be considered as only single, but must be held to involve within it many other points of dissimilarity and causes of divergence.

We do not desire to carry this subject any further, or to enumerate in more detail the various obstacles that may arise to mar the desired object. Let us rather look at the encouraging example of France, where differences nearly as considerable at one time estranged such provinces as Brittany from Provence, or Roussillon from Picardy, and where notwithstanding by degrees all have been most successfully welded into one. Let us hope, with such a precedent before us, that the Italians will become once more an united people, not in name only or in law, but also in feeling and affection, and that, justly proud of their ancient fame, they may gather again as contented provinces around regenerated Rome.

\* "Herbsttage in Tirol," p. 222, ed. 1867.

From The Graphic.

INNOCENT:

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "SALEM CHAPEL,"  
"THE MINISTER'S WIFE," "SQUIRE ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD HOUSE.

THE Eastwoods lived in an old house in one of the south-western suburbs of

London. It was one of those houses which, dating only from the prosaic age of Queen Anne, have come to be picturesque in their way—which they were never intended to be—and are comfortable, which they were intended to be, to a degree rarely attained by all our modern efforts. What advances we have made since then in every way! And yet all Belgravia did not hold a house so thoroughly good for living in, so pleasant, so modest, so dignified, and so refined, as the big brick house, partly white-washed, partly retaining its native red, lichened all over with brown and yellow mosses, in which, at the outset of this history, Mrs. Eastwood lived with her children. It had been built by the Eastwoods of the time, more than a century and a half ago. It had given shelter to various generations since then—their mortal inn and lodging, the everlasting dwelling-place of their memory. They had left layers, so to speak, of old furniture, from the japanned screens and cabinets of the founder, to the hideous hair-cloth and mahogany of George IV.; and pictures and knick-knacks, and precious old china for which collectors would have given its weight in gold. All these riches were not shown off to advantage, as they might have been. You stumbled on them in corners; you found them in out-of-the-way cupboards, in rooms that were rarely used. In short, you could not take a walk on a wet day about this delightful house without finding something out that you had not seen before. For my own part I prefer this to the modern device of making a museum or china-shop of one's drawing-room. The drawing-room was a place to live in at The Elms. It had a hundred prettinesses about, none of which had been bought within the memory of any of the young people, except, indeed, a few foolish knick-knacks belonging to Ellinor—for what girl worth calling such was ever without knick-knacks? But its supreme use was to be lived in, and for this it was infinitely well adapted. Its only drawback that I know—and that many people thought a great advantage—was that, being close to London, you saw nothing from the windows that you might not have seen a hundred miles deep in the country. The drawing-room windows looked out upon a great green lawn, set in old trees. In winter, when the trees had lost their leaves, bits of other old houses, red and mossy, looked in through the bare branches; but in spring the further end of the

lawn was carpeted with primroses, and canopied with foliage, and the long avenue of elms at one side, and the narrower path on the other under the lime-trees, which was called the Lady's Walk, might have graced a squire's house anywhere. Both of these ended in a high paling; but I defy you to have found that out when elms and limes alike were in their glory of summer array.

After having said so much about the house, I may introduce you to its inhabitants. Mrs. Eastwood was a widow, and had four children, all as yet at home under the maternal roof. The eldest son was in a public office; the second, Richard, commonly called Dick, was at home "reading" for one of those examinations which occupy all our youth now-a-days. The third boy, who bore the magnificent name of Plantagenet, usually, I am grieved to say, shortened into Jenny, was still at Eton. One only remains to be accounted for, and that was Ellinor. She was but one, counted according to ordinary arithmetic; but she was as good as three additional at least, reckoning by her importance in the household. "If you count girls, there are seven of us; but some people don't count girls. I'm one," said one of *Mr. Punch's* delightful little boys in the old days of Leech. Ellinor Eastwood might have adapted this saying with perfect propriety to her own circumstances. The boys might or might not be counted; but to enter once into the house without hearing, seeing, divining the girl in it was impossible. Not that she was a remarkable young woman in any way. I don't know if she could justly be called clever; and she certainly was not more perfectly educated than usual — and does not everybody say that all women are badly educated? Her brothers knew twenty times as much as she did. They had all been at Eton; and Frederick, the eldest, was a University man, and had taken a very good class, though not the highest; and Dick was costing his mother a fortune in "coaches" and was required by the conditions of his examination to be a perfect mine of knowledge; they ought by all rules to have been as superior to their sister intellectually and mentally as daylight is to darkness. But they were not. I don't venture to explain how it was; perhaps the reader may in his or her experience have met with similar cases, though I allow that they go against a good many theories. The household was a young household altogether. Mrs. Eastwood herself was

under fifty, which, for a woman who has had neither bad health nor trouble in her life, is quite a youthful age. Her eldest son was six-and-twenty. There had never appeared a very great difference between them; for Frederick had always been the most serious member of the family. His name of itself was a proof of this. While all the others were addressed by a perpetually varying host of diminutives and pet names, Frederick had always remained Frederick. I need not point out how different this is from "Fred." He was the only member of the household who had as yet brought any trouble or anxiety to it, but he was by far the most proper and dignified person in the house. The rest were very youthful indeed, varying, as we have said, from the light-hearted though sober-visaged youthfulness of seven-and-forty to the tricksey boyhood of sixteen. It was a house, accordingly, in which there was always something going on. The family were well-off, and they were popular; they were rich enough to give frequent and pleasant little entertainments, and they had never acquired that painful habit of asking, "Can we afford it?" which is so dreadful a drawback to social pleasures. I do not intend to imply by this that there was any recklessness or extravagance in this well-ordered house. On the contrary, Mrs. Eastwood's bills were paid as by clockwork, with a regularity which was vexatious to all the tradesmen she employed; but neither she nor her children — blessed privilege! — knew what it was to be poor, and they had none of the habits of that struggling condition. That ghost which haunts the doors of the less comfortably endowed, which hovers by them in the very streets, and is always waiting round some corner — that black spectre of indebtedness or scarcity had never been seen at the Elms. There was a cheerful security of enough, about the house, which is more delightful than wealth. To be sure, there are great moral qualities involved in the material comfort of having enough, into which we need not enter. The comfort of the Eastwoods was a matter of habit. They lived as they had always lived. It never occurred to them to start on a different *piéd*, or struggle to a higher level. What higher level could they want? They were gentlefolks, and well connected; no sort of *parvenu* glitter could have done anything for them, even had they thought of it; therefore it was no particular credit to them to be content and satisfied. The morality of the matter was passive in their



case—it was habitual, it was natural, not a matter of resolution or thought.

And yet there had been one break in this simple and uncomplicated state of affairs. Four years before the date at which this history begins, an event had occurred to which the family still looked back with a sort of superstition,—a mingled feeling of awe, regret, and pride, such as might move the descendants of some hero who had abdicated a throne at the call of duty. The year in which Frederick took his degree, and left Oxford, Mrs. Eastwood had *put down her carriage*. I dare not print such words in ordinary type. She said very little about the reasons for this very serious proceeding; but it cannot be denied that there was a grandeur and pathos in the incident, which gave it a place in what may be called the mythology of the family. Nobody attempted to explain how it was or why it was. It gave a touch of elevating tragedy and mystery to the comfortable home-life, which was so pleasant and free from care. When now and then a sympathizing friend would say, "You must miss your carriage," Mrs. Eastwood was always prompt to disclaim any need for pity. "I have always been an excellent walker," she said, cheerily. She would not receive any condolences, and yet even she got a certain subtle pleasure, without knowing it, out of the renunciation. It was the hardest thing she had been called upon to do in her life, and how could she help being a little, a very little, proud of it? But, to be sure, this sentiment was quite unconscious. It was the only unexplained event in her innocent life. Ellinor, of course, half by instinct, half by reason of that ineffable communion between a mother and an only daughter, which makes the one conscious of all that passes within and without the other almost without words, knew exactly how this great family event had come about; but no one else knew, not even the most intimate friends of the house.

The cause, however, was nothing much out of the course of nature. Frederick, the eldest son and hope, he of whom everybody declared that he was his mother's stay and support, as good as the head of the family, had suddenly burst into her room one morning before she was up, like a sudden avalanche. He came to tell her in the first place, that he had made up his mind not to go into the Church, for which he had been educated, and in which he had the best of prospects; and in the second place, that he

was deeply in debt, and was going out to Australia by the next ship to repent and make up his deficiencies. Fancy having all this poured into your ears of a cold spring morning in your peaceful bed, when you woke up with the consciousness that to-day would be as yesterday, and, perhaps, still more tranquil and pleasant. Mrs. Eastwood was stricken dumb with consternation. It was the first time that trouble in this shape had ever visited her. Grief she had known—but that curtain of gentle goodness and well-seeming which covers the surface of life had never before been rudely rent before her eyes, revealing the abyss below. And the shock was all the greater that it was Frederick who gave it; he who had been her innocent child just the other day, and who was still her serious boy, never the one to get into mischief. The surprise was so overwhelming that it almost deadened her sense of pain; and then, before she could fully realize what had happened, the real importance of the event was still further confused by the fact, that instead of judging the culprit on his real demerits, she had to pray and plead with him to give up his mad resolution, to beg him not to throw his life away after his money. So urgent did this become that she gradually forgot all about the blame attaching to him, and could think of nothing but those terrible threats about Australia, which gradually became the central fact of the catastrophe. To do him justice, Frederick was perfectly sincere, and had no thought of the admirable effect to be produced by his obstinate determination. Where is the family that does not know such scenes? The result was that the carriage was "put down," the debts paid, Australia averted; and after a short time Mr. Frederick Eastwood gained, after a severe examination, his present appointment, and all again went merry as marriage bells. I don't know whether the examination was in reality severe; but at least Mrs. Eastwood thought so, which pleased her, and did nobody any harm; and as time went on she found to her entire satisfaction that everything had been for the best, and that Providence had brought good out of evil. In the first place, it was "noble" of Frederick, when he found he could not conscientiously enter the Church, to scorn all mercenary motives, and not to be tempted by the excellent living which he knew awaited him. And then what a comfort and blessing it was to have him at home, instead of away down in Somerset

shire, and only paying his family a visit two or three times in a year! Thus the fault faded out of sight altogether by the crowding of the circumstances round it; and Frederick himself in contemplating (for he was always serious) the providential way in which his life had been arranged for him in a new groove, forgot that the first step in this arrangement had been a very reprehensible one on his own part, and came to regard the "putting down" of the carriage as the rest did — as a tremendous and mysterious family event, calling forth an intense pride and melancholy, but no individual sense of guilt or responsibility so far as he was personally concerned. "I don't like to take you out in a fly, Nelly," Mrs. Eastwood would sometimes say, as she gave the last touch to Ellinor's ribbons, and breathed a soft little sigh. "As if I cared!" cried the girl: "and besides, you can say, like Lady Dobson, that you never take your horses out at night." Now Lady Dobson was very rich, and in trade, and a standing joke in the Eastwood circle; and the party went off very merry in the fly, with never another thought of the carriage which had been "put down."

Light-hearted folk! That sudden tempest of trouble and terror which had driven Frederick into the Sealing-Wax Office, and the ladies into Mr. Sutton's neat flys, gave, I think on the whole, a zest to their happiness.

The drawing-room at The Elms was a large room, with a rounded end occupied by a great bow window, which opened like a door into a pretty conservatory, always gay with flowers. Opposite the fireplace were three other long and large windows cut to the floor, from which you looked out over the long stretch of greenward embosomed in great trees which has been already described. In summer, the flower beds which were cut in the grass close under the windows were ablaze with brilliant colours, but in the meantime, on the afternoon when this story opens, nothing was visible but an interrupted golden line of crocus defining each bed, and depending upon the sun to make the definition successful. When the day was bright the border bristled all round in close array with spikes of gold; but on this particular day it was gloomy, and the line was straggling and broken. On a damp February afternoon the strongest attraction is generally indoors; and the room was bright enough to satisfy the most difficult critic. Mrs. East-

wood had, as every mother of a family ought to have, her particular chair, with her particular little table and footstool, a detached and commanding position, a genial domestic throne, with the supremacy of which no one ever interfered. There was room for any one who wanted counsel to draw a chair by its side, and plenty of room for a big boy to stretch out his lazy length on the rug at its feet, resting a curly head, it might be, on the mother's footstool. Mrs. Eastwood was seated here in her black gown with violet ribbons, which was her compromise between the world and her widowhood. Sometimes she went the length of grey and red. I don't know what innocent prejudice she had to the effect that grey and red betokened still some recondite style of mourning; but such was her prejudice. She would have felt a blue ribbon to be profane. Need I say that she was plump, and had perhaps a little more colour than when she was twenty? But there were few wrinkles upon her pleasant face, and no clouds upon her forehead. She had known grief, innocent and holy, but no trouble of that wearing kind which saps the strength and steals the courage out of life, except that one of which the reader has been told; and that, as he has also been informed, had turned out for the best.

Ellinor was the only other member of the family present, except, indeed a certain small Skye terrier, known by the name of Winks, who was a very important member of the family. As Winks, however, for the present is asleep coiled up in an easy chair, and happily unobservant of what is going on, we may leave him for an after occasion, and pass on to the young lady of the house. What can we say about her? Dear and gentle reader, you know half-a-hundred just like Nelly. She had brown hair, bright, dancing, brown eyes, and a nose which thanks to Mr. Tennyson, we do not require to describe as *retroussé*. It was "tip-tilted, like the petal of a flower." As there was not a straight line about her anywhere, this delicate little turn was appropriate. Although, however, it is true that there was no one straight line about the girl, the combination of a hundred soft curves produced a perfect pose of figure, light, firm, and elastic, like — well, like most girls of twenty. What can one say more? Nelly had no settled place like her mother. She was not restless, nor fidgety, but she was everywhere at once. I don't know why it was necessary that she should



be always in motion—for she never crossed the room or went from one table to another without a reason for it—but somehow there was a perpetual play of movement and variety in every room where she was. Even when she was absorbed in the tranquillity of needlework, the motion of her hand kept things going. She was like a brook: a soft atmosphere of sound and movement—always soft, always pleasant—belonged to her by nature; but, like the brook, she tranquillized the surrounding scenery; or, like a bird, making the quietness seem more complete by its flitting from one branch to another, and delicious trying over of its favourite notes. Nelly was not alarmingly good, nor perfect in any way I know of; but she fulfilled this mission of the girl, which I fear, among greater aims, is falling a little into disrepute—she filled the whole house with her youth, her brightness, her gaiety, her overflowing life. No great demands of any kind had yet been made upon her. Whether she would be capable of responding to them when they came, no one could tell; but in the meantime she fulfilled her primitive use with the most thorough completeness. She was the life of the house.

Mrs. Eastwood had brought in some letters with her to the drawing-room. They had been delivered at luncheon and as none looked very pressing, they had been suffered to wait. This happy household was in no anxiety about its letters. That continual fear of bad news which afflicts most of us had no place in the bosom of the easy soul who had but one of her children absent from her, and he within half-an-hour by railway. She went over them at leisure, reading here and there a few words aloud. "Fancy, Nelly, Claude Somerville is going to be married at last," she said. "I wonder if his people will think her good enough; but indeed they will never think anyone good enough; and poor little Mary Martin is going out as a governess. Now, how much better if Claude had married her, and saved such a sad experiment?"

"But did they ever care for each other?" asked Nelly with open eyes.

"No, I don't think they did. But what a nice arrangement it would have been! Whereas the girl he is going to marry is an heiress," said Mrs. Eastwood, "and has no need of him, so to speak. Dear me! I do not mean to speak against Providence; but I should like sometimes to interfere—Listen! 'Poor little Mary bears up very bravely. She pretends to

make light of it;' but what a change it will be from her home, and her father who spoilt her?"

"Mamma, let us have her here on a long visit," cried Nelly. "I am sure if she chose she might spend her life among her friends."

"She is a very independent little thing," said Mrs. Eastwood doubtfully. "Fredderick and she were once rather good friends; but you may write to her if you like, Nelly. It will always be kind. The Claude Somervilles are going to Italy for their wedding trip. Dear me! why can't people stay at home? one hears of nothing but Italy. And, speaking of that, here is an Italian post-mark. I wonder who it comes from."

A few minutes passed, and Mrs. Eastwood made no further communication. "Where is it from?" Ellinor asked twice not caring to be kept in suspense, for the correspondence of the house, like other things, was in common. Her mother, however, made no reply. She uttered various half articulate exclamations—"Dear me! dear me! Poor man; has he really come to that!" she murmured as she read. "What is it, Mamma?" said Ellinor. Mrs. Eastwood read it all over, cried out, "Good gracious, Nelly!" and then turning back to the first page, read it over again. When Nelly found it impossible to bear this suspense any longer, she rose and went behind her mother's chair, and looked over her shoulder: "Is it bad news?" she cried, looking at the cramped lines which she could not make out. "Dear! dear me! dear me! what shall I do, Nelly?" said Mrs. Eastwood, wringing her hands; and then she added, "Don't write to Mary Martin, my dear, here is some one to be looked to of our own."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE NEWS, AND HOW IT WAS RECEIVED.

MRS. EASTWOOD had scarcely uttered these mysterious and affecting words, when a roll of wheels, a resounding knock, a peal at the outer door announced visitors. "Oh, call Brownlow, Nelly, quick, before the door is opened!" she said. "Oh, Brownlow, stop a moment; I have just heard of a death in the family. I don't think I can see any one; I don't think that I ought to be able to see any one, Nelly?"

"Who is it, Mamma?" cried Nelly, taking possession of the letter. Mrs.

Eastwood took out her handkerchief and put it lightly to her eyes.

"I don't mean that I was fond of him," she said, "or could be, for I did not know him, scarcely—but still it is a shock. It is my brother-in-law, Nelly, Mr. Vane—whom you have heard of. I wonder now, who is at the door? If it is Mrs. Everard, Brownlow, you can let her in; but if it is Lady Dobson, or Miss Hill, or any other of those people, say I have just heard of a death in the family. Now run! it must be some one of some importance, for there is another knock at the door."

"Mr. Vane—why he is not even a relation," cried Nelly. "There! Brownlow is sending the people away. My step-aunt's husband, whom none of us ever saw——"

"It would be more civil to call him your step-uncle, Nelly. People generally do—especially as he is dead now, poor man, and never can take anything upon him. Oh, dear! why it was Mrs. Barclay, and her brother, Sir Alexis—people I really wanted to see. How unfortunate! Brownlow, I am sure I said particularly, Lady Dobson, or Miss Hill, or that kind of person——"

"You said Mrs. Everard was to come in, Mum, and no one else," said Brownlow, standing very stiffly erect with his tray, and the card on it, in his hand.

"That is how it always happens," said Nelly, "when you say you are not at home. The nicest people always get sent away: the bores come at other times, and are admitted as a matter of course. Not to say one should always tell the truth; it is the best policy, like honesty, and other good things."

"Nelly, you forget yourself," said Mrs. Eastwood. "When I say not at home, everybody understands what is meant. But in the present instance there is no fib. Of course, now we must keep it up for to-day at least. You can say, 'Not a near relation,' Brownlow; 'nothing to draw down the blinds for, but very unexpected and a shock.' That is enough. Poor man! it is true I never saw him but twice, and my father never forgave poor Isabella for marrying him. Poor Isabella! But that is not all, dear. Give me the letter again."

"I am reading it, Mamma," said Nelly, and she began to spell it out aloud, stumbling over the crabbed Italian, and somewhat mazed by mingled ignorance and wonder. "Here is something about a girl, a young lady. Who is this young

lady, and what did you mean when you said some one of our very own?"

"I have been a wicked woman," said Mrs. Eastwood. "When poor Isabella died, I never asked about the baby; I took it for granted the baby died too. And I did hate the man so, Nelly; he killed her; I am sure he killed her. And here has the poor baby been living all the time! I am a wicked woman. I might have been of some use, and taken her away from that dreadful man."

"But she seems to have liked the dreadful man. It says here that she cannot be consoled. Poor thing! Don't you know anything about her, mamma?" cried Nelly. Here Mrs. Eastwood took out her handkerchief once more, and this time cried in earnest with grief and shame.

"I am a hard-hearted, bad woman!" she said. "Don't contradict me, Nelly. A girl that is my own flesh and blood; and I never even inquired after her—did not know of her existence——"

"Well, Mamma, I think I will give you absolution," said Nelly. "If you did not know of her existence, how could you inquire after her? Did poor aunt Isabella die when she was born?"

"That is the worst of it all," said Mrs. Eastwood. "I must make a clean breast of it. I must not deceive myself any more. Yes, I did know of the poor child's existence. She must have been six or seven when Isabella died. The child had the fever, too, and I persuaded myself she must have gone with her mother. For you see, Mr. Vane—poor man, he is dead; we must not speak any harm of him—was so very disagreeable in his letters. I know I ought to have inquired; but I had got to dislike him so much, and almost to be afraid of him——"

"I think it was not quite right of you," said Nelly, with the gravity of a judge.

"I know it was not," said the culprit, penitent. "Many a time I have said to myself, I would write, but always put it off again. However, it is not too late now to make amends to her; and as for him——. Give me the letter, Nelly. Oh! to think he should be dead—such a man as that."

"Well, surely, Mamma, he is no great loss, if he was such a man."

"Not to us; oh no, not to us! Not to any one except himself; but for himself! Think, Nelly. However, we are not called upon to judge him, thank Heaven! And as for the poor child—the poor little girl——"

"It is a long time since aunt Isabella



died," said Nelly. "How old is the little girl now?"

Mrs. Eastwood had to make a great effort of recollection. She had many landmarks all through her life from which to date, and after a comparison of these, and some trouble in fixing the exact one that answered, she at length decided that her sister's death had taken place the year that Frederick had his fever, which was when he was sixteen. It is unnecessary for us to go into the details by which she proved her calculation—as that he grew out of all his clothes while he was ill, and had nothing to put on till his new mourning arrived, which was a melancholy business for an invalid. By this means, however, the fact was established, that "the poor little girl" must be at least sixteen, a startling conclusion, for which neither of the ladies were prepared.

"As old as Jenny," said Ellinor, pondering, with unusual gravity upon her face.

"But then she is a girl, dear, not a boy, remember," said Mrs. Eastwood. "Jenny is a dear boy, but two of him in the house would be trying—in London. That is the worst of London. When boys are at home for the holidays they have so little scope, poor fellows. I wonder if she has had any education, poor child?"

"I wonder," said Nelly, still very grave. "Mamma, must this new cousin come here?"

"Where else could she go, Nelly? We must be very kind to her. Besides, she will be a companion for you. It will be very delightful, I don't doubt, to have her," said Mrs. Eastwood, with a certain quaver and hesitation in her voice.

Nelly made no immediate reply. "It will be very odd," she said, after a pause, "to have another girl in the house—a girl not so far off one's own age. Dear, what an unpleasant sort of creature I must be! I don't feel quite so sure that I shall like it. Perhaps she will be much nicer than I am; perhaps people will like her better. I am dreadfully afraid, Mamma, I am not good enough to be quite happy about it. If she had been six instead of sixteen——"

"Nelly, don't say anything, dear. She is our own flesh and blood. You would be good to any stranger. As for being nicer than you, my Nelly!—But poor child, poor child, without either father or mother, without a friend to stand by her—inconsolable in a strange country——"

"But, Mamma," said Nelly, scarcely able to keep from crying in sympathy, "it

cannot be a strange country to her if she has lived there all her life."

"That does not matter, dear; nothing can change the fact," said Mrs. Eastwood. "I have been in Italy, and I know how English people live. They hold themselves aloof. Though they live there all their lives, it is always a strange country to them. And he was not the sort of man to make friends. I dare say she has been brought up by some old servant or other, and allowed to run wild." Here Mrs. Eastwood paused and sighed. She was the kindest woman in the world, but the idea of a girl of sixteen, with no manners or education, suddenly thrown upon her hands, a new member of her family, brought up under circumstances so different, and no doubt unlike them in every way, was not without its painful side. And she was angry with herself for seeing this, and grieved to think that she had so little natural affection or Christian charity. "Our whole hearts ought to go out towards her, poor thing," she added, with profound compunction. "She has nobody else in the world to look to; and, Nelly, whatever may be our first momentary feeling, of course there can be no real hesitation——"

"Of course," said Nelly, springing to her feet. "There is Mrs. Everard's knock this time, and now I know you will tell her all about it. What room must she have? the little green room, or the room in the wing, or——"

"Dear," said Mrs. Eastwood, coaxingly, "the kindest and the warmest would be the little room off yours—close to us both—to make the poor child feel at home."

"I knew that was what you would say," cried Nelly, half laughing, half crying; "is is exactly like you, Mamma; not only take her in, but take her into the very centre of the nest, between you and me."

"To warm her, poor child," said the inconsistent mother, laughing and crying too; and Nelly ran off, stumbling in her way against Mrs. Everard, her mother's friend, whom the rest of the family were not fond of. "Do not knock me down, Ellinor," said the lady, giving Nelly a kiss, which she received without enthusiasm. Where was Nelly going? Straight up stairs without a pause to the little room which, already in her own mind, she too had destined to her unknown cousin. She went and looked at it with her head on one side, contemplating the little bed, which was decked with faded chintz, and the paper, which was somewhat dingy,

and the carpet, which was so worn as to bear little trace of its original pattern. "This will never do," Nelly said to herself. Her imagination, which was a very lively and sprightly imagination, instantly set off on a voyage of discovery through the house to make up what was wanting. She seized, always in her thoughts, upon here a picture, and there a set of shelves, and rooted out from the lumber-room the tiniest of easy chairs, and made up her mind as to the hangings. I do not mean to say that this was all pure kindness. To tell the truth, Nelly liked the job. The arrangement of the room, and its conversion out of a dingy receptacle for a nursery maid to a bower for a young lady, was the most delightful occupation for her. Did not some one say that a lady had lately set herself up in business as a house decorator? Ellinor Eastwood would have been her apprentice, her journeywoman, with all her heart.

It will be apparent from this that though the first idea of the new arrival startled both mother and daughter, the orphan was not likely to have a cold or unkindly reception. So much the reverse indeed was this to the real case, that by the time Mrs. Eastwood had confided all to her friend she herself was in high excitement and expectation of her unknown niece. Mrs. Everard had consoled with her on the burden, the responsibility, the trouble, every one of which words added to the force of the revulsion in her kindly and simple soul. "God forgive me, Nelly," she said, when her daughter reappeared in the twilight, "if I thought my own sister's child a burden, or shrank from the responsibility of taking care of my own flesh and blood. It seemed to hurt me when she said such things. She must have thought that was how I felt about it; when, Heaven knows, the very reverse——"

"It was just like her, Mamma," said Nelly.

"My dear, none of you are just to poor Mrs. Everard," said the mother, driven back upon herself. She dared not grumble ever so little at this friend of her bosom without giving occasion, so to speak, to the Adversary to blaspheme. Therefore for the sake of peace she gulped down a great many of her friend's opinions without venturing to say how much she disagreed with them. The two were sitting there consulting over the fire when Frederick came in. There were no lights in the room, the shutters were not closed, nor even the blinds drawn, and the trees were dimly discerni-

ble like processions of ghosts in the dim air outside. That still world outside, looking in through the window, was somewhat eerie and dreary; when it caught Mrs. Eastwood's eye she was apt to get nervous, and declare that there was somebody in the grounds, and that she saw a face looking in. But this evening she had other things to think of. Frederick, however, as he came in, felt a shadow of his mother's superstitions and alarms. The glimmering dark outside seemed to him full of possible dangers. "Why don't you have the lamps lighted, and shut up the windows?" he said. "I can't understand your liking for the fire-light, mother. One can't see to do anything, and anybody that chooses can see in."

"We don't want to do anything, and we don't care who sees us," said Nelly, who was sometimes saucy to her elder brother.

"Don't wrangle, children: we were discussing something which will startle you very much, Frederick, as it did me. It will make quite a change in everything. Perhaps Frederick will feel it least being out all day; but we must all feel it," said Mrs. Eastwood. Frederick seated himself with his face to the window with a certain air of endurance. He did not like the firelight flashing over him, and revealing what he might happen to be thinking. Frederick liked to keep his thoughts to himself; to tell just as much as he liked, and no more. He put his hands into his pockets, and gave a half perceptible shrug to his shoulders. He did not expect to be at all startled. "A change in the fashions, I suppose," he said to himself. He was supposed to be very fond of home, and a most domestic young man; and this was one of the ways in which he indemnified himself for the good character which he took pains to keep up.

They told him the story from beginning to end, and he was not startled; but he was interested, which was a great deal more than he expected to be. When the lamp was brought in he got the letter; but did not make very much of that; for to Ellinor's great gratification he could not read it. It was written in Italian, as we have said. Now, Mrs. Eastwood was the only person in the house who knew Italian, though Nelly herself could spell it out. The mother was rather proud of her accomplishment. She had lived in Italy in her youth, and had never ceased to regard that fact as one of the great things in her life. It was with a thrill of pleas-



ure that she read the letter over, translating it word by word. And it was something to have moved Frederick to such interest. He entered into the discussion afterwards with warmth, and gave his advice with that practical good sense which his mother always admired, though she was not unaware that it sometimes failed him in his own affairs. "She cannot come here by herself," he said, "some one must go and fetch her. You can't allow a girl of that age to travel alone."

"That is quite true, Frederick," said Mrs. Eastwood, "how odd I should never have thought of it before. Of course, she could not travel alone. Dear, dear, what must we do? I cannot go myself, and leave you all to your own devices. Could I send Brownlow, I wonder; or old Alice ——?"

"Brownlow would never find his way to Pisa. He would break down long before he got there. And old Alice, what good could she do — an old woman?"

"She travelled with me," said Mrs. Eastwood, with modest pride. "Wherever I went she went. She learned a little of the language too. She would take very good care of her. Whom else can I send? Dick is too young, and too busy about his examination."

"If you will pay me well I don't mind going myself," said Frederick, stroking his moustache, and thus concealing a smile which lurked about the corners of his mouth.

"You, Frederick? It is very good of you to think of it. I never thought of you. What a pity we cannot make a party, and all go!" said Mrs. Eastwood. "To be sure that would cost a good deal. I would pay your expenses, of course, my dear, if you could make up your mind to go. That would, no doubt, be the nicest way of all. Yes; and though it is a melancholy occasion, it would be a little change for you too. You have been looking rather pale lately, Frederick."

"Yes, I have been looking pale," he said, with a little laugh, "and feeling pale. I'll go. I don't care much for the melancholy of the occasion, and I should like the change. To be sure I am not much like old Alice; if the little girl wants a nursemaid I might be awkward ——"

"She is sixteen," said Mrs. Eastwood. Nelly made no remark; but she watched her brother with a scrutiny he did not quite like.

"Do you see anything extraordinary about me, Nell, that you stare at me like that?" he said, with a little irritation.

"Oh, nothing extraordinary," said Ellenor. There was a frequent bickering between the two which made the mother uncomfortable sometimes. "I was thinking you must want a change very much to be so ready to officiate as a nursemaid."

"I do want a change," he said.

"Don't wrangle, my dear children," said their mother; "what is the use of wrangling? You have always done it since you were babies. Nelly, I wish you were not so fond of having the last word."

"I did not have the last word this time," said Nelly, hastily, under her breath.

"For, if you will think of it, it is very good of Frederick to bestow so much interest on a poor lonely little girl. Neither you nor I, Nelly, though we are women, and ought to have more feeling, ever thought of going to fetch her. The thing is, can you get leave, Frederick? You had your two months in the autumn, and then you had Christmas, and you have been out of town very often, you know, for three days. Can you have leave again so soon? You must take care not to hurt yourself in the office."

"Oh, I can manage; I am not afraid of the office," he said; but at this moment Brownlow rung the bell solemnly, meaning that it was time to dress. When they sat down to dinner together, four of them — for Dick had come in in the meantime — they were as handsome a young family party as could be seen. The table was bright with such flowers as were to be had; well lighted, well served. Perhaps of all the party Frederick was the most strictly handsome. He had a somewhat long face, with a melancholy look, which a great many people found interesting — a Charles I. look some ladies said; and he cultivated a small beard, which was slightly peaked, and kept up this resemblance. His features were very regular; and his fine dark brown hair longer than men usually wear it. He was very particular in his dress, and had delicate hands, shapely and white. He looked like a man to whom something would happen, the same ladies said who found out his resemblance to Charles I. There was one thing about him, however, that few people remarked at first sight; for he was aware of it, and did his best to conceal the defect of which he was conscious. He was not fond of meeting a direct look. This did not show itself by any vulgar shiftiness of look, or downright evasion of other people's eyes. He faced the

world boldly enough, forcing himself to do it. There was, however, a subtle hesitation, a dislike to do it, which affected people strangely who found this peculiarity out; it affected them with a certain vague doubtfulness, not strong enough to be called suspicion. This failing it was, undefined and undefinable, which attracted Nelly's eyes so often to her brother's face, and produced the "wrangling" which Mrs. Eastwood protested against. Nelly had, without quite knowing it, a wondering curiosity about Frederick; though he was her brother, she had not found him out.

"What's the new girl's name?" said Dick, who was exactly like all the other young men going in for examinations who abound in English society, and perhaps scarcely impress the general mind so much as their universal information gives them a right to do. He was not great in conversation, and he was fond of asking questions. Some people thought it was an admirable omen of his future success. If there was a new point to be found out in an exhausted topic, a new detail or particular (for Dick was very practical) which no one had investigated, one of his questions was sure to hit the mark. And it was wonderful, seeing the interest all young persons take in proper names, that this important inquiry had been left to him. "You talk of her as the little girl, and the cousin, and so forth; ain't she possessed of a name?"

"To be sure; what *is* her name?" cried Nelly promptly.

Mrs. Eastwood went back into the recesses of her memory. She knew it was a great family name in the branch of the Vane's to which her brother-in-law belonged. It was something very unlike him; that she remembered: very much unlike him; for she recollected quite well thinking so when she heard it first. Not Angel; oh, no, though that was pretty, and quite the reverse of the father. No. Now she recollected. Innocent — that was the name.

"Innocent!" they all said, repeating it one after another all round the table. It impressed the family somehow, and made Mrs. Eastwood — I cannot tell you exactly for what reason — cry a little. There was something that went to her kind heart in the name.

And two days after Frederick started for the Continent, to bring the orphan home.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE FAMILY.

A BRIGHT spring morning, sharp and cold, but with floods of sunshine everywhere — sunshine on the grass, turning the delicate rime into a network of pearls, and glittering all along the bare branches, where the brown buds were beginning to swell — colder than autumn, almost colder than winter, but with a different sentiment in the air. Spring cold is like the poverty of a poor man who has had a fortune left him — better days are coming; the trees felt this already though their buds were pinched, and Nelly felt it as she went out with her garden gloves on, and a pair of scissors. What did she expect to find in the garden, do you ask? Nothing in the garden, where the crocuses had scarcely awakened to the fact that the sun was up and calling them; but away at the end of the lawn, among the roots of that transept of lime trees which crossed the avenue of big elms, there were hosts of hardy little snowdrops peeping up among the half-frozen grass, and growing in handfuls as Nature bade them. By what sweet piece of good fortune this came to be, I cannot tell; but so it was. Nelly herself, in a jacket trimmed with white fur, was too bright to be like her snowdrops. She ran up and down the long avenue to warm her delicate little toes. It was a better way than sitting over the fire. In the little open space before the garden door, Dick, with a book in his coat pocket, was doing what he could to inform the mind of Winks. Dick was supposed to get up at seven to improve his own mind, and, I presume, he believed that the book in his pocket did him some good by mere contact, if nothing else. He had read, at most, one page of it, at the expense of I don't know how many yawns, but now his soul was set on the more congenial task of teaching Winks to carry a musket and stand on guard. Winks looked at the stick which had fallen from his unwilling paws, sniffing at it with a certain cynical disbelief in the supposed weapon. He was a very dark-coloured Skye, almost black, and had a way of grinning at Dick with all his white teeth displayed from his black lips, in a satirical smile which incensed his instructor greatly. Winks had as great objections to being instructed as Dick had himself, but, being above those prudential reasons which induced his young master to smother his feelings, the four-footed neophyte had distinctly the advantage. He did



not believe in the feigned fire-arm, and words could not have expressed the good-humoured disdain with which he wagged his tail. "You think this is a gun, I suppose," Winks' tail said; "but I who am your intellectual superior am not to be taken in. Take up that bit of wood in my paws as if I was a mountebank! Not if I know it." "Sit up, sir, sit up," said Dick in a passion. Winks only smiled the more and wagged his tail. But the lesson, though it amused his cynical humour, began to bore him. All at once he put his head on one side, and pricked up his ears, responding to some imaginary call. The pantomime was far cleverer than anything Dick was capable of. "I think I hear my mistress calling me," Winks said in the plainest English; but he was too clever to escape at once. He paused, contemplative, consulting heaven and earth. "Did I hear my mistress call?" Then suddenly once more came the imaginary summons. "Distressed I am sure, beyond all measure, to leave you," the polite dog said, with a final wag of his tail, triumphant, yet deprecating. "Confound the little brute!" cried Dick, indignant; and Winks chuckled as he ran off on three legs, pretending to be all eagerness. "Confound the little beast!" repeated the boy; "Nelly, come here, and don't dance about in that aggravating way;—just when I thought he had got hold of a new trick!"

"Winks is a great deal too clever to do tricks," said Nelly.

"Yes, he is as knowing as I am," said innocent Dick. "I wonder now if there is any truth in that stuff about transmigration. He must have been an actor, that brute. I don't believe my mother called a bit. I don't believe she is downstairs yet—cunning little beast! What a jolly lot of snowdrops, Nelly! Are you going in? It's not nine yet. Come round the walk, I want to speak to you. Oh what an awful bore is this exam.!" said Dick, with a deep sigh. "Now I put it to you, Nell, in the spirit of fairness, how can a fellow be expected to do mathematics before breakfast? It is bad enough when you have been worked up to it, and supported; but at eight o'clock in the morning, without so much as a cup of coffee! What are men supposed to be made of? I am sure it never was so in the old times."

"Much you know about it," said Nelly. "When I was at school, and much younger than you, I had to get up and practise for an hour and a half before breakfast—cold fingers and cold keys—and not even a fire."

"Oh, as for that," said Dick, "of course I never minded getting up at Eton; all the other fellows did it, and, for one thing, the masters were punished just as much as we were, and looked just as blue. But when you are all of you in your comfortable beds, and only me at work!"

"If that was all, I should not mind in the least getting up and sitting with you," said Nelly; "but then we should only chatter, and no work would be done. And if you work hard, you know it will soon be over."

"Soon over? yes, till the next one," said Dick the disconsolate; "and then India at the end. There's Frederick now, a lazy beggar, comes down at ten o'clock, and everybody thinks it quite right. Why should there be such a difference between him and me? You're a girl, and don't count; but why should he be in clover at the Sealing Wax Office, while I am to be sent to India?"

"Frederick will never get rich in the Sealing Wax Office; but you may in India. Besides, you know," said Nelly, who was impressionable on this point, though she did not altogether trust her elder brother, "he would have been in the Church had he not been too conscientious. Quantities of men go into the Church without thinking what they are doing; but Frederick had scruples—he had doubts even on some points——"

"Much anybody would care if I had doubts," said Dick; "if I were to set up opinions, Nell——"

But this was more than Nelly's gravity could stand. The idea of Dick having opinions, and the injured look with which he announced the probable indifference of the world to them, sent his sister off into that *fou rire* which no one can stop. "I will race you to the end of the walk," she said, trying to subdue herself; and undismayed by the indifference thus shewn to his metaphysical difficulties, Dick accepted the challenge. He allowed her to dart past him with all a boy's contempt. He regarded her, indeed, with something of the same sentiment with which Winks had regarded him. "Girls spend all their strength at the first outset," Dick said composedly, going steadily on with his squared elbows. "They're like greased lightning for ten yards or so, and then they're done—like you, Nell," he said, passing her when she paused, panting to take breath. She had made a hard fight for it, however. She had run to within a few yards of the goal before she allowed herself to be beaten. Dick

immediately began a lecture to her upon the deficiency of feminine performances, which was perhaps too technical for these pages, but so like many lectures on the same subject that the reader will have little difficulty in imagining it. "You can never 'stay:'" was the conclusion, made with much patronizing good humour. Altogether, it was apparent that Dick's general opinion of his sister coincided wonderfully with Winks' opinion of himself. Great wits jump.

"Miss Ellinor, your mamma has been a-waiting breakfast this half-hour," said Brownlow solemnly addressing them from the end of the walk. Brownlow was large and stout, and filled up the vista formed by the branches. They had known his sway all their lives, and they laughed at him between themselves; but the young Eastwoods had not yet learned to disobey Brownlow. They put themselves in motion with the utmost docility. "We are coming directly," said Nelly, running to pick up her basket with the snowdrops. Even Frederick did instinctively what Brownlow told him. The brother and sister went on to the house, following the black shadow which moved with dignity before them. "What an awful old bore he is," said Dick: "look here, Nell, what will you bet that I couldn't hit that big red ear of his with this chestnut? One, two, three —"

"Oh, don't Dick, for heaven's sake!" said Nelly, catching his hand: "though he is an old bore. I wonder how it is that we have none but old servants? Mamma prefers them, I suppose; though Frederick, I know, would like another cook, and I,—oh, no, I couldn't part with old Alice. What a wretch I am to think of it! But she never can help one to a new way of doing one's hair."

"I always do my hair exactly the same," said Dick. "I never require any one to help me."

"Oh, you!" said Nelly, taking her revenge; "who cares how a boy looks?" And thus they went in, breathing youth, and fun, and nonsense, and mischief. Mrs. Eastwood stood warming her hands by the fire, but Dick and Nelly put themselves on the other side of the table. Their young blood was dancing, their young limbs too light to be touched by the cold.

"I wonder where Frederick will be by this time; I wonder when he will reach Pisa," said the mother. "I suppose it is not to be expected that a young man would go right through Paris without

stopping. But when I think of that poor little thing all alone —"

"The wind blew nice and strong last night," said Dick: "it would be pleasant in the Channel. I say, Mamma, I hope Frederick liked it. How queer he would look this morning! What a thing it is not to be able to stand a breeze at sea! You should have seen us off the Needles in the last equinoctial, in old Summerdale's yacht."

"Don't tell me about it," said Mrs. Eastwood, closing her eyes and setting down her tea-cup. "Some of these days you will hear that Mr. Summerdale and his yacht have gone to the bottom: and I am sure, though I would not be uncharitable to any man, I think he deserves it: carrying boys away in a storm without the knowledge of their people. I thought I should have died."

"I was a good bit more like dying, and I didn't mind," cried Dick. "It was glorious. The noise, so that you couldn't hear yourself talk, and the excitement, and the confusion, and the danger! Hadn't we just a squeak for it? It was gloriously jolly," cried Dick, rubbing his hands at the recollection. He looked so wickedly pleased with the escapade that his mother could not help snubbing him on the spot.

"I hope you have got a great deal of work done this morning. Alice tells me you got up directly when you were called. And you must remember, Dick, how very short the time is getting," she said, in her softest tones. "I would not for the world deprive you of a single advantage; but seven-and-sixpence an hour is a very great deal to pay unless you take the full advantage of it. And now I shall have another child to provide for," Mrs. Eastwood added, sighing faintly. Poor Dick's random mood was over. He said something about mathematics in general which was not complimentary to that lofty science.

"If it was to be of any use to a fellow after I should not mind," he said. "It is the doing it all for no good that riles one. If I were to be mathematical master somewhere, or head accountant, or even a bookkeeping fellow —. You need not cry, 'Oh, oh!' You ain't in Parliament, Nell, and never can be, that's a comfort. Girls ought to talk of things that they understand. I don't interfere with your fiddle-de-jigs. That's what discourages a fellow. Besides, mathematics are horribly hard: ladies that never opened a Euclid," said Dick, with digni-



ty, "are quite incapable of forming an idea."

"They tell the best in the examination," said Mrs. Eastwood. "When you have passed you will have no more trouble with them. But we must not forget how many marks there are for mathematics; and you must not be discouraged, Dick. But you know, children, if we are to have a new member in the family, we shall require to think of economy more than ever. I do not see anything we can actually put down," the mother said, with deliberation, and a sigh to the memory of the carriage. "The only thing I could think of was the fires in our bedrooms, and really that would not be good for your healths. But we must be generally economical. And the very first principle of economy is making the best use of what we have. So recollect, Dick."

"I'm going, Mamma," he said, and pulled the book out of his coat pocket which had been keeping him company all the morning. Mrs. Eastwood followed him to the door with her kind eyes.

"I really think, though he is such a harum-scarum, that he is doing his work, poor boy," she said, with that fond maternal confidence which is often so indifferently deserved.

"Yes, yes, Mamma," cried Nelly, with some impatience, not feeling all the interest in the subject her mother did. "But never mind Dick, he'll do very well, I daresay. Come and see what I want to have done to the little room."

The Elms was an old-fashioned house. It was built as houses in England are rarely built now-a-days, in those suites of rooms which are so general on the Continent. Mrs. Eastwood's room occupied the whole width of the wing. It had an alcove, which was like an inner room, for the bed, and abundance of space for reading tables and writing tables and sofas and book-cases in the rest of the spacious chamber, which was like a French room in every way, with its dressing-closet opening from the alcove, and all the less beautiful accessories of the toilet kept well out of sight. Ellinor's room opened from her mother's, and opening from that again was the little room which was to be prepared for the newcomer. Already it was all pulled to pieces by Nelly's commands, and under her supervision; and a brisk little workwoman sat in Nelly's own chamber surrounded by billows of bright new chintz, with a running pattern of rose

buds and fern leaves. A tall old woman, in a black gown and cap, stood beside this artist, advising it seemed, and disapproving. Ellinor stopped with the anxious and indeed servile politeness of fear to speak to this personage. "How kind of you, Alice, to come and help," she said; "I hope you like the chintz. Don't you think we shall make the room look nice after all, when it has been papered and cleaned?"

"There's nothing to be said against the room," said Alice, in a Scotch accent, and with a solemnity of tone that spoke more than words.

"And then we shall all be together. It will be very handy for everything," said Nelly, with a sickly smile, trying to bear up; "all the ladies of the family —"

"I would like to speak a word to your Mamma about that," said Alice. She pronounced the word "Mammaw," and somehow those broad vowels added tenfold weight — or so, at least, Ellinor thought — to the speech.

"Mamma has gone into the little room," said Nelly, with an effort. Mrs. Eastwood was a very persuadable woman, and she looked still more persuadable than she was. Most people thought they themselves could influence her to anything, unless, indeed, some one else had forestalled them; and, to tell the truth, even her own family attributed to Mrs. Everard, or failing her to Alice, everything in their mother's conduct which was not attributable to their own sage advices. It required a more subtle observer than Nelly to make out that her mother had in reality a great deal of her own way; therefore she was deeply alarmed by Alice's unfriendly looks, and followed her into the little room with but slightly disguised terror.

"Alice is in a bad humour," she whispered to her mother. "You won't mind what she says? She thinks the new paper and the chintz are extravagant. Don't listen to her, Mamma."

"So they are," said Mrs. Eastwood, shaking her head. She was fond of pretty paper and pretty chintz, and of change and novelty. She liked furnishing a room almost as well as her daughter did, and she thought she had "taste." Therefore she had defences against any attack on that side of the question, which Ellinor had not dreamt of. However, even Nelly was startled and taken aback by the unexpected line taken by Alice, who looked as if she might have something very important to say.

"You remember Miss Isabel, mem?" was what she said, looking her mistress full in the face.

"Dear me, Alice, what a question! Remember my sister?" cried Mrs. Eastwood, turning abruptly away from the paper and chintz.

"It's a queer question to ask," said Alice, with a grim smile: "but dinna go too fast. You mind your sister, and yet you are going to put her child—her only child—here in a room next to your own, next to Miss Ellinor's? Between mother and daughter? That's where you place Miss Isabel's bairn?"

"Alice!" cried Mrs. Eastwood, almost angrily. She looked at Nelly's wondering face and then at her maid with a half-frightened, half-threatening gesture. She was annoyed, but she was startled too.

"I say it before Miss Ellinor that you may not do it with your eyes shut," said Alice. "I'm only a servant, with no right to interfere; but I cannot stand by, and no say a word. I'm no in favour of it," she cried, turning round. "It would be best to provide for her, and no bring her home; but if you will bring her home—and, mem, you are always wilful, though nobody thinks so—put her in any place but here."

"You are dreadfully prejudiced, Alice—dreadfully prejudiced!"

"May be I am; and, mem, you like your own way. We are none of us perfect. But your sister Isabel's bairn, the child of an ill father to the boot, should never come into my house. Maybe you think, mem, that the features of the mind are no transmitted? Poor ledly! Poor ledly! There's enough of her in your blood already without searching out of your way to find more."

Mrs. Eastwood grew crimson to her hair. "If you think any of my children resemble my sister, Alice, I can assure you you are very much mistaken," she said, walking up and down the little room in her agitation. "Nelly, look here, you would think she meant something very dreadful. Your poor aunt Isabella was very secret in her way, and liked to make a mystery. She got me into some trouble when I was a girl through it. That was all. Why it should be remembered against her child, or change my natural affections, I can't imagine. Oh, I know you mean well, Alice, you mean well; but that does not make it a bit more pleasant. Put down those curtains and things, Nelly, put them down. I hate so much fuss. There is plenty of time. You are always

so hasty and premature in everything. I am going to speak to cook. Don't trouble me about this any more."

"It is all your doing, Alice," said Ellinor, as her mother went away.

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From The Spectator.

#### ULTRAMONTANISM AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THERE is something a little humiliating in the spectacle of the alarm displayed by Teutonic and British politicians at the strategy of the feeble old man who, after denouncing modern civilization in the Syllabus, has persuaded the largest ecclesiastical Council ever summoned to declare his official infallibility. He has no troops at all; he has hardly any diplomatists left; he has not a single faithful and orthodox population in the world that is not honeycombed by secret scepticism, except, perhaps, that of the Tyrol and that of Ireland; he is regarded as the foe of physical science, and assuredly he distrusts vehemently the bias of men whose minds have been chiefly formed by the study of physical science; the historians expose the frauds on which a good deal of his power has been built up; the fourth estate, the estate of letters, is penetrated with contempt for him and his priesthood, and the sacramental assumptions with which they combat the scoffs of the world; the wealth of the world, as well as its physical power and intellectual life, is fallen away from him; it would take a miracle, and a miracle of a more startling kind than any which the recent chronicle of marvel boasts, to subjugate again the blunt and sturdy habits of any Protestant people to his sway; even his faithful Irish, though they may be more devout than ever in their religious duties, are beginning to refuse the priests that deference in all other matters which is the best index of religious reverence; and yet with all these chances against him and his priesthood, they appear to inspire such terror that Protestant Germany is convulsed with the measures supposed to be necessary for crippling the Papists; and not merely Protestant, but vehemently anti-Catholic England sees its most confident and most sceptical journals raising a cry of panic, and threatening "by the Heavens above and by the Earth beneath, nay, by the breeches' pocket and all that therein is," that unless



the Papists turn over a new leaf and behave themselves more modestly, they shall be forcibly put down, and their "dupes" rescued from their hands. To us this sort of language seems as feeble and contemptible as it is loud. If the Papacy be really so formidable that in countries which have thrown it off for centuries, and where the whole system of the State has been organized without any relation to it, it is impossible to hold our ground against it without laws which are not needed to restrain the professors of any other religion, it is hard to believe that we are really on the side of the truth, and fighting a religion of false, though arrogant pretensions.

But the weak point in all these fulminations is that their authors never seem able to tell you distinctly of what they are afraid. Where, for instance, at the present moment is the justification for all this blood-and-thunder about Ultramontanism in the United Kingdom? The facts of the case are not alarming. The Irish priesthood have now for some decade or two declared against mixed education, maintaining not without justice, though not with too much courage, that the Catholic view of literature and science is far more easily perverted, in fact far less superficially plausible, than the Protestant view; that Catholics are far more likely to be drawn away from the truth, than Protestants to be drawn towards it by common association and common teaching. This has caused a cry in all the Catholic districts and communities of Europe for intellectual and moral and religious education for Catholics apart, before they enter into the competition with Protestants for the prizes of life. Now are we going to ignore the fact that under this term "education," an enormous political field may be comprised. In countries like Spain and Italy, which are still Catholic so far as they are religious at all, and where a vast amount of property is still in possession of the Catholic Church, the question of education really includes that of the distribution of wealth, as well as the social and political influence of great corporations, whose use of their wealth and power profoundly affects the pauperism and industry and the loyalty of the masses. If the State has no right on adequate occasion to say, "These religious corporations are doing mischief, lowering the tone of manliness in the nation, and fostering an enervating indolence and superstition," it is very hard to

say what the right of the State is. We at least should maintain most earnestly that no ecclesiastical body whatever can have absolute rights independent of the State, rights which it may wield so as to inflict gross and habitual wrongs on a large number of the subjects of the State, without being responsible to the civil government. The State must guard its own well-being. If that well-being is seriously injured by any ecclesiastical pretensions whatever, it is not only its right, but its duty to guard itself, even by attacking, if needful, its rival and antagonist. For the most part, we believe that as soon as religious pretensions interfere or seem to interfere with the outward order and morality which it is the State's first duty to guard, it ought to take the matter into its own hands, nay, that it will be as disastrous for the usurping Church as for the submissive State, if it does not do so. As regards the property of the Churches and the use to be made of it, and as regards the influence exercised on family life and social order by the institutions of the various Churches, the State cannot be neutral unless it would cease to be a Government at all. It is idle to devise cures for pauperism, where Churches spread far and wide pauperizing examples, without striking at the root of those evil influences. It is idle to pass penal laws against crime which Churches actively promote, without punishing the promoters of the crimes as well as the crimes. It is not we, then, who will ever be found deprecating the interference of the State in ecclesiastical policy on the ground that the two spheres are mutually exclusive. We deny that any Church worth its salt can help affecting more or less seriously the policy of the State. We deny equally strongly that any good State can help regulating more or less directly the action of the Churches. We are regulating that action in England from one generation to the other. When we take the property devoted to obsolete and injurious charities, and apply it to new and beneficial purposes, when we abolish religious tests, when we require parents to teach their children certain secular subjects and provide for testing the knowledge so given, when we regulate strictly the law of marriage, the laws of testamentary disposition, and the law of guardianship, we are checking and controlling at every step the policy of the Churches. If it were possible to-morrow to say deliberately of any Church or sect that its influence is

so deadly and pernicious to the cause of civil order and the health of civil society that it ought to be rooted out, — then we maintain that the State would be wanting in dignity and in fidelity to itself not to break up and root out that sect with all possible promptitude.

But the whole importance of the principle lies not in itself, but in its application. It is admitted that, on the whole, religious belief of some kind is indestructible, or all but indestructible, and that so far from injuring civil order, most kinds of religious belief give civil order a far higher sanction and provide it with far deeper roots than it could have without such belief. The *onus probandi* lies with the State to show that any particular kind of religious belief is essentially hostile to the health and peace of human society. The whole subject is admitted to be one of the greatest difficulty. The presumption is liberty, and that presumption must be refuted by the most convincing arguments, if the State is to be justified in interfering with liberty. Will any man in his senses assert that Roman Catholicism, as it is found under Protestant Governments, like those of Germany and the United Kingdom, is thus fatal to the health and peace of human society? That it covers imperious and very dangerous principles, we admit, and we assert the same of Calvinism, of Ritualism, of Swedenborgianism, and probably in a greater or less degree of most other sectarianisms, as well as of some of the *political* tenets of Dissent. On the other hand, no candid man can deny that Roman Catholicism fosters some very high virtues; that in the better Catholic countries the priests and nuns are the most self-denying and utterly self-devoted members of the community; that no religion exerts itself so ardently, — in any country but Ireland, Englishmen would say far too ardently, — to quell rebellion even against a Government that is disliked and distrusted; that no religion does more to qualify the narrow local patriotism of nations, though sometimes also, no doubt, dangerously to weaken it; that in England and Ireland, at least, Catholicism has the most powerful effect in protecting the purity of the people; and that it has a great literature and wonderful history, which alone would give it greater power over the imaginations of men than almost any other faith can boast. The case against Roman Catholicism is, no doubt, its distrust of the intellect, its suspiciousness of science, its exaggerated fear of

the natural man altogether, and the schism it creates in non-Catholic countries between the Catholic and non-Catholic populations. But it is simply irrational to say that these great take-offs strike so dangerously at the health of society and the root of civil order as to render it desirable for the State, even if it were possible, to treat Roman Catholicism as a mischievous superstition. The simple truth is, that it is the one logical form of *authoritative* ecclesiastical organization still existing in Europe, and that scarcely any form of Christianity has as yet completely eliminated the machinery of ecclesiastical authority from its conception of the Christian religion. Under such circumstances, to swear as our contemporary the *Pall Mall Gazette* does, by Heaven and Earth and its breeches-pocket, and all that therein is, — evidently a climax of oaths rising to what the writer regards as the nearest modern equivalent for the old profane oath of Odsbodikins, the oath by the incarnated divine essence, — that it will attempt the rescue of the “dupes” of Catholicism from the power of those who dupe them, if the Roman Catholics give any more trouble, is to talk blustering nonsense. The Roman Catholic priesthood “dupe” their flock no more and probably much less than some non-Catholic priesthoods. And if the Irish were to be weaned from Catholicism — and by such agency as the contents of the breeches-pockets of sceptics, — at all, they would become most probably infidels of a very dangerous and very vulgar kind, for Roman Catholicism is the ennobling element in the life of most of the Irish peasants.

Perhaps the most absurd element in the attempt to create a panic is the ground on which the friends of a Bismarckian policy towards Roman Catholicism attempt to justify their view. The writer in the *Pall Mall* places it, for instance, on the ground that the Roman Catholics claim to be “the exclusive guardians and authorized interpreters of a divine revelation,” and to put their claims on the basis of certainty and infallibility. And it should, he thinks, always be held fair to persecute men who don’t admit that their faith is a mere probability, not a certainty. Is it possible he can be serious? Does he suppose that any orthodox Churchman, any Evangelical, any Baptist, any Wesleyan, any Free-Kirk man, any Sandemanian regards his faith “as an opinion on a matter about which you cannot get beyond probabilities”? Why, many at



least of the rationalists and sceptics would deny this, — Strauss, we presume, certainly would. You can hardly suggest a paradox more absurd than to make it a ground of complaint against a special class of the believers in revelation, that they do believe their faith to be absolutely revealed, and not merely to be a problematic inference of their own. You might render a belief in *all* revelation penal, if you would, — that would be the logical course for such a writer as this, — but if you admit belief in divine revelation at all, you can hardly exclude those who regard a divine revelation as necessarily infallible. The *paradox* certainly lies with us who maintain that there is such a thing as revelation, and yet that it is exceedingly difficult to judge precisely what has been revealed.

Prince Bismarck does not proclaim his legislative war against the Roman Catholics on ground so weak as this. He says openly, they endanger the German Empire and the Prussian Kingdom by their sympathy with Bavarian particularism and Polish nationality, and therefore they shall be put down. That is intelligible, if despotic. We should understand, though we should condemn, a policy which maintained that because Roman Catholicism in either England or Ireland endangers British unity, therefore it ought to be suppressed. We should only answer that the remedy was a great deal worse than the disease, — that it would aggravate the disease tenfold; that it has been tried, and has failed; that the opposite policy, the policy of complete and cordial toleration, has been tried, and has had a very considerable success. In no Protestant country in Europe are the Roman Catholics so fully and fairly treated as they are now in England, and in no Protestant country are they so loyal and so little dangerous. All this blustering against the Roman Catholic Church is in reality playing into its hands. The German statesmen are making Catholicism a sort of patriotism as well as a religion by their legislation. The English sceptics are giving Catholicism a new spiritual force by their bluster. We are not in the unhappy condition of Italy and Spain, where the State has to deal with perverted ecclesiastical institutions and a great mass of ecclesiastical property really dangerous to civil order and social health. In Germany and with us the conditions of the problem are much more simple. The Roman Catholic Church is poor, and has no strength but that of its ideas. That

it has a right to keep; but it is a strength which diminishes with every just concession, and which increases in exact proportion to the public injustice of which it can boast. There are no more childish statesmen than those who desire a policy far too grandiose for the occasion, and which is borrowed from sterner and more difficult times. Ultramontanism might need special civil checks if it could control a wealth and a social force such as those of the Church and the Monastic Orders in the days of Henry VIII., and dispose of them for purposes dangerous to legitimate patriotic ends and the order of civil society. As matters stand, those who wish to persuade us that it is so, are either, like Prince Bismarck, truckling to a diseased Liberal prejudice, or like our contemporary the *Pall Mall*, talking nonsensical bounce. The Irish University Bill and its defeat are very small affairs, after all, though they may be incidents of some importance in the political history of an uneventful year.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### GERMANY AND THE CHURCH OF ROME.

THE burden of Prince Bismarck's speech in the Prussian Herrenhaus on Monday was that the new ecclesiastical policy is a political necessity. The struggle on which the Government has entered, he said, was a very old one. It is the battle, old as the human race itself, between kingcraft and priestcraft. The Papacy has always been a political as well as a religious power. Its programme, which was near realization in the middle ages, is the subjection of the temporal to the spiritual power — a project of an eminently political character, but an attempt, the German Chancellor maintained, which is as old as humanity. For there have always been persons who claimed that the will of God was better known to them than to their fellow-men, and that they have therefore the right to rule over their fellow-men. On this foundation are built up the Papal claims to universal dominion. If this be so, as it will scarcely be doubted, the question, how the efforts to carry out this programme are to be met and frustrated, must also be political. It is natural that the Catholics should represent the matter in a different aspect. In Prussia they have represented the new regulation of the relations between Church and State

which the Government has now on hand as the attempt of an Evangelical or Protestant dynasty to put down the Catholic Church, or as a fight between religion and irreligion, between faith and infidelity. Their only hope of defeating the Government lay in being able to convince the Conservative majority of the Upper House that religion was assailed by the anti-clerical measures of the Minister of Worship. It was an attempt which was far from hopeless. Prince Bismarck saw the danger, and set himself to meet it. He saw that he must present the matter in another and its only true light. In asking the Herrenhaus to pass the Bill amending the Constitution, and thereby to lay the foundations for the new relations between Church and State that are to be established by the ecclesiastical measures of the Government, he must do more, however—if success was to be ensured—than merely assert that the Roman Church aims at political supremacy. It was necessary to show that there had been a change in the attitude of the Church which required a change of relations on the part of the State, because there had long been peace and amity between Prussia and the Roman Communion. The compact between them, conditioned by the fifteenth and eighteenth articles of the Constitution, which the Bill before the House amended, was described by Prince Bismarck as a *modus vivendi* devised at a period when the State felt itself in need of the aid of the Catholic Church. In the National Assembly of 1848 the Catholic representatives were, if not Royalists, at least the friends of order. In these circumstances the compromise between the temporal and spiritual powers was arranged which has allowed friendly relations to be maintained between them for a number of years. The Catholic department of the Ministry of Worship was endowed with authority to regulate the affairs of the Church in relation to the State. Naturally this department became with time more and more the servant of the Pope. Notwithstanding that, Prince Bismarck says he preferred the peace between Church and State thereby ensured, with all its disadvantages, to a condition of war, and often refused, though instigated thereto from other quarters, to renew the old battle. Why, then, it may be asked, was the peace or truce ended? Why was the compromise brought to a close? Why has the Prussian Government now

entered upon a fierce internecine struggle with Rome which can only be terminated by the defeat or submission of one or other of the two parties to the conflict?

The concluding portion of Prince Bismarck's speech was an answer to these questions. And his explanation threw light on several points that have hitherto been dark. At the close of the French war, he says, the Government was more inclined than perhaps ever before to come to an understanding with the Roman See. All the statements to the contrary made in the Chamber of Deputies were untrue. The good relations between Germany and Italy had been troubled, if not actually disturbed, by the attitude of that Power during the war. Italy had not shown the activity and vigilance she might have done to prevent Garibaldi's intervention in the struggle on the side of France, and the Italian Government had not exhibited the disposition which might have been expected to shake itself free from French influence. German politics at the close of the war were by no means therefore likely to be influenced by any decided preference for Italian interests. When the Germans were still at Versailles—Prince Bismarck says—he heard of a movement to induce the Catholic members—those who now form the party of the Centre—to unite to obtain the insertion in the Constitution of the Empire of the articles of the Prussian Constitution which are now being modified. He was not at first alarmed, as the movement originated partly from a dignitary of the Church high in place (the Bishop of Mayence), and partly from a member of the Centre, of whom he had no reason to doubt the perfect loyalty to the Government. But he was altogether deceived. When he returned to Germany he was soon convinced that this party was composed of irreconcilables. The Church partly hostile to the State was powerfully organized, and the Catholic department in the Ministry of Worship showed the greatest activity in opposing the use of the German language in the Polish districts. There was—what had never before been the case—a Polish party in Silesia formed under clerical patronage. Even this was not the decisive matter. What first aroused the Chancellor's attention to the peril before the country was the power which the newly formed party had gained. Deputies who had been long sent to the Chamber were unseated, and new repre-



sentatives returned in their places in several instances by electoral districts in which their names had not before been known, under orders from Berlin. The programme of the Bishop of Mayence was openly proclaimed, and the organization which had won such influence adopted it as its own. This programme meant nothing less than the introduction of dualism in Prussia through the creation of a State within the State. The Catholics were henceforth in all matters relating to political and private life to receive orders and guidance from the Centre party. This involved the erection of two religious States which would be mutually hostile. The Sovereign of one of them was a foreign ecclesiastical prince who has his seat in Rome, a prince who (said Prince Bismarck) by recent changes in the constitution of the Catholic Church has become mightier than ever he was before. "Thus, instead of the Prussian State as hitherto organized, instead of the German Empire which was to be realized, were to be formed, if the programme were carried out, two State organizations running parallel with each other, the one with its general staff in the Centre party, and the other with its general staff in the principle of temporal authority and the Government and person of the King." It was impossible for the Government to tolerate such a situation, and it became its duty to defend the State against the danger to which it was exposed. It would have failed in this duty if it had stood quietly looking on while the principle of State authority was assailed. The *modus vivendi* provided in the Constitution must therefore be revised and a new one arranged. If the limits of the temporal and priestly powers were not more clearly defined, the State would be exposed to internal conflicts of the most dangerous kind. The Government could not continue to govern and to guarantee the safety of the State with the fifteenth and eighteenth articles of the Constitution unrepealed; and they therefore asked the Herrenhaus to help them to new powers, with which they might be able to protect the State's authority in the future.

The Herrenhaus, as might have been expected, has responded to this appeal by doing what was required of it. It is interesting to observe the similarity, almost the identity, of the terms in which the Prussian Premier Von Roon defined the necessity for the ecclesiastical measures for which the Constitutional Bill

was the preparation with those employed by the Imperial Chancellor. He declared it was impossible "to live" without these laws. The life of the State was exposed to the gravest perils if the Government did not receive weapons with which to protect it against assailants. The Prime Minister pointed to the case of Count Ledochowski as demonstrating the need of protection, and that protection could only be afforded if the Government obtained from the Legislature the arms they needed in order to discharge their duty. These weapons are the power to regulate the education of the clergy and their appointment to and tenure of clerical offices, and authority over the bishops in the exercise of ecclesiastical discipline. Prince Bismarck has convinced the Conservative members of the Herrenhaus that the political supremacy of Ultramontanism is only to be obviated by such stringent and drastic means. It is singular that at the very time the Imperial Chancellor was explaining the political dangers to which the State in Prussia is exposed at the hands of the Ultramontanes, the British House of Commons should have been discussing a measure for granting exceptional privileges to the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE LIBERATION OF FRANCE.

THE German Government is to receive its last instalment of tribute by the end of August, and to evacuate France on the 5th September. The news of the Treaty under which this is arranged has been received in Paris with a sort of exultation, and though we cannot join in all the gratulations, we can thoroughly understand them. It is true that the German Government has made no concessions, has given back no territory, has exacted the last penny of the most frightful tribute ever exacted from any people, that war has henceforward a new motive, and the human race a new capacity of misery. The industry of generations has been pawned because a victor, already satiated with territorial conquest, willed that method of punishing and weakening a conceivable future foe. But nevertheless the treaty indicates that a great European cataclysm draws to a close, and that the State most affected by it still exists, and will continue existing, and we would ask our readers just to consider for a moment

what that means. There is a party among us who not only like Germany and hate France, but who entirely disbelieve in France, who talk of her degeneracy, and in their hearts imagine that her *rôle* is played out. Let them just consider what she has done. After the most frightful defeat of modern times, with a third of her territory in invader's hands, with her capital in insurrection, and her available army all required to restore order, she has paid a fine equal to one fourth the British National Debt, has elected a bourgeois of genius to her head, has obeyed him on points on which she disagreed with him, has suffered her already severe taxation to be increased one fourth, and has endured a foreign occupation without once giving a pretext for real severity. We all here in England admire M. Thiers, and think he has shown tact and firmness, and above all courage, in his administration, but what would his efforts have produced without the assistance of France herself? It is the people, not M. Thiers, who have remained so quiet, and subscribed such loans, and borne such taxation; who have suppressed discontents of the most bitter kind, and have had the instinct to see that in a little chirrupy bourgeois of genius they had found the best available *ad interim* chief. We do not know a more remarkable instance of that quality which makes up for so many deficiencies, the political sense which seems to be given, like the capacity for resisting malaria, to some races, and not to others. The people had no visible chiefs. The most striking fact in the history of France since 1870 is that she has not produced men; that nobody can point to any local leader; that there is no one except M. Gambetta either to succeed or to oppose M. Thiers; that the Head of the State and the masses always seem to be standing face to face. The people seem to have done it all themselves, to have developed for themselves the capacity for obedience which was the one thing required by the situation. They have submitted of their own heads — for, except in Paris and Lyons, there has been little coercion — to do precisely the things needful to be done, but which they were expected to resist doing. No leader, whatever his genius, unless indeed he had a genius for war, could have guided them better than they have guided themselves, while none could have been obeyed more implicitly than they have obeyed an Assembly which seems

to the world a feeble embodiment of their worst faults.

The truth is, we suspect, that France has leaders, as North Germany also has, who are little seen by the public. The immensely numerous bureaucracy which covers the country has, ever since the Revolution at all events, played in France the part of a great and popular aristocracy. We are accustomed in this country to think of *Préfets* and *Sous-Préfets*, and all the rest of the French officials, as mere oppressors, agents of a bad system, weighing heavily on the resources of the Treasury; but the people subject to them regard them in a very different light, as the arbiters between them and the rich. Not only is tradition in their favour — and tradition tells among every population except the urban English — but their functions tell. They act to a degree which we English, with our free system of life, scarcely comprehend as protectors of the people, as the unpaid lawyers to whom under all circumstances they can appeal for advice, and assistance, and guidance in the affairs of life. We think of them by instinct as oppressors, but they are not bad people at all, but persons superior to the mass, efficient, kindly, and in short very like the good sort of lawyers among ourselves. They are quite capable of forming an opinion, and they have formed one "that her Majesty's Government must go on," that the mighty and on the whole successful machine called French Administration must go forward, that it must have a head, who had better be M. Thiers, and that the people must just endure till better times come round. There never was a case in history in which the officials adhered so honestly to a man and a scheme of government which most of them must hate, or so honestly used their influence among the population. Very few are M. Thiers' *nomineés*, and those few are not exactly devotees of his, but all have accepted his *ordre du jour* to get rid of the Germans quietly, and then see. Most of them, of course, are placemen, anxious to get on. Many of them are mere placemen, careful mainly to get on. Some of them, we dare say, are mere rascals, willing to sell their country, if only they may get on. But the immense majority are civilians, exactly like the civilians of any other country, rather exceptionally able as compared with the population, and with what is unusual, hearty and honest confidence from the people about them,



to whom they "give the word," just as aristocrats and journalists do in England, to the injury, it may be, of independent thought, but to the indefinite gain of the people in the way of political coherence. We English know that in a severe political crisis, we mean a real crisis, and not the comparatively trivial trouble we are accustomed to call such, we should act on the opinion of a few hundred men; and so do the French, and the reason in each case is the same. We leave to a Parliament outside Westminster the general decision upon details, and so do the French, though their outside Parliament and ours happens to be different in origin and ways. We have the advantage that ours is independent, honestly thinks for itself in its own unideated way. They have the advantage that their outside Parliament knows and feels difficulties of the practical kind, is unusually moderate, and comprehends the necessity of sacrifice, which, indeed, it is a little too ready to press on those it guides. The intellectual electorate, in fact, the electorate which directs the actual electors is efficient, can in a rough way comprehend the political necessities of the hour, and can induce the mass of the people to accede to necessary but disagreeable sacrifices. That this ultimate electorate should be official is, of course, to Englishmen a strange fact, but we are not certain that it is an unique one. The same thing is true of Prussia, where, if official etiquette allowed, the people would constantly return officials as representatives; of North Italy, where officials are distinctly popular; and we are told, though we do not so well know, of Spain, where society, which always seems to be dissolving, is held together by the influence of Committees or Juntas, whose centre is always on inquiry found to be an official. In short, in modern Europe officials play the part played by aristocrats in the olden times every-

where, and by the clergy in some Catholic countries, and in one Protestant country Scotland, to this hour.

Will the early liberation of the French territory affect Europe? Not much. After the most careful watching of all that has been revealed in the past three years, the conclusion at which we arrive is definitely this. The majority of Frenchmen are willing to run an immense risk to revindicate their territory and as they think to re-establish their honour or their prestige, which for them is the same thing. But the official class, which acts as their fugleman, though honourably bitter with the circumstances, is nevertheless accustomed to politics, able to endure adversity, and doubtful about extreme courses. It will advise the people, that is the Assembly, that is the President, be it whom it may, to fight, if there is a chance. If a Russian alliance seemed certain, there would be war. If a British alliance were certain—we beg Mr. Gladstone's pardon for suggesting such an idea—there would be war. But failing aid of those kinds, the French official idea, which is the French governing idea, is to wait, to see this wonderful group of Germans disappear, as it shortly must, for there is not a young man in it, and to make the quarrel historic, merely settling in their own minds as a fixed and immovable idea that France must have Metz, Lorraine, and compensation for Alsace. If she has to wait twenty years, twenty years do not matter much in the history of a nation. The hour will come, and the genius will come, and when they come, that is the work first of all to be carried out. That seems to us the temper not so much of France, or of her rulers, as of the persons who permanently lead Frenchmen, who are almost unknown, and who, as the history of three years has shown, are neither the idiots nor the oppressors Englishmen are apt to suppose.

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HALF truths are very attractive to some minds. They admit of forcible statement, from the absence of all attempt at modification, and they appear to possess simplicity and unity. They can be overcome not by the other half-truth, but by the presentation of the whole.

Truth consists not so much in the elimina-

tion of error—that is, in *contraction*—as in *comprehension*; in the taking of what is true in error into our truth.

Another way of stating this is, that error is always more or less superficial, and the only effectual way of supplanting it is to go deeper. The mine, as in military matters, is best met by the countermine. Thoughts by the Way.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## AT THEBES.

AH! lose we not these golden months  
Of life upon the wondrous river —  
The cloudless lull bestowed this once,  
Rarest of gifts of the All-giver.

Through twice twain thousand years sublime  
Past yon vast forms — on — on it floweth,  
Welling from out the abyss of time,  
And realms which yet no wanderer knoweth.

O living pathway, passing through  
The land of Tombs in light and glory!  
O sky that never changes hue —  
Dark splendour — like Egyptian story!

O hills that bounding yonder East,  
So many dawns have sadly greeted,  
And ye, mid evening's rosy feast,  
Age after age all-dimly seated!

But chiefly ye — eternal stones —  
Still holding high your sculptured pages,  
Columns sublime, and mighty thrones,  
Whence sadly gaze the vanished ages —

Your gift bestow! O'er fringing palm,  
And sands of yonder arid ocean,  
From out the tomb of Time send calm  
To still our little hour's emotion.

So shall the star-depths of the Past  
Turn all our tumult to sweet sorrow,  
And humbled nothingness at last  
Peace from the dust of Empires borrow.  
The Month. R. J. T. M.

## BRAMBLEBERRIES.

## AGAINST IMPATIENCE.

BE not impatient, O Soul;  
Thou movest on to thy goal.  
Be not full of care;  
In the Universe thou hast thy share.  
Be not afraid, but trust;  
Thou wilt suffer nothing unjust.

I KNOW not if it may be mine  
To add a song, a verse, a line,  
To that fair treasure-house of wit,  
That more than cedarn cabinet,  
Where men preserve their precious things,  
Free wealth, surpassing every king's.  
I only know, I felt and wrote  
According to the day and hour,  
According to my little power;  
If souls unborn shall take some note,  
Or none at all, 'tis their affair;  
I cannot guess, and will not care.

Yet hoping still that something done  
Has so much life from earth and sun,  
Drawn through man's finer brain, as may,  
In mystic form, with mystic force,  
Reach forward from a fleeting day,  
But an unfathomable source,  
To touch, upon his earthly way,  
Some brother pilgrim-soul, and say —  
(A whisper in the wayside grass)  
"I have gone by, where now you pass;  
Been sorely tried with frost and heat,  
With stones that bruise the weary feet,  
With alp, with quagmire, and with flood,  
With desert-sands that parch the blood;  
Nor fail'd to find a flowery dell,  
A shady grove, a crystal well;  
And I am gone, thou know'st not whither.  
— Thou thyself art hastening thither.  
Thou hast thy life; and nothing can  
Have more. Farewell, O Brother Man!"

Fraser's Magazine.

## TO A RAIN-DROP.

HAIL! jewel, pendent on the grassy blade,  
Now dimly seen amid a transient shade,  
Anon resplendent, like a bridal maid  
Wed by the wind.  
Thou tremblest at his kisses half-afraid,  
And half-inclined!

How many hues of beauty charm thy face!  
For there successive rays each other chase;  
The ruby now, the sapphire next we trace;  
The chrysolite  
Supplants the emerald rich in vernal grace,  
And dear to sight!

O fairy creature! whither hast thou come?  
Was the Atlantic once thy stormy home?  
Or didst thou through the mild Pacific roam  
'Mong coral isles,  
And thence ascend to the ethereal dome  
With saintly smiles?

Hast thou, in clouds of richest colours blended,  
On rising suns and setting suns attended?  
Or hast thou shone in bars of beauty splendid  
I' the Rainbow's robe?  
Or hast thou in a misty chariot wended  
Around our globe?

Alas! thou answerest not, thou brilliant mute;  
Thou shinest on in silence absolute;  
The wanderings of thy restless silver foot  
Thou canst not tell;  
And soon thou shalt resume thy pilgrim's route,  
Nor sigh farewell!

Chambers' Journal.

From The Quarterly Review.  
CHAUCER AND SHAKESPEARE.\*

It is now about a century since the study of Chaucer began to revive. Between the time of Verstegan and Tyrwhitt—the “Restitution of Decayed Intelligences” was published in 1605, Tyrwhitt’s memorable work in 1775—he had, by slow degrees, fallen nearly altogether out of the general knowledge of men. He, whom Spenser called “the well of English undefiled,” was vulgarly accused of having poisoned and corrupted the springs of his native tongue. He whom that same Spenser—the sweetest melodist of our literature—looked up to as his verse-master and exemplar, was stigmatized as a very metrical cripple and idiot. And what little acquaintance there was maintained with him was due to versions of certain of his poems made by the facile pens of Dryden, and of Pope; so completely had he fallen on what were for him “evil days” and “evil tongues.” To Tyrwhitt belongs the honour of first reinstating the old poet on the pedestal from which he had been so rudely deposed so long a time. Proper consideration being made for the age in which that admirable scholar lived, his edition of Chaucer’s “*Canterbury Tales*” must be pronounced a wonder of erudition and of faithful labour. Certainly the figure of Chaucer which he presented to the eyes of his time is not a quite genuine thing;

there are traces on it of the whitewash or the paint with which the eighteenth century thought it well to “touch up” ancestral images; but yet it is not easy to overstate the importance or the merit of the service he performed. From the publication of his volumes may be dated the renewal of the critical and the appreciative study of the greatest literary productions of the English Middle Ages. The impulse they gave has been perpetually strengthened and multiplied by various tendencies and movements, both of a general and a particular character. At the present time a Chaucer Society has been formed, and under the zealous leadership of Mr. Furnivall, its founder and organizer and almost sole worker, is doing excellent service\* in bringing within common reach the original texts of the great poet. Of various other ways in which in the course of this century, and especially in our own generation, some popular, as well as scholarly, familiarity with one of our greatest minds has been encouraged and promoted, it is not our purpose now to speak. Let it suffice to say that Chaucer has never been known since his own day more intelligently and more admiringly than he seems likely to be during the last quarter of this nineteenth century.

It is certain that this Chaucerian revival is not the result of any mere antiquarianism, but of a genuine poetic vitality. There can be no better testimony to the true greatness of the old poet than that half a thousand years after the age in which he wrote he is held in higher estimation than ever; that, whatever intermissions of his popularity there may have been in times that cared nothing for, as they knew little of, the great Romantic School to which he belonged, and that were wholly incapable of understanding the very language in which he expressed and transcribed his genius, he this day speaks with increasing force and power. Through all the obsolescence of his language, and all the lets and impediments to a full enjoyment of his melody caused by our ignorance of fourteenth-

\* *Chaucer Society’s Publications for 1868-72.* London.

FIRST SERIES: *Texts.*—1. *The Prologue and First Sixteen Tales of the Canterbury Tales from the six best inedited Manuscripts, namely, the Ellesmere, Hengwrt, 154; Cambridge, Gg. 4. 27; Corpus (Oxford), Petworth and Lansdowne, 851; both in parallel columns and separate octavos, with colored facsimiles of the Tellers of all the Tales, from the Ellesmere MS.*

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4. *Mr. Furnivall’s “try to set Chaucer’s Works in their right order of time.”*

5. *Originals and Analogues of Chaucer’s Canterbury Tales.*

\* So far as its funds, which, we are sorry to say, are by no means flourishing, allow it.



century English, through all the conventional and social differences which separate his time from ours, we yet recognize a profoundly human soul with a marvellous power of speech. We are discovering that he is not only a great poet, but one of our greatest. It is not too much to say that the better acquaintance with Chaucer's transcendent merits is gradually establishing the conviction that not one among all poets deserves so well as he the second place.

Chaucer and Shakespeare have much in common. However diverse the form of their greatest works, yet in spirit there is a remarkable likeness and sympathy. Their geniuses differ rather in degree than in kind. Chaucer is in many respects a lesser Shakespeare.

Chaucer lived generations before the dramatic form was ripe for the use of genius. In his day it had scarcely yet advanced beyond the rude dialogue and grotesque portraiture of the Miracle-play.\* In fact at that time that rare growth, which two centuries later was to put forth such exquisite imperishable flowers, had hardly yet emerged from its native earth; it was yet only embryonic. Chaucer stands in relation to the supreme Dramatic Age in a correspondent position to that held by Scott. Chaucer lived in the morning twilight of it, Scott in the evening. There can be little doubt that both would have added to its lustre — that England would have boasted one more, and Scotland at least one great dramatist — had they been born later and earlier respectively; but Chaucer could not even descry it in the future, so far off was it, and it was Scott's fortune to look back upon it in the swiftly receding distance.

\* Absalon of the "Miller's Tale":—

Sometime to shew his lightnesse and maistrise  
He plaith Herode on a scaffold hie.

In the Elizabethan age this part of Herod had become a proverb of rant; so that Hamlet uses the name as the very superlative of noise (act iii. scene 2). The Miller himself cries out "in Pilate's voice." The wife of Bath, with Clerk Jankin and her gossip dame Ales, goes to "Playes of Miracles." Shakespeare laughs at the rough amateurs of the old stage in the by-play of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." In Chaucer's age perhaps Bottom would have been regarded as a very Roscius, and that interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe might have drawn genuine tears down mediæval cheeks.

But although the form which was to receive such splendid usage from Shakespeare, and to prove the very amplest and fittest and noblest body for the highest dramatic spirit, was not yet ready for wear in the culminating epoch of the Middle Ages, yet that dramatic energy which blazed out so brilliantly at a later period was already at work and insisting on some representation. It worked with vehemence in Chaucer. He is pre-eminently the dramatic genius, not only of mediæval England, but of mediæval Europe. The great Italians of the bright dawn of modern literature were not of the dramatic order. Much as Chaucer undoubtedly owed to them, they furnished him with no sort of dramatic precedent or example. He is the first in time of modern dramatical spirits; and one must travel far back into the ancient times before one meets with anybody worthy of comparison with him. Certainly if, as has been remarked, it was in Dante that Nature showed that the higher imagination had not perished altogether with Virgil, it was in Chaucer that she showed that dramatic power had not breathed its last with Plautus and Terence.

In respect of means of expression Chaucer was placed in a much more unprovided and destitute position than was Shakespeare. We have already seen that neither Tragedy nor Comedy,\* in the strict sense of those terms, was known in his day; whereas nothing can be wronger than to make Shakespeare say, as Dryden makes him say,—

I found not, but created first the stage.

The stage was already not only in existence, but occupied by wits of no contemptible rank, when Shakespeare appeared in Town. Shakespeare had in Marlowe a dramatic master. The pupil presently outshone the master; but of the influ-

\* See the prologue to "Monkes Tale":—

Tragedis is to seyn a certyn storie,  
As olde bookes maken us memorie  
Of him that stood in greet prosperite  
And is y-fallen out of heigh degre  
Into miserie, and endith wrecchedly;  
And thay ben versified comunly  
Of six feet, which men clepe exametron.  
In prose been eek endited many oon;  
In metre eek, in mony a sondry wise.

As to the term Comedy, observe, for instance, Dante's use of it.

ence of that master there can be no doubt, though perhaps it has not been, and is not, as adequately recognized and acknowledged as it should be by Shakespearean critics and commentators. And Marlowe did not stand alone; he was one, certainly the most eminent one, of a group whose starry lights it is not easy to see in the intense brightness flowing from the great sun that arose amongst them; but they were and are, of no faint brilliancy, so long as they had the firmament to themselves, unsuffused by an overpowering glory. But for Chaucer there were no such predecessors at home or abroad. Naturally enough, it would seem that it was not till comparatively late in life that he discovered the best vehicle of self-expression. For many years his genius struggled for a fitting language. Like all poets, he began by imitating the models he found current. He dreamed dreams, and saw visions in the conventional mode. He echoed whatever sweet sounds reached his quick sensitive ears from any quarter. He translated, with a quite touching humble-mindedness, received masterpieces of French and of Italian literature. Through all these labours his originality was gradually developing. For all his efforts his genius would not keep to the beaten path, but would perpetually strike out some new way for itself and forget the appointed route. At last he started altogether alone, looking no longer for old footprints to retrace or any established guide-posts. He discovered a fair wide country that had lain untrodden for ages, over whose tracks the grass or the moss had grown, and here he advanced as in some fresh new world:—

*Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis  
Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priorum  
Castaliam molli devertitur orbita clivo.*

Chaucer's great work is but a noble fragment. It seems certain that many troubles beset the declining years of his life. We think it may be doubted whether he was endowed with that excellent commercial prudence which so eminently distinguished Shakespeare. It was certainly a happy circumstance for Shakespeare—a circumstance due in a great measure, it

may be believed, to his own sound judgment—that he never became in any way a satellite or retainer of the Court of James I., but escaped from the rapidly degenerating atmosphere of the Blackfriars and the Whitehall of the seventeenth century to his home at Stratford. Chaucer was not so fortunate. He was attached to one of the most extravagant and frivolous circles that ever gathered round a monarch of a like description. However noble-natured, he could scarcely live in such company without some contamination. Assuredly his works have stains upon them contracted in that evil air, much as Beaumont and Fletcher are flushed and spotted by the contagions of James I.'s time. And with that Court connection it is impossible not to associate the extreme pecuniary difficulties, of which there are only too manifest signs at a certain period of Chaucer's life. Probably it was these piteous, but seemingly not inevitable or reproachless, distresses that impeded the completion of the "Canterbury Tales." The original design, indeed, is in itself too vast for realization. Chaucer commits the same error in this respect as Spenser does. But it may well be believed that had Chaucer matured his work, he would either have retrenched his plan, or by some device have brought its execution within tolerable dimensions. The part that happily was written has evidently not received the finishing touch. The Prologue itself, perhaps, was never finally revised; in our opinion the "wel nyne and twenty in a companye," of line 24,\* requires correction, for the poet added to his pilgrims as his work proceeded; in the case of the "Persoun" he deviates from his programme in not telling us —

"in what array that" he "was inne."

Had the work been fully completed, especially had more of those Inter-prologues been written, in which Chaucer's dramatic power more particularly displays itself, and the figures portrayed in the initial Prologue are with admirable skill shown in self-consistent action, being permitted

\* For another solution of this difficulty see the Aldine Chaucer, i. 209, ed. 1872.



to speak for themselves and develop their own natures, there can be little doubt that the claims upon our admiration would have been greatly multiplied.

Chaucer then stands at a considerable disadvantage as compared with Shakespeare, both in respect of the dramatic appliances of his time and in respect of the works representative of his genius. Chaucer, as we have seen, found ready to hand no literary form such as should worthily interpret his mind, and was many years searching before he found one, and, when at last he found it, was somewhat obstructed in the free use of it by troubles and cares that divorced him from his proper task. Moreover the English of his day, though already a copious and versatile tongue, was something rude and inflexible in comparison with the Elizabethan language. In several passages it is clear that he is conscious of certain difficulties attendant on the use of such an instrument. A true instinct led him to choose English for his service rather than French, which his less far-seeing contemporary Gower chose at least for his early piece, the "Speculum Meditantis," and for his "Balades ;" but his choice exposed him to various perplexities inseparable from the transitional condition of the object of it.

Fragmentary as his great work is, it is enough to show how consummate was his genius. Not more surely did that famous foot-print on the sands tell the lonely islander of Defoe's story of a human presence than Chaucer's remains assure us that a great poet was amongst us when such pieces were produced.

We have said that his genius exhibits a remarkable affinity to that of Shakespeare—a closer affinity, we think, than that of any other English poet. To Chaucer belongs in a high measure what marks Shakespeare supremely—a certain indefinable grace and brightness of style, an incomparable archness and vivacity, an incessant elasticity and freshness, an indescribable ease, a never faltering variety, an incapability of dullness. These men "toil not, neither do they spin," at least so far as one can see. The mountain comes to them ; they do not go to it. They wear their art "lightly, like a flower." They never pant or stoop with efforts and strainings. They are kings that never quit their thrones, with a world at their feet. The sceptre is natural in their hands ; the purple seems their proper wearing. They never cease to scatter their jewels for fear of poverty ;

the treasury is always overflowing, because all things bring them tribute.

For skill in characterization who can be ranked between Chaucer and Shakespeare? Is there any work, except the "theatre" of Shakespeare, that attempts, with a success in any way comparable, the astonishing task which Chaucer sets himself? He attempts to portray the entire society of his age from the crown of its head to the sole of its foot—from the knight, the topmost figure of mediæval life, down to the ploughman and the cook ; and the result is a gallery of life-like portraits, which has no parallel anywhere, with one exception, for variety, truthfulness, humanity. These are no roughly drawn rudely featured outlines, without expression and definiteness, only recognizable by some impertinent symbol, or when we see the name attached, like some collection of ancient kings or of "ancestors" where there prevails one uniform vacuity of countenance, and, but for the costume or the legend, one cannot distinguish the First of his house from the Last. They are all drawn with an amazing discrimination and delicacy.\* There is nothing of caricature, but yet the individuality is perfect. That the same pencil should have given us the Prioress and the Wife of Bath, the Knight and the Sompnour, the Parson and the Pardoner ! These various beings, for beings they are, are as distinct to us now as when he who has made them immortal saw them move out through the gates of the "Tabard," a motley procession, nearly five hundred years since. So far as merely external matters go, the Society of the Middle Ages is perpetuated with a minuteness not approached elsewhere. We know exactly how it looked to the bodily eye. Chaucer addresses himself deliberately to this exhaustive portrayal :—

But natheles whiles I have tyme and space,  
Or that I ferther in this tale pace,  
*Me thinketh it accordant to resoun*  
*To telle yow alle the condicioun*  
*Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,*  
*And which they weren and of what degre,*  
*And eek in what array that they were inne.*

\* Chaucer's sound taste shrunk altogether from every form of caricature. His humor, boisterous enough sometimes, at others wonderfully fine and delicate, is always truthful. His "Tale of Sir Thopas" is one of the best parodies in our language. He tells it with the utmost possible gravity, looking as serious as Defoe or Swift in their "driest" moments ; and, only if you watch well, can you detect a certain mischievous twinkle in his eyes. Some worthy people, indeed, have not detected this twinkle, and have soberly registered Sir Thopas amongst the legitimate heroes of chivalrous romance.

Surely a quite unique programme ; and it is carried out with profound conscientiousness and power.

We ask, who among our poets, except Shakespeare, shall be placed above Chaucer in this domain of art? In our opinion there is not one of the Elizabethans that deserves that honour. There is an endless variety of creative power, and the offspring is according. Spenser is, in a way, a great creator ; he fills the air around him with a population born of his own teeming fancy ; but these children of Spenser are not human children, but rather exquisite phantoms, with bodies, if they may be called embodied, of no earthly tissue, mere delicate configurations of cloud and mist. They are very ghosts, each one of whom pales and vanishes if a cock crows, or any mortal sound strikes their fine ears : —

*Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,  
Pār levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.*

And yet, as man is made in the image of God, so certainly the creatures of the poet should be made in the image of men. There is no higher model to be aimed at. Man is the culminating form of the world as we know it, or can know it. Spenser's creatures may thrive in their native land of "Faerie ;" but their "lungs cannot receive our air." Something more existent and real are the lovely presences that owe their being to Beaumont and Fletcher — Aspatia, Bellario, Ordella. Assuredly Ordella is rich in sons and daughters such as she spoke of in that high dialogue with Thierry : —

He that reads me

When I am ashes, is my son in wishes ;  
And those chaste dames that keep my memory,  
Singing my yearly requiems, are my daughters.

But scarcely are she and that passing fair sisterhood of which she is one formed of human clay. They stand out from the crowd with whom they mix as shapes of a celestial texture. One can only think of them as white-robed sanctities. In fact, they are the natural counterparts of those grosser beings that are only too common in the plays of the authors who drew them. A painter of devils must now and then paint angels by way of relief. Perhaps it is not too much to say that all the characters of these writers are either above or below human nature. They cannot show us humanity without some sort of exaggeration. Ben Jonson has hardly succeeded better in this respect. One grave defect in all his creations is what may be called their mo-

notony. There is no flexibility of disposition, no free play of nature. Moreover, his works exhibit too plainly the travail and effort with which they were composed. One seems to be taken into his workshop, and see him toiling and groaning, and, in the very act of elaboration, shaping now this limb and now that. The greatest master of characterization of that age next to Shakespeare is certainly Massinger. Sir Giles Overreach and Luke are both real men. Luke is a true piece of nature, not all black-souled, nor all white, but of a mixed complexion. But the area which Massinger could make his own was of limited dimensions. When he stepped across its limits, his strength failed him, and he was even as other men.

To pass on in this necessarily rapid survey to a later period. Goldsmith alone amongst our later poets has left us a portrait that deserves to compare with one by Chaucer. It is that ever-charming portrait of the Village Preacher, a not unworthy *pendant* of the "Parson." He has given us duplicates of it in prose in the persons of the Vicar of Wakefield and of the Man in Black. There is a tradition that he who sat to Chaucer for the Parson was no other than Wiclif. It seems fairly certain that Goldsmith's original was his own father. That was the one figure he could draw with the utmost skill, the deepest feeling. Since Goldsmith there has arisen in our literature no consummate portrait-painter in verse, unless an exception be made in favour of Browning. Scott's creative power did not come to him when he wrote in metre. Shelley's creations are of the Spenserian type — fair visions, refined immaterialities,

Shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.

Has Tennyson's Arthur human veins and pulses? He lived and lives somewhat, perhaps, in that earliest of the Arthurian books — the "Morte d'Arthur" — the supposed relic of an Epic ; but in the later treatments he has become more and more impalpable and airy.

With regard to Chaucer, as to Shakespeare, it has been disputed whether he is greater as a humorous or a pathetic writer. It is a common observation that the gifts of humour and pathos are generally found together, a statement that, perhaps, requires some little qualification. Ben Jonson, Addison, and Fielding, for instance, are humorous without being pathetic ; on the other hand, Richardson is pathetic and not humorous. Sterne's



pathos is a mere trick. Let those who please weep by the death-bed side of Le Fevre; for our part we will not be so cheated of our tears. Sterne, in that famous scene, is nothing better than an exquisite "mute"—a masterpiece of mercenary mourning. One may see him, if one looks intently, arranging his pocket-handkerchief in effective folds, with one eye tear-streaming, while the other watches that all the proper manœuvres of woe are duly executed. *Flet nec dolet*. And something of this is true of Dickens. In the great masters of pathos our tears are not drawn from us; they flow of themselves. There is no design on the softness of our hearts, no insidious undermining, no painful and elaborate besiegement. For writers to kill, merely to melt their readers with a scene of tender emotion, is unjustifiable manslaughter. There is, in short, nothing to be said for those whose delight it is with malice aforethought to spread a feast of woe and serve up little children, or any sweet human thing they can lay hands on, that their guests may enjoy the luxury of tears. These are the Herods of literature. Shakespeare never slays or butchers after this fashion. He would have saved Cordelia if it had been in his power; but it was a moral necessity that she should die. He could no more have kept alive and blooming the fair flower of the field when evil winds blew than preserved that lovely form from perishing amidst the wild passions that Lear's sad error had let loose. "Sin entered into the world, and death by sin;" and this death falls not only on the guilty. Goneril and Regan perish; and so the true daughter, though with all our hearts we cry with the old "child-changed" father, "Cordelia, stay a little." It cannot be otherwise. And so always there is nothing arbitrary in the pathetic scenes of the supreme artists. Of purely pathetic writing there are, perhaps, no better specimens in all our literature than the tales of the Clerk of Oxford and of the Man of Law. Both poems aim at showing how the "meek shall inherit the earth"—how true and genuine natures do in the end triumph, however desperately defeated and crushed they may for a time, or for many times, seem to be. Chaucer weeps himself, or grows, indeed, something impatient, as he conducts his heroines along their most sad course. The thorns of the way pierce his feet also; and he would fain uproot them, and scatter soft flowers for the treading of his woeful wayfarers. But he knew well

that all pilgrimages were not as easy as that one he sings of to Canterbury, that was lightened with stories and jests; but that certain spirits must go on in darkness and weariness, with aching limbs and breaking hearts, through much tribulation. In both works, perhaps, surveyed from the purely æsthetic point of view, there is an excess of woeful incident; the bitter cup which Constance and Griselda have to drain seems too large for mortal lips. In this regard we must remember that both these tales, though inserted into the grand work of Chaucer's maturity, yet were certainly written in his youth. The Man of Law, in his Prologue, gives us to understand that the tale he proposes to narrate was written by Chaucer, of whose writings he speaks, both expressly and fully, in that highly interesting and important passage—"Of olde time." A careful study of the "Clerk's Tale" undoubtedly demonstrates that it, too, was a previous production. In both cases, so far as the mere facts go, Chaucer closely follows his authorities, much after the manner of Shakespeare. In the latter case the closeness—Petrarch's well-known letter to Boccaccio is the authority—is so strict that Chaucer is compelled to speak for himself in an *envoy* at the conclusion. Perhaps the most pathetic passage in Chaucer's later writings is in the "Knight's Tale," which also, however, was written before the noon of his genius. This passage is, of course, the death of Arcite. The event is necessary.\* Arcite had been untrue to that solemnest of the pacts of chivalry—the pact of sworn brotherhood (see especially Palamon's words to him in vv. 271-293, and the quibble with which the other palliates his conduct, vv. 295-303); and Arcite must die. His triumph in the lists had been but as the flourishing of a green bay-tree. The final scene is described with the utmost simplicity. The evil spirits that ought never to have found a harbour in his heart have at last been expelled from it, and the old fealty has returned; and the last words of his speech to Emily, whom he has bade take him softly in her "armes twaye" "for love of God," and harken what he says, are a generous commendation of his rival:—

I have heer with my cosyn Palomon  
Had stryf and rancour many a day i-gon

\* Prof. Ebert is of opinion that Chaucer's grasp of the moral intention of the "Knight's Tale" is less vigorous and firm than that of Boccaccio, and it may be so.

For love of yow, and eek for jelousie.  
 And Jupiter so wis my sowle gye,  
 To speken of a servaunt proprely  
 With alle circumstaunces trewely,  
 That is to seyn, truthe, honour, and knight-  
 hede,  
 Wysdom, humblesse, astaat, and hye kinrede,  
 Fredam, and al that longeth to that art,  
 So Jupiter have of my soule part,  
 As in this world right now ne knowe I non  
 So worthy to be loved as Palomon,  
 That serveth you, and wol do al his lyf.  
 And if that ye schul ever be a wyf,  
 Forget not Palomon, that gentil man.

Assuredly Chaucer was endowed in a very high degree with what we may call the pathetic sense. It would seem to have been a favourite truth with him that

Pite renneth sone in gentil herte.\*

It ran "sone" and abundantly in his own most tender bosom. But he is never merely sentimental or maudlin. We can believe that the Levite of the Parable shed a tear or two as he crossed over to the "other side" from where that robbed and wounded traveller lay, and perhaps subsequently drew a moving picture of the sad spectacle he had so carefully avoided. Chaucer's pity is of no such quality. It springs from the depths of his nature; nay, from the depths of Nature herself moving in and through her interpreter.

Another respect in which Chaucer is not unworthy of some comparison with his greater successor is his irony. We use the word in the sense in which Dr. Thirlwall uses it of Sophocles in his excellent paper printed in the "Philological Museum" some forty years ago, and in which Schlegel, in his "Lectures on Dramatic Literature," uses it of Shakespeare, to denote that dissembling, so to speak, that self-retention and reticence, or, at least, indirect presentment, that is a frequent characteristic of the consummate dramatist, or the consummate writer of any kind who aims at portraying life in all its breadth. We are told often enough of the universal sympathy that inspires the greatest souls, and it is well; but let us consider that universal sympathy does not mean blind, indiscriminating, wholesale sympathy, but precisely the opposite. Only that sympathy can be all-inclusive that is profoundly intelligent as well as intense; and this profound intelligence is incompatible with any complete and unmitigated adoration.

The eyes that scrutinize the world most keenly, though they may see infinite noblenesses that escape a coarser vision, yet certainly see also much meanness and pravity. Hence, to speak generally, for exceptions do not concern us, there is no such thing amongst the deep-seeing and really man-learned as unqualified and absolute admiration. And thus the supremest writers have no heroes in the ordinary acceptance of that term. There is not a hero in all Shakespeare; not even Harry the Fifth is absolutely so. For a like reason, there is no quite perfect villain. Neither monsters of perfection nor of imperfection find favour with them that really know mankind. Thus a real master never completely identifies himself with any one of his characters. To say that he does so is merely a *façon de parler*. They are all his children, and it cannot but be that some are dearer to him than others, but not one, if he is wise, is an idol unto him. His irony consists in the earnest, heartfelt, profound representation of them, while yet he is fully alive to their failings and failures. It is observable only in the supremest geniuses. Men of inferior knowledge and dimmer light are more easily satisfied. They make golden images for themselves and fall down and worship them. Shakespeare stands outside each one of his plays, a little apart and above the fervent figures that move in them, like some Homeric god that from the skies watches the furious struggle, whose issue is irreversibly ordered by *Μοῖρα κραταίῃ*—that cannot save Sarpedon or prolong the days of Achilles. Chaucer, too, in a similar way abounds in secondary meanings. What he teaches does not lie on the surface. He never resigns his judgment or ceases to be a free agent in honour of any of the characters he draws. He never turns fanatic. He hates without bigotry; he loves without folly; he worships without idolatry. This excellent temper of his mind displays itself strikingly in the Prologue, which, with all its ardour, is wholly free from extravagance or self-abandonment.

It is because his spirit enjoyed and retained this lofty freedom that it was so tolerant and capacious. He, like Shakespeare, was eminently a Human Catholic, no mere sectary. He refused to no man an acknowledgment of kindred; for him there were no poor relations whom he forbade his house, or neighbours so fallen and debased that in their faces the image of God in which man was made was wholly

\* This line occurs in several of his poems—in the "Knight's Tale" and in the "Legend of Good Women," &c.



obliterated. And it is because his understanding is thus wide and deep, and his sympathies commensurate with that understanding, that his ethical teaching is, for all time, sound and true. He is no formal or formulating moralist; he never adds his voice to the mere party cries of his day, or concentrates his energies on any dogma. To speak of him as a zealous religious reformer is ridiculous; \* far other was his business. But yet he was a great moral teacher, one of our greatest — *μετ' ἀνύμωνα Πηλείωνα*. All the world's a school, if we may adapt Jaques' words, and all the men and women merely school-children. Chaucer is a teacher in this great world-school, and in no lesser or special seminary; and the lessons he gives are "exceeding broad." They are such as life itself gives. They breathe out of his works in a natural stream, no mere accidents, but the essential spirit of them, to be discovered not by the labels but in the works themselves: —

Oh! to what uses shall we put  
The wildweed-flower that simply blows?  
And is there any moral shut  
Within the bosom of the rose?

But any man that walks the meed,  
In bud, or blade, or bloom may find,  
According as his humours lead,  
A meaning suited to his mind.  
And liberal applications lie  
In Art like Nature, dearest friend;  
So 'twere to cramp its use, if I  
Should hook it to some useful end.

There is just one point of personal likeness between Chaucer and Shakespeare that we wish to notice. Of each man, as his contemporaries knew him, the chief characteristic was a wonderful loveliness of nature. The special epithet bestowed on Shakespeare by the men of his day was not the Wise, or the Witty, but the Gentle.† Thus Ben Jonson, in his lines "To the Memory of my Beloved the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he has left us" — lines which surely must have been forgotten by those critics, long since routed by Gifford, who gave the great-hearted "Ben"

\* Chaucer was just as much of a Lollard as Shakespeare was of a Puritan. A recent writer has, we believe, demonstrated — to his own satisfaction — that Shakespeare was the latter. Certainly he was no Anti-Puritan; nor was Chaucer an Anti-Wicliffite.

† One cannot but remember here the *εὐκόλος*, by which Aristophanes makes Dionysus describe Sophocles:

ὁ δ' εὐκόλος μὲν ἐνθάδ', εὐκόλος δ' ἐκεῖ.

Aristoph. *Frogs*, D. 82.

And might not Goethe be described by some such epithet?

so little credit for generosity and affection: —

Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,  
*My gentle Shakespeare*, must enjoy a part.

And, after saying that —

the father's face  
Lives in his issue,

he apostrophized the "Sweet Swan of Avon." Again, in his lines prefixed to the portrait of the 1623 folio, he speaks of "The gentle Shakespeare." In his "Timber," he writes — "I loved the man, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open free nature," &c. That Chaucer inspired a similar affection and love appears from the warmhearted language in which both Occleve and Lydgate make mention of him. It is the language of real attachment, kindled by no mere brilliancy of wit, but by a kindly genial love-winning nature. Occleve, when the great poet had passed away, waits thus with an unwonted fervour: —

O maister dere and fader reverent  
My maister Chaucer, floure of eloquence,  
Mirrour of fructuous entement,  
O universal fader in science,  
Allas! that thou thyne excellent prudence  
In thy bedde mortalle myghtest not bequethe;  
What eyleth dethe, alas! why wold he sle thee.

Allas! my worthy maister honourable,  
This londes verray tresour and riches,  
Dethe by thy dethe hath harme irreperable  
Unto us done.

That combre-world that thee my maister slow —  
Wolde I slayne were! — dethe was to hastyfe  
To renne on the and reve the thy life.

O maister, maister, God thy soule reste!

And so the verses of Lydgate, in his "Troye-book," which for the most part flow but dull and languidly, thrill with a sincere emotion when he speaks of him, whom he, too, calls his "dear master." The old "pantographer's" voice breaks, so to say, as he names the loved name, and recalls that vanished presence as he knew it, so sensitive, unexact, self-disparaging, so "charitable, and so pitous."

Did Shakespeare read the works of Chaucer? This is of course a question which has little or nothing to do with the unanimity of their geniuses. Wordsworth was by no means a poet of the Chaucerian type; yet he tells us how

Beside the pleasant Mill at Trompington  
I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade :  
Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell his  
tales  
Of amorous passion.

And he has produced three \* Chaucerian  
pieces with a reverent manner that con-  
trasts forcibly with the freedom with  
which Dryden and Pope handled the old  
master. Neither is Tennyson a cognate  
spirit ; and yet "A Dream of Fair Women"  
is an inspiration of the elder poet :

I read, before my eyelids dropt their shade  
The "Legend of Good Women," long ago  
Sung by the morning star of song, who made  
His music heard below.

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet  
breath  
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill  
The spacious times of great Elizabeth  
With sounds that echo still.

And for a while the knowledge of his art  
Held me above the subject, as strong gales  
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my  
heart  
Brimful of those wild tales

Charged both mine eyes with tears.

And at last he dreams, as we know, of  
Iphigenia and Helen, and the other dis-  
astrous or ill-starred beauties of bygone  
ages.

This question of Shakespeare's knowl-  
edge of Chaucer has as yet received no  
proper attention whatever. Godwin, at  
the beginning of this century, noticing  
"the high honour the poem of 'Troilus  
and Cryseyde' has received in having  
been made the foundation of one of the  
plays of Shakspear," remarked that "there  
seems to have been in this respect a sort  
of conspiracy in the commentators upon  
Shakspear against the glory of our old  
English bard." This "conspiracy" was  
perhaps scarcely deliberate ; it was  
rather a mere concord of ignorance.  
Now, that Chaucer is becoming better  
known, signs of Shakespeare's familiarity  
with him are occasionally discerned.†  
But not yet, as we have said, has this  
matter been properly investigated. Yet  
it is quite certain that there is much valu-  
able illustration of the great Elizabethan  
dramatist to be derived from the great  
Plantagenet tale-teller.

Apart from any overt facts to be found

in the works of Shakespeare, would it not  
be incredible that he should not have  
known the writings of the highest pre-  
ceding English genius, especially when  
we consider what we have already dis-  
cussed—the profound congeniality that  
exists between the two minds? Would  
not "deep call unto deep"?

When Shakespeare "came of age," the  
one great name of English literature was  
Chaucer. Spenser had not yet put forth  
all his strength. Sackville, and Surrey,  
and Wyatt were but lesser lights. To  
Spenser and to Shakespeare, looking  
back into the past, the one great promi-  
nent figure was that of Chaucer. He  
bestrode the world of English literature  
like a Colossus, and the Gowers, and Oc-  
cleves, and Lydgates, and Barclays, "petty  
men, walked under his huge legs." It  
would be less difficult to believe that Vir-  
gil did not know Ennius, than that Shake-  
speare did not know Chaucer. English  
literature then without Chaucer would  
be simply "Hamlet" without Hamlet.  
Shakespeare read the "Confessio Aman-  
tis" if "Pericles" \* is in part at least his  
work, and it is not easy to deny it to be  
so in the face of the evidence for connect-  
ing it with him. That he should read  
Gower and ignore Chaucer would be as  
extraordinary as if the coming great gen-  
ius of the close of the twenty-first century  
— whoever and whatever he is — should  
make his study in Tupper, and let Brown-  
ing grow mouldy on his shelf ; or — not  
to go too far into the future, although we  
have not a shadow of doubt as to the ver-  
dict of posterity, unless, indeed, there pres-  
ently sets in a millennium of platitudes  
— as if the Brownings and Tennysons of  
our own day should prize Kyd above  
Shakespeare himself, or, to be quite defi-  
nite, delight in the perusal of "Jeronimo"  
rather than "Macbeth." Surely Chaucer's  
language could be no insuperable barrier  
to Shakespeare's acquaintance with him.  
It is, perhaps, slightly more obsolete than  
that of Gower ; but it is only slightly so.  
In some of the "Choral" passages of  
"Pericles" Shakespeare tries his hand at  
the Archaic style ; he makes Gower  
speak in the language wherein he was  
born. The result is not perhaps fault-  
less ; but it is enough to show that the

\* Oddly enough, the story of King Antiochus' incest  
which occupies the first part of "Pericles," is especially  
reprobated by the "Man of Law" in his Prologue, as  
one that Chaucer would in no wise tell. Chaucer evi-  
dently thinks that he whom he himself calls "the moral  
Gower" should have known better than to meddle with  
it.

\* The best authorities now incline to agree that the  
"Cuckoo and Nightingale" is not the work of Chaucer.  
† We are glad to see some illustrations from Chaucer  
are given in Messrs. Clark and Wright's edition of  
"Hamlet," just published by the University of Oxford.



writer was not grossly ignorant of the older speech of his country.

Chaucer was accessible. Editions of him were published in 1542, 1546, 1555, and 1598.

It may be well, perhaps, before proceeding any further, to notice a little more fully how predominant was the fame of Chaucer in the latter half of the sixteenth century. The best collection of commemorations of him yet made is that prefixed to Urry's edition of his works; but even that is extremely meagre. It would not be difficult to collect Chaucerian tribute from Latimer, Ascham, and others of the age immediately preceding the age of Shakespeare. But it is more important to show that such tribute was voluntarily paid by the very circle in which Shakespeare himself moved, or with whose works he could not but have been familiar. There is every probability that Shakespeare knew Spenser personally; one can scarcely doubt that they met, during Spenser's London visits, at the house of the Earl of Essex, the close friend of the Earl of Southampton; for Lord Essex was an intimate friend of Spenser's, and the love Shakespeare "dedicated" to Lord Southampton was "without end." Ben Jonson, Daniel, Drayton, Fletcher, were among Shakespeare's closest friends, according to traditions of value, as well as amongst his most eminent contemporaries. Now, all these five great poets confess, in one way or another, their knowledge and admiration of Chaucer. Spenser, in his "Shepherdes Calendar," in his "Faerie Queene," in his "View of the Present State of Ireland," either refers to or expressly mentions him; in "Mother Hubbard's Tale" he essays his manner, with such success as might be expected. Most noticeable is the passage in the last book of the "Shepherdes Calendar," which tells us Colin, that is, himself —

Wel could pype and singe,

For he of Tityrus his songs his lere —

that Tityrus was Chaucer we know on the authority, if any authority is wanted, of his friend and annotator, Edward Kirke — and the passages in the "Faerie Queene," in which he gives full voice to his delight and love. One is the well-known canto (the second of book iv.), in which, not without fear and trembling and a cry for pardon, he sets himself to conclude the "half-told" "story of Cambuscan bold;" in the other, not so generally noticed, which occurs in one of the fragments of book vii., he speaks of —

Old Dan Geffrey, in whose gentle spright  
The pure well-head of Poesie did dwell.

There can be no doubt that the antique cast of Spenser's language is mainly attributable to Chaucer's influence. To him the language of Chaucer seemed to be the proper language of poetry. As the grammarian, L. Ælius Stilo, is said to have declared that had the Muses written Latin, they would have adopted the dialect of Plautus, so Spenser held that, had they spoken the English tongue, they would have modelled themselves on Chaucer. To Ben Jonson, Chaucer was the chief English classic of the older time; see his "Grammar," *passim*. Daniel, in his "Musophilus" — a poem full of fine thought and fluent expression "containing a general defence of learning" — grieving to think that a time may be coming when Chaucer may fall out of remembrance — speaks with high enthusiasm of the triumphs he has already won: —

Yet what a time hath he wrested from time,  
And won upon the mighty waste of days  
Unto th' immortal honour of our clime  
That by his means came first adorn'd with bays?  
Unto the sacred relics of whose time,\*  
We yet are bound in zeal to offer praise.

Then follows a curious general prophecy† that, in fact, precisely applies to Chaucer. It anticipates that revival of which we have spoken in the beginning of this paper: —

the stronger constitutions shall  
Wear out th' infection of distemper'd days,  
And come with glory to outlive this fall  
*Recov'ring of another spring of praise,*  
Clear'd from th' oppressing humours where-  
withal  
The idle multitude surcharge their lays.

Drayton, in his epistle "To my dearly-loved friend, Henry Reynolds, Esq., of Poets and Poesy" — a survey, of singular interest for us now, of the poetry of his day, preceded by a rapid retrospect — begins his splendid catalogue with the name of Chaucer: —

That noble Chaucer in those former times  
The first enrich'd our English with his rhymes,

\* For *time* in this line we should, perhaps, read *rime*, or *rhyme*, as we corruptly spell the word.

† There is another striking prophecy, an imagined possibility, in this poem. It relates to the spread of the language:

And who in time knows whither we may vent  
The treasure of our tongue? To what strange shores  
This gain of our best glory shall be sent  
T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?  
What worlds in th' yet unformed occident  
May come refin'd with th' accents that are ours.

And was the first of ours that ever brake  
 Into the Muses' treasure, and first spake  
 In weighty numbers, delving in the mine  
 Of perfect knowledge, which he could refine,  
 And coin for current, and as much as then  
 The English language could express to men,  
 He made it do; and by his wondrous skill  
 Gave us much light from his abundant quill.

Still more interesting in connection with our special topic is the Prologue of the "Two Noble Kinsmen," a play, as is well known, founded on the "Knight's Tale," mainly written by Fletcher, but in whose composition it seems highly probable Shakespeare himself took some part. Says the Prologue of the play it introduces:—

It has a noble breeder, and a pure,  
 A learned, and a poet never went  
 More famous yet 'twixt Po and Silver Trent.  
 Chaucer, admired of all, the story gives;  
 There constant to eternity it lives!  
 If we let fall the nobleness of this,  
 And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,  
 How will it shake the bones of that good man,  
 And make him cry from underground: "Oh!  
 fan

From me the witless chaff of such a writer  
 That blasts my bays, and my famed works  
 makes lighter

Than Robin Hood." This is the fear we bring;  
 For, to say truth, it were an endless thing  
 And too ambitious, to aspire to him,  
 Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim  
 In this deep water. Do but you hold out  
 Your helping hands, and we will tack about  
 And something do to save us; you shall hear  
 Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear  
 Worth two hours' travel. To his bones sweet  
 sleep!

Content to you!

It would be easy to multiply these praises of Chaucer, did the limits of our space allow us; but surely we have quoted enough to show what an object of real veneration and love the old poet was in Shakespeare's time, and how sincere and earnest celebrations of him must have perpetually sounded in Shakespeare's ears. *A priori*, therefore, it might have been concluded that Shakespeare was familiar with the greatest English pieces of characterization, and humour, and pathos, that had appeared before him. But we need not rest content with an inference. If we turn to the plays themselves, we have abundant evidence of that familiarity.

Chaucer, it is true, is not represented in the picture Shakespeare gives of Chaucer's age, in his plays of "Richard the Second" and "Henry the Fourth." Falstaff, it seems, was on speaking and jesting terms with John of Gaunt, who was

Chaucer's great friend and patron. "John a Gaunt," as we learn, had once "burst" Shallow's head, and Falstaff had told him he had beaten his own name. But we see no Chaucer in the retinue of "time-honoured Lancaster." He is not by any means, however, conspicuous by his absence, any more than Lydgate in "Henry the Fifth," or Skelton and Surrey in "Henry the Eighth." Indeed, known in the Elizabethan age only as a poet, and not as a diplomatist or a politician, he would have seemed something out of place in a "History," when all the interest centres on the throne and its occupants; for Shakespeare's "Histories" do not aim at giving complete descriptions of the times with which they deal. They are regal rather than national pieces. In that very play of "Richard the Second" we hear nothing of Wat Tyler; just as in "King John" we hear nothing of Magna Charta.

It must also be noted that there was much material common to the times both of Chaucer and Shakespeare, which both have used. There were common authors, as Ovid, and common legends. With regard to the Romances of Chivalry, it is striking to notice how both poets declined to use them. Chaucer's taste anticipated the taste of Shakespeare. And so with regard to allegory. Chaucer soon outgrew that form of writing, so fashionable in his age; Shakespeare scarcely ever adopted it, for he does not seem to have cared to write masques.\* It would seem contrariwise that many things attracted them both. They both tell the story of Lucretia—Chaucer in his "Legend of Good Women," following Ovid, Shakespeare in his "Tarquin and Lucrece," partly under the influence, as we shall see, of a quite different work of Chaucer's. Chaucer briefly recounts the fall of Julius Cæsar in his "Monkes Tale," as Shakespeare so splendidly in his great play, both committing an error as to the scene, which they make the Capitol (so Polonius in "Hamlet"); both portray the tragic ends of Pyramus and Thisbe, in the "Legend of Good Women" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" respectively, Chaucer translating Ovid with all submission, Shakespeare giving his humour free play at a story which is

\* Neither poet had any liking for alliteration; see the "Parson's"

Trusteth wel, I am a Suthern man,  
 I cannot geste rum raf ruf by the letter:  
 and Shakespeare's ridicule in the "A Midsummer Night's Dream." v. 1, and "Love's Labour's Lost," iv. 2.



absurd enough, notably in the matter of that cracked wall, if one lets one's self realize it. Cleopatra is another of the "Saints of Cupid" in the Legend already twice mentioned, as she is also a famous Shakespearian "person;" both Chaucer and Shakespeare holding a far too favourable opinion of her lover, whom the former describes

a ful worthy gentil werreyour.

Dido, Ariadne, Medea, Philomela, are well-known figures to both, though only the older poet, who, as living in the first glimmering of the Renaissance, lay humbly at the feet of the author of the "Hecroides," honours them with special celebrations.

The true power of Chaucer is not displayed in any one of the pieces just mentioned; for of the "Saints Legend of Cupid," as the Man of Law intitles it, undoubtedly the most valuable part is the Prologue; and as for the "Monk's Tale," we weary of it, even as the Knight with all his courtesy, wearied, and half agree with the free-spoken host—the very "able" chairman of the Pilgrim party—

Such talkyng is nought worth a boterflye,  
For therinne is noon disport or game.

Certainly not in Shakespeare's treatment of the just mentioned stories is his knowledge of Chaucer, or Chaucer's influence upon him obviously manifested. The two works of Chaucer which evidently attracted Shakespeare most were "The Knight's Tale" and "Troilus and Cryseyde"; and the tokens of this attraction are to be seen in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and in "The Two Noble Kinsmen," in "Venus and Adonis," "Tarquin and Lucrece," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Romeo and Juliet." The "Cokes Tale of Gamelyn," as everybody has long agreed, is not by Chaucer; but in the Elizabethan age it was believed to be so. Shakespeare was certainly acquainted with it, as well as with the prose version of it incorporated in Lodge's "Rosalynd," the source of "As You Like It." Besides these connections, there are scattered throughout Shakespeare's plays and poems various other indications that the writings of Chaucer were anything but a sealed or an unopened book to him.

To mention a few of these latter echoes: the Man of Law, as we have mentioned, names "The Legend of Good Women," "The Seintes Legende of Cupid," and Chaucer, in the Latin heading of the various parts of the Legend,

styles each heroine "a martyr." Compare "Pericles" i. 1. where Antiochus describes the fallen suitors of his daughter as

martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;

and the Princess' "Saint Denis to Saint Cupid," in "Love's Labour's Lost," v. 2.

Compare "The Assembly of Fowles"—

And breakers of the law, soth to saine,  
And likerous folk, after that they been dede,  
Shal whirle about the world alway in paine,  
Til many a world be passed out of drede, &c.  
with Claudius'—

To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world.

*Measure for Measure*, iii. 1.

Again, compare from the same poem—

The very hunter slepyng in hys bed,  
To woode ayeine hys mynde gooth anon;  
The juge drameth how hys ples ben sped;  
The cartar dremeth how his cartes gone;  
The ryche of golde, the knyght fyght with his fone;  
The seke meteth he drynketh of the tonne;  
The lover meteth he hath hys lady wonne,

with that marvellously brilliant speech of  
Mercutio, of Queen Mab's doings:—

She gallops night by night

Through lover's brains, and then they dream of  
love:

O'er lawyers fingers who straight dream on fees:

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck, &c.\*

Compare "Legende of Good Women,"  
Prologue—

My worde, my werkes, ys knyt so in youre  
bonde

That as an harpe obeieth to the honde  
That makith it soun after his fyngerynge,  
Ryght so mowe ye oute of myne herte bringe  
Swich vois, ryght as yow list, to laughe and  
pleyne,

with Hamlet's rebuke of those unfortunate catspaws, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern:—

\* Comp. Lucretius, iv. 965 *et seq.* :—

"In somnis eadem plerumque videmus obire;  
Causidici causas agere et componere leges;  
Induperatores pugnare ac praelia obire  
Nautæ contractum cum ventis degere bellum,  
Nos agere hoc autem et naturam quærere rerum  
Semper et inventam patriis exponere chartis,"

and *infra*, 1011 *et seq.* :—

"Porro hominum mentes, magnis qui mentibus edunt  
Magna, itidem sæpe in somnis faciuntque geruntque;  
Reges expugnant, capiuntur, praelia miscant,  
Tollunt clamorem, quasi si jugulentur ibidem," &c.

*Hamlet.* Will you play upon this pipe?

*Guil.* My lord, I cannot.

*Hamlet.* I pray you.

*Guil.* Believe me, I cannot.

*Hamlet.* I do beseech you.

*Guil.* I know no touch of it, my lord.

*Hamlet.* 'Tis as easy as lying. Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

*Guil.* But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

*Hamlet.* Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'S blood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me."

And also with what he says to Horatio—

Blest are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please.

Compare, *ibid.*,—

For love shal me yeve strengthe and hardynesse,

To make my wounde large ynogh, I gesse,

with Mercutio, of his own fatal hurt—

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough; 'twill serve. Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.

The only Canterbury pilgrims, perhaps, that have been present to Shakespeare's mind, on its days of creation, are the Host and the Sompnour. The resemblance between mine host of the "Tabard" and mine host of the "Garter" has often been pointed out, as also that between the physique of the Sompnour and "one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and welks, and knobs, and flames of fire." That there should not be other personal parallels besides that between the landlords arises partly from the different principles on which the two geniuses worked. Shakespeare did not attempt to reproduce the society of his time fully and exactly as did Chaucer. It would be easier to find counterparts to Chaucer's characters in Ben Jonson, the great collector and preserver of "humours." That difference in "*personae*" arises also from the immense change that passed over English life be-

tween the fourteenth and the sixteenth century. The social world has its deluges no less than the material—

O earth! what changes hast thou seen!

and the interval between those centuries was a "diluvial period." The old forms of life had been swept away. The "wanton and merry" friar, the "full fat" lordly monk, the smooth-tongued pardoner, and many another, had all gone hence, and were no more seen; and a race had succeeded that knew not St. Thomas or his fellow-saints.

Of Shakespeare's knowledge of the "Knight's Tale," there are several indications in the "Midsummer Night's Dream."\* In both pieces the presiding figures are those of "Duke" Theseus and Hippolyta; the scenes are Athens and woods near Athens. The name Philostrate is common to both—in the older work as the name worn by Arcite when he returns disguised to the court of Theseus, in the latter as that of the Master of the Revels to Theseus. The poem begins just after the marriage of Theseus. The conqueror of "the regne of Femyngne" is just bringing his bride

hoom with him in his contré,

With moche glorie and gret solempnite.

In the play he has just brought her home, to be wedded there

With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

It is impossible when, later on in the tale, we see Theseus and Hippolyta, out a hunting in the May time, come upon Palamon and Arcite, madly fighting for love in a forest glade, not to remember how in the play the same noble pair, "hearing the music" of the hounds, discover a group of lovers strangely reposing on the woodland grass, having risen up early, as the Duke thinks, "to observe the rite of May," all rivalry, as the event proves, now appeased and ended. In both pieces we have two lovers devoted to one lady. In the play this position is repeated twice. But still closer is the contact between Shakespeare and the "Knight's Tale," if, as is stated in the edition of the "Two Noble Kinsmen," published in 1634, that work is indeed "by the memorable worthies of their own time, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakspeare;" for the "Two Noble Kinsmen" is, in fact, a dramatization of the "Knight's Tale."

\* See some excellent remarks on this point in Hippesley's "Chapters on early English Literature," pp. 60-62.



The statement of the title-page might go for little, if it were not supplemented by internal evidence. For our part we are inclined to agree with those critics who recognize the direct work of Shakespeare in certain passages of the drama and imitations of him in other parts. The subsidiary plot of the gaoler's daughter and her furious passion for Palamon is certainly not by the hand of the master. The madness scene would appear to have been suggested by Ophelia's frenzy. Gerold and his rustic merrymakers seem a faint reflection of the incomparable Bottom and his company. The scenes which are assuredly Shakespeare's, if any are, are those which confine themselves to the story as rendered by Chaucer, expanding or contracting it as is required by dramatic necessity and the judgment of the reproducer. They are, without controversy, the work of one who held his original in no mean honour. The warmly admiring and reverent mention of its author, made in the Prologue, has already been quoted.

But the work of Chaucer's, whose traces are most frequently perceptible in Shakespeare's writings, is unquestionably "Troilus and Cressida." "Troilus and Cressida" was the most popular love-poem of our literature, from the time of its composition, or free and vigorous reproduction from Boccaccio. In the fifteenth century a Scotch poet, by name Henryson, wrote a continuation of it.\* Sixteenth century praises of it abound. "Chaucer," says Sidney, in his "Apologie for Poetrie," † "undoubtedly did excellently in hys Troylus and Cressid; of whom truly I know not whether to meruaile more either that he in that mistie time could see so clearly, or that wee in this cleare age walke so stumblingly after him."

Shakespeare's acquaintance with this general favourite is, in our opinion, exhibited, as we have said, most strikingly in his play of the same name, in "Romeo and Juliet," in "Tarquin and Lucrece," and in "Venus and Adonis"; but in others of his works also there may perhaps be discerned symptoms of it. Compare —

For hit is seyde men makyn oft a yerd  
With which the maker is himself ybeten  
In sundry maner as thes wise men tretyn,

\* From the "Cressida was a beggar" of "Twelfth Night" (iii. 1.), it would appear that Shakespeare knew this continuation.

† See p. 62 of Mr. Arber's reprint. Is Mr. Arber's excellent series of reprints generally known to our readers? It is not easy to commend them too warmly for their accuracy and their cheapness.

with "King Lear" : —

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to scourge us.

Compare —

What know I of the queene Niobe?  
Let be thin old ensaumplis, I the pray.

with Hamlet's —

What is Hecuba to him; or he to Hecuba?

In the "Merchant of Venice," in that famous "out-nighting" scene, Lorenzo says how —

in such a night  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

This is straight from Chaucer, who describes the poor forlorn lover, how —

Upon the walles fast ek wolde he walke,  
And on the Grekes oost he wolde see;  
And to hymself right thus he wolde talke:  
So yonder is myn owene lady free,  
Or elles yonder, ther the tentes be,  
And thennes cometh this eyre that is so soote,  
That in my soule I feele it doth me boote.

And hardyly this wynd that moore and moore  
Thus stoundemele encessith in my face,  
Is of my lady depe sykes sore;  
I preve it thus, for in noon other place  
Of all this town, save oonly in this space,  
Feel I no wynde that souneth so lyke payne,  
It seith "Allas! why twynned be we twayne?"

But, to turn to the pieces above mentioned as more especially reflecting the knowledge of Chaucer's poem: it is in "Venus and Adonis," "the first heir of my invention," as might be expected, that the influence of Chaucer's manner is most visible. We venture to think that Chaucer is the master of Shakespeare in undramatic as Marlowe in dramatic poetry. In both poetries the style of the teacher has left its mark at least upon the earlier productions of the pupil. The leading features of Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressyde" are, an extreme minuteness and fulness of description, an over-brimming abundance of imagery and illustration, an almost excessive display of poetical richness and power. In all these respects the "Venus and Adonis" of Shakespeare corresponds. There are signs of youthfulness in both works — the youthfulness of singularly deep and fertile natures. In each poem there is but little action. Each writer is encumbered, so to speak, by the wealth of his genius, so that movement is almost impossible. The exuberant growths of fancy cling around them

trammellingly. The poems consist for the most part of long conversations, or else monologues reported at the fullest length. They are the thinkings aloud of minds of the utmost conceivable fulness and efflorescence. The passion depicted in both pieces is of the same sensuous order. The likeness in this respect is extremely noticeable. Something of what has been said applies also to "Tarquin and Lucrece," but not all. The style of that work is severer than that of "Venus and Adonis," though there is the same inexhaustible plenitude and lavishness of power. In one point of view it affords a remarkable contrast to the poem published in the preceding year. The chaste-souled Lucrece seems to rebuke the self-abandoning passion of Venus, as also that of the old Trojan paramours. The structure of the poem does not differ from that of "Venus and Adonis," which, as we have pointed out, is that of the Chaucerian work. It is not perhaps so important to notice that the metre of it is the same as that of Chaucer's poem — the seven-lined stanza or "rhyme royal," as it is called (which we in England might rather call the Chaucerian stanza; for it is to Chaucer we owe as well its introduction into our country as its most successful cultivation) — inasmuch as it is the metre of the "Mirroure of Magistrates" and other Tudor works; but yet the fact should not be forgotten.

In the great love-play, "Romeo and Juliet," there are to be observed many reminiscences of the great love-tale, "Troilus and Cryseyde." Mercutio,\* the love-mocker, recalls to the mind of the reader what Troilus was before the hour of his sweet captivity came upon him. Pandarus reminds the smitten knight, how —

then were wont to chace  
At Love in scorne, and for despyt hym calle  
Seint Idiot, Lord of thes folis alle.  
How oft hast thou made thy nice japis  
And seyde that Love's servauntis everichon  
Of nycete ben verrey goddis apys;  
And some wold monche her brede alone,  
Lying in bed, and make hem for to grone;  
And some thow seydist had a blaunch fevere,  
And preydist God he shold never kevere.

And some of hem toke on hem for the cold,  
More than ynow, so seydist thou ful oft;  
And some have feynid oft tyme and told  
How they wake, whan her love slepe soft.  
And thus have broght hem self a loft,  
And natheles were undere at the last;  
Thus seydist thou, and japedist ful fast.

Compare Mercutio's name of "the ape" for Romeo, and his final dictum: "This drivelling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole," and his other incomparable wit-flights at the expense of the "tender passion." Compare Cryseyde's

Ful sharp bygynnyng brekith oft at ende,  
with Friar Laurence's sage —

These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die.

Compare the partings of the lovers as the day breaks (book iii. of "Troilus and Cressida;" act iii. scene 5, of "Romeo and Juliet").\* Compare Troilus' pre-sentiment —

Alas! thou saist right soth, quote Troylus;  
But, hardely, it is not al for nought,  
That in myn herte I now rejoyssye thus;  
It is ayenys some good, I have a thought;  
Not I not how, but sen that I was wrought,  
Ne felt I swich a comfort, dar I seye;  
She comth to nyght, my life that dorste I leye,

with Romeo's —

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand  
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,  
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful  
thoughts.

But it is most natural to look for signs of Chaucer's "Troilus and Cryseyde" in his play of the same name; and certainly signs are there, but they are signs of a dissentient knowledge rather than of a sympathetic. It can scarcely, we think, be necessary for us, after what has already been said, to insist that the commentators are perfectly informed who tell us that Shakespeare knew nothing of Chaucer's poem, and that his only sources were Caxton's "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye" and Lydgate's "Historye, Sege, and Dystruccyon of Troye." That he drew from those works of Caxton and Lydgate, we do not deny; for his play covers a much wider field than that of Chaucer's poem, and indeed the best parts of it have nothing to do with the lovers; but there can be no doubt that for those scenes in which the eponyms do figure the older celebrator of them was his chief authority. Chaucer is the one original in English for the story of Troilus and Cressida. His own debt to Boccaccio is unquestionable; who "Lollius" was, to whom he acknowledges such perpetual

\* Compare also Benedict in "Much Ado about Nothing."

\* This parallel is pointed out by Godwin in his "Life of Geoffrey Chaucer."



obligations, is a yet unsolved mystery ; but for English readers he is the one original. Thus Lydgate, in his *Troy* book, when he comes to *Troilus* and *Cressida*, at once cites Chaucer's poem as the source of all he has to tell, and, after those sincere expressions of reverence and love, to which we have referred above, proceeds to reproduce it. And so Gascoigne,\* who died a few years before Shakespeare left Stratford for London, when he alludes to the story, names *Lollius* and Chaucer as the great relaters of it.

But Shakespeare does not accept the story in the spirit in which Chaucer recounts it. Shakespeare's play by no means belongs to his "apprenticeship," as Dryden makes bold to state in the Preface to his own queer version of it ; it is, in fact, one of his latest plays. We should incline to hold that Chaucer's poem belongs to about the same period of his life as that to which "*Romeo and Juliet*" belongs in the life of Shakespeare : it is the work of his genius when yet comparatively nascent, in no wise mellow fruit. Hence the difference of treatment. Shakespeare's fully ripened judgment rejects altogether a certain unreality that marks Chaucer's poem. The fact is that the heroine, as the older poet paints her, is a mere fancy-creature. Chaucer's heart was very soft towards women, and he could not harden it enough to represent *Cressida* faithfully. He could not bring himself to call her by her right name ; he is always yearning to excuse her ; even for what he does say he is afterwards ready to make amends, and endeavours to make amends in the "*Legend of Good Women*." With all her frailty he loved her tenderly, and would fain have been blind to her terrible treason. He was like some executioner paralyzed by the exceeding fairness of the head laid on the block before him.

Ne me ne list this sely womman chydre  
Ferther thanne the storie wol devyse ;  
Hire name, allas ! is published so wyde,  
That for hire gilte it oughn ynough suffise ;  
And if I myght excuse hire any wyse,  
For she so sory was for her untrouthe  
*Ywis I wold excuse hire yet for routhe.*

Shakespeare, on the other hand, more keen-sighted at all times, and writing at a season of life when the eyes of the wise, at least, are not so easily caught, and mere outward beauty is rated and valued

with a truer discrimination, does justice inflexibly ; and when Nestor praises her, equivocally perhaps as "a woman of quick sense," Ulysses cries aloud and spares not :—

Fie, fie upon her!

There's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out

At every joint and motive of her body.

Quite different, too, are the representations of *Pandarus*. Chaucer, though not perhaps without misgivings, ascribes his wonderful assiduity in his friend's behalf to the bond of "sworn brotherhood," by which he and *Troilus*, just as *Palamon* and *Arcite*, were so closely united ; Shakespeare does not deign to notice any such plea. He is persistently plain-spoken ; he lets black be black. It is then perhaps in his pointed disagreements with Chaucer's poem that Shakespeare's knowledge of it is manifested rather than in any concordance of incident or expression, though most certainly there is this concordance also.

Our space has not permitted us to attempt anything like an exhaustive list of the Chaucerian traces to be observed in the works of Shakespeare. Perhaps of those we have quoted, some may seem fanciful ; it is not essential to maintain our proposition that all should be admitted ; but assuredly they cannot all be dismissed as unsubstantial or fortuitous.

There is, then, good ground for indulging the belief that the works of the great narrative poet of our literature were not absent from the studies of the supreme dramatist, who alone, perhaps, of all greatest geniuses, was in certain gifts of the imagination even to surpass him.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

CHAPTER III.

M. SAVARIN was one of the most brilliant of that galaxy of literary men which shed lustre on the reign of Louis Philippe.

His was an intellect peculiarly French in its lightness and grace. Neither England nor Germany nor America has produced any resemblance to it. Ireland has, in Thomas Moore ; but then in Irish genius there is so much that is French.

\* See Gascoigne's "Dan Bartholomew of Bathe."

M. Savarin was free from the ostentatious extravagance which had come into vogue with the Empire. His house and establishment were modestly maintained within the limit of an income chiefly, perhaps entirely, derived from literary profits.

Though he gave frequent dinners, it was but to few at a time, and without show or pretence. Yet the dinners, though simple, were perfect of their kind; and the host so contrived to infuse his own playful gaiety into the temper of his guests, that the feasts at his house were considered the pleasantest at Paris. On this occasion the party extended to ten, the largest number his table admitted.

All the French guests belonged to the Liberal party, though in changing tints of the tricolor. *Place aux dames*, first to be named were the Countess de Craon and Madame Vertot—both without husbands. The Countess had buried the Count, Madame Vertot had separated from Monsieur. The Countess was very handsome, but she was sixty. Madame Vertot was twenty years younger, but she was very plain. She had quarrelled with the distinguished author for whose sake she had separated from Monsieur, and no man had since presumed to think that he could console a lady so plain for the loss of an author so distinguished.

Both these ladies were very clever. The Countess had written lyrical poems entitled "Cries of Liberty," and a drama of which Danton was the hero, and the moral too revolutionary for admission to the stage; but at heart the Countess was not at all a revolutionist—the last person in the world to do or desire anything that could bring a washerwoman an inch nearer to a countess. She was one of those persons who play with fire in order to appear enlightened.

Madame Vertot was of severer mould. She had knelt at the feet of M. Thiers, and went into the historico-political line. She had written a remarkable book upon the modern Carthage (meaning England), and more recently a work that had excited much attention upon the Balance of Power, in which she proved it to be the interest of civilization and the necessity of Europe that Belgium should be added to France, and Prussia circumscribed to the bounds of its original margravate. She showed how easily these two objects could have been effected by a constitutional monarch instead of an egotistical Emperor. Madame Vertot was a decided Orleanist.

Both these ladies condescended to put

aside authorship in general society. Next amongst our guests let me place the Count de Passy and *Madame son épouse*: the Count was seventy-one, and, it is needless to add, a type of Frenchman rapidly vanishing, and not likely to find itself renewed. How shall I describe him so as to make my English reader understand? Let me try by analogy. Suppose a man of great birth and fortune, who in his youth had been an enthusiastic friend of Lord Byron and a jocund companion of George IV.—who had in him an immense degree of lofty romantic sentiment with an equal degree of well-bred worldly cynicism, but who, on account of that admixture, which is rare, kept a high rank in either of the two societies into which, speaking broadly, civilized life divides itself—the romantic and the cynical. The Count de Passy had been the most ardent among the young disciples of Châteaubriand—the most brilliant among the young courtiers of Charles X. Need I add that he had been a terrible lady-killer?

But in spite of his admiration of Châteaubriand and his allegiance to Charles X., the Count had been always true to those caprices of the French *noblesse* from which he descended—caprices which destroyed them in the old Revolution—caprices belonging to the splendid ignorance of their nation in general, and their order in particular. Speaking without regard to partial exceptions, the French *gentilhomme* is essentially a Parisian; a Parisian is essentially impressionable to the impulse or fashion of the moment. Is it à *la mode* for the moment to be Liberal or anti-Liberal? Parisians embrace and kiss each other, and swear through life and death to adhere for ever to the *mode* of the moment. The Three Days were the *mode* of the moment—the Count de Passy became an enthusiastic Orleanist. Louis Philippe was very gracious to him. He was decorated—he was named *préfet* of his department—he was created senator—he was about to be sent Minister to a German Court when Louis Philippe fell. The Republic was proclaimed. The Count caught the popular contagion, and after exchanging tears and kisses with patriots whom a week before he had called *canaille*, he swore eternal fidelity to the Republic. The fashion of the moment suddenly became Napoleonic, and with the *coup d'état* the Republic was metamorphosed into an Empire. The Count wept on the bosoms of all the *Vieilles Moustaches* he could



find, and rejoiced that the sun of Austerlitz had re-arisen. But after the affair of Mexico the sun of Austerlitz waxed very sickly. Imperialism was fast going out of fashion. The Count transferred his affection to Jules Favre, and joined the ranks of the advanced Liberals. During all these political changes, the Count had remained very much the same man in private life; agreeable, good-natured, witty, and, above all, a devotee of the fair sex. When he had reached the age of sixty-eight he was still *fort bel homme* — unmarried, with a grand presence and charming manner. At that age he said, "*Je me range*," and married a young lady of eighteen. She adored her husband, and was wildly jealous of him; while the Count did not seem at all jealous of her, and submitted to her adoration with a gentle shrug of the shoulders.

The three other guests who, with Graham and the two Italian ladies, made up the complement of ten, were the German Count von Rudesheim, whom Vane had met at M. Louvier's, a celebrated French physician named Bacourt, and a young author whom Savarin had admitted into his clique and declared to be of rare promise. This author, whose real name was Gustave Rameau, but who, to prove, I suppose, the sincerity of that scorn for ancestry which he professed, published his verses under the patrician designation of Alphonse de Valcour, was about twenty-four, and might have passed at the first glance for younger; but, looking at him closely, the signs of old age were already stamped on his visage.

He was undersized, and of a feeble slender frame. In the eyes of women and artists the defects of his frame were redeemed by the extraordinary beauty of the face. His black hair, carefully parted in the centre, and worn long and flowing, contrasted the whiteness of a high though narrow forehead, and the delicate pallor of his cheeks. His features were very regular, his eyes singularly bright; but the expression of the face spoke of fatigue and exhaustion — the silky locks were already thin, and interspersed with threads of silver — the bright eyes shone out from sunken orbits — the lines round the mouth were marked as they are in the middle age of one who has lived too fast.

It was a countenance that might have excited a compassionate and tender interest, but for something arrogant and supercilious in the expression — something that demanded not tender pity but enthusiastic admiration. Yet that expression

was displeasing rather to men than to women; and one could well conceive that, among the latter, the enthusiastic admiration it challenged would be largely conceded.

The conversation at dinner was in complete contrast to that at the American's the day before. There the talk, though animated, had been chiefly earnest and serious — here it was all touch and go, sally and repartee. The subjects were the light *on dits* and lively anecdotes of the day, not free from literature and politics, but both treated as matters of *persiflage*, hovered round with a jest, and quitted with an epigram. The two French lady authors, the Count de Passy, the physician, and the host, far outshone all the other guests. Now and then, however, the German Count struck in with an ironical remark condensing a great deal of grave wisdom, and the young author with ruder and more biting sarcasm. If the sarcasm told, he showed his triumph by a low-pitched laugh; if it failed, he evinced his displeasure by a contemptuous sneer or a grim scowl.

Isaura and Graham were not seated near each other, and were for the most part contented to be listeners.

On adjourning to the *salon* after dinner, Graham, however, was approaching the chair in which Isaura had placed herself, when the young author, forestalling him, dropped into the seat next to her, and began a conversation in a voice so low that it might have passed for a whisper. The Englishman drew back and observed them. He soon perceived, with a pang of jealousy not unmingled with scorn, that the author's talk appeared to interest Isaura. She listened with evident attention; and when she spoke in return, though Graham did not hear her words, he could observe on her expressive countenance an increased gentleness of aspect.

"I hope," said the physician, joining Graham, as most of the other guests gathered round Savarin, who was in his liveliest vein of anecdote and wit — "I hope that the fair Italian will not allow that inkbottle imp to persuade her that she has fallen in love with him."

"Do young ladies generally find him so seductive?" asked Graham, with a forced smile.

"Probably enough. He has the reputation of being very clever and very wicked, and that is a sort of character which has the serpent's fascination for the daughters of Eve."

"Is the reputation merited?"

As to the cleverness, I am not a fair judge. I dislike that sort of writing which is neither manlike nor womanlike, and in which young Rameau excels. He has the knack of finding very exaggerated phrases by which to express commonplace thoughts. He writes verses about love in words so stormy that you might fancy that Jove was descending upon Semele. But when you examine his words, as a sober pathologist like myself is disposed to do, your fear for the peace of households vanishes—they are '*Vox et præterea nihil*'—no man really in love would use them. He writes prose about the wrongs of humanity. You feel for humanity. You say, 'Grant the wrongs, now for the remedy,' and you find nothing but balderdash. Still I am bound to say that both in verse and prose Gustave Rameau is in unison with a corrupt taste of the day, and therefore he is coming into vogue. So much as to his writings: as to his wickedness, you have only to look at him to feel sure that he is not a hundredth part so wicked as he wishes to seem. In a word, then, Mons. Gustave Rameau is a type of that somewhat numerous class among the youth of Paris, which I call 'the Lost Tribe of Absinthe.' There is a set of men who begin to live full gallop while they are still boys. As a general rule, they are originally of the sickly frames which can scarcely even trot, much less gallop, without the spur of stimulants, and no stimulant so fascinates their peculiar nervous system as absinthe. The number of patients in this set who at the age of thirty are more worn out than septuagenarians, increases so rapidly as to make one dread to think what will be the next race of Frenchmen. To the predilection for absinthe the young Rameau and the writers of his set add the imitation of Heine, after, indeed, the manner of caricaturists, who effect a likeness striking in proportion as it is ugly. It is not easy to imitate the pathos and the wit of Heine, but it is easy to imitate his defiance of the Deity, his mockery of right and wrong, his relentless war on that heroic standard of thought and action which the writers who exalt their nation intuitively preserve. Rameau cannot be a Heine, but he can be to Heine what a misshapen snarling dwarf is to a mangled blaspheming Titan. Yet he interests the women in general, and he evidently interests the fair Signorina in especial."

Just as Bacourt finished that last sentence, Isaura lifted the head which had

hitherto bent in an earnest listening attitude that seemed to justify the Doctor's remarks, and looked round. Her eyes met Graham's with the fearless candour which made half the charm of their bright yet soft intelligence. But she dropped them suddenly with a half-start and a change of colour, for the expression of Graham's face was unlike that which she had hitherto seen on it—it was hard, stern, and somewhat disdainful. A minute or so afterwards she rose, and in passing across the room towards the group round the host, paused at a table covered with books and prints near to which Graham was standing—alone. The Doctor had departed in company with the German Count.

Isaura took up one of the prints. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "Sorrento—my Sorrento. Have you ever visited Sorrento, Mr. Vane?"

Her question and her movement were evidently in conciliation. Was the conciliation prompted by coquetry, or by a sentiment more innocent and artless?

Graham doubted, and replied coldly as he bent over the print—

"I once stayed there a few days, but my recollection of it is not sufficiently lively to enable me to recognize its features in this design."

"That is the house, at least so they say, of Tasso's father; of course you visited that?"

"Yes, it was a hotel in my time; I lodged there."

"And I too. There I first read 'the Gerusalemme.'" The last words were said in Italian, with a low measured tone, inwardly and dreamily.

A somewhat sharp and incisive voice speaking in French here struck in and prevented Graham's rejoinder: "*Quel joli dessin!* What is it, Mademoiselle?"

Graham recoiled: the speaker was Gustave Rameau, who had, unobserved, first watched Isaura, then rejoined her side.

"A view of Sorrento, Monsieur, but it does not do justice to the place. I was pointing out the house which belonged to Tasso's father."

"Tasso! *Hein!* and which is the fair Eleonora's?"

"Monsieur," answered Isaura, rather startled at that question from a professed *homme de lettres*, "Eleonora did not live at Sorrento."

"*Tant pis pour Sorrente,*" said the *homme de lettres*, carelessly. "No one would care for Tasso if it were not for Eleonora."



"I should rather have thought," said Graham, "that no one would have cared for Eleonora if it were not for Tasso."

Rameau glanced at the Englishman superciliously.

"*Pardon, Monsieur*—in every age a love-story keeps its interest; but who cares nowadays for *le clinquant du Tasse*?"

"*Le clinquant du Tasse*!" exclaimed Isaura, indignantly.

"The expression is Boileau's, *Mademoiselle*, in ridicule of the '*Sot de qualité*,' who prefers

*Le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile.*

But for my part I have as little faith in the last as the first."

"I do not know Latin, and have therefore not read Virgil," said Isaura.

"Possibly," remarked Graham, "Monsieur does not know Italian, and has therefore not read Tasso."

"If that be meant in sarcasm," retorted Rameau, "I construe it as a compliment. A Frenchman who is contented to study the masterpieces of modern literature need learn no language and read no authors but his own."

Isaura laughed her pleasant silvery laugh. "I should admire the frankness of that boast, Monsieur, if in our talk just now you had not spoken as contemptuously of what we are accustomed to consider French masterpieces as you have done of Virgil and Tasso."

"Ah, *Mademoiselle*! it is not my fault if you have had teachers of taste so *rococo* as to bid you find masterpieces in the tiresome stilted tragedies of Corneille and Racine. Poetry of a court, not of a people—one simple novel, one simple stanza that probes the hidden recesses of the human heart, reveals the sores of this wretched social state, denounces the evils of superstition, kingcraft, and priestcraft, is worth a library of the rubbish which pedagogues call 'the classics.' We agree, at least, in one thing, *Mademoiselle*; we both do homage to the genius of your friend, Madame de Grantmesnil."

"Your friend, Signorina!" cried Graham incredulously; "is Madame de Grantmesnil your friend?"

"The dearest I have in the world."

Graham's face darkened; he turned away in silence, and in another minute vanished from the room, persuading himself that he felt not one pang of jealousy in leaving Gustave Rameau by the side

of Isaura. "Her dearest friend Madame de Grantmesnil!"—he muttered.

A word now on Isaura's chief correspondent. Madame de Grantmesnil was a woman of noble birth and ample fortune. She had separated from her husband in the second year after marriage. She was a singularly eloquent writer, surpassed among contemporaries of her sex in popularity and renown only by Georges Sand.

At least as fearless as that great novelist in the frank exposition of her views, she had commenced her career in letters by a work of astonishing power and pathos, directed against the institution of marriage as regulated in Roman Catholic communities. I do not know that it said more on this delicate subject than the English Milton has said; but then Milton did not write for a Roman Catholic community, nor adopt a style likely to captivate the working classes. Madame de Grantmesnil's first book was deemed an attack on the religion of the country, and captivated those among the working classes who had already abjured that religion. This work was followed up by others more or less in defiance of "received opinions;" some with political, some with social revolutionary aim and tendency, but always with a singular purity of style. Search all her books, and however you might revolt from her doctrine, you could not find a hazardous expression. The novels of English young ladies are naughty in comparison. Of late years, whatever might be hard or audacious in her political or social doctrines, softened itself into charm amid the golden haze of romance. Her writings had grown more and more purely artistic—poetizing what is good and beautiful in the realities of life, rather than creating a false ideal out of what is vicious and deformed. Such a woman, separated young from her husband, could not enunciate such opinions and lead a life so independent and uncontrolled as Madame de Grantmesnil had done, without scandal, without calumny. Nothing, however, in her actual life, had ever been so proved against her as to lower the high position she occupied in right of birth, fortune, renown. Wherever she went she was *fêlée*—as in England foreign princes, and in America foreign authors are *fêlés*. Those who knew her well concurred in praise of her lofty, generous, lovable qualities. Madame de Grantmesnil had known Mr. Selby; and when at his death, Isaura, in the innocent age between childhood and youth, had been left the most

sorrowful and most lonely creature on the face of the earth, this famous woman worshipped by the rich for her intellect, adored by the poor for her beneficence, came to the orphan's friendless side, breathing love once more into her pining heart, and waking for the first time the desires of genius, the aspirations of art, in the dim self-consciousness of a soul between sleep and waking.

But, my dear Englishman, put yourself in Graham's place, and suppose that you were beginning to fall in love with a girl whom for many good reasons you ought not to marry; suppose that in the same hour in which you were angrily conscious of jealousy on account of a man whom it wounds your self-esteem to consider a rival, the girl tells you that her dearest friend is a woman who is famed for her hostility to the institution of marriage!

#### CHAPTER IV.

ON the same day in which Graham dined with the Savarins, M. Louvier assembled round his table the *élite* of the young Parisians who constituted the oligarchy of fashion, to meet whom he had invited his new friend the Marquis de Rochebriant. Most of them belonged to the Legitimist party—the *noblesse* of the *fau-bourg*; those who did not, belonged to no political party at all,—indifferent to the cares of mortal states as the gods of Epicurus. Foremost among this *jeunesse dorée* were Alain's kinsmen, Raoul and Enguerrand de Vandemar. To these Louvier introduced him with a burly parental *bonhomie*, as if he were the head of the family. "I need not bid you, young folks, to make friends with each other. A Vandemar and a Rochebriant are not made friends—they are born friends." So saying he turned to his other guests.

Almost in an instant Alain felt his constraint melt away in the cordial warmth with which his cousins greeted him.

These young men had a striking family likeness to each other, and yet in feature, colouring, and expression, in all save that strange family likeness, they were contrasts.

Raoul was tall, and, though inclined to be slender, with sufficient breadth of shoulder to indicate no inconsiderable strength of frame. His hair worn short, and his silky beard worn long, were dark, so were his eyes, shaded by curved, drooping lashes; his complexion was pale, but clear and healthful. In repose the expression of his face was that of a

somewhat melancholy indolence, but in speaking it became singularly sweet, with a smile of the exquisite urbanity which no artificial politeness can bestow; it must emanate from that native high breeding which has its source in goodness of heart.

Enguerrand was fair, with curly locks of a golden chestnut. He wore no beard, only a small moustache rather darker than his hair. His complexion might in itself be called effeminate, its bloom was so fresh and delicate, but there was so much of boldness and energy in the play of his countenance, the hardy outline of the lips, and the breadth of the forehead, that "effeminate" was an epithet no one ever assigned to his aspect. He was somewhat under the middle height, but beautifully proportioned, carried himself well, and somehow or other did not look short even by the side of tall men. Altogether he seemed formed to be a mother's darling, and spoiled by women, yet to hold his own among men with a strength of will more evident in his look and his bearing than it was in those of his graver and statelier brother.

Both were considered by their young co-equals models in dress, but in Raoul there was no sign that care or thought upon dress had been bestowed; the simplicity of his costume was absolute and severe. On his plain shirt front there gleamed not a stud, on his fingers there sparkled not a ring. Enguerrand, on the contrary, was not without pretension in his attire; the *broderie* in his shirt-front seemed woven by the Queen of the Fairies. His rings of turquoise and opal, his studs and wrist-buttons of pearl and brilliants, must have cost double the rental of Rochebriant, but probably they cost him nothing. He was one of those happy Lotharios to whom Calistas make constant presents. All about him was so bright that the atmosphere around seemed gayer for his presence.

In one respect at least the brothers closely resembled each other—in that exquisite graciousness of manner for which the genuine French noble is traditionally renowned—a graciousness that did not desert them even when they came reluctantly into contact with *roturiers* or republicans; but the graciousness became *égalité*, *fraternité* towards one of their caste and kindred.

"We must do our best to make Paris pleasant to you," said Raoul, still retaining in his grasp the hand he had taken.

"*Vilain cousin*," said the livelier En-



guerrand, "to have been in Paris twenty-four hours, and without letting us know."

"Has not your father told you that I called upon him?"

"Our father," answered Raoul, "was not so savage as to conceal that fact, but he said you were only here on business for a day or two, had declined his invitation, and would not give your address. *Pauvre père!* we scolded him well for letting you escape from us thus. My mother has not forgiven him yet; we must present you to her to-morrow. I answer for your liking her almost as much as she will like you."

Before Alain could answer dinner was announced. Alain's place at dinner was between his cousins. How pleasant they made themselves! it was the first time in which Alain had been brought into such familiar conversation with countrymen of his own rank as well as his own age. His heart warmed to them. The general talk of the other guests was strange to his ear; it ran much upon horses and races, upon the opera and the ballet; it was enlivened with satirical anecdotes of persons whose names were unknown to the Provincial—not a word was said that showed the smallest interest in politics or the slightest acquaintance with literature. The world of these well-born guests seemed one from which all that concerned the great mass of mankind was excluded, yet the talk was that which could only be found in a very polished society; in it there was not much wit, but there was a prevalent vein of gaiety, and the gaiety was never violent, the laughter was never loud; the scandals circulated might imply cynicism the most absolute, but in language the most refined. The Jockey Club of Paris has its perfume.

Raoul did not mix in the general conversation; he devoted himself pointedly to the amusement of his cousin, explaining to him the point of the anecdotes circulated, or hitting off in terse sentences the characters of the talkers.

Enguerrand was evidently of temper more vivacious than his brother, and contributed freely to the current play of light gossip and mirthful sally.

Louvier, seated between a duke and a Russian prince, said little, except to recommend a wine or an *entrée*, but kept his eye constantly on the Vandemars and Alain.

Immediately after coffee the guests departed. Before they did so, however, Raoul introduced his cousin to those of the party most distinguished by heredi-

tary rank or social position. With these the name of Rochebriant was too historically famous not to insure respect of its owner; they welcomed him among them as if he were their brother.

The French duke claimed him as a connection by an alliance in the fourteenth century; the Russian prince had known the late Marquis, and "trusted that the son would allow him to improve into friendship the acquaintance he had formed with the father."

Those ceremonials over, Raoul linked his arm in Alain's, and said: "I am not going to release you so soon after we have caught you. You must come with me to a house in which I at least spend an hour or two every evening. I am at home there. Bah! I take no refusal. Do not suppose I carry you off to Bohemia, a country which, I am sorry to say, Enguerrand now and then visits, but which is to me as unknown as the mountains of the moon. The house I speak of is *comme il faut* to the utmost. It is that of the Contessa di Rimini—a charming Italian by marriage, but by birth and in character French—*jusqu'au bout des ongles*. My mother adores her."

That dinner at M. Louvier's had already effected a great change in the mood and temper of Alain de Rochebriant; he felt, as if by magic, the sense of youth, of rank, of station, which had been so suddenly checked and stifled, warmed to life within his veins. He should have deemed himself a boor had he refused the invitation so frankly tendered.

But on reaching the *coupé* which the brothers kept in common, and seeing it only held two, he drew back.

"Nay, enter, *mon cher*," said Raoul, divining the cause of his hesitation; "Enguerrand has gone on to his club."

#### CHAPTER V.

"TELL me," said Raoul, when they were in the carriage, "how you came to know M. Louvier?"

"He is my chief mortgagee."

"H'm! that explains it. But you might be in worse hands; the man has a character for liberality."

"Did your father mention to you my circumstances, and the reason that brings me to Paris?"

"Since you put the question point-blank, my dear cousin, he did."

"He told you how poor I am, and how keen must be my life-long struggle to keep Rochebriant as the home of my race."

"He told us all that could make us still more respect the Marquis de Rochebriant, and still more eagerly long to know our cousin and the head of our house," answered Raoul, with a certain nobleness of tone and manner.

Alain pressed his kinsman's hand with grateful emotion.

"Yet," he said, falteringly, "your father agreed with me that my circumstances would not allow me to —"

"Bah!" interrupted Raoul with a gentle laugh; "my father is a very clever man, doubtless, but he knows only the world of his own day, nothing of the world of ours. I and Enguerrand will call on you to-morrow, to take you to my mother, and before doing so, to consult as to affairs in general. On this last matter Enguerrand is an oracle. Here we are at the Contessa's.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE Contessa di Rimini received her visitors in a boudoir furnished with much apparent simplicity, but a simplicity by no means inexpensive. The draperies were but of chintz, and the walls covered with the same material, a lively pattern, in which the prevalent tints were rose-colour and white; but the ornaments on the mantelpiece, the china stored in the cabinets or arranged in the shelves, the small nicknacks scattered on the tables, were costly rarities of art.

The Contessa herself was a woman who had somewhat passed her thirtieth year, not strikingly handsome, but exquisitely pretty. "There is," said a great French writer, "only one way in which a woman can be handsome, but a hundred thousand ways in which she can be pretty;" and it would be impossible to reckon up the number of ways in which Adeline di Rimini carried off the prize in prettiness.

Yet it would be unjust to the personal attractions of the Contessa to class them all under the word "prettiness." When regarded more attentively, there was an expression in her countenance that might almost be called divine, it spoke so unmistakably of a sweet nature and an untroubled soul. An English poet once described her by repeating the old lines, —

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky, —  
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.

She was not alone; an elderly lady sate on an arm-chair by the fire, engaged in knitting; and a man, also elderly, and whose dress proclaimed him an ecclesi-

astic, sate at the opposite corner, with a large Angora cat on his lap.

"I present to you, Madame," said Raoul, "my new-found cousin, the seventeenth Marquis de Rochebriant, whom I am proud to consider, on the male side, the head of our house, representing its eldest branch: welcome him for my sake — in future he will be welcome for his own."

The Contessa replied very graciously to this introduction, and made room for Alain on the divan from which she had risen.

The old lady looked up from her knitting, the ecclesiastic removed the cat from his lap. Said the old lady, "I announce myself to M. le Marquis; I knew his mother well enough to be invited to his christening; otherwise I have no pretension to the acquaintance of a cavalier *si beau*, — being old — rather deaf — very stupid — exceedingly poor —"

"And," interrupted Raoul, "the woman in all Paris, the most adored for *bonté*, and consulted for *savoir vivre* by the young cavaliers whom she deigns to receive. Alain, I present you to Madame de Maury, the widow of a distinguished author and academician, and the daughter of the brave Henri de Gerval, who fought for the good cause in La Vendée. I present you also to the Abbé Vertpré, who has passed his life in the vain endeavour to make other men as good as himself."

"Base flatterer!" said the Abbé, pinching Raoul's ear with one hand, while he extended the other to Alain. "Do not let your cousin frighten you from knowing me, M. le Marquis; when he was my pupil, he so convinced me of the incorrigibility of perverse human nature, that I now chiefly address myself to the moral improvement of the brute creation. Ask the Contessa if I have not achieved a *beau succès* with her Angora cat. Three months ago that creature had the two worst propensities of man. He was at once savage and mean; he bit, he stole. Does he ever bite now? No. Does he ever steal? No. Why? I have awakened in that cat the dormant conscience, and that done, the conscience regulates his actions: once made aware of the difference between wrong and right, the cat maintains it unswervingly, as if it were a law of nature. But if, with prodigious labour, one does awaken conscience in a human sinner, it has no steady effect on his conduct — he continues to sin all the same. Mankind at



Paris, Monsieur le Marquis, is divided between two classes — one bites and the other steals : shun both ; devote yourself to cats."

The Abbé delivered this oration with a gravity of mien and tone which made it difficult to guess whether he spoke in sport or earnest — in simple playfulness or with latent sarcasm.

But on the brow and in the eye of the priest there was a general expression of quiet benevolence, which made Alain incline to the belief that he was only speaking as a pleasant humourist ; and the Marquis replied gaily —

"Monsieur l'Abbé, admitting the superior virtue of cats, when taught by so intelligent a preceptor, still the business of human life is not transacted by cats ; and since men must deal with men, permit me, as a preliminary caution, to inquire in which class I must rank myself. Do you bite or do you steal?"

This sally, which showed that the Marquis was already shaking off his provincial reserve, met with great success.

Raoul and the Contessa laughed merrily ; Madame de Maury clapped her hands, and cried "*Bien !*"

The Abbé replied, with unmoved gravity, "Both. I am a priest ; it is my duty to bite the bad and steal from the good, as you will see, M. le Marquis, if you will glance at this paper."

Here he handed to Alain a memorial on behalf of an afflicted family who had been burnt out of their home, and reduced from comparative ease to absolute want. There was a list appended of some twenty subscribers, the last being the Contessa, fifty francs, and Madame de Maury five.

"Allow me, Marquis," said the Abbé, "to steal from you ; bless you twofold, *mon fils !*" (taking the napoleon Alain extended to him) — "first, for your charity — secondly, for the effect of its example upon the heart of your cousin. Raoul de Vandemar, stand and deliver. Bah ! — what ! only ten francs."

Raoul made a sign to the Abbé, unperceived by the rest, as he answered, "Abbé, I should excel your expectations of my career if I always continue worth half as much as my cousin."

Alain felt to the bottom of his heart the delicate tact of his richer kinsman in giving less than himself, and the Abbé replied, "Niggard, you are pardoned. Humility is a more difficult virtue to produce than charity, and in your case an instance of it is so rare that it merits encouragement."

The "tea equipage" was now served in what at Paris is called the English fashion ; the Contessa presided over it, the guests gathered round the table, and the evening passed away in the innocent gaiety of a domestic circle. The talk, if not especially intellectual, was at least not fashionable — books were not discussed, neither were scandals ; yet somehow or other it was cheery and animated, like that of a happy family in a country-house. Alain thought still the better of Raoul that, Parisian though he was, he could appreciate the charm of an evening so innocently spent.

On taking leave, the Contessa gave Alain a general invitation to drop in whenever he was not better engaged.

"I except only the opera nights," said she. "My husband has gone to Milan on his affairs, and during his absence I do not go to parties ; the opera I cannot resist."

Raoul set Alain down at his lodgings. "*Au revoir ;* to-morrow at one o'clock expect Enguerrand and myself."

#### CHAPTER VII.

RAOUL and Enguerrand called on Alain at the hour fixed.

"In the first place," said Raoul, "I must beg you to accept my mother's regrets that she cannot receive you to-day. She and the Contessa belong to a society of ladies formed for visiting the poor, and this is their day ; but to-morrow you must dine with us *en famille*. Now to business. Allow me to light my cigar while you confide the whole state of affairs to Enguerrand : whatever he counsels, I am sure to approve."

Alain, as briefly as he could, stated his circumstances, his mortgages, and the hopes which his *avoué* had encouraged him to place in the friendly disposition of M. Louvier. When he had concluded, Enguerrand mused for a few moments before replying. At last he said, "Will you trust me to call on Louvier on your behalf ? I shall but inquire if he is inclined to take on himself the other mortgages ; and if so, on what terms. Our relationship gives me the excuse for my interference ; and to say truth, I have had much familiar intercourse with the man. I too am a speculator, and have often profited by Louvier's advice. You may ask what can be his object in serving me ; he can gain nothing by it. To this I answer, the key to his good offices is in his character. Audacious though he be as a speculator, he is wonderfully

prudent as a politician. This *belle France* of ours is like a stage tumbler; one can never be sure whether it will stand on its head or its feet. Louvier very wisely wishes to feel himself safe whatever party comes uppermost. He has no faith in the duration of the Empire; and as, at all events, the Empire will not confiscate his millions, he takes no trouble in conciliating Imperialists. But on the principle which induces certain savages to worship the devil and neglect the *bon Dieu*, because the devil is spiteful and the *bon Dieu* is too beneficent to injure them, Louvier, at heart detesting as well as dreading a republic, lays himself out to secure friends with the Republicans of all classes, and pretends to espouse their cause. Next to them he is very conciliatory to the Orleanists. Lastly, though he thinks the Legitimists have no chance, he desires to keep well with the nobles of that party, because they exercise a considerable influence over that sphere of opinion which belongs to fashion; for fashion is never powerless in Paris. Raoul and myself are no mean authorities in *salons* and clubs; and a good word from us is worth having.

"Besides, Louvier himself in his youth set up for a dandy; and that deposed ruler of dandies, our unfortunate kinsman, Victor de Mauléon, shed some of his own radiance on the money-lender's son. But when Victor's star was eclipsed, Louvier ceased to gleam. The dandies cut him. In his heart he exults that the dandies now throng to his *soirées*. *Bref*, the *millionnaire* is especially civil to me—the more so as I know intimately two or three eminent journalists; and Louvier takes pains to plant garrisons in the press. I trust I have explained the grounds on which I may be a better diplomatist to employ than your *avoué*; and with your leave I will go to Louvier at once."

"Let him go," said Raoul. "Enguerrand never fails in anything he undertakes, especially," he added, with a smile half sad, half tender, "when one wishes to replenish one's purse."

"I, too, gratefully grant such an ambassador all powers to treat," said Alain. "I am only ashamed to consign to him a post so much beneath his genius," and "his birth" he was about to add, but wisely checked himself. Enguerrand said, shrugging his shoulders, "You can't do me a greater kindness than by setting my wits at work. I fall a martyr to *ennui* when I am not in action," he said, and was gone.

"It makes me very melancholy at times," said Raoul, flinging away the end of his cigar, "to think that a man so clever and so energetic as Enguerrand should be as much excluded from the service of his country as if he were an Iroquois Indian. He would have made a great diplomatist."

"Alas!" replied Alain, with a sigh, "I begin to doubt whether we Legitimists are justified in maintaining a useless loyalty to a sovereign who renders us morally exiles in the land of our birth."

"I have no doubt on the subject," said Raoul. "We are not justified on the score of policy, but we have no option at présent on the score of honour. We should gain so much for ourselves if we adopted the State livery and took the State wages that no man would esteem us as patriots; we should only be despised as apostates. So long as Henry V. lives, and does not resign his claim, we cannot be active citizens; we must be mournful lookers-on. But what matters it? We nobles of the old race are becoming rapidly extinct. Under any form of government likely to be established in France we are equally doomed. The French people, aiming at an impossible equality, will never again tolerate a race of *gentils-hommes*. They cannot prevent, without destroying commerce and capital altogether, a quick succession of men of the day, who form nominal aristocracies much more opposed to equality than any hereditary class of nobles. But they refuse these fleeting substitutes of born patricians all permanent stake in the country, since whatever estate they buy must be subdivided at their death. My poor Alain, you are making it the one ambition of your life to preserve to your posterity the home and lands of your forefathers. How is that possible, even supposing you could redeem the mortgages? You marry some day—you have children, and Rochebriant must then be sold to pay for their separate portions. How this condition of things, while rendering us so ineffective to perform the normal functions of a *noblesse* in public life, affects us in private life, may be easily conceived."

"Condemned to a career of pleasure and frivolity, we can scarcely escape from the contagion of extravagant luxury which forms the vice of the time. With grand names to keep up, and small fortunes whereon to keep them, we readily incur embarrassment and debt. Then neediness conquers pride. We cannot be great merchants, but we can be small gamblers



on the Bourse, or, thanks to the *Crédit Mobilier*, imitate a cabinet minister, and keep a shop under another name. Perhaps you have heard that Enguerrand and I keep a shop. Pray, buy your gloves there. Strange fate for men whose ancestors fought in the first Crusade — *mais que voulez-vous ?* ”

“I was told of the shop,” said Alain, “but the moment I knew you I disbelieved the story.”

“Quite true. Shall I confide to you why we resorted to that means of finding ourselves in pocket-money? My father gives us rooms in his hotel; the use of his table, which we do not much profit by; and an allowance, on which we could not live as young men of our class live at Paris. Enguerrand had his means of spending pocket-money, I mine; but it came to the same thing—the pockets were emptied. We incurred debts. Two years ago my father straitened himself to pay them, saying, ‘The next time you come to me with debts, however small, you must pay them yourselves, or you must marry, and leave it to me to find you wives.’ This threat appalled us both. A month afterwards, Enguerrand made a lucky hit at the Bourse, and proposed to invest the proceeds in a shop. I resisted as long as I could, but Enguerrand triumphed over me, as he always does. He found an excellent deputy in a *bonne* who had nursed us in childhood, and married a journeyman perfumer who understands the business. It answers well; we are not in debt, and we have preserved our freedom.”

After these confessions Raoul went away, and Alain fell into a mournful reverie, from which he was roused by a loud ring at his bell. He opened the door, and beheld M. Louvier. The burly financier was much out of breath after making so steep an ascent. It was in gasps that he muttered, “*Bon jour*; excuse me if I derange you.” Then entering and seating himself on a chair, he took some minutes to recover speech, rolling his eyes staringly round the meagre, unluxurious room, and then concentrating their gaze upon its occupier.

“*Peste*, my dear Marquis !” he said at last, “I hope the next time I visit you the ascent may be less arduous. One would think you were in training to ascend the Himalaya.”

The haughty noble writhed under this jest, and the spirit inborn in his order spoke in his answer.

“I am accustomed to dwell on heights,

M. Louvier; the castle of Rochebriant is not on a level with the town.”

An angry gleam shot from the eyes of the *millionnaire*, but there was no other sign of displeasure in his answer.

“*Bien dit, mon cher*: how you remind me of your father! Now, give me leave to speak on affairs. I have seen your cousin Enguerrand de Vandemar. *Homme de moyens* though *joli garçon*. He proposed that you should call on me. I said ‘no’ to the *cher petit* Enguerrand—a visit from me was due to you. To cut matters short, M. Gandrin has allowed me to look into your papers. I was disposed to serve you from the first—I am still more disposed to serve you now. I undertake to pay off all your other mortgages, and become sole mortgagee, and on terms that I have jotted down on this paper, and which I hope will content you.”

He placed a paper in Alain’s hand, and took out a box, from which he extracted a jujube, placed it in his mouth, folded his hands, and reclined back in his chair, with his eyes half closed, as if exhausted alike by his ascent and his generosity.

In effect, the terms were unexpectedly liberal. The reduced interest on the mortgages would leave the Marquis an income of £1000 a-year instead of £400. Louvier proposed to take on himself the legal cost of transfer, and to pay to the Marquis 25,000 francs on the completion of the deed as a bonus. The mortgage did not exempt the building-land, as Hébert desired. In all else it was singularly advantageous, and Alain could but feel a thrill of grateful delight at an offer by which his stinted income was raised to comparative affluence.

“Well, Marquis,” said Louvier, “what does the castle say to the town?”

“M. Louvier,” answered Alain, extending his hand with cordial eagerness, “accept my sincere apologies for the indiscretion of my metaphor. Poverty is proverbially sensitive to jests on it. I owe it to you if I cannot hereafter make that excuse for any words of mine that may displease you. The terms you propose are most liberal, and I close with them at once.”

“*Bon*,” said Louvier, shaking vehemently the hand offered to him; “I will take the paper to Gandrin, and instruct him accordingly. And now, may I attach a condition to the agreement which is not put down on paper? It may have surprised you perhaps that I should propose a gratuity of 25,000 francs on completion

of the contract. It is a droll thing to do, and not in the ordinary way of business, therefore I must explain. Marquis, pardon the liberty I take, but you have inspired me with an interest in your future. With your birth, connections, and figure, you should push your way in the world far and fast. But you can't do so in a province. You must find your opening at Paris. I wish you to spend a year in the capital, and live, not extravagantly, like a *nouveau riche*, but in a way not unsuited to your rank, and permitting you all the social advantages that belong to it. These 25,000 francs, in addition to your improved income, will enable you to gratify my wish in this respect. Spend the money in Paris: you will want every *sou* of it in the course of the year. It will be money well spent. Take my advice, *cher Marquis. Au plaisir.*"

The financier bowed himself out. The young Marquis forgot all the mournful reflections with which Raoul's conversation had inspired him. He gave a new touch to his toilet, and sallied forth with the air of a man on whose morning of life a sun heretofore clouded has burst forth and transformed the face of the landscape.

## CHAPTER VIII.

SINCE the evening spent at the Savarins', Graham had seen no more of Isaura. He had avoided all chance of seeing her—in fact, the jealousy with which he had viewed her manner towards Rameau, and the angry amazement with which he had heard her proclaim her friendship for Madame de Grantmesnil, served to strengthen the grave and secret reasons which made him desire to keep his heart yet free and his hand yet unpledged. But, alas! the heart was enslaved already. It was under the most fatal of all spells—first love conceived at first sight. He was wretched; and in his wretchedness his resolves became involuntarily weakened. He found himself making excuses for the beloved. What cause had he, after all, for that jealousy of the young poet which had so offended him? and if, in her youth and inexperience, Isaura had made her dearest friend of a great writer by whose genius she might be dazzled, and of whose opinions she might scarcely be aware, was it a crime that necessitated her eternal banishment from the reverence which belongs to all manly love? Certainly he found no satisfactory answers to such self-questionings. And then those grave reasons known only to

himself, and never to be confided to another—why he should yet reserve his hand unpledged—were not so imperative as to admit of no compromise. They might entail a sacrifice, and not a small one to a man of Graham's views and ambition. But what is love if it can think any sacrifice, short of duty and honour, too great to offer up unknown, uncomprehended, to the one beloved? Still, while thus softened in his feelings towards Isaura, he came, perhaps in consequence of such softening, more and more restlessly impatient to fulfil the object for which he had come to Paris, the great step towards which was the discovery of the undiscoverable Lquise Duval.

He had written more than once to M. Renard since the interview with that functionary already recorded, demanding whether Renard had not made some progress in the research on which he was employed, and had received short unsatisfactory replies preaching patience and implying hope.

The plain truth, however, was, that M. Renard had taken no further pains in the matter. He considered it utter waste of time and thought to attempt a discovery to which the traces were so faint and so obsolete. If the discovery were effected, it must be by one of those chances which occur without labour or forethought of our own. He trusted only to such a chance in continuing the charge he had undertaken. But during the last day or two Graham had become yet more impatient than before, and peremptorily requested another visit from this dilatory confidant.

In that visit, finding himself pressed hard, and though naturally willing, if possible, to retain a client unusually generous, yet being, on the whole, an honest member of his profession, and feeling it to be somewhat unfair to accept large remuneration for doing nothing, M. Renard said frankly, "Monsieur, this affair is beyond me; the keenest agent of our police could make nothing of it. Unless you can tell me more than you have done, I am utterly without a clue, I resign, therefore, the task with which you honoured me, willing to resume it again if you can give me information that could render me of use."

"What sort of information?"

"At least the names of some of the lady's relations who may yet be living."

"But it strikes me that, if I could get at that piece of knowledge, I should not require the services of the police. The



relations would tell me what had become of Louise Duval quite as readily as they would tell a police agent."

"Quite true, Monsieur. It would really be picking your pockets if I did not at once retire from your service. Nay, Monsieur, pardon me, no further payments; I have already accepted too much. Your most obedient servant."

Graham, left alone, fell into a very gloomy reverie. He could not but be sensible of the difficulties in the way of the object which had brought him to Paris, with somewhat sanguine expectations of success founded on a belief in the omniscience of the Parisian police, which is only to be justified when they have to deal with a murderess or a political incendiary. But the name of Louise Duval is about as common in France as that of Mary Smith in England; and the English reader may judge what would be the likely result of inquiring through the ablest of our detectives after some Mary Smith of whom you could give little more information than that she was the daughter of a drawing-master who had died twenty years ago, that it was about fifteen years since anything had been heard of her, and that you could not say if, through marriage or for other reasons, she had changed her name or not, and you had reasons for declining recourse to public advertisements. In the course of inquiry so instituted, the probability would be that you might hear of a great many Mary Smiths, in the pursuit of whom your *employé* would lose all sight and scent of the one Mary Smith for whom the chase was instituted.

In the midst of Graham's despairing reflections his *laquais* announced M. Frederic Lemercier.

"*Cher Grarm-Varn*. A thousand pardons if I disturb you at this late hour of the evening; but you remember the request you made me when you first arrived in Paris this season?"

"Of course I do—in case you should ever chance in your wide round of acquaintance to fall in with a Madame or Mademoiselle Duval of about the age of forty, or a year or so less, to let me know: and you did fall in with two ladies of that name, but they were not the right one—not the person whom my friend begged me to discover—both much too young."

"*Eh bien, mon cher*. If you will come with me to *le bal champêtre* in the Champs Elysées to-night, I can show you a third Madame Duval; her Christian name is

Louise, too, of the age you mention—though she does her best to look younger, and is still very handsome. You said your Duval was handsome. It was only last evening that I met this lady at a *soirée* given by Mademoiselle Julie Caumartin, *coryphée distinguée*, in love with young Rameau."

"In love with young Rameau? I am very glad to hear it. He returns the love?"

"I suppose so. He seems very proud of it. But *à propos* of Madame Duval, she has been long absent from Paris—just returned—and looking out for conquests. She says she has a great *penchant* for the English; promises me to be at this ball—come."

"Hearty thanks, my dear Lemercier. I am at your service."

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE *bal champêtre* was gay and brilliant, as such festal scenes are at Paris. A lovely night in the midst of May—lamps below and stars above: the society mixed, of course. Evidently, when Graham had singled out Frederic Lemercier from all his acquaintance at Paris, to conjoin with the official aid of M. Renard in search of the mysterious lady, he had conjectured the probability that she might be found in the Bohemian world so familiar to Frederic; if not as an inhabitant, at least as an explorer. Bohemia was largely represented at the *bal champêtre*, but not without a fair sprinkling of what we call the "respectable classes," especially English and Americans, who brought their wives there to take care of them. Frenchmen, not needing such care, prudently left their wives at home. Among the Frenchmen of station were the Comte de Passy and the Vicomte de Brézé.

On first entering the gardens, Graham's eye was attracted and dazzled by a brilliant form. It was standing under a festoon of flowers extended from tree to tree, and a gas jet opposite shone full upon the face—the face of a girl in all the freshness of youth. If the freshness owed anything to art, the art was so well disguised that it seemed nature. The beauty of the countenance was Hebe-like, joyous, and radiant, and yet one could not look at the girl without a sentiment of deep mournfulness. She was surrounded by a group of young men, and the ring of her laugh jarred upon Graham's ear. He pressed Frederic's arm, and direct-

ing his attention to the girl, asked who she was.

"Who? Don't you know? That is Julie Caumartin. A little while ago her equipage was the most admired in the Bois, and great ladies condescended to copy her dress or her *coiffure*. But she has lost her splendour, and dismissed the rich admirer who supplied the fuel for its blaze, since she fell in love with Gustave Rameau. Doubtless she is expecting him to-night. You ought to know her; shall I present you?"

"No," answered Graham, with a compassionate expression in his manly face. "So young; seemingly so gay. How I pity her!"

"What! for throwing herself away on Rameau? True. There is a great deal of good in her girl's nature, if she had been properly trained. Rameau wrote a pretty poem on her which turned her head and won her heart, in which she is styled the 'Ondine of Paris,' — a nymph-like type of Paris itself."

"Vanishing type, like her namesake; born of the spray, and vanishing soon into the deep," said Graham. "Pray go and look for the Duval; you will find me seated yonder."

Graham passed into a retired alley, and threw himself on a solitary bench, while Lemercier went in search of Madame Duval. In a few minutes the Frenchman reappeared. By his side was a lady well dressed, and as she passed under the lamps Graham perceived that, though of a certain age, she was undeniably handsome. His heart beat more quickly. Surely this was the Louise Duval he sought.

He rose from his seat, and was presented in due form to the lady, with whom Frederick then discreetly left him.

"Monsieur Lemercier tells me that you think that we were once acquainted with each other."

"Nay, Madame; I should not fail to recognize you were that the case. A friend of mine had the honour of knowing a lady of your name; and should I be fortunate enough to meet that lady, I am charged with a commission that may not be unwelcome to her. M. Lemercier tells me your *nom de baptême* is Louise."

"Louise Corinne, Monsieur."

"And I presume that Duval is the name you take from your parents."

"No; my father's name was Bernard. I married, when I was a mere child, M. Duval, in the wine trade at Bordeaux."

"Ah, indeed!" said Graham, much

disappointed, but looking at her with a keen, searching eye, which she met with a decided frankness. Evidently, in his judgment, she was speaking the truth.

"You know English, I think, Madame," he resumed, addressing her in that language.

"A leetle — speak *un peu*."

"Only a little?"

Madame Duval looked puzzled, and replied in French with a laugh, "Is it that you were told that I spoke English by your countryman, Milord Sare Boulby? *Petit scélérat*, I hope he is well. He sends you a commission for me — so he ought: he behaved to me like a monster."

"Alas! I know nothing of my lord Sir Boulby. Were you never in England yourself?"

"Never" — with a coquettish side-glance — "I should like so much to go. I have a foible for the English in spite of that *vilain petit* Boulby. Who is it gave you the commission for me? Ha! I guess — le Capitaine Nelson."

"No. What year, Madame, if not impertinent, were you at Aix-la-Chapelle?"

"You mean Baden? I was there seven years ago, when I met le Capitaine Nelson — *bel homme aux cheveux rouges*."

"But you have been at Aix?"

"Never."

"I have, then, been mistaken, Madame, and have only to offer my most humble apologies."

"But perhaps you will favour me with a visit, and we may on further conversation find that you are not mistaken. I can't stay now, for I am engaged to dance with the Belgian of whom, no doubt, M. Lemercier has told you."

"No, Madame, he has not."

"Well, then, he will tell you. The Belgian is very jealous. But I am always at home between three and four; this is my card."

Graham eagerly took the card, and exclaimed, "Is this your own handwriting, Madame?"

"Yes, indeed."

"*Très belle écriture*," said Graham, and receded with a ceremonious bow. "Anything so unlike *her* handwriting. Another disappointment," muttered the Englishman as the lady went back to the ball.

A few minutes later Graham joined Lemercier, who was talking with De Passy and De Brézé.

"Well," said Lemercier, when his eye rested on Graham, "I hit the right nail on the head this time, eh?"

Graham shook his head.



"What! is she not the right Louise Duval?"

"Certainly not."

The Count de Passy overheard the name, and turned. "Louise Duval," he said; "does Mons. Vane know a Louise Duval?"

"No; but a friend asked me to inquire after a lady of that name whom he had met many years ago at Paris." The Count mused a moment, and said, "Is it possible that your friend knew the family De Mauléon?"

"I really can't say. What then?"

"The old Vicomte de Mauléon was one of my most intimate associates. In fact, our houses are connected. And he was extremely grieved, poor man, when his daughter Louise married her drawing-master, Auguste Duval."

"Her drawing-master, Auguste Duval? Pray say on. I think the Louise Duval my friend knew must have been her daughter. She was the only child of a drawing-master or artist named Auguste Duval, and probably enough her Christian name would have been derived from her mother. A Mademoiselle de Mauléon, then, married M. Auguste Duval?"

"Yes; the old Vicomte had espoused *en premières nocés* Mademoiselle Camille de Chavigny, a lady of birth equal to his own, — had by her one daughter, Louise. I recollect her well, — a plain girl, with a high nose and a sour expression. She was just of age when the first Vicomtesse died, and by the marriage settlement she succeeded at once to her mother's fortune, which was not large. The Vicomte was, however, so poor that the loss of that income was no trifle to him. Though past fifty, he was still very handsome. Men of that generation did not age soon, Monsieur," said the Count, expanding his fine chest and laughing exultingly.

"He married, *en secondes nocés*, a lady of still higher birth than the first, and with a much better *dot*. Louise was indignant at this, hated her stepmother; and when a son was born by the second marriage she left the paternal roof, went to reside with an old female relative near the Luxembourg, and there married this drawing-master. Her father and the family did all they could to prevent it; but in these democratic days a woman who has attained her majority can, if she persist in her determination, marry to please herself and disgrace her ancestors. After that *mésalliance* her father never would see her again. I tried in vain to soften him. All his parental affection settled

on his handsome Victor. Ah! you are too young to have known Victor de Mauléon during his short reign at Paris — as *roi des viveurs*."

"Yes, he was before my time; but I have heard of him as a young man of great fashion — said to be very clever, a duellist, and a sort of Don Juan."

"Exactly."

"And then I remember vaguely to have heard that he committed, or was said to have committed some villainous action connected with a great lady's jewels, and to have left Paris in consequence."

"Ah, yes — a sad scrape. At that time there was a political crisis; we were under a Republic; anything against a noble was believed. But I am sure Victor de Mauléon was not the man to commit a larceny. However, it is quite true that he left Paris, and I don't know what has become of him since." Here he touched De Brézé, who, though still near, had not been listening to this conversation, but interchanging jest and laughter with Lemercier on the motley scene of the dance.

"De Brézé, have you ever heard what became of poor dear Victor de Mauléon? — you knew him."

"Knew him? I should think so. Who could be in the great world and not know *le beau* Victor? No; after he vanished I never heard more of him, — doubtless long since dead. A good-hearted fellow in spite of all his sins."

"My dear M. de Brézé, did you know his half-sister?" asked Graham, — "a Madame Duval?"

"No; I never heard he had a half-sister. Halt there: I recollect that I met Victor once, in the garden of Versailles, walking arm-in-arm with the most beautiful girl I ever saw; and when I complimented him afterwards at the Jockey Club on his new conquest, he replied very gravely that the young lady was his niece. 'Niece!' said I; 'why, there can't be more than five or six years between you.' 'About that, I suppose,' said he; 'my half-sister, her mother, was more than twenty years older than I at the time of my birth.' I doubted the truth of his story at the time; but since you say he really had a sister, my doubt wronged him."

"Have you never seen that same young lady since?"

"Never."

"How many years ago was this?"

"Let me see — about twenty or twenty-one years ago. How time flies!"

Graham still continued to question, but

could learn no further particulars. He turned to quit the gardens just as the band was striking up for a fresh dance, a wild German waltz air, and mingled with that German music his ear caught the sprightly sounds of the French laugh, one laugh distinguished from the rest by a more genuine ring of light-hearted joy — the laugh that he had heard on entering the gardens, and the sound of which had then saddened him. Looking toward the quarter from which it came, he again saw the ‘Ondine of Paris.’ She was not now the centre of a group. She had just found Gustave Rameau; and was clinging to his arm with a look of happiness in her face, frank and innocent as a child’s. And so they passed amid the dancers down a solitary lamplit alley, till lost to the Englishman’s lingering gaze.

## CHAPTER X.

THE next morning Graham sent again for M. Renard.

“Well,” he cried, when that dignitary appeared and took a seat beside him; “chance has favoured me.”

“I always counted on chance, Monsieur. Chance has more wit in its little finger than the Paris police in its whole body.”

“I have ascertained the relations, on the mother’s side, of Louise Duval, and the only question is how to get at them.” Here Graham related what he had heard, and ended by saying, “This Victor de Mauléon is therefore my Louise Duval’s uncle. He was, no doubt, taking charge of her in the year that the persons interested in her discovery lost sight of her in Paris; and surely he must know what became of her afterwards.”

“Very probably; and chance may befriend us yet in the discovery of Victor de Mauléon. You seem not to know the particulars of that story about the jewels which brought him into some connection with the police, and resulted in his disappearance from Paris.”

“No; tell me the particulars.”

“Victor de Mauléon was heir to some 60,000 or 70,000 francs a-year, chiefly on the mother’s side; for his father, though the representative of one of the most ancient houses in France, was very poor, having little of his own except the emoluments of an appointment in the Court of Louis Philippe.

“But before, by the death of his parents, Victor came into that inheritance, he very largely forestalled it. His tastes were magnificent. He took to ‘sport’ —

kept a famous stud, was a great favourite with the English, and spoke their language fluently. Indeed he was considered very accomplished, and of considerable intellectual powers. It was generally said that some day or other; when he had sown his wild oats, he would, if he took to politics, be an eminent man. Altogether he was a very strong creature. That was a very strong age under Louis Philippe. The *viveurs* of Paris were fine types for the heroes of Dumas and Sue — full of animal life and spirits. Victor de Mauléon was a romance of Dumas — incarnated.”

“M. Renard, forgive me that I did not before do justice to your taste in polite literature.”

“Monsieur, a man in my profession does not attain even to my humble eminence if he be not something else than a professional. He must study mankind wherever they are described — even in *les romans*. To return to Victor de Mauléon. Though he was a ‘sportman,’ a gambler, a Don Juan, a duellist, nothing was ever said against his honour. On the contrary, on matters of honour he was a received oracle; and even though he had fought several duels (that was the age of duels), and was reported without a superior, almost without an equal, in either weapon — the sword or the pistol — he is said never to have wantonly provoked an encounter, and to have so used his skill that he contrived never to slay, nor even gravely to wound, an antagonist.

“I remember one instance of his generosity in this respect, for it was much talked of at the time. One of your countrymen, who had never handled a fencing-foil nor fired a pistol, took offence at something M. de Mauléon had said in disparagement of the Duke of Wellington, and called him out. Victor de Mauléon accepted the challenge, discharged his pistol, not in the air — that might have been an affront — but so as to be wide of the mark, walked up to the lines to be shot at, and when missed, said, ‘Excuse the susceptibility of a Frenchman — loath to believe that his countrymen can be beaten save by accident, and accept every apology one gentleman can make to another for having forgotten the respect due to one of the most renowned of your national heroes.’ The Englishman’s name was Vane. Could it have been your father?”

“Very probably; just like my father to call out any man who insulted the honour of his country, as represented by its



men. I hope the two combatants became friends?"

"That I never heard; the duel was over—there my story ends."

"Pray go on."

"One day—it was in the midst of political events which would have silenced most subjects of private gossip—the *beau monde* was startled by the news that the Vicomte (he was then by his father's death, Vicomte) de Mauléon had been given into the custody of the police on the charge of stealing the jewels of the Duchesse de — (the wife of a distinguished foreigner). It seems that some days before this event the Duc, wishing to make Madame his spouse an agreeable surprise, had resolved to have a diamond necklace belonging to her, and which was of setting so old-fashioned that she had not lately worn it, reset for her birthday. He therefore secretly possessed himself of the key to an iron safe in a cabinet adjoining her dressing-room (in which safe her more valuable jewels were kept), and took from it the necklace. Imagine his dismay when the jeweller in the Rue Vivienne to whom he carried it, recognized the pretended diamonds as imitation paste which he himself had some days previously inserted into an empty setting brought to him by a Monsieur with whose name he was unacquainted. The Duchesse was at that time in delicate health; and as the Duc's suspicions naturally fell on the servants, especially on the *femme de chambre*, who was in great favour with his wife, he did not like to alarm Madame, nor through her to put the servants on their guard. He resolved, therefore, to place the matter in the hands of the famous —, who was then the pride and ornament of the Parisian police. And the very night afterwards the Vicomte de Mauléon was caught and apprehended in the cabinet where the jewels were kept, and to which he had got access by a false key, or at least a duplicate key, found in his possession. I should observe that M. de Mauléon occupied the *entresol* in the same hotel in which the upper rooms were devoted to the Duc and Duchesse and their suite. As soon as this charge against the Vicomte was made known (and it was known the next morning), the extent of his debts and the utterness of his ruin (before scarcely conjectured or wholly unheeded), became public through the medium of the journals, and furnished an obvious motive for the crime of which he was accused. We Parisians, Monsieur, are subject to the most startling re-

actions of feeling. The men we adore one day we execrate the next. The Vicomte passed at once from the popular admiration one bestows on a hero, to the popular contempt with which one regards a petty larcener. Society wondered how it had ever condescended to receive into its bosom the gambler, the duellist, the Don Juan. However, one compensation in the way of amusement he might still afford to society for the grave injuries he had done it. Society would attend his trial, witness his demeanour at the bar, and watch the expression of his face when he was sentenced to the galleys. But, Monsieur, this wretch completed the measure of his iniquities. He was not tried at all. The Duc and Duchesse quitted Paris for Spain, and the Duc instructed his lawyer to withdraw his charge, stating his conviction of the Vicomte's complete innocence of any other offence than that which he himself had confessed."

"What did the Vicomte confess? you omitted to state that."

"The Vicomte, when apprehended, confessed that, smitten by an insane passion for the Duchesse, which she had, on his presuming to declare it, met with indignant scorn, he had taken advantage of his lodgment in the same house to admit himself into the cabinet adjoining her dressing-room by means of a key which he had procured, made from an impression of the key-hole taken in wax.

"No evidence in support of any other charge against the Vicomte was forthcoming—nothing, in short, beyond the *infraction du domicile* caused by the madness of youthful love, and for which there was no prosecution. The law, therefore, could have little to say against him. But society was more rigid; and, exceedingly angry to find that a man who had been so conspicuous for luxury should prove to be a pauper, insisted on believing that M. de Mauléon was guilty of the meaner, though not perhaps, in the eyes of husbands and fathers, the more heinous, of the two offences. I presume that the Vicomte felt that he had got into a dilemma from which no pistol-shot or sword-thrust could free him, for he left Paris abruptly, and has not since reappeared. The sale of his stud and effects sufficed, I believe, to pay his debts, for I will do him the justice to say that they were paid."

"But though the Vicomte de Mauléon has disappeared, he must have left relations at Paris, who would perhaps know what had become of him and of his niece."

"I doubt it. He had no very near relations. The nearest was an old *célibataire* of the same name, from whom he had some expectations, but who died shortly after this *esclandre*, and did not name the Vicomte in his will. M. Victor had numerous connections among the highest families — the Rochebriants, Chavignys, Vandemars, Beauvilliers. But they are not likely to have retained any connection with a ruined *vaurien*, and still less with a niece of his who was the child of a drawing-master. But now you have given me a clue, I will try to follow it up. We must find the Vicomte, and I am not without hope of doing so. Pardon me if I decline to say more at present. I would not raise false expectations. But in a week or two I will have the honour to call again upon Monsieur."

"Wait one instant. You have really a hope of discovering M. de Mauléon?"

"Yes. I cannot say more at present."

M. Renard departed.

Still that hope, however faint it might prove, served to reanimate Graham; and with that hope his heart, as if a load had been lifted from its mainspring, returned instinctively to the thought of Isaura. Whatever seemed to promise an early discharge of the commission connected with the discovery of Louise Duval seemed to bring Isaura nearer to him, or at least to excuse his yearning desire to see more of her — to understand her better. Faded into thin air was the vague jealousy of Gustave Rameau which he had so unreasonably conceived; he felt as if it were impossible that the man whom the "Ondine of Paris" claimed as her lover could dare to woo or hope to win an Isaura. He even forgot the friendship with the eloquent denouncer of the marriage-bond, which a little while ago had seemed to him an unpardonable offence: he remembered only the lovely face, so innocent, yet so intelligent; only the sweet voice which had for the first time breathed music into his own soul; only the gentle hand whose touch had for the first time sent through his veins the thrill which distinguishes from all her sex the woman whom we love. He went forth elated and joyous, and took his way to Isaura's villa. As he went, the leaves on the trees under which he passed seemed stirred by the soft May breeze in sympathy with his own delight. Perhaps it was rather the reverse: his own silent delight sympathized with all delight in awakening nature. The lover seeking reconciliation with the loved one from whom some trifle

has unreasonably estranged him, in a cloudless day of May, — if he be not happy enough to feel a brotherhood in all things happy — a leaf in bloom, a bird in song — then indeed he may call himself lover, but he does not know what is love.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### A "NAVY" BALL.

It came in the way of my work recently to visit a colony of navvies engaged in the construction of the heaviest portion of the works on the new line of railway at present being made between Settle and Carlisle. The headquarters of this scattered colony are on the slope of an outlying buttress of Ingleborough Hill, at the foot of which is a deep hole in the limestone, whence issues the headwaters of the Ribble. From some old legend of a suicide, this wild and savage place bears the curious name of Batty-wife-hole. Three or four hundred navvies are housed in the wooden huts, covered with black felting, that have been set down at hap-hazard on to the slope above the river-head, and there are various settlements bearing outlandish names bestowed upon them by the navvies themselves. Inkermann, Sebastopol, Belgravia, Jericho, Salt Lake City — all these can be reached with no greater exertion than half an hour's wade through the deep, treacherous, oozy bog of which much of the moorland is composed. True, when reached, they are not much to look at, but they are racy of phases of that curious half-savage navvy life, which has in it so much that is interesting to the student of the by-tracks of human life.

While staying in Batty-wife-hole, I became acquainted with a family which I shall call Pollen. The father had been a navvy in his earlier days; but having saved a little money, had set up a Tommy-shop, and was making money. His wife was a robust, powerful, purposeful dame, of immense energy, considerable surface-roughness, and real genuine kindness of heart. During my stay, I was indebted to this burly navvy-woman for several good turns, in connection with which there could be no thought of self-interest. There was a married daughter who lived in a caravan at the gable of the parental hut, and there were two unmarried daughters, one an extremely pretty girl of about twenty, the other considerably younger.



Pollen had taken a letter for me down to Ingleton, and in the afternoon I looked in to see whether he had come back. His good lady reported his non-arrival, adding—"Afore we comed here, we were on the 'Surrey and Sussex;' and this morning, Betsy Smith, a lass as my daughter knowed there, comed here to see her mother, as is married on old Recks; and my girls, they be to have a holiday for to spend wi' their old friend. Well, I bid them tighten themselves up a bit, and tak' a basket, and go to the top of Ingleborough Hill, the three on 'em, for a day's 'scursion like; and when they'd come back, I'd have tea waitin' an' a cake, and I'd get in a bottle or two of wine, and we'd make a bit of a feast on't, you see, sir, for the lasses mayn't see one another no more in this here life." It seemed as if I had achieved the footing of a friend of the family; and Mrs. Pollen invited me, "if I would not think it beneath me," to look in and participate in the modest festivities of the evening. Beneath me! Why, it was the very thing I desired.

The navy population of Batty-wife-hole do not keep fashionable hours. Half-past five was the hour named by Mrs. Pollen, and I was punctual. As I came up the road from the "Chum-hole," through Inkermann, to the mansion of the Pollens, the face of the swamp in the watery twilight was alive with navvies on their way home from work. They stalked carelessly through the most horrid clinging mire. What thews and sinews, what stately, stalwart forms, what breadth of shoulder, and shapely development of muscle were displayed by these home-coming sons of toil! The navy is a very rough diamond; but when you come to mix with him familiarly, and to understand him, you come to realize that he is a diamond. His character has never been more accurately delineated than in the words which I venture to quote, written by an engineer who knows him to his very marrow. "The English navvy has his bad points. Very bad points, they are, no doubt, but, as a rule, they have all a common origin. The fountain of all, or almost all, the troubles of an English employer of this description of labour is the ale-can. But with these bad points there are many elements of the true pith and ring of the English character. Industry like that of the beehive; sturdy toil such as that which was commanded by the builders of the pyramids, or the brick-building kings of Nineveh; firm fellowship and good feeling,

evidenced in subscriptions to sick funds and doctors' bills; clear-headed application of labour to produce a definite result; above all, a sense of the right that man and master alike have to fair-play and honest dealing: all these virtues are to be found in the kit of the navy. He is a man with whom there is some satisfaction in working, and a man as to whom you can attribute any failure in the attempt to elevate him into a position of permanent comfort and respectability not to any inherent infirmity of nature, but to want of early training, and to the potent influence of strong drink."

The "lasses" had got down from Ingleborough Hill, and were seated round the huge coal-fire in Mrs. Pollen's keeping-room. It was a state occasion; and the six navvies, who are lodgers, were relegated to their own sleeping-apartment, where I found Mr. Pollen, slightly the fresher from his journey to Ingleton, and having his hair cut by one of his lodgers prior to entering the sphere of gentility in the other room. Mrs. Pollen was painfully polite, and her notions of my capacities for rashers of bacon eaten along with buttered toast must have been based on her experience of navvies. The young ladies were at first slightly *distrain*, but Ingleborough air had given their appetite a beautiful fillip. Mr. Pollen was benignly jocose, with a slight tendency to hiccup. After tea, he entertained me with an historical account of Batty-wife-hole, from his first appearance in a van on its soil, exactly three years previous. Shortly afterwards, he said, "some chaps came down to make experimental borings, and they had to bide wi' us in the wan, for there were nowheres else to bide. All that winter there were ten of us living in that van, and a tight fit it were, surely. Of a night I used to have to stand by it for half an hour with the bull's-eye as a guide to the men home-coming through the waste. Sometimes one would stick, and his mates would have to dig him out; there were two chain o' knee-deep water four times a day for the fellows atween their meat and their work.

"It were a winter! The snow lay on the backs of the hill-sheep for two months at a stretch, and many on 'em were frozen as hard as a chip. But we got over it somehow; and in the spring, Recks and me built this cottage, and the works began in fair earnest. There's been a good many deaths—what with accidents, low fevers, small-pox, and so on. I've buried three o' my own. I'm arter a sort the

undertaker o' the place. You passed the little church down at Chapel-a-dale, near the head of the valley. Well, in the three years I've toted over a hundred of us down the hill to the little churchyard lying round the church. T' other day I had toted one poor fellow down—he were hale and hearty on Thursday, and on Tuesday he were dead o' erinsipalis; and I says to the clerk as how I thought I had toted well nigh on to a hundred down over the beck to Chapel-a-dale. He goes, and has a look at his books, and comes out, and says, says he: 'Joe, you've fetched to t' kirkyawd xactly a hundred and ten corps!' I knowed I warn't far out. They've had to add a piece on to t' churchyard, for it were chock-full. And there were one poor fellow I toted down the hill as don't lie in Chapel-a-dale. It were the first summer we were here, and a cutting had been opened outside the Dents-head end of the tunnel. Five men were in a heading as was being driven in along the track of the tunnel. There came on such a fearful thunderstorm as nobody hereabout ever saw the like afore or since. The end of the cutting was stopped up, and the water came tearing down the hillsides into it, and soon filled it like the lock of a canal. The chaps in the heading were caught afore they could get out; as the water rose, three swam into the cutting, and tried to scramble out. As the water rose, they got on a wagon that was in the heading, and tried to prop themselves up between some barrels that were on it. We could just see one, the tallest on the two—the face of him just above the water, and his hands held afore his mouth, to fend off the water that came lipping over him every now and then. He could get no higher for the head of the working, and it was horrible to see him. But we were tearing like mad at the bank of earth that was blocking the cutting, and at last we got a hole jumped through it, and then the water soon found its own vent, and emptied the cutting. The shorter of the two men in the heading was drowned, and his mouth stopped up wi' clay. He came from Kingscliffe in Northamptonshire, hard by my own native place; and I got a coffin for the poor chap, and toted him down to Ingleton, and sent him home by the railway."

I don't know to what greater length Mr. Pollen's gossiping reminiscences might have extended, if they had not been interrupted by a tap at the door communicating with the room inhabited by the navy

lodgers. Sundry smothered and gasping squeakings of a fiddle had been audible lately from that apartment, the sounds being suggestive of the existence of an assertive and pertinacious violin, upon which the navvies were collectively sitting, sternly determined that while they lived, it should not violate the decorous quiet incumbent on lodgers whose respected host and hostess were entertaining visitors. The "lasses," I had noticed, were yawning a little after tea, as if the hill-air of Ingleborough had induced a somniferous tendency. As the tap was heard at the door, a glance of mutual intelligence and a smile of satisfaction passed round the younger ladies, and in truth Mrs. Pollen herself did not frown as she called: "Come in." Enter a stalwart navy, whose powerful frame contrasted comically with his shamefaced countenance. He was blushing from ear to ear, yet there was a twinkle in the big black eye of the good-looking fellow that might speak of a consciousness he was not altogether taking a leap in the dark. He bore a message from the navy brotherhood in the other room. He craved humbly of "Mother Pollen" that he and they should be admitted to participate in the festivities of the evening, whereunto they engaged to contribute by instrumental and vocal music, replenishment of the refreshments utterly regardless of cost, and good behaviour. Pollen pronounced at once for their admission. Mrs. Pollen only stipulated for order; and the navvies trooped solemnly in, and seated themselves on the extreme edge of a form. Mrs. Pollen offered them wine, of which all ceremoniously partook; and then the black-eyed navy took Mrs. Pollen aside, an interview which resulted in the introduction of a pail of strong ale and a bottle of whisky. The navvies were a decided acquisition. First, the black-eyed navy played a lively spring on his fiddle. I may remark, that he had imperceptibly edged off the form, and had dexterously taken up new ground between Miss Pollen and the lass from the "Surrey and Sussex." Then Tom Purgin sang *My Pretty Jane*. Mr. Purgin was a smart ruddy-faced young fellow with black curling hair, and the physical development of a Hercules. "Tom is the best man on this section," whispered Pollen to me. A dance followed—something between a reel and an Irish jig—in which the black-eyed navy immensely distinguished himself by playing and dancing at the same time; while the noise his big boots made in the



double-shuffle was a Terpsichorean triumph that may be imagined, but cannot be described. The beer-pail was replenished, the ladies were radiant with good-humour and enjoyment, the navvies were making themselves as agreeable as possible, and the evening altogether was passing most hilariously.

The "Surrey and Sussex" lass was suddenly interrupted in the middle of a song by a loud knock at the outer door. Mrs. Pollen rose, and admitted a stranger, a big navvy in working-dress. This worthy had no card, but he "named himself" as the "Wellingborough Pincer." At a glance, one could see that the "Wellingborough Pincer" was not quite so sober as he necessarily would have been if intoxicating beverages had never been invented. He was a new-comer at Batty-wife-hole, having only arrived that day; and being a Northamptonshire man, he had come to pay a visit to his "townie," as he had learned Mr. Pollen was. On Pollen the ties of "towniership" are binding; he hailed the "Wellingborough Pincer" with effusion; and that individual soon made himself extremely at home, resorting with marked freedom and frequency to the beer-can. Our own navvies had been obviously chafing at the goings-on of the "Pincer," restraining themselves, however, for the sake of peace. His conduct was obviously leading to a shindy. Mrs. Pollen had been absent for some time, engaged in serving some customers; but just at this crisis she came upon the scene, and comprehended its bearings with a quickness which may have been owing to intuition, but perhaps more to experience. To resolve, with Mrs. Pollen is to act. In two strides she had the "Wellingborough Pincer" by the scruff of the neck, and was bundling him toward the door. He struggled a little, but Mrs. Pollen pinioned him with a vice-like grasp, and with a promptitude and dexterity which won my heartiest admiration, accomplished his ejection. I rather think she threw him out; anyhow, there was a sound as of a heavy body falling; and returning to the bosom of her family, she forbade any of "her men" from following the "Pincer" into the darkness whereunto she had relegated him. Harmony recommenced; the black-eyed navvy and I became confidential; and he told me how he had loved Miss Pollen for a considerable period, how they "had squared it together," and how he only wished that her father had another van in which they

might take up housekeeping. In the midst of this interesting conversation, the "Wellingborough Pincer" reappeared on the scene. Mrs. Pollen had not bolted the door, and he had entered bent on apologizing all round, and expressing his heart-felt repentance for his conduct. It struck me at the time that the leading motive for the "Pincer's" apparent contrition was a keen anxiety to return to the neighbourhood of the beer-pail; but he appeared sincere, and his expressions of sorrow were graciously accepted. He made the most of his time, and it was a caution to see what quantities of beer that man contrived to swallow. But he was an ill-conditioned dog in his cups. Without the slightest warning, he suddenly hit Tom Purgin in the eye. It was good to see that honest fellow's power of self-restraint. "It will keep till to-morrow," he said with a pleasant smile, as he wiped some blood from the cut cheek-bone. This was Tom's own quarrel, and in his own quarrel he would not brawl in the presence of the women. But the blow had cut short the "Pincer's" stay under Mr. Pollen's roof. Again Mrs. Pollen was upon him; again that determined and powerful female grappled him, dragged him across the floor, and sent him forth from the door. Enlightened by experience, she this time shot the bolt.

But this "Wellingborough Pincer" was an incorrigible and indomitable nuisance. He would not retire quietly after this his second ejection. He picked himself up, and commenced a persistent hammering on the doors and window-shutters of the hut, accompanying this exercise with a voluble flow of execration of the people who were inside. With difficulty did Mrs. Pollen restrain her navvies from sallying out and inflicting condign punishment on the incorrigible "Pincer." But it was reserved for Pollen himself to vindicate the proud principle that an Englishman's house is his castle. Rising (with some little difficulty) from his seat, he oracularly pronounced the monosyllable "Joe!" At the word there emerged from under the table a powerfully built bulldog, whose broad chest, strong loins, muscular neck, and massive jaw, gave evidence of strength and purity of blood, as did the small red eye of unconquerable ferocity. Silently Pollen moved to the door with Joe at his heels. He threw it open, just as the "Pincer" had commenced to rain on it a fresh shower of blows. "Here, Joe!" was all Pollen's

reply to the volley of execrations that greeted him. There was a dull thud of a heavy fall, a gurgling noise, and at Pollen's word, "Come, Joe!" the dog reappeared, sententiously wagging his tail. The door was shut, and the "Wellingborough Pincer" demonstrated no more against it.

After a parting glass, I withdrew from the festive scene, declining with thanks the offers of Tom Purgin and the black-eyed navy to see me home. I examined the precincts carefully, out of what was perhaps a weak apprehension that the Pincer might be lying about somewhere, mangled, helpless, and perhaps indeed throttled. But that worthy was "gone and left not a wrack behind," and I sought my couch with equanimity. A day or two later, Mr. Pollen called on me, and told me that he had received a summons at the instance of the "Wellingborough Pincer." Rather, indeed, there were two summonses, one for selling drink without a licence, the other for setting a dog at that interesting gentleman. Mr. Pollen was game for litigation, and would hear of no compromise. The "Pincer" had called upon him that morning, and expressed his readiness to stay proceedings, on condition that the dog were shot, adding, that the doctor had assured him, were this not done, that his — the Pincer's — arm must inevitably be amputated. Mr. Pollen had requested him to go about his business, and was ready to face the magistrates in the serene consciousness of virtue.

I left the place before this *cause célèbre* was tried; but I heard the leading incidents — Mr. Pollen drove to Ingleton with his wife and his two witnesses, Mr. Purgin and the black-eyed navy. The "Pincer" stated his case, and summoned a witness who saw him worried by the dog. Then Mr. Pollen arose and pleaded his own cause. He cited his wife to prove that she sold no drink, but that the whole affair was her "treat" in honour of the "Surrey and Sussex" lass. The magistrates asked particularly whether it was in defence of his own premises that Pollen had called in the assistance of the dog, and on being assured that this was so, gave judgment against the "Pincer" on both counts, condemning him also in costs. On the way home, the Pollen conveyance, which contained, in addition to the load it had brought down, the Pincer's witness, was upset in the ditch, owing, it was hinted, to the collective inebriety of the passengers, but ultimately reached

Batty-wife-hole, and a triumphal entry was accorded to the Pollens. The "Wellingborough Pincer" returned to work a wiser if not a better man, but he was execrated by the whole community for having imported legal proceedings into a colony where the policemen live in a sort of contemptuous toleration. Hints were uttered that his career at Batty-wife-hole would be a short one. The "Wellingborough Pincer" was last seen in the neighbourhood of a deep blind shaft, that had been excavated to divert the water from the workings in the tunnel. He may have suddenly migrated, but there are not wanting those who darkly hint that an exploration of the shaft would disclose the fact of his being in the immediate vicinity of its bottom.

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From Good Words.

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

#### CHAPTER IV.

"HARD TO PLEASE IN REGARD TO SHE."

"WE are going to have some one besides a boy?" asked Sir Stephen, looking at the little boat, while the surf running up the beach was handling her rather roughly.

"It will be right enough outside," said Hero; "when we have rounded the point you'll find the sea as calm as a mill-pond."

"Because I am nothing of a salt-water sailor: I can contrive to manage a boat on the river, and that is about all."

"Jim will take care of us; — he is not a boy; Jim!" she cried, and starting up from the bottom of the boat, where he had been taking a siesta, appeared a wiry, under-sized man, whose age from his agility might have been forty, and, from his face, might have been seventy. Sir Stephen felt more satisfied, until after a minute or two's inspection, he exclaimed —

"Why, he has only one arm."

"Oh! that's nothing," replied the Captain; "except for rowing he never misses it; and if the wind veers round or drops, as I think it will, you must lend a hand, Hero."

"Is rowing one of your accomplishments, Miss Carthew?"

"Yes," replied Hero, laughing, "I have not many, but I *can* manage a boat."



"Oh, she's a capital oar," said the Captain with pride. "She'd get her rating on board any Queen's ship." Then putting his two hands to his mouth to form a speaking trumpet, he roared out to Jim—

"Sir Stephen wants to know if Miss Hero can take an oar?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the man, in the low distinct kind of whisper, so often used by very deaf people. "That she can; I'd back her agen Ann Granville, Jinny Adams, or any o' the Saltashers."

"That's a compliment you won't appreciate until you have been to one of the regattas and seen the women row," said Hero; "then you will fully understand the pride I feel in Jim's flattering opinion of my stroke."

The boat tumbled and tossed in the foam, pretending every minute that it intended to be upset. To get into her it needed the agility of a cat, which Hero seemed to possess; for, seizing her opportunity, she sprang in first. Sir Stephen was not so fortunate, but thought himself lucky in meeting with no worse fate than "breaking his fall" on Jim, and tumbling on Hero.

"Never mind," shouted the Captain, who stood watching their departure from the shore; "you'll shake down all right by the time you get outside. Don't you bother about the ropes, he'll manage them with his hook and his teeth."

"I hope you can swim," shouted Sir Stephen, as soon as they were fairly off. Jim put his hand to his ear and looked at Hero.

"Sir Stephen hopes that you can swim." Jim shook his head.

"Not I," he answered, "'taint lucky, sir; so far as I've a seed, most o' they as puts their trust in swimmin' is pretty near certain to be drowned. Uncle Bill could swim like a fish," he said, turning to Hero, "so could Seth Lavis, and Osee Triggs, and what comed of it? Why, they all three went down like lead, and I by their side was saved. No, no, sir, don't 'ee put no hold by swimmin'; set your trust in One above, who never fails to save they who are to be saved, and if you'm born to be drowned, drowned you'll be; 'taint swimmin' will keep your poor sinful body above water."

"Comforting!" ejaculated Sir Stephen.

"Oh! we are safe enough," laughed Hero, "though I see yours is only make-believe fear. In the summer, Jim and I go out for whole days together, and he tells me stories and I sing him songs. I

am telling Sir Stephen how we amuse ourselves when we go out fishing, Jim," she said, seeing the old man's bright listening eyes fixed upon her.

"Ah!"—and Jim gave a long sigh of satisfaction. "Them's the times. I haven't heerd nothin' nat'ral like, never since the 29th o' last October; that's the day we went to Batten Reach."

"What does he mean?" asked Sir Stephen.

"Well, if you speak to him you have to roar at him, and he says the noise is like thunder, but he can hear singing,—at least he says he can hear mine,—and it so delights him to listen to his old sea songs, that I often repeat them over and over again for his amusement."

"You refused the other evening; you told me that you could not sing."

"Nor can I; but when I was a child papa taught me several of his favourite nautical ballads which are not exactly company music, you know."

"I dare say they are very much prettier."

Hero shook her head.

"Let me hear one?"

"Oh, no, I could not; they are not in the least what you would care for."

"You cannot tell that. Jim," he called out, "ask Miss Carthew to sing one of your favourite songs."

"Will 'ee, Miss Hero?" said Jim; "'es now, do 'ee like a dear," he added in a coaxing voice.

"Yes, do 'ee like a dear," said Sir Stephen, trying to imitate Jim's insinuating voice.

Hero held up her finger reprovingly, but she nodded assent to Jim's further pleading request that the song should be "The lass who loves a sailor." After a momentary pause she began; her voice rose clear and sweet, doing justice to the tuneful melody, which she sang with heartfelt feeling. Her face was turned so that the old man might hear; and he, with his eyes on the sail and his hand to his ear, sat listening with a rapt expression, which made his thin, worn face beam with delight.

Sir Stephen gazed on the pair, and then the beauty of the whole scene seemed to come over him suddenly; the calm "great heaven of blue" which reflected itself in the water below, the high sapphire-patched rocks fantastically jagged and broken, the foam dashing and lapping against them, frothy and white above the sea's borrowed depth of colour.

"Surely," he thought, "my mother's

prejudice would give way before this wild scenery, which she always admires. I hope I shall succeed in getting her to feel an interest in these people. They have made me somehow take to them wonderfully; they have such simple ways and pleasures, and are so different to the common run of country folks. What a sweet face this girl has, and such a pretty air of coquetry; conscious but not vain of her beauty; a real unspoilt woman, with a heap of weakness to make the man who loves her proud of his strength, and a heap of strength to turn his pride into weakness." And then the vision of another face rose up before him—a face which had once been to him the fairest in all the world, but which now was shadowed by clouds of distrust and bitterness, lived out but not forgotten.

"God bless you for that sound to the deaf ear," said old Jim reverently.

Sir Stephen, roused from his reverie, smiled at her, saying—"I can say nothing, but that I am very much obliged to you. It must make you feel very happy, Miss Carthew, to be so beloved and have it in your power to make people so happy."

"If you will but stay here and live among us, I will promise you an equal share of popularity. As long as I can remember, people have been wishing that you lived at Combe, and now we know you, and have seen you, nothing but your doing so will content us."

"I won't promise you to come and live here altogether, but I shall certainly come and stay some part of each year. Your father has been showing me that it is not fair to hold land and yet do nothing for those who live upon it. We decry Irish absentees, and yet in many instances follow their example, and I feel I have been very much to blame."

"But you knew so little about us," said Hero.

"For the reason, I suppose, that I asked so little; and then, as Mr. Truscott said that they never complained in any way, I tried to hope they were in a very flourishing condition."

"Mr. Truscott is a Dockmouth man," said Hero, in a scornful voice, "and does not understand Mallett people; it was not at all probable that he would hear many complaints by riding over when it suited his convenience, and stopping such as he chose with, 'Well, my man, and how does the world serve you?'" and Hero's imitation of the hand on the hip, and the wave of an imaginary whip was so life-

like, that Jim, who was watching her, chuckled out—

"That's Lord Truscott to a T."

"There you see," exclaimed Hero significantly, "*he* was not very likely to gain their confidence."

"True, I see now that things must be managed very differently in future. As I explained to Captain Carthew this morning, I am anything but a rich man; my other estate, Pamphillon, was left to me encumbered with debts, so that instead of deriving any income from it, I have to spend money on it every year. The fact is, when I came of age I ought to have sold that place, but my mother would not hear of it; and I, shrinking, as one naturally does, from giving up what has been in one's family for generations, tried to see if, by any means, it was possible to keep it. Afterwards I went abroad for some years, and gave up attending to business matters, but now I see so plainly what is the right thing to do, that I shall hesitate about it no longer, but put Pamphillon into the market directly I return to town. I daresay I shall find a bidder," he added with a sigh; "it's a fine old place."

"What a pity to have to sell it!" said Hero.

"Yes; better never to have had it at all. My poor uncle, whom I succeeded, was a most eccentric man. He had no need to speculate; he had a good income, and nobody to spend it on, for he abhorred the sight of women, and never married, nor went into society; and yet, after his death, it was found that he had entered into the wildest speculations, and completely beggared the property. I was quite a child, and my mother had to economize and retrench in every possible way, in order to try to get things a little straight during my minority. How she managed to keep things from going to the dogs I can never tell; but it completely broke down her health, and people all say that she has never been the same since. The strain on her nervous system was too great, she over-estimated her responsibility in the desire to keep Pamphillon for me, and it has ended in her throwing herself into a fever of anxiety at the bare mention of selling it, and yet disliking the place so that she hates to go near it."

"Poor thing," said Hero compassionately, "what will you do to avoid paining her?"

"Say as little about it as I can, and induce her to come down here. I think



you and she would soon be excellent friends; she is very fond of young people's society."

"You have no sisters?"

"No; my cousin always lived with my mother until she got married, and since then she has preferred to be alone."

"I hope she may come here, then," said Hero, "I should be very glad to try and make her like me."

"That would not be a difficult task," said Sir Stephen, "the difficulty will be to get her to come; she declares Mallett is at the world's edge,—and perhaps the journey is a fatiguing one for her."

"But not in the summer?"

"Oh, no; I must contrive it somehow; and if I can then manage to interest her in the people, we shall soon set everything straight. I hope," he said, speaking to Jim, "that you will not have so much to complain of another winter. I am very sorry to hear how much many suffered during the past one."

"Thank 'ee sir," said Jim; "mostly times *is* a little hard then, but as I says, 'Take heart, mates, the summer 'ill come,' and come it does; and so it will, I reckon, for 'while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease;' and after 'twill all be changed, and there'll be winter no more, but to they that praise the Lord, light and sunshine allays."

"He is a local preacher," said Hero, answering Sir Stephen's surprised look, "and a very eloquent one according to Betsy's opinion, which is that preaching is a free gift, and not to be picked up like verses by reading books. Her sayings used to amuse poor old Mr. Despard greatly. You knew him, did you not? I mean the late rector," she added.

"No. My mother gave him the living when I was a boy; he had been, I believe, an old friend of my uncle's, and, through him, she had formed a high opinion of Mr. Despard. I don't fancy they were personally acquainted."

The sudden shift of the sail, as they tacked into Winkle Creek, put an end to the conversation. Their approach had been made known to Captain Joslyn by the signal-man, and by the time the boat reached the shore, a line had been formed by the fine stalwart coast-guard men to run her out of the surf up the beach, where they could step out high and dry, and be welcomed by the whole family, who were standing to receive them. Mrs. Joslyn willingly acceded to Hero's re-

quest that they might carry off Alice, a pretty, shy girl, who looked upon her friend Hero as the standard of perfection; and, only waiting until she was ready to accompany them, they set off on their return to Sharrows.

The wind dropping as the Captain had prognosticated, Hero's services were put into requisition; and Sir Stephen, instead of attending to the tiller, found his eyes straying from the undulating movements of Hero's lithe figure to her sweet face flushed by exercise, her hair a little tossed by the gentle breeze, and her eyes sparkling with fun and enjoyment of his pretended surprise, and his assertion that he was afraid to stir, although as soon as the boat touched he sprang on shore, and insisted upon lifting her out, with a care that made old Jim eye him suspiciously. The boat landed them at the foot of Sharrows, and as Alice wanted to unpack her bag the two girls went off together, leaving Sir Stephen to follow.

"Here, Jim," he said, putting a few shillings into the old boatman's hand, "you must drink my health."

Jim shook his head.

"I gived it up years ago, sir. For more than half of my life through love o' drink the devil stuck to me like a limpit, but, bless the Lord, who has overthrown the powers o' Satan in that respect as in many others."

"Well, then," said Sir Stephen, "keep it and do what you like with it."

"Thank'ee, sir; but there's lots in Mallett who has more need for it than me."

"Nonsense; Miss Carthew told me that you had been ill, and not able to do any work for a long time."

"'Twas only a touch o' the screws," said the old man, smiling; "the joints is gittin' a little rusty, I reckon, sir; but our Heavenly Father was good to me; and as for Miss Hero," and he took off his cap, seeming to forget Sir Stephen's presence, and said reverently, "May God send her the blessings I asks for her—amen," he added, after a moment's pause, turning with the money still in his open palm.

"Keep it for my sake, Jim," said Sir Stephen, patting the old fellow's shoulder; "I hope that you and I will get good friends soon."

Jim smiled his satisfaction.

"I hope so, sir; but," and he gave a knowing shake of his head towards Sharrows, "you mustn't mind us being main hard to please in regard to she."

Sir Stephen nodded. "She?" he

thought, as he walked up the path, "I wonder what the old chap means?" and at something which seemed not distasteful to himself he smiled, and then indulged in a quiet laugh, and finally lighted a cigar, and sat down on one of the numerous seats the Captain had placed up the steep ascent, as resting posts to the aged and weary.

## CHAPTER V.

## KATHERINE DOUGLAS.

As Sir Stephen sat dreamily watching the shadowy mists gradually encircling the sea-bound hills and rocks, he again asked himself the cause of his present content. He recalled the journeys he had taken, the money and time he had spent, and the fatigue he had undergone, seeking, in the first instance, a remedy against hopeless depression, and afterwards, when his bitter disappointment had ceased, to ward off those fits of unutterable weariness, which threatened to take the place of an anguish he had finally succeeded in mastering. He was neither particularly energetic, nor easily moved to fresh action; but he had a wholesome horror of falling into a condition, in which there seems nothing left to give attraction, or afford interest to the end of a useless and wasted life. Cramped as he had been by his position and inadequate income, he always felt there was but one step by which he could right himself—selling his estate of Pamphillon. But from the only two persons whose opinion affected his actions, he met with determined opposition. His mother declared that such an act would be her death-blow. She entreated her son never to part with an inheritance which had been theirs for generations. She reminded him of the struggle which she had made during his boyhood, to prevent an acre of the land being parted with; and she asked him whether now, when by a hundred ways a man of energy and talent could build up anew the fortunes of his house, he was going tamely to sacrifice it all, and bury himself alive at a place, which was out of reach of all civilized society, and where he must sink to the level of the people with whom he would be compelled to mix. Mrs. Prescott was a fragile, delicate-looking woman, in all other things willing and ready to be guided by whatever best pleased her son; but whenever mention was made of this subject, she seemed to grow obstinate and unreasonable.

When Sir Stephen left England on his lengthened tour, she had obtained a promise from him that all should go on as usual until his return—a return which for years she sighed after; for, excepting a few hurried visits for the express purpose of seeing her, Sir Stephen was always bent on some fresh expedition, and for six or seven years he had been roaming about in all quarters of the globe. When at length Mrs. Prescott received the welcome announcement that now he intended to settle at home altogether, her joy knew no bounds. She hardly asked herself, and dare not ask him, the reason of this resolution; whether the excitement of travel had been worn out, or whether the cause which had led him to seek diversion no longer existed. Could it, she asked herself, have anything to do with Mr. Labouchere's death, and that Katherine was again in England? Katherine! whose name had never been spoken between them for years. Katherine! for dread of meeting whom he had banished himself, for bitterness of whom he called all womankind hypocrites. What had wrought this wondrous change? And Mrs. Prescott would sit musing, until a softened expression, stealing over her face, hailed the revived hope that, after all, the dearest wish of her life might still be realized.

There had been a time when any doubt that Katherine Douglas would be Stephen's wife had never entered Mrs. Prescott's mind. Katherine was her favourite brother's daughter, and had been almost entirely brought up by her aunt, who, next to her son, bestowed upon her the greatest share of her affection.

When children, the two cousins had scarcely ever been apart; and, as they grew up to manhood and womanhood, it gave Mrs. Prescott the greatest satisfaction to see this early attachment ripen into a love of a more serious nature. Many persons (knowing how much Sir Stephen's fortune stood in need of repair) wondered that his mother should be content to see him woo a girl with nothing but her good looks to recommend her; but Mrs. Prescott loved her niece dearly, was proud of her beauty and talents, and, without either mother or son knowing or irksomely feeling it, Katherine entirely ruled both. She possessed her cousin's love so completely, that he willingly gave in to every wish and plan she formed; and her aunt leaned so confidently upon her, that the idea of thwarting Katherine never occurred to a mind thoroughly con-



vinced that whatever Katherine did must be right.

To a formal engagement between herself and Stephen Miss Douglas objected, on the ground that her grandmother Dormer might raise obstacles. They understood each other, she said, and, as they could not marry for two years (when Sir Stephen would get an addition to his income), what was the use of being talked of, and perhaps annoyed about it? Mrs. Prescott thought there was a great deal of truth in what Katherine said, and between them Sir Stephen was overruled. The time of probation was within a few months of being accomplished when Mrs. Dormer summoned Katherine to attend her to Nice, where she had been ordered for change of air, and from which place she lugubriously announced that it was highly improbable she should ever return. What was to be done? Mrs. Dormer must not be offended, or, though Katherine was her favourite grandchild, she would be safe to leave her money elsewhere.

"Well, let her," said Sir Stephen, "I would willingly give up every chance you have of her money, rather than let you go away from me, and we be parted all these months."

"Stephen!" said Katherine, and she looked at him reproachfully, "how foolishly you talk! You know of what importance money is to us. Without this prospect from grandmamma it would be madness in you to think of marrying *me*, but I hope that with it we shall be able to set everything right."

"She may live for years," he said moodily; "I am sure I don't desire otherwise. The safest and only sure way out of my difficulties is to sell Pamphillon, pay off the mortgages, and live on what is left. A very fair income it would be — and then if Mrs. Dormer left us anything —" but the cloud on Katherine's face would stop the indulgence of further hopes, and she would say in a voice which bordered on a sneer —

"Have you no ambition, Stephen? for it seems to me that except as an object of barter Pamphillon has small value in your eyes;" and this, or some such misinterpretation, wounding the young man, the two would grow vexed — he angry and sharp of speech, and she stubborn and cold.

Mrs. Prescott quite held with Katherine, that to refuse compliance with Mrs. Dormer's request would be folly. She, too, counted on the expected fortune, entered

into Katherine's schemes, and would remonstrate with her son on his seeming rashness and selfishness.

"Is not Katherine making a sacrifice equal to your own?" she would say. "Can it be pleasure for her to leave you, and shut herself up with a fidgety old woman?"

"Why does she go?" Sir Stephen would answer, "she is doing this for my sake, she says, but I don't want the sacrifice. I would rather a thousand times never touch a farthing of the money than gain the whole by giving her up for months."

And Mrs. Prescott turning away would sigh, and ask herself if men ever appreciated the heavy burdens borne by women for their sakes.

Before any of these discussions commenced, Katherine had determined to join her grandmother; during the time they were going on she settled her plans and made her necessary arrangements; so that when, after every artifice had been used to soften the matter, an unwilling consent was forced from Sir Stephen, it was but an absurd matter of form, the whole thing having been finally settled several days before, and Mrs. Dormer having heard from her granddaughter the very day and hour she intended joining her. Under the cloak of Mrs. Dormer's continued illness, Katherine's stay was greatly prolonged; her letters grew shorter, with longer intervals between. She gave up answering any questions, and seemed distressed, often cold, and entirely different from herself.

Mrs. Prescott tried to soften down the varied moods her son was thrown into through this air of mystery. She attributed it to anxiety, over-exertion, being among strangers, Mrs. Dormer's caprices. But all to no purpose; Sir Stephen's suspicions were aroused, his fears increased, until he determined to go to Katherine and learn from her the meaning of her strange behaviour; but a stop was unexpectedly put to his journey by an announcement in the morning paper: — "At Carabacel, Nice, Katherine Prescott Douglas, second daughter of the late Stanhope Douglas, Esq., of Pentarn, to John Pitman Labouchere, Esq., of Endor Court and Great Danesfield."

## CHAPTER VI.

### "RICH AND FREE!"

LITTLE by little, from friends who knew them and people who had met them, Mrs.

Prescott learnt what there was to learn of her niece's extraordinary conduct. All of this she had to keep to herself; for, after a burst of outraged love and trust, on the receipt of a few lines from Katherine in defence of a step which she said he would one day understand and pardon, Sir Stephen would never hear her name mentioned. He began at once to make preparations for a lengthened tour, and, as soon as was possible after the announcement of the marriage, he was on his way; leaving poor Mrs. Prescott solitary and heart-broken, to brood over her shattered hopes. Many a bitter tear did she shed over Katherine's letters, which she had given a promise to her son she would not answer. Eagerly did she catch at every straw of gossip relating to the strangely matched couple; how that it was impossible for Mr. Labouchere to live a year; that his wealth was enormous; and that Mrs. Dormer (who had managed the whole business) said everything was left solely to her granddaughter, who she did not hesitate to add, would in all human probability soon be free. Free! and if so? would Stephen ever forgive her? And Mrs. Prescott, remembering the fierce words her son had spoken, the bitter-accusations he had brought against Katherine, shuddered as hope was swallowed up by fear. In a letter written the night before her marriage Katherine had said—

"It is to save our hopes from total wreck that I make a sacrifice, which you at least will comprehend, for you have often told me all that you have suffered for Stephen's sake; and surely it is worth giving up a few years of my life to know that our ambition is attained, and our aim accomplished; for I can make a will to-morrow leaving to whom I please the reversion of the money which will virtually then become mine, aunt. If Stephen will not see this, if he is bitter and misjudges me, entreat, plead for me, remembering that you have taught me that for those we love we can endure all things."

Yes, that was true. What had not she, his mother, endured for his sake—a burden which had robbed her of peace, health, and all internal comfort; a sorrow, repentance for which, in all save reparation, was complete?

Under the shelter of delicate health and over-strained nerves, Mrs. Prescott hid the storms of agonized fear and remorse which every now and then would sweep over her. Though quite innocent of the

cause of these attacks, no one could soothe and manage her like her niece. Her son pitied her from his heart, but, not one whit understanding the reason of what, to his mind, was her causeless depression, he generally attempted to rouse her when she needed sympathy, and to sympathize with her when she only wanted to be assured and rallied. Until her support failed her, Mrs. Prescott never knew how entirely she had leaned upon Katherine. No one else understood her, no one else was a companion to her: and when mutual acquaintances would speak of her niece's altered appearance,—how she avoided all society, looked pale, and worn by the devoted attention she paid to her sick husband, whose side she seldom left,—Mrs. Prescott's heart would ache for the girl's sufferings, and she would long to take her in her arms, and seek comfort for both in their mutual bond of sorrow. Well she knew that, though Katherine no longer wrote to her, her love was in no way diminished. Each birthday or recurrent period of home festivity, some simple gift would arrive, with no word or donor's name, but showing how fondly the heart of the absent one still clung to the old memories. These little tokens Mrs. Prescott hoarded and treasured, often wondering, as she fondly handled them, if the old hopes, now growing dim, would ever be realized. Nearly five years had passed away, and Mr. Labouchere still lived—kept alive, it was said, by the unwearied care of his young wife. He had never dared to leave Italy, but moved from one invalid resort to another, according to the change of season and temperature.

Old Mrs. Dormer had not lived to see Katharine sole possessor of the fortune she had procured for her. When she died, she left her all she had to leave; so that not a few spoke of the wonderful catch Mrs. Labouchere would one day be, and rather hinted that Sir Stephen would not remain long abroad after he heard that she was a widow.

And at length the long-looked-for event came to pass, and Katherine, with her dead husband's body, returned rich and free to the country which, nearly six years before, she had left an affianced bride, poor in all save the love she had seemingly set small store upon.

"Forgive me, Stephen, if I have been weak," wrote Mrs. Prescott some two months after her niece's arrival; "but when I learned that Katherine was in London, sorrowful and lonely like myself,



with health gone and spirits broken, I could not refuse her entreaties to see me."

Sir Stephen's answer was that, if, seeing his cousin afforded his mother any pleasure, he should be sorry to think any misgivings on his account would prevent her from gratifying her desire. Further, he begged that she would entirely follow her own wishes, and if she desired to renew her old terms of intimacy with her niece, he should be the last to place any barrier between them.

Gradually therefore, and by slow degrees, Mrs. Prescott and Katherine saw more and more of each other. At first Stephen's name was hardly mentioned; but as their conversations grew more lengthy and confidential, reserve was thrown aside, and they combined their energies to bring back the heart-broken lover, as they both secretly pictured him. So in each letter Mrs. Prescott wrote to her son, increased mention was made of Katherine; and because, though he did not answer, he did not forbid these remarks, much hope was indulged in that all might yet go well.

Mrs. Labouchere's first year of widowhood was over, before Sir Stephen announced to his mother that he was on his way to England and home.

"I shall go to Scotland at once," Katherine said, as soon as their delight at the welcome intelligence had somewhat subsided. "It will be best for us not to meet until you find out how he feels towards me."

"I fear," said Mrs. Prescott, "that we must be prepared for coldness at first—and bitterness, too, Katherine. Stephen's love for you was of no common kind, and he has always been unreasonable about money. Oh! what a time that was!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, as if in thankfulness for its being over. "I often wonder that I am alive after all I have gone through:—you lost to us; Stephen mad, reckless, not caring what became of anything. Why, each time he has come back, I have had to plead for keeping Pamphillon as if I was begging for a life."

"Forget it now, dear aunt; you *have* forgiven me?"

"Entirely;—a temptation of that kind is so terrible. But Stephen will never understand it. Men forget that love makes women weak and prone to act from impulse. In some things Stephen is very hard."

"Will he ever forgive me, aunt?"

"Oh! love changes a man's whole nature, and your slightest word had always

more weight with Stephen than a volume spoken by any one else. Dear fellow, how I long to see him! It seems hard that you should go, Katey."

"But it is best, aunt, and I know you will do better for me than I could do for myself. I feel I cannot know any real happiness until Stephen is reconciled to me, and we are friends again."

For thus the two, woman-like, fenced with the word, and though they each knew the other's meaning, no warmer name than friendship had ever been given to the tie sought to be renewed between the cousins.

From this time until her son's arrival Mrs. Prescott's whole mind was engrossed by the one object of effecting a reconciliation. Not a moment of the day but she was going through imaginary scenes in which she delicately, and seemingly unconsciously, led round to Katherine's name. This diplomatic opening well received, she proceeded to imagine what *she* should say, what *he* would say, the answers she should make, the arguments she should use, until she had the crowning happiness to know that her point was gained, and Stephen and Katherine brought face to face.

Indeed so much time did she spend in arranging and perfecting her plans, that she felt quite vexed when Stephen, on the evening of his arrival, during their after-dinner chat, said, in the most easy manner and unemotional tone of voice—

"And so you have seen a great deal of Katherine lately. How is she, and how is she looking?"

Was it possible? Had she heard aright? She could scarce stammer out her confused answers. The tables were indeed turned. It was she who was to have been calm, and he ill at ease and agitated, and when he went on to make further inquiries about her plans, her house, her fortune, Mrs. Prescott was entirely puzzled and completely perplexed.

"Perhaps you have no objection to meet her?" she asked timidly.

"I! not the least; I expected to find her in town, perhaps here."

"Certainly," reflected Mrs. Prescott, "Stephen is peculiar." And she decided that it was quite impossible to know how to deal with men, who she began to think had very little sensitiveness in their natures.

"I only thought," she said, nettled by his coolness, "that after what has passed, you might still feel unwilling to meet her."

"What, bear malice all my life?" he said, stretching himself into a more comfortable position, "because once upon a time she preferred a rich old gentleman to a spooney boy? On the contrary, I have lived to applaud her for such an uncommonly sensible decision, which has tended to enlarge my views considerably. In love, those who are first cured are best cured."

"My dear boy, pray don't lay down those horrid maxims as any rule of life," said Mrs. Prescott, regarding her son with a troubled gaze; "I am sure they only tend to shake one's faith in everything and every person."

Sir Stephen laughed.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear mother," he said. "My doctrines are most sound, and my faith unshaken. All I want you to understand is this, that, as long as it affords you pleasure to receive your niece, it will give me no uneasiness to meet her."

Mrs. Prescott kissed him as she thanked him, but she could not recover from her disappointment. Reflecting, after they had parted, on what he had said, she felt that her son had very much altered during these past six years. Each time he had returned to her she had noticed a change, but now all the slight alterations had seemingly culminated in producing a man who thoroughly differed from the ardent, impassioned lover Katherine Douglas had ruled and slighted. From a natural love of home, and the constant companionship of the two in whom all his affections were centred, Sir Stephen had formerly seen but very little of the world, and so had retained a boyish freshness which his lady-love did not always appreciate. But these six years of absence and constant change now told in his altered bearing, and Mrs. Prescott saw but a fresh cause for fear lest Katherine should disapprove of the change, and her regard diminish in consequence. She betrayed, however, none of her anxiety in the letter which she at once despatched to Mrs. Labouchere. After giving a minute account of his arrival, his looks, and what he had said and done, she went on—

"And suddenly he spoke of you, asking me how you were, if you were at home, and how you were looking?"

And with the triumphant smile which the reading of these words produced on her face, what wonder that Katherine Labouchere was satisfied with the answer her presence would give the man, who,

she elected, should now own the beauty he had so often praised?

Yes, she had wonderfully recovered her good looks; her eyes were no longer surrounded by dark rims; her cheeks were fast regaining their roundness; and her fair pale complexion had once more the hue of health, which for a long time seemed gone for ever.

"Oh! that time!" the shadow of it passing across her memory caused a shudder to run through her, and she turned away and sat down again to her letter, lingering over, and dwelling upon every sentence which related to Stephen and herself.

"Rich, handsome, and free," not a few mouths watered over the good gifts fortune had so liberally lavished upon Katherine Labouchere; and thought, that if any one in the world was to be envied, it was the woman thus happily situated. Katherine herself perfectly concurred that the position she held was most desirable, and yet she wondered, whether to obtain this heaven of worldly good, many, knowing all, would consent to pass through the purgatory by which she had attained it.

Influenced greatly by all she had heard from her aunt, it was Katherine's earliest dream of ambition to become the means of restoring the decayed splendour of Pamphillon. Many a long hour had she beguiled in weaving a tangle of schemes and plans by which this purpose was to be effected. Her aunt was to do this, Stephen was to become that, various people were to lead up to the end by various ways; but she was the showman who held the puppet wires; she piped, while they but danced to her music. Of course Stephen would marry her, about that she never entertained a doubt; and when the time came, and he told her of a love different from aught he had ever felt, called into being and fresh-born for her alone, she cheated herself and him into the belief that she shared the feeling, instead of regarding it primarily as an essential to the scheme she was resolved to carry out. Not but that Katherine had more love for Stephen than her self-imposed restraints permitted her to indulge in; but hers was a nature to undervalue all that she was thoroughly secure of; and, believing that Stephen's love could never be shaken, she became indifferent, and made her own plans and wishes the sole guide of her actions. Her marriage with Mr. Labouchere was mainly brought about by Mrs. Dormer's influence. It was throw-



ing away the gifts of Providence, she said, for a portionless girl to give up a fortune which the man, who could not carry it to his grave, was imploring her to accept. Every one knew that Mr. Labouchere was suffering from a mortal complaint; every doctor he had consulted agreed that nothing could keep him alive beyond a few years. He was not ignorant of all this himself, and indeed had freely spoken to Katherine on the subject.

And then the old temptress drew cunningly devised pictures to the girl of herself, possessed of a large fortune and able to marry whom she pleased. She constantly intimidated her by saying, that if she set so little value upon money, she would take care that hers should be left to some one with more sense; until, harassed by the dread of losing all on the one hand, and, on the other, buoyed up by the idea that there was something grand in sacrificing herself for the man she loved, Katherine gave a sudden consent, and, when all was over, she began gradually to realize that, to a woman not unprincipled or hardened enough to calmly wait for the end, which Mr. Labouchere's fits of illness seemed to constantly threaten, her true position was by no means an enviable one.

At each attack Katherine, knowing how greatly in her secret heart she desired the sufferer's death, was seized with misgivings, grew anxious and nervous, and was tormented by gnawings of conscience. To still these reproaches she would devote herself to her husband by day and night; calling in every available aid, consulting each authority, carrying out the most minute suggestions, until those around her marvelled at an anxiety, which was so evidently unfeigned, as to leave no doubt that aught but love could call it forth.

In addition to her self-inflicted torments, she had to listen to Mr. Labouchere's praises, and accept his thanks and blessings, every word of which seemed to humiliate and stab her. And when, to the wonder of all about him, the invalid would begin to rally again, then Katherine's strength seemed to fail, her spirits began to droop, and hope would sicken and die out while contemplating visions as far out of reach as ever. It was a terrible life of struggle, although she hid the conflict from all who saw her. But when Mrs. Dormer, feeling death drawing near, called her to her bedside and said —

"Katherine, I have left everything to you. In spite of what I used to say to urge you to a marriage which I foresaw would turn out happily, I never meant that any but you should ever possess a farthing of my money —" her misery seemed greater, than she could bear, and, hiding her face in her hands, she cried out that fate had dealt very hardly with her.

But why recall these clouds now, when all their darkness has passed, and only the silver lining remains in the shape of wealth and hopes which make life again look rosy and smiling?

Mrs. Prescott's letter concluded by begging that her niece would not delay her return to London, and that immediately after her arrival she would come to her; and as this was the very thing Mrs. Labouchere longed to do, the next week saw her back again in town and driving towards her aunt's house.

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From The Contemporary Review.

#### ON THE HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION OF ACQUIRED PSYCHICAL HABITS.\*

PROCEEDING now to inquire how far the Physiological principles developed in the previous paper\* are applicable to the case of Man, we at once encounter a series of difficulties arising out of the following considerations: — (1) The Human Infant comes into the world in a *far less advanced state*, as compared with that which he is ultimately to attain, than the young of most of the higher Vertebrata; (2), his *Congenital Instincts* are *much more limited in their range*, sufficing only to enable him to take advantage of the food and nurture that are provided for him by others, and not enabling him in any degree to take care of himself; (3), the development of his *Intelligence* is relatively very slow, and is obviously guided in a great degree by the Experience of the Individual; and (4), in ultimately attaining a much higher elevation than can be even approached by the highest among the lower Animals, the Human Intelligence has the benefit of the *accumulations* of Knowledge and Wisdom made by all previous generations; so that the improvement which is the result of *increased capacity for thinking*, is not easily separated from that which proceeds from increase of *acquired knowledge*.

\* See Living Age, No. 1498.

Compare the Infant "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms" with the Chick, which makes its own way out of its shell by chipping it round in a circle at some distance from the large end, and speedily gets upon its legs and runs about, pecking within a few hours, at insects or other small objects; or with the Lamb, which, within a few minutes of its birth, seems to find itself quite at home in its new dwelling-place, moving from place to place with freedom and activity, and in a manner which clearly indicates that it possesses complete control over its Muscles, and is guided in the use of them by its Visual and other Senses. It is true that Kittens and Puppies are relatively less advanced; being in respect of power to use their eyes, even behind the Human infant. But this power they come to possess in a few days, and their progress both in Sensorial and in Muscular activity is thenceforth very rapid, so that they soon become capable of in a great degree taking care of themselves; a week or two sufficing to bring them up to a stage corresponding to that which is only reached by the Human infant between the first and second year.

Nothing, as it seems to me, can be a greater mistake, than for the Psychologist to build up any argument as to the *congenital* or the *acquired* nature of *Human* Instincts,—especially such as depend on Visual Perception, and the regulation of Muscular Movements thereby,—on the basis of observation or experiment on the lower Animals. The question is one to be determined entirely by observation and experiment on the Human infant; for we have no more reason to affirm *à priori*, that, because a Chick can do so, a Human infant can judge of the directions and distances of objects, so as to be able to regulate its motions accordingly, than we have to say that because a Lamb can get upon its legs and run about, an Infant can do the same if it would only try. The experiments recently made by Mr. Spalding,\* afford a very complete and interesting confirmation of what was previously known as a fact of observation, as to the congenital possession of this power by Birds. But, on the other hand, I do not hesitate to affirm, as the result of observations, *ad hoc*, prolonged through the infancy of five successive children,—and also on the basis of observations which (as I shall presently state) I had often the opportu-

nity of making in my earlier life, in regard to the visual perceptions of older children, born blind, who had acquired sight by operation,—that the Distance-judging and Muscle-regulating power is *acquired* in the Human infant by the generalization (which I believe to be for the most part *unconsciously* made) of the experiences it gains in the first twelve or eighteen months of its life. Mr. Spalding's deduction from the exactness with which his unhooded Chicks followed the movements of crawling insects, and the precision with which they pecked at them,—that "their behaviour was conclusive against the theory that the perceptions of distance and direction by the eye are the results of experience, of associations formed in the history of each individual life,"—is, I doubt not, perfectly sound as regards the Chick; but it will *not* bear extension to Man.

I entirely agree with Mr. Spalding (see "Nature," Feb. 20, p. 300) that the absence of this faculty in the new-born Infant *might* be fairly ascribed, *if we had no evidence to the contrary*, to its backward general development; and that the Infant's evident possession of it when it comes to walk alone, *might* be simply a result of the *evolution* of its faculties, without any dependence upon individual *experience*. But there *is* evidence to the contrary. Having been introduced into the Medical profession by an eminent Surgeon of Bristol (the late Mr. J. B. Estlin), who had a large Ophthalmic practice in the West of England and South Wales, I had the opportunity of seeing many cases of congenital Cataract cured by operation; the condition of these children being exactly parallel in respect of Vision to that of Mr. Spalding's hooded chicks. Generally speaking, the operation was performed within the first twelve months; but I distinctly remember two cases, in one of which the subject was a remarkably sturdy little fellow of three years old, whilst the other was a lad of nine. In the latter case, however, there had been more visual power before the operation, than in the former; and I therefore present the well-remembered case of Jemmy Morgan as the basis of my assertion, that the acquirement of the power of visually guiding the muscular movements is *experiential* in the case of the Human infant.

Jemmy had most assuredly come to that stage of his development, which would justify the expectation that if he *had* his Sight, he would *at once* use it for

\* Macmillan's Magazine" for February, 1873.



his guidance, supposing the power of doing so to be congenital. For, his father being a farmer a few miles out of Bristol, he was accustomed to go about by himself in the farmyard, where he made friends with every one of its inhabitants, and picked up from the labourers a very improper accomplishment, — that of swearing most horribly. He was so strong, that it was necessary for the performance of the operation that his body should be bound down upon a table, and that each of his limbs and his head should be held by a separate assistant. I remember that I had charge of his head, which I found it impossible altogether to prevent him from rolling from side to side; whilst his roars and curses seem even now ringing in my ears. The operation, performed with consummate dexterity, — the handle of the cataract-needle being left by Mr. Estlin to “play” between his fingers, as Jemmy’s head *would* move in spite of my strongest efforts to restrain it, — was entirely successful. In a few days both pupils were almost clear; and it was obvious from his actions that he had distinct visual perceptions. But though he clearly recognized the *direction* of a candle or other bright object, he was as unable as an infant to apprehend its *distance*; so that when told to lay hold of a watch, he *groped* at it, just like a young child lying in its cradle. It was *very gradually* that he came to use his sight for the guidance of his movements: and when going about the house at which he was staying in Bristol, with which he had familiarized himself before the operation, he generally shut his eyes, as if puzzled rather than aided by them. When he came up to Mr. Estlin’s house, however, he would show that he was acquiring a considerable amount of visual power; and it was his favourite amusement there to blow about with his breath a piece of white paper on the surface of a dark mahogany table, round and round which he would run, as he wafted the paper from one side to another, shouting with glee at his novel exploit. Nevertheless, when he returned *home* to his father’s house and farm-yard, his parents (very intelligent people) assured us that he was for some time obviously puzzled by his sight, *shutting his eyes* as he went about in his old way; though whenever he went to a *new* place, he was obviously aided by his vision. But it was several months before he came to trust to it for his guidance, as other children of his age would do. — Jemmy’s case was very carefully observed,

both by Mr. Estlin and myself, with full knowledge of the interest attaching to such observations; and every fact I have stated remains as distinctly impressed on my mind at the distance of more than forty years, as if it had only happened yesterday, — the image of Jemmy, in his red frock, and with his still redder legs, being more vivid than any other reminiscence of my early professional life.

Putting aside those purely-*reflex* actions which do not depend upon Consciousness (such as the acts of breathing and sucking), I do not call to mind any other Instinctive action of the Human Infant that is prompted and directed by a Sense-perception, than its attempt to find the breast of its mother or wet-nurse, under the guidance of its sense of Smell. A curious experiment on this guidance is recorded as having been made by Galen; who placed a Kid just dropped near three basins, one containing wine, another honey, and a third milk; the kid, after smelling at the first and second, passed on to the third, which it immediately began to drink. It is well known to those who have had a judicious training in Nursery management, that an infant will sleep much better, and will awake at longer intervals *away from* its mother or wet-nurse, than it will when reposing *with* her; the “smell of the milk” acting as the excitant to the instinctive search for it, just as the Hen’s call, or the Ewe’s bleat, brings her offspring to her. Mr. Spalding’s experiment upon this last point is an interesting addition to our previous knowledge. “Chickens hatched and kept in the bag for a day or two, when taken out and kept nine or ten feet from a box in which a hen with chicks was concealed, after standing for a minute or two, uniformly set off straight for the box in answer to the call of the hen, which they had never seen, and never before heard. This they did, struggling through grass, and over rough ground, when not yet able to stand steadily upon their legs.” Even hooded chickens tried to make their way towards the hen, obviously guided by sound alone. So, on the other hand, a turkey only ten days old, which had never in its life seen a hawk, was so alarmed by the note of a hawk secreted in a cupboard, that it fled in the direction opposite to the cupboard with every sign of terror.

Now it may be considered perfectly certain that no instinctive tendencies of this *protective* kind exist congenitally in the Human Infant. For some time after birth,

it neither shows anything that can be called attraction or repulsion at sights or sounds; the "following" motion of its eyes, as a candle or other bright object is waved before them, being the first indication that it even sees the object; while the "start" at a sudden loud sound is the first indication that it possesses the sense of hearing. The very young infant, as Prof. Bain was (I believe) the first to point out, does not "wink," either at loud and sudden sounds, or when an object is so moved towards the eyes as to threaten them with injury. The movement of winking which is obviously *protective*, is not called forth through the *sight* until a comparatively late period; although *sounds* which make the infant "start" usually make it "wink" also. The former is probably *experiential*; but, as Mr. Darwin remarks ("Expression of the Emotions," p. 39) "it is obviously impossible that a carefully guarded infant could have learned by experience that a rattling sound near its eyes indicated danger to them; but such experience will have been slowly gained at a later age during a long series of generations; and from what we know of inheritance there is nothing improbable in the transmission of a habit to the offspring at an earlier age than that at which it was first acquired by the parents."

The Physiologist has been accustomed to apply the term *Instinctive* to those Automatic actions in which a certain movement or series of movements is performed at the prompting of Sensations, without any training or experience, and without (as he presumes) any *intentional* adaptation of means to ends; whilst he characterizes as *Intelligent* such actions as originate in the Ego's *idea* of the purpose, and are *consciously* directed by him to its attainment. This distinction, which leaves the question open, as regards each species of animal, *what* part of its life-work is Instinctive and *what* is Rational, is generally not difficult of practical application; what is required to differentiate the two kinds of action in any case, being a careful study of the habits, not only of the Individual but of the Race,—so as to separate what is uniform from what is variable, what is done *without* experience from what is only learned *by* experience.

But there are certain cases in which it not only seems impossible to draw this line, but in which it seems equally difficult to assign the actions to one category or the other.

The Deep-Sea researches on which I

have been recently engaged, have not "exercised" my mind on any topic so much as on the following:—Certain minute particles of living jelly, having no visible differentiation of organs, possessing neither mouth, stomach, nor members, save such as they extemporize, and living (as it would seem) by simple absorption through the "animated spider's-web" into which they can extend themselves, build up "tests" or casings, of the most regular geometrical symmetry of form, and of the most artificial construction. Suppose a Human mason to be put down by the side of a great pile of stones of various shapes and sizes, and to be told to build a dome of these, smooth on both surfaces, and to use the least possible quantity of a very tenacious but very costly cement in holding the stones together. If he accomplished this well, we should give him credit for great intelligence and skill. Yet this is exactly what these little "jelly-specks" do on a very minute scale; the "tests" they construct, when highly magnified, bearing comparison with the most skilful masonry of Man. From the *same sandy bottom*, one species picks up the *coarser* quartz-grains, cements them together with *phosphate of iron* (!) which must be secreted from their own substance; and thus constructs a flask-shaped "test," having a short neck and a single large orifice. Another picks up the *finer* grains, and puts them together with the same cement into perfectly spherical "tests" of the most extraordinary finish, perforated with numerous small pores disposed at pretty regular intervals. Another selects the *minutest* sand-grains and the terminal points of sponge-spicules, and works these up together,—apparently with no cement at all, but by the "laying" of the spicules,—into perfect spheres, like homeopathic globules, each having a single fissured orifice.

Here, then, is most distinct evidence of *selective* power; and the question forces itself upon us,—by what instrumentality is it exercised? Is this selection made *intentionally*, as it would be by the Human artisan? We can scarcely conceive that what seems a homogeneous jelly-speck should be possessed of Psychical endowments of so high a character. Is it made *mechanically*? It seems equally difficult to conceive that so artificial an operation can be performed by a mechanism so simple. I have often amused myself, when by the sea-side, with getting a *Terebella* (a Marine Worm that cases its



body in a sandy tube) out of its house, and then, putting it into a saucer of water with a supply of sand and comminuted shell, watching its appropriation of these materials in constructing a new one. The extended tentacles soon spread themselves over the bottom, and lay hold of whatever comes in their way, "all being fish that comes to their net,"—and in half an hour or thereabouts, the new tube is finished. Now here the organization is far higher; the instrumentality obviously serves the needs of the animal, and suffices for them; and we characterize the action, on account of its uniformity and its *un*-intelligence, as Instinctive. But what are we to say of the far *higher* work, performed by the *simplest possible* instrumentality of our Arenaceous Foraminifers? The minute types which I have found at present living in our sea-depths are mere Lilliputians in comparison with the spheres of the size of a small cricket-ball, which Geologists at work upon the Green-sand near Cambridge used to kick about as mere Inorganic concretions, but which I have shown to be gigantic types of the same group, composed of concentric spheres of a wonderfully complicated structure, all most artificially *built up* of fine sand-grains.

The *easiest* way of accounting for these facts, is doubtless to attribute the elaborate mason-work of each of our "jelly-specks" to the *direct prompting* of the Creative Mind: in other words, to say that the jelly-speck has no powers, either conscious or unconscious, *of its own*. But *all* Men of Science, from Bacon downwards, have deprecated this as an utterly unscientific mode of dealing with such questions; for the hypothesis leaves our knowledge of the *method* on which the Creator works, through the instrumentality of these simple creatures, just where it was; and this method is precisely what it is the province of Science to investigate. Thus in the somewhat parallel case of the direction of the roots of Plants towards a source of moisture,—at some distance, it may be—a refuge for ignorance was formerly found in characterizing the act as "instinctive;" but this did not help the matter in the least; and the study of the Physical Cause of that direction has given the clue to a rational explanation of it.

But further, other types of deep-sea Foraminifer produce true *shells*, of singular beauty and symmetry of *form*, and of great elaborateness of *structure*;—the

substance of many of them being traversed, like that of Dentine, by closely-set parallel *tubuli* not 1-10,000th of an inch in diameter. Now, surely the formation of these shells by a process of *growth*, is not one whit less marvellous, or less difficult to account for, than the building up of the sandy "tests." But what scientific Physiologist, however decided his belief in a First Cause, would think it a sufficient account of the production, either of these beautiful Shells, or of the human Dentine they resemble, that "God hath made them so"? It is obvious that the consistent carrying-out of such a philosophy would abolish Science generally, as completely as Palæontology would be abolished by the adoption of that old method of accounting for Fossil Remains which has been revived of late by Mr. Gosse,—viz. that they were created in the place and condition in which we find them, and never really formed parts of living organisms.—There is, as it seems to me, no half-way house. Either we must have *immediate* recourse to the First Cause in *every* instance, in which case we *rest* in it; or else we must seek to connect *every* phenomenon with its Physical Cause, so as to frame a scientific conception of the Order of Nature.

Let us now pass from the creatures which show us by how *simple* an instrumentality the most marvellous results can be wrought out, to the Class of Insects, in which a wide range of Instincts (*i.e.*, of congenital tendencies to Sensori-motor action) manifests itself in connection with a most *elaborate* mechanism. Although it *may* be argued in the case of *Hive-bees* (on whose life-history our notions of the range of Instinct are chiefly founded), that the extraordinary perfection of their workmanship, and the uniformity of the course they take under each of a great variety of contingencies, are to be accounted for by the experimental acquirement of *knowledge*, progressively improved, and transmitted from one generation to another, this cannot possibly be admitted in the case of certain of the Solitary Bees. For with regard to these it may be positively affirmed, that the offspring *can* know nothing of the construction of its nest, either from its own experience, or from instruction communicated by its parent; so that when it makes a nest of the very same pattern, we can account for it only in one of two ways,—either that it is acting *as a machine* in accordance with its Nervous organization, or that its actions are *di-*

rectly prompted by "an over-ruling mind or purpose" outside itself. Now there is no more reason for having recourse to a *Deus ex machinâ* in the case of the nest of the Carpenter Bee, than there is in that of the building-up of the organism which makes that nest. The latter is at least as marvellous as the former, and as much an evidence of Design *somewhere*. But it need not detract from the belief in that design as the *ultima ratio* of the Universe, to attribute the nest-building Instinct of the Carpenter Bee to the play of its Nervous organization as its immediate physical antecedent, or to believe that this nervous organization has come to be what it is, by having "grown to" the experience of the Race, genetically transmitted, — as in the case of the Acquired Instincts set forth in the previous Paper. For these, supposing them to be proved, would only be facts in the *Order* of the Universe, which it is the very province of Science to discover; and to evade the investigation of the problem, by invoking the *first* Cause whenever we are at fault for the *second*, is about as unphilosophical as for the Physiologist to rest in vaguely attributing to the "Vital Principle" every phenomenon of the living body which Physics or Chemistry cannot at present explain.

That even Insects *can* learn by experience, is obvious to those who have studied the actions of Bees when they have been newly hived; for if the hive be placed among several others having similar entrances, the Bees are obviously undecided, for the first few days, which entrance to make for; but soon come to recognize their own, as is shown by the straightness of their flight towards it. And Sir John Lubbock exhibited, at the last meeting of the British Association, a Wasp which he had "tamed" to perform various actions that indicated a *purposive* direction guided by its individual experience.

But that the elaborate Instinctive actions are intimately related to the *general* as well as to the *nervous* organization, in these most remarkable groups, is shown in the diversity between the *sexual* and the *non-sexual* (neuter) individuals of the same species, — as, for example, the Hive-Bee. Every one knows that the "Queen" is the only *fertile* female in the community; and that she differs from the "workers" not merely in the *development* of her reproductive apparatus, but also in the *want* of certain organs used by the "workers" in the collection of pollen.

But it is also well known that every "worker"-larva is a *potential* queen; for

that if there is a want of queens for the outgoing swarms, the bees themselves select some of the worker-larvæ, enlarge their cells, feed them with the peculiar food called "royal jelly," and incubate them for a longer period; with the effect that, after going through its transformations, the grub comes forth a "queen" instead of a "worker." Now her *instincts* are even more changed than her *obvious* organization; and the change in these instincts must be partly attributed to the excitation of new forms of Sensori-motor activity, by the new stimulus originating in the Reproductive apparatus. But that the Nervous System partakes of the general structural modification, so as to respond in certain fixed ways to the impressions made upon it from within and from without, can scarcely be questioned. However this may be, it is clear that the difference between the Conscious Life of the new-made Queen and that of the Worker depends *entirely* upon the Physical conditions (*food* being apparently the one most operative) under which the two larvæ are respectively developed. — I know no more instructive case of the relation of Psychical to Physical conditions, in the whole range of Comparative Physiology.

The relation of Instincts to *general* organization is further shown in the entire diversity which exists in most Insects between the Instincts of the *larva* and those of the *imago*; those of the former having sole reference to the acquisition of Food, while those of the latter relate chiefly to the exercise of the Reproductive function and the nurture of the Offspring. The Larva, indeed, may be regarded as a mere active embryo, that comes forth from the egg in an extremely immature condition, and then, having taken into itself an enormous amount of additional nutriment, goes back (as it were) into the quiescent state, in which this store of nutriment is applied to the development of the organs that characterize the perfect Insect. Every school-boy that has kept Silk-worms knows all about the pairing of the Moths when they come out of their cocoons; and nothing can be in stronger contrast to the instinct which leads to that action, than the instinct which has prompted the spinning of the cocoon by the Larva about to pass into the pupa state. The development and turgidity of the bag of liquid silk obviously *prompts* the latter, as the development of the sexual apparatus *prompts* the former; but for the prompting to pro-



duce the result in each case, there must be a concurrent special modification of the Nervous apparatus, to give it effect. In the case of Spiders, there is a no less obvious relation between the web-spinning instinct and the possession of the apparatus which gives effect to it; and we may regard it as almost beyond doubt (from the analogy of the effect of castration in higher animals), that if it were possible to remove this apparatus, or to keep down its development, without injury to the general organization, the development of the spinning instinct would be prevented.

Turning now from the active Articulates to the parallel series of the sluggish *Mollusks*, we need only remark that both their Instincts and their Intelligence seem to be of the humblest possible kind. If "an oyster may be crossed in love," he has no means of showing it; and even where the Sensori-motor apparatus bears a more important relation to the merely Vegetative portion of the organism (as it does in the active predaceous Cuttle-fish), there is little that can be compared with the remarkable Instincts of Insects, or that indicates the possession of an Intelligence comparable to that of the higher Vertebrates.

We enter upon the *Vertebrate* series in a Class—that of Fishes—whose habit of life corresponds closely with that of the highest Mollusks; and notwithstanding marked differences in plan of structure between the nervous system of the two Classes respectively, there is this much in common between them,—that while each fundamentally consists of a Sensori-motor apparatus composed of Ganglia in immediate relation to the Organs of Sense, and of afferent and efferent Nerve-trunks communicating between the Organs of Sense and the Nerve-Centres, and between the Nerve-Centres and the Muscles, there is in each a rudiment of a superadded organ, the *Cerebrum*; which does not seem to be *immediately* linked with either afferent or efferent Nerve-trunks, but is intimately connected with the series of Sensory Ganglia. It is this series, and not the Cerebrum, which must be regarded as constituting the essential or fundamental part of the Brain; and the Physiologist seems justified, alike by Anatomical considerations, and by the results of the experimental removal of the Cerebrum, in asserting it as probable, that the *aggregate of the Sensory Ganglia* constitutes the real *Sensorium*, through

the instrumentality of which the *Ego* is made conscious of Physical impressions upon the Organs of Sense.

The Physiologist who compares the different grades of development of the *Cerebrum*, and the successively augmenting manifestations of *Intelligence* in the ascending scale of the Vertebrate series, can entertain no doubt of the extreme intimacy of the relation between these two orders of facts. The tendency to perfection among Vertebrates, indeed, alike as regards *bodily* and *mental organization*, obviously points in this direction; and we have in Man not only the greatest development of the Cerebrum as compared with the Sensori-motor apparatus, but also the most complete instrumentality for giving effect to the purposes which his Intelligence has devised. The culmination of perfection in the Articulate series is, as we have seen, the high development of the Instinctive capacities. A Bee may be compared to a Barrel-organ, which plays a certain set of tunes with the greatest exactness, but can do nothing else; while the Human organism resembles a keyed instrument, from which *any* music it is capable of producing can be called forth at the Will of the performer. Between these two *extremes* there is a distinct gradation of intermediate *means*; and the Class of Birds—the Insects of the Vertebrate type—presents us with a number of most interesting illustrations of the combination of the congenital Instincts of the Race with the experiential Intelligence of the Individual; the former dictating, for example, the general pattern of the nest, while the latter adapts that pattern to the peculiar conditions arising out of Human interference. Among some of the lower Mammals, again, whose Brain shows but little advance upon that of Birds, we still find Instinct predominating,—the Beaver affording one of the most remarkable examples of this; and the irrationality of Instinctive action has never, perhaps, been more strikingly displayed, than in the actions of the tame Beaver kept by the late Mr. Broderip (one of the founders of the Zoological Society) in his library. For "Binny" was always trying to make a "dam" across the floor of the room, with walking-sticks, umbrellas, fire-irons, and the like; and to wall himself in under an escritoire, by building up books, clothes-brushes, &c.—How closely, on the other hand, not only the *Intelligence* but the *Morale* of those higher Mammals which attach themselves

to Man, approaches that of the young Child, I need not stop to point out.

But further, an examination of the Anatomical relation of the *Cerebrum* to the *Sensorium*, taken in connection with the fact ascertained by experiment that no injury to the substance of the Cerebrum itself calls forth pain, seems to justify the Physiological inference, that we only become conscious of *Ideational* changes of which the Cerebrum is the instrument, through the transmission of the "impressions" of those changes to the Sensory tract at its base. This doctrine has so extensive a Psychological bearing, that I may be excused for entering into a somewhat detailed explanation of it. Every Anatomist knows that the arrangement of the Nervous elements in the Cerebrum is so far exceptional, that the "grey matter" which constitutes its *active* portion is disposed on its *surface*, forming the "cortical layer;" the disposition of which in "convolutions" allows it to come into that direct relation with a vast expanse of capillary Blood-vessels, which is necessary for its functional activity. On the other hand, the "medullary" interior of the Brain-substance has exactly the same fibrous structure as the Nerve-trunks; and though this was very imperfectly known before the microscope came into use, the resemblance was sufficient to cause that very sagacious old Anatomist, Reil, to name the radiating fibres which connect the cortical substance of the Cerebrum with the Sensory Tract, the "Nerves of the *internal senses*." Now if, as Comparative Anatomy seems distinctly to teach, this Sensory tract is the instrument whereby we are rendered conscious of *external* impressions,—and the transmission of the "nervous modifications," thus excited in the Sensorium, to the cortical substance of the Cerebrum, through the *ascending* fibres, furnishes the instrumentality whereby Sensations call up Ideas,—there seems equal reason for believing that when Ideational changes in the Cerebrum give rise to Sensations, they do so by transmitting back to the Sensory Tract, through the *descending* fibres, some "nervous modification" which those changes involve; thus producing in the Sensorium *the same physical condition*, whatever may be its nature, *as that through which the Sensation was originally excited*.

Thus Van Swieten records of himself, that having once passed a place where the body of a dog was lying in a state of

loathsome decomposition, the stench of which induced vomiting, this feeling strongly returned upon him some years afterwards, when, on passing the same place, the remembrance of what he had previously seen recurred vividly to his mind. There can, as it seems to me, be no reasonable doubt that the *Ideational* (*Cerebral*) state called up by the local Association, excited the same change in his Sensorium, that the *Visual impression* of the disgusting object had done in the first instance; for how else can we account for the fact, that the same impulse to vomit immediately supervened? The experience of most persons, embodied in the familiar phrase, "It makes me sick to think of it," bears further testimony to the same conclusion. I myself know persons so sensitive to the impressions which produce sea-sickness, that they begin to experience it on going on board a vessel for a sea-passage, even before she has quitted her moorings; and I have been assured on good authority, that the mere *sight* of an agitated sea on which a friend was about to embark, proved sufficient to bring on a paroxysm of sea-sickness in the person of one lady; whilst another was affected in the same manner by watching a model, in which, by an ingenious mechanical arrangement, the motion of a ship at sea was extremely well imitated.

Common as such occurrences are, they have scarcely, I think, received the attention they deserve. They seem, in the first place, to indicate that "remembered Sensations" are not *direct* reproductions of former Sensorial states, but are brought back by Ideational Associations; that is to say, that they are called up by *internal* Ideas, just as they were originally excited by *external* Impressions,—or, in other words, that we should have no memory for Sensations, were it not for their association with Ideas. Further, if the *Sensorium* really consists in the aggregate of the Ganglionic centres of the Sensory nerves, whilst the Cerebrum is the instrument of all Ideational operations, we must either suppose that the Sensorium for *remembered* sensations is different from the Sensorium for *primary* Sensations, or we must recognize the *unity* of the Sensorium in its common relation to the nerves of the *external* and to those of the *internal* senses, whereby a Sensorial state identically the same may be called up by an impression conveyed by *either one or the other*.

More than twenty years ago, Mr. John



Mill wrote to me that he considered this doctrine of the singleness of the Sensorial centre, so that we become conscious of states of Perception and Conception through *the same instrumentality*, to be one of the most important contributions that Physiology had paid to Psychology.

If this be true of *remembered Sensations*, it can scarcely be otherwise of *remembered Ideas*; their *record* being *Cerebral*, whilst the awakening of the *consciousness* to that record is *Sensorial*. And we thus gain some insight into the mechanism of one of the most remarkable facts in Psychology, — that the record of past Ideas, which constitutes our *knowledge*, may lie beyond the range of recall for any length of time, and may yet be made to impress the consciousness (so that those past Ideas come to be *remembered* with the most intense vividness) by some change in the condition of the Brain which seems to be of a purely *physical* nature. For if the doctrine here advocated be correct, the Anatomical and Physiological relations of the Sensorium to the cortical substance of the Cerebrum, and to the Retina, *are exactly the same*; so that, as no modification produced in the Retina can affect our Consciousness, save by the transmission of a change along the Optic Nerve which excites a certain Physical action in the Sensorium, so no Ideational modification of the Cerebrum can affect our Consciousness, save by the transmission of a change along the nerves of the Internal senses, which excites an analogous Physical action in the Sensorium.

What this "physical action" is, and how it awakens our Consciousness, we do not know and perhaps never may know; but since it is a fundamental fact of our nature as regards *Sensations*, which the purest Metaphysician *must* recognize, I see no reason why we should refuse to accept it in the case of *Ideas*. The translation (so to speak) of any kind of physical modification into any form of Consciousness, — Sensorial, Emotional, or Ideational, — is the great difficulty; but I do not see why the difficulty is greater in the case of one form of Consciousness, than in that of another. And by regarding the *immediate* antecedent as the same in all cases, and in assigning to the same Sensorial centre the consciousness of Sensations and the consciousness of Ideas, we get rid of the great difficulty of making the instrumentality through which we become conscious of an *Ideational*

*representation* of an object, different from that through which we become Sensorially conscious of its properties.

The acceptance of this doctrine, again, furnishes a Physiological *rationale* for the fact, which Metaphysicians of all Schools admit, whatever may be their way of accounting for it — that when a "chain of Associations" has once been formed, the two terminal Ideas may come into communication, without the *conscious* intermediation of those which originally linked them together; so that, — the original chain having been composed of A, B, C, D, — A may *directly* excite D, without B and C coming into the mind at all. Sir William Hamilton and Mr. John Mill, for example, agree in recognizing this as one of the commonest operations of our Minds; and while the former, in common with the Psychologists of Germany, describes it as an example of "Latent Thought" the latter regards it as indicating the occurrence of cerebral changes, which do *not* themselves come within the "sphere of consciousness," but which excite *other* changes *that do*, — a conclusion being reached in this manner, without our being at all aware of any processes of Thought by which it has been arrived at. And although there are Metaphysicians who still assert that there *can* be no such operation, and that, in every case in which it is supposed to take place, there *has* been a train of *conscious*, though *not remembered* thought, it may be simply replied that they can furnish no *proof* of their assertion, and that it runs counter to the common consciousness of Mankind. I myself arrived at the view here advocated, on Anatomical and Physiological considerations alone; and it was not until I interrogated my own consciousness as to "whether these things were so," that I came to recognize this form of Cerebral action in the familiar phenomenon of the spontaneous "flashing" into the mind of something which one has been vainly trying to recall, the attention having been transferred in the mean time to something entirely different. And the fact that this conclusion harmonized completely with what had been taught for two centuries in Germany as a fundamental fact in Psychology, without any reference whatever (so far as I am aware) to Physiological considerations, gives it, I venture to think, a *primâ facie* claim to acceptance as a scientific *rationale* of the phenomena in question.

The able and friendly critic in the *Spectator*, who has more than once noticed

my Psychological contributions to this Review, objects to the doctrine of "Unconscious Cerebration" as "in the highest degree improbable." If it be admitted, he says, "then thought itself might be regarded as due to purely physiological machinery; in which case, there would be no wonder in the mind's passing *without consciousness* through a complicated chain, not of course of *thoughts*, but of the nervous changes which correspond to thoughts, and returning again to consciousness at any link in the chain. But, as far as we can see, the physiological enquiries of recent days do not in the least degree tend to show that you can pass through a line of closely-associated *thoughts* without conscious thinking, as you can undeniably pass through a line of closely-associated habitual *actions* without thinking." Now, at the risk of being stigmatized as a "materialist," I must honestly avow my conviction that *Thought*, — in so far as it is Automatic, and not Volitional, — has just the same relation to "physiological machinery" that *Sensation* has; and that there is just the same reason for asserting that *mental* Feelings depend (in the scientific sense) upon "physical antecedents," as there is for attributing *bodily* Feelings to "physical antecedents." And unless the *Spectator* is prepared to affirm that he can see by his *Mind* alone, without the instrumentality of Eyes, Optic nerves, and Sensorium, — in which case, of course, the Physiologist has no common ground with him, — I would submit to his consideration, that the fact that links in the chain of Association *do* drop out of the consciousness is not an invention, of Physiologists, nor a mere assertion of Metaphysicians, but the daily experience of every one who analyzes his own mental processes. The analogy of unremembered states of consciousness in Sleep, Somnambulism, &c., — cited in the *Spectator* in support of the explanation that these dropped ideas have actually passed before our consciousness, but are simply not recollected, — is not a just one; since these are all states of "second consciousness," in which, when it is most characteristically developed, the Memory is *perfect* between one of these abnormal states and the next recurrence of it, although nothing whatever of what has passed in the abnormal state may be remembered in the ordinary waking state. The question is, whether states of Consciousness can exist in the ordinary waking condition, of which there is neither *immediately*, nor at any subsequent

time, any Memory whatever; and as the affirmation that there are such states is obviously incapable of proof, it cannot be accepted as a justification of the refusal to admit that changes which ultimately give rise to Ideational states may take place outside the "sphere of consciousness."

I would further adduce in support of my position the well-considered judgment which Mr. John Mill has delivered on this point, in his examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy and his notes on James Mill's Analysis. Dissenting entirely from Sir William Hamilton's mode of expressing the facts, Mr. Mill says:—"That a feeling should not be felt, appears to me a contradiction both in words and in nature." "But," he continues, "though a feeling cannot exist without being felt, the *organic state* which is the antecedent of it may exist, and the feeling itself not follow. This happens, either if the organic state is not of sufficient duration, or if an organic state stronger than itself, conflicting with it, is affecting us at the same moment. Hence if we admit (*what Physiology is rendering more and more probable*) that our mental feelings, as well as our sensations, have for their physical antecedents particular states of our nerves, it may well be believed that the apparently suppressed links in a chain of Association, those which Sir William Hamilton considers as latent, really are so; that they are not even momentarily felt; the chain of causation being continued only physically, by one organic state of the nerves succeeding another so rapidly, that the state of mental consciousness appropriate to each is not produced."

It is obvious that Mr. Mill takes quite a different view from the *Spectator* as to the tendency of "Modern Physiology;" and as I know that he has constantly kept himself *au courant* with its progress, I attach the more weight to his recent deliverance on the subject. Quite agreeing with the *Spectator*, however, that a right appreciation of what the Physical Mechanism of Thought *can*, and of what it *cannot do*, is of fundamental importance in the inquiry as to the Hereditary Transmission of capacity for particular forms of thought, I shall, in the next portion of this paper, take as an illustrative example of the causal relation between Physical changes in the Nervous System, and definite modes of Mental action, that aggregate of Mental phenomena, which we group under the general term *Memory*.

W. B. CARPENTER.



From Nature.

## A PETRIFIED FOREST IN THE LIBYAN DESERT.

ON the western horizon of the Libyan Desert, as viewed from the summit of the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh, a conical hill stands in solitary grandeur, far removed from the route of desert travellers. This has long been supposed to be the ruins of a pyramid, yet nowhere is it recorded to have been visited by any but the Bedouin tribes who pass within a few miles of it, on the old caravan route to the Faioom. It is enumerated by Lepsius as one of the Pyramids of Egypt, and in a recent work on the Great Pyramid\* it is called Dr. Leider's Pyramid, "until a better name be found for it," merely from its having been pointed out to the author by the late Dr. Leider of Cairo, who, however, had never visited it.

The following narrative of a visit to the eminence by Mr. Waynman Dixon, engineer, and Dr. Grant of Cairo, and of their discovery of a very remarkable petrified forest near its base, whose gigantic trees lie scattered about the desert in profusion, has been communicated to us by the former gentleman:—

Leaving the pyramids behind and lighted by the clear silvery moonlight, we set out into the desert by the caravan route to the Faioom, leading up a solitary valley, in the rocks of which are cut ancient Egyptian tanks and mummy-pits. Presently we turn off from the regular track and take our way into the unfrequented desert, steering straight westward for the distant pyramidal hill. The sand of the desert is here hard and compact, and travelling easy, indeed, with the exception of one or two places where the sand is soft and heavy, a wheeled carriage might drive all the way, and to most travellers would be much preferable to camel or even donkey riding.

After many hours' hard riding, we at last reach the top of a slight eminence, and across the wide valley in front of us is the place of our destination.

These long valleys, or "wadys," have much of interest about them; throughout may be seen the dry water-courses where the rare rain-showers carry down the sand into the bed, and leave all the little hills and eminences covered by flints as big as potatoes and with surfaces so brightly polished as to give the desert a silvery look by moonlight, or by day to cause the

appearance of rippled water where they reflect the sunlight. The zoology and botany, too, of the desert are very interesting. There are numbers of the little "jerboa," a species of rat, with long hind legs and long tail with a tuft of hair at its end, which hops about like a kangaroo. Now and then may be seen a gazelle or two scampering off at the unusual sight of a caravan. A few small birds get a precarious existence, and in the sky an eagle or vulture sometimes wings its way. The insects are few, and the herbage is extremely scant, and it is a marvel what the animals live on. There are here and there in the water-courses small tufts of camel-thorn—a little shrub not unlike a whin, another with a coral-like growth, and now and then a handful of a tough wiry sort of grass, but what these again subsist on it is hard to say, for there is not a shower more than once or twice a year, and for nine months there is no dew, while the heat of the sand at midday in summer is over 100 degrees.

Arrived at our destination before day-break, we dismount from our camels, and while the Bedouins are unloading the baggage, we hasten as fast as our legs, stiff with camel riding, will permit, up the heaps of sand and flints to the summit of the so-called Pyramid, to find on attaining it that it is but the conical end of a prism-shaped hill, stretching westward, and standing boldly out of the desert plain.

Near the top the rock crops out, and appears to be a species of friable sandstone fretted by the weather into curious shapes; but the actual summit is covered with flints and sand, and, what strikes one as being very strange, many fragments of petrified wood.

Taking a general survey from this quoin of vantage, we choose the best spot to the north of the hill to pitch our camp, exposed to the slight north wind which blows incessantly here, and descending its steep sides, at the bottom are surprised to find near the chosen spot three large stone trees lying prostrate on the sand. The largest is 51 ft. in length and 3 ft. 6 in. in diameter at its widest end, and 2 ft. at its smallest; they are branching exogenous trees, apparently a species of pine, and the one before us has the fork of a large branch very complete.

Wandering on up the wady to the north of the hill, named by us "Kôm el Khashob"—the hill of wood—we find the whole desert littered with fragments of petrified wood, from twigs the size of

\* "Life and Work at the Great Pyramid," by Prof. Piazzzi Smyth, F.R.S.

one's finger to pieces of large branches or trunks of trees; and on the flank of the hill to the north are hundreds of immense trees, lying half buried in the sand, some 70 feet long, and in many instances with part of the bark still attached. All of them are exogenous trees — no single instance of a palm could we discover — and from the absence of roots it may be presumed have been drifted here by the sea. The stratum is apparently sandstone, overlying the limestone of the Nile valley; there are also here and there patches of a dark chocolate-coloured friable mineral with specks of green which looked like copper, but proved on subsequent analysis to be carbonate of iron; beds of what the Arabs call "Gyps" or gypsum, and nodules of an intensely hard black granulated looking stone — not unlike emery stone. The whole geological character suggesting the — possibly delusive — suspicion of the existence of coal under the surface.

Having carefully surveyed this neighbourhood we again climbed the "Kôm el Khashob," taking instruments to measure its height and determine its position; the former of which we found to be 752 ft. above the Nile level at Cairo, 602 ft. above the north-east socket of the Great Pyramid, and consequently about 140 ft. higher than its summit.

Having secured one or two sketches of the hill, and the sun being now near setting, we "fold up our tents like the Arabs and silently steal away." Mounting our camels again, and taking a slightly different route on our return, we pass some ancient solitary well-tombs away in the desert, but without mark or hieroglyphic inscription on them. All the way we notice fragments of petrified wood, and near to the pyramids extensive beds of oyster shells. This forest may almost be said to be a continuation — doubtless going much farther westward than we penetrated — of the well-known petrified forest in the Abbasieh Desert to the east of Cairo, which extends a long way in the direction of Suez, but is inferior both in extent and in the size and perfectness of the trees to that of the newly-discovered forest. The formation of the land here would lead to the supposition that it has been the ancient coast line, and that the trees drifted to where they are now found, and were then left in the briny waters of an evaporating sea or salt lake; and as the fibre of the wood decayed slowly away, the space of each cell has been filled up by the crystallizing silica which

was held in solution in the water that surrounded it.

Since the discovery of this forest it has been visited by many Europeans in Cairo, and English travellers, and to geologists especially it is well worthy of a visit. It may easily be reached from the Great Pyramid either by donkey, camel, or horse, and is distant under three hours from it — a journey which in the winter may with comfort be accomplished in one day from Cairo. Indeed, if his Highness, the Khedive, who has done so much for the comfort of travellers in making a magnificent road to the pyramids, were to extend it for some half mile farther through the tract of soft sand, carriages could easily drive all the way to the Kôm el Khashob. The locality is now well known to the Pyramid Arabs, and most able and intelligent guides will be found in Ali Dobree, Omar, or others of this Bedouin tribe.

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From The Spectator.

#### ST. CHRYSOSTOM.\*

MR. STEPHENS has produced a work of permanent interest and value in this *Life and Times of Saint Chrysostom*. He is not, indeed, free from the fault which seems almost inseparable from the office of biographer, the incapacity of putting himself in the position of those who disliked and opposed his hero. Whatever we may think of the virtues and the genius of Chrysostom, it is impossible but that the prelates who brought about his downfall should have had some way of justifying their conduct to the world and to themselves. Posterity has condemned them with unanimous voice, but it is incredible that the patriarch of a great see, backed by a majority of the bishops of at least one province, should have had no motives for their conduct but vulgar jealousy or unreasoning dislike. If Mr. Stephens could have contrived to give us *their* view of the question, he would have given us a chapter not less interesting than any that we find in this volume. Another defect is, that in analyzing, as he does, with a very elaborate care, separate homilies and treatises, he sometimes burdens his pages with matter of but little interest, while he fails to give his readers

\* *St. Chrysostom, his Life and Times: a Sketch of the Church and the Empire in the Fourth Century.* By Rev. W. R. W. Stephens, M.A. London: John Murray. 1872.



a complete view of the preacher's general attitude of mind. And he permits an occasional carelessness of expression which would have been better avoided. So we hear (p. 276) of "unravelling a roll," of "hesitating how to act" (p. 346), of "inveterate enemy" (p. 124), &c. When we have added that occasionally we notice in the style a not very felicitous imitation of Gibbon, we have finished our fault-finding.

There is much in the life of Chrysostom, as there is in that of not a few of the great divines of the early Church, which presents a remarkable contrast to the orderly progress by which men now advance to ecclesiastical eminence. Though the son of a Christian mother, he had reached years of maturity before receiving baptism. Mr. Stephens makes the not improbable conjecture that he was unwilling to receive it at the hands of an Arian bishop, and Arian bishops continued for many years to preside over the Church at Antioch; some orthodox priest might, however, have been easily found; anyhow, the delay is singularly at variance with our notions and habits. It is probable indeed that the religious impulse in the man was still weak. The Chrysostom of after days would hardly have been willing to be a pupil of the heathen sophist Libanius, a pupil so diligent and successful that long afterwards the old man, when asked on his death-bed who should be his successor, replied, "It should have been John, if the Christians had not stolen him from us." Baptism once received, there was no doubt what should be the tenor of his life thereafter. Ordination to the office of "reader" followed almost immediately. Then came the resolution, made by him in conjunction with his friend Basil, to follow the ascetic life, a resolution which for the present, at his mother's entreaty, he contented himself by carrying out in the practice of all kinds of austerities in his own home. He was thus engaged when an event occurred curiously illustrative of the times. Popular choice fixed upon the two friends as fit persons to succeed to certain vacant bishoprics, and this though Chrysostom was not more than 26 years of age, and Basil not much older. Men in those days were often made bishops much as among some savage tribes maidens are made brides,—they were actually carried off by force and ordained. The two friends agreed to act together, but when the emissaries of the electors arrived, Chrysostom could not be found,

and Basil was carried off and ordained. This pious fraud Chrysostom afterwards excused and defended in his tract "De Sacerdotio," in which, after accounting for his own conduct by alleging a strong sense of his own unworthiness, he dilates on the dignity of the priestly office. It denotes the movement which religious thought had by this time made to find that the word for "priest" used throughout this treatise is *ιερεύς*, that for the Eucharist *θύμα*. It was not long after this that Chrysostom, whose mother seems to have been now dead, entered a monastery. Even this did not satisfy him, and for a while he became an anchorite, a change which broke down his health and compelled him to return to his home in Antioch. During this time Chrysostom, though still a layman, was becoming a power in the Christian community, which certainly possessed no abler or more accomplished member. Famous as he was, however, he was perfectly content, when at last he consented to receive holy orders, to fill for five years the humble office of a deacon, busying himself with purely mechanical functions in the ritual of the Church, and with "serving tables." In connection with this latter office a curious fact comes out which enables us to compare the pauperism of the great cities of antiquity with that which offers so tremendous a problem to ourselves. Out of a total population of 200,000 in Antioch, one-half was Christian, and of this half not less than *three thousand* were mainly dependent on the bounty of the Church. The per-centage of pauperism is nearly three times greater than that which prevails in the metropolis, though it must be remembered that, for reasons which are sufficiently obvious, the Christian half of Antiochians probably contained far more than its due proportion of poor. When, at last, the priesthood gave Chrysostom the right of entering the pulpit, he rose at once into the highest reputation as a preacher. His sermons were the strangest mixture of profound theological knowledge, controversial ability, fervid eloquence, and the most direct, most homely plain-speaking. It is this last element that makes them especially interesting. Few things surpass them as pictures of the life of the times. The most striking incident in Chrysostom's career at Antioch was that which called forth "The Homilies on the Statues." The mob of the city, enraged at the imposition of a tax, had broken out into a riot,

and had insulted the images of the Emperor's father and wife. That Emperor was Theodosius. For a time it seemed likely that Antioch would suffer the terrible vengeance which afterwards fell on unfortunate Thessalonica. Bishop Flavian, though feeble with age, and though it was yet winter, hastened to Constantinople, a journey of 800 miles, to intercede with the Emperor. Meanwhile the Imperial Commissioners arrived, instructed to execute summary punishment on the guilty. Their action was stopped by the interference of some strange mediators. The hermits came down from their mountain-dwellings to plead for the sinful city which they had abandoned. One of them, Macedonius, surnamed Crithophagus, or "the Barley-eater," because barley was his only food, seized the bridle of one of the commissioners as they were passing to the hall of judgment, and commanded him to dismount. "Who is this mad fellow?" they had asked, but when they learnt his name, they fell on their knees before him and demanded his pardon. Finally, they consented to suspend their sentence till the pleasure of the Emperor should be known. Theodosius had by this time yielded to the entreaties of Flavian, who returned to the city in time to celebrate the Easter festival, and Chrysostom delivered on the occasion one of the greatest of his discourses. Mr. Stephens takes the opportunity of telling the story of the massacre of Thessalonica, and points out the contrast between the supplicatory demeanour of Flavian and the commanding attitude of Ambrose, a contrast curiously significant of the difference between the Eastern and Western Churches as regards their relations to the secular power. For about eleven years Chrysostom remained the great preacher of Antioch. In A.D. 387 he was selected by Eutropius, then all-powerful in the Imperial Court, as successor to Nectarius in the Archbishopric of Constantinople. Something like force was employed to secure so desirable a candidate, and Chrysostom was consecrated, greatly to the dissatisfaction of many rivals, a dissatisfaction of which he was soon to experience the results. Chrysostom's tenancy of his see was short and troubled. The people, indeed, adored him at Constantinople, as they adored him at Antioch; but a clergy who were too often worldly and even dissolute in their manners, a corrupt and profligate Court, and, most dangerous enemy of all, the real

ruler of the East, the Empress Eudoxia, hated him with a fervent hatred. A prelate who lived like an anchorite among men who had been accustomed to look upon the Archbishop's Palace as London citizens look upon the Mansion House, and who spoke with the direct plainness of John Knox, was not likely to please the corrupt and luxurious capital of the East. He did not strengthen his position, though he certainly reached the culminating glory of his life, by his courageous protection of the fallen Eutropius. The scene is wonderfully dramatic:—

Such a vast concourse of men and women thronged the cathedral as was rarely seen except on Easter Day. All were in a flutter of expectation to hear what the "golden mouth" would utter, the mouth of him who had dared, in defence of the Church's right, to defy the arm of the law, and to stem the tide of popular feeling. But few perhaps were prepared to witness such a dramatic scene as was actually presented, and which gave additional force and effect to the words of the preacher. It was a common practice with the Archbishop, on account partly of his diminutive stature and some feebleness of voice, to preach from the "ambo," or high reading-desk, which stood a little westward of the chancel, and therefore brought him into closer proximity with the people. On the present occasion he had just taken his seat in the ambo, and a sea of up-turned faces was directed towards his thin pale countenance in expectation of the stream of golden eloquence, when the curtain which separated the nave from the chancel was partially drawn aside, and disclosed to the view of the multitude the cowering form of the unhappy Eutropius, clinging to one of the columns which supported the holy table. Many a time had the Archbishop preached to light minds and unheeding ears on the vain and fleeting character of worldly honour, prosperity, luxury, wealth; now he would enforce attention, and drive his lesson home to the hearts of a vast audience, by pointing to a visible example of fallen grandeur in the poor unhappy creature who lay grovelling behind him. Presently he burst forth: "*Ματαιότης ματαιότητων!* — O vanity of vanities!" words how seasonable at all times, how pre-eminently seasonable now. "Where now are the pomp and circumstance of yonder man's consulship? where his torchlit festivities? where the applause which once greeted him? where his banquets and garlands? Where is the stir that once attended his appearance in the streets, the flattering compliments addressed to him in the amphitheatre? They are gone, they are all gone; one rude blast has shattered all the leaves, and shows us the tree stripped quite bare, and shaken to its very roots." . . . Then, turning towards the pitiable figure by the holy table: "Did I not continually warn thee that wealth was a runaway slave, a thankless servant? but thou



wouldst not heed, thou wouldst not be persuaded. Lo! now experience has proved to thee that it is not only fugitive and thankless, but murderous also; for this it is which has caused thee to tremble now with fear. . . . It was the glory of the Church to have afforded shelter to an enemy; the suppliant was the ornament of the altar. 'What!' you say, 'is this iniquitous, rapacious creature an ornament to the altar?' Hush! the sinful woman was permitted to touch the feet of Jesus Christ himself, a permission which excites not our reproach, but our admiration and praise."

We have not space to follow the disgraceful story of the great preacher's overthrow. Theophilus of Alexandria, who had unwillingly taken part in his consecration, was the prime mover of the cabal against him. The enmity against him was but indirectly connected with controversy; the actual charges alleged, all of them, as it seems to us, ludicrously improbable or utterly trifling, concerned his personal conduct and demeanour. He was deposed by a synod most irregularly convened, and banished; but an opportune earthquake troubled the conscience of the Emperor, and the people of the city successfully demanded his recall. After a short stay, he was again expelled, this time never to return. His abode was fixed by his persecutors successively at Cucusus, a village in the range of Mount Taurus, a bleak spot, and constantly exposed to the incursions of the barbarous Isaurians; and at Pityus, a still more inhospitable region on the coast of the Euxine. The latter place, indeed, he did not reach, for he died on his road, at Comana, in Pontus. Twenty-seven years later his relics (why should the word be written, as here, *reliques*?) were brought to Constantinople, and deposited in the Church of the Apostles.

The fame of Chrysostom as a preacher is amply justified by the sermons which we possess. It must have rested, more than is often the case, on the intrinsic merit of his oratory. His "bodily presence was weak;" he had not the full ringing voice which sometimes gives so powerful a charm to indifferent rhetoric; but the glow and power of his speech, now loftily elevated, now even humbly practical, are still so manifest when we read, that we cannot hesitate to rank the "Goldenmouth" among the great orators of the world. As an interpreter of Scripture, again, he has merits of a high order; to no one of the "Fathers" can we look with more confidence for the honesty and good sense which are not always found in commentators. These points,

as well as the important subject of the bearing of Chrysostom's writings on the great Roman controversy, are discussed with ability and candour by Mr. Stephens, of whom, with thanks for a valuable and interesting book, we must now take leave.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### THE JOURNAL OF LOUIS XVI.\*

At this moment, when in France the Republic and the monarchy are being weighed in the balance, it seems hardly fair to dip into the private life even of a monarch so estimable and unfortunate as Louis XVI., who has come down to us as something between a locksmith and a martyr—a good-natured family man with few vices and a large appetite. However, M. Louis Nicolardot has published his Majesty's journal, which reveals the King in a new light, one that is far different from that shed upon him by history. The journal extends over a period of sixteen years—from 1776 to 1792—and in it his Majesty has jotted down the most private details of his life, but not a single idea. We know that on many trying occasions the King spoke with sense and feeling, and it is hard to imagine why he should have kept such a journal as that before us, which exhibits him in the light of a childish country-gentleman. Alexandre Dumas some years ago published a volume entitled "*Les Grands Hommes en Robe de Chambre*," which played havoc with a good many historical heroes. What the novelist did for Richelieu and other great people, Louis XVI. has done for himself. M. Nicolardot has divided the King's voluminous diary into chapters. The first chapter treats of his Majesty's health, informing us when he had the toothache, the mumps, or indigestion; when he was inoculated, bled, or when he took medicine. It appears that sometimes the King put his pills and powders into the fire, and felt none the worse for it. He also recorded the accidents that jeopardized his life or his limbs, and, according to his own account, he tumbled off his horse when out hunting five times. Baths appear to have been ordered, says the author, more as a means of health than for cleanliness.

The diary is dry and uninteresting, but then we know how the story finished.

\* "*Journal de Louis XVI.*" (London: Hachette. Paris: Dentu. 1873.)

Louis XVI., when quietly noting down the facts of his life, never dreamed that they were leading up to a great tragedy. This is the way in which he chronicled political events—"Departure of the Abbé Terray. Bed of justice at Paris; dined at La Muette; slept at Versailles. March 20, 1778, presentation of deputies from America." In April, 1781, "Comedy, retreat of M. Necker," and so on. A good deal is said about the weather, which was often so bad as to prevent the King from going out to hunt or shoot, though even when it was fine his Majesty now and then had what would certainly be reckoned nowadays poor sport. On the 3rd of October, 1791, we find that he slaughtered three pheasants. In November, 1784, a squirrel; on another day, three squirrels; an another, one fox; and on the 20th of March, 1783, a dog. His Majesty also shot swallows, and on the 28th of June, 1784, he is credited with having killed 200 of these birds; but this is probably a misprint, as on no other day does he seem to have killed more than a dozen. The word "rien" often occurs in the diary, and in the most ridiculous manner. Thus, the King writes:—"Nothing; remonstrances of Parliament." "Nothing; oaths of M. de Malesherbes." "Nothing; illness of my youngest daughter, which prevented me from hunting." "Nothing; death of M. de Maurepas." "Nothing; death of my mother-in-law, the Empress Maria Theresa." "Nothing; sermon," &c. The explanation is that "rien" meant simply that there was no hunting or shooting, and when this was the case his Majesty felt grieved.

In July, 1790, when as Carlyle would say, things were growing shrill, the King wrote:—"19th. Reviewed federals and troops of the line at l'Etoile; dined at four; hunted the deer at the Cross of Montmorin. 29th. Nothing; my aunts came to dinner; had a face-ache. August 1st. Mass at home. 2nd and 3rd. Idem. 4th. Medicine; hunted at the Cross of Montmorin. 6th. Nothing; Vichy waters. 28th. Medicine; end of Vichy waters; mass as usual." March began badly. "4th. Nothing; began to get fever. 5th. Nothing. 6th. Took an emetic; mass in my bed; got up afterwards."

We should have mentioned that on the 14th of July, 1789, the King entered the simple word "Nothing," though it was upon that date that the Bastille fell, and that old De Launay and its defenders

were massacred. The affair, however, did not make much noise in Paris at the time, and the people who were sipping coffee on the Boulevards heard naught of the matter till next day.

On the 20th of June, 1791, occurs "Nothing," though his Majesty must have been very busy making preparations to fly in the direction of Metz, and his army, where Bouillé was waiting for him. His attempted escape is thus briefly jotted down:—

June 21. — Started at midnight from Paris. Arrived and arrested at Varennes in the Aronne at 11 P.M.

June 22. — Departure from Varennes at five or six in the morning; breakfasted at Sainte-Ménéhould; arrived at Châlons at ten; supped and slept there.

June 23. — The mass was interrupted in order to hasten the departure; breakfasted at Châlons, dined at Eprenay; found the Commissioners from the Assembly at the Binson gate. Arrived at eleven at Dormans; supped there and slept for three hours in an armchair.

June 24. — Left Dormans at half-past seven; dined at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre; reached Meaux at eleven; supped and slept at the bishop's palace.

June 25. — Quitted Meaux; arrived at Paris without stopping at eight o'clock.

June 26. — Nothing at all. Conference with the Commissioners of the Assembly. I took some whey.

The King noted down with great minuteness his personal expenditure, and all his gains and losses at play are carefully recorded. On one occasion he appears to have lost with his associates 36,000 livres at lansquenet at Marli, and on the whole his Majesty was not a winner: probably he did not cheat at cards as Napoleon did after him. His household expenditure is chronicled in a way which would have made Frederick the Great jealous. We find 12 sous for a watch-glass, 7 sous for sending a watch to Paris, 2 livres 14 sous for greasing a post-chaise, 1 livre 16 sous for a corkscrew. The most prominent item for the table is pork, and there are days when his Majesty must have devoured black-pudding wholesale. If Louis XVI. was careful, however, in registering unimportant items, that did not hinder money from being spent at Versailles with a prodigality that baffled the resources of even De Calonne's fertile mind. The King's civil list was considerably larger than that of the English monarch, and his Majesty's brothers were always dipping their fingers into the Treasury. The Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., one day re-



ceived 200,000 livres, on another 450,000; and 5,000,000 was invested to furnish him with an income of 500,000 livres, which appears to have been insufficient, as he afterwards received 1,800,000 more. The Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., was even more prodigal than his brother, and the King's aunts received considerable sums out of the Treasury.

There are a few items in the King's private expenditure worth noticing; for instance, various sums of money given to Beaumarchais, whose "Mariage de Figaro" hurried on the Revolution and was disapproved by the King. The name of Gamain, the King's locksmith, who after-

wards betrayed where the iron chest was concealed, often occurs, and his Majesty gave the son 3,000 livres to set him up in business. Louis XVI. also seems to have paid large sums for diamonds for the Queen to Bohmer, who parted with the celebrated diamond necklace to the Cardinal de Rohan. Another curious entry not explained is 12,000 livres to Madame de Cavaignac for her son!

This diary was in all probability simply meant as a book of reference for private use; but though that circumstance may be remembered, the publication of his diary will not fail to lower the unfortunate King in popular esteem.

**SCOLDING.**—Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness, and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired, or annoyed at some trivial cause, and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody in reach. Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get into the way of scolding always find something to scold about. If there is nothing else, they fall a-scolding at the mere absence of anything to scold at. It is an extremely disagreeable habit. It is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain in a short time to affect all the members. People in the country more readily fall into the habit of scolding than people in town. Women contract the habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live more frequently in the house, in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and the health in general; and it may be, partly, that their natures are more susceptible and their sensitiveness more easily wounded."

THE practice of preaching at a member of the congregation is, it is said, not altogether unknown among the English clergy, but the power exercised by them in this respect is evidently as nothing compared to that possessed by their brethren the Presbyterians. The custom of extempore prayer places in the hands of the Scotch minister a still more effective weapon than that wielded by the Anglican clergyman, inasmuch as it must be less painful to a hearer to be preached at than to be made the subject of a prayer of intercession in re-

spect of the vicious or depraved qualities of his nature. There is in the latter case far more scope for oratorical candour, and we can conceive few more embarrassing positions than that occupied by the correspondent of the *Orcadian* at Walls on "Sabbath, the 2nd of March." On that occasion the Rev. Mr. Keillor, the minister of the parish, introduced into one of his prayers the following "special petition," which the unfortunate correspondent reports "as nearly verbatim" as he can remember:—"May that person in our midst," prayed the Rev. Mr. Keillor, "who has from time to time been sending forth unsought-for tidings to the public, be restored to his right frame of mind, and released from that state of mental derangement which makes him seek after public notoriety. May he be granted that character which he would make us believe that he possesses, but appears to be devoid of," &c. At this point, the correspondent of the *Orcadian* appears to have ceased taking a shorthand report of the reverend gentleman's prayer, but from the extract already given it seems to have been a most able and damaging supplication, doing great credit to the Rev. Mr. Keillor's powers of invective. The only objection we know of to the employment of public prayer as a medium for these attacks is that the object of them might at the conclusion of the prayer retaliate by a slashing "response," and the proceedings of divine service might then perhaps assume too much the appearance of a parliamentary debate.

Pall Mall.

MR. CARLYLE is reported to have spoken of the Dublin University Bill as "an amorphous botch, out of which nothing endurable can ever be made."

Pall Mall.

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## A VISION OF LIFE.

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

DAYS come and days go by,  
 Gliding so fast that one  
 Into another almost seems to run,  
 And Thursday dawns ere Wednesday is nigh;  
 One precious leaf each plucking from the tree  
 Of life allotted me.

Through the thinn'd boughs atop  
 Looks in the naked blue;  
 The flowers all fall'n, and scanty fruit in view,  
 Sweet-ripe as yet, or set for future crop,  
 And at the root the hidden worm I know  
 Mining to lay it low.

Ah tree, that once in youth,  
 When hope was green and high,  
 Dreamt its large leafy head would touch the  
 sky,  
 Its roots all matted round the central truth!  
 How poor, by that vast visionary tree,  
 Looks the small shrub I see!

Not rooted in pure truth,  
 But in some shifting soil,  
 Where error and appearance mock our toil,  
 Till freezing Age seals the bold eyes of Youth,  
 Saying, "*Look here! for all thy force and glow,  
 Thou canst no farther go.*"

Yet, though the leaves may fall,  
 The life-sap is not shrunk,  
 But gathers strength deep in the knotted trunk,  
 And, losing part, has more than having all;  
 Condensed within itself to meet the stress  
 Of age with cheerfulness.

And for the dreams of youth  
 Come larger aims, that bear  
 Elsewhere their fruit, their crown expect else-  
 where,  
 In amaranth meadows of immortal truth,  
 Where the sun sets not all our night below  
 O'er flowers of golden glow:

Unfading leaves, and eyes  
 Wiped from all human tears;  
 Soft gliding of the years that are not years,  
 Eternal spaces:—not like those our sighs  
 Note as they pass, while, fast as bubbles fly,  
 Days come and days go by.

People's Magazine.

## THE RING.

AY, gaze on it, touch it, it is the ring  
 I used to treasure so.  
 The self-same stones were glistening,  
 When you taught me their speech to know;  
 To find Faith in the sapphire's deepening blue,  
 And Hope in the ruby's sanguine hue,  
 And the diamond flashed affection true,  
 In the lore learnt long ago.

Had not the teacher an empire strange,  
 The lesson a magic might,  
 That thus I remember through wrong and  
 change,  
 Through treachery, chill, and blight?  
 Ah! the sapphire still glows, though faith is  
 fled,  
 The ruby is blushing that hope is dead,  
 And why, when the Love's last dirge is said,  
 Should the diamond gleam so bright?

And has, indeed, no shadow past  
 O'er the glittering toy you hold?  
 The gems the same as you saw them last,  
 The same the burnished gold,  
 And yet you glance from it to me,  
 As if the clue to a riddle to see;  
 For how should the pledge on the finger be,  
 When the heart to the truth is cold?

And that our love is cold, you know,  
 Ay, cold as the touch of Death,  
 And over its grave lies the smooth white snow,  
 That melts not to passion's breath.  
 Our moan is made, our tears are wept,  
 So quick the dull grey mosses crept,  
 We scarce could find it where it slept,  
 When it perished of broken faith.

What, are the keen eyes dull or blind,  
 That they ponder the puzzle yet?  
 Can they not one silent token find,  
 That duty has paid her debt?  
 Ay, so; the god from his shrine is ta'en,  
 Fond memory's plea was bootless pain.  
 You look for the dark brown curl in vain,  
 Once deep mid the jewels set.

Nay, hush man's proud impetuous thought,  
 Man's jealous spirit quell;  
 It was but with woe and folly fraught,  
 Our wild youth's first love-spell.  
 Let friendly hands clasp cordially,  
 And friendly eyes meet fearlessly  
 And friendly tones say earnestly,  
 "So be it, it is well."

All The Year Round.

## LOVE'S GIFTS.

THIS dark-brown curl you send me, dear,  
 Shall save its freshness of to-day  
 In gentle shrine, when year on year  
 Have turn'd its former fellows gray.  
 So shall your image in my breast  
 With never-fading beauty rest.

What love hath once on love bestow'd,  
 Translated in its dew of youth  
 To some remote divine abode,  
 Withdraws from risk of time's untruth.  
 Keeping, we lose; but what we give  
 Like to a piece of Heav'n doth live.

Athenæum.

W. A.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## EXPLORATIONS. — PART II.

THE pleasure which we promised ourselves when recently concluding a paper on the Surveys of the Holy Land, we now realize, as there is an opportunity afforded of giving some account of the examination of the Sea of Galilee by the Engineer expedition. On the shores of this sea our Lord was "in His own country," for Nazareth is only about twenty miles from the part of the water nearest to it: the sea washes the district in which His youth and the greatest part of His manhood were passed; for He was only an occasional visitor to Jerusalem. A large proportion of the scenes depicted in the Gospels occurred on this lake or on its shores, or in the immediate neighbourhood of them. If the hills and valleys, and towns, and strands, and waters, and fields, and rocks of this favoured region could give their testimony, they would furnish tales on which millions of minds would hang with rapture; and the "many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written," would be made manifest for our edification. That wisdom of which we inherit but a few pages was being poured forth daily for years in the parts of Zebulon and Naphthali; those parables of which we know but a selection were narrated plentifully around the famous lake; that beneficence of which we long for further instances had here its chief exercise,—for it was in this region principally that our Lord "went about doing good." There cannot be a mile of ground here which is not a field of interest—not a village nor a highway but what we can believe to have received the impress of his feet, or have echoed to his voice. The construction, therefore, of an accurate map of the country, will be hailed universally with satisfaction, and the researches of the map-makers will, we are sure, be ardently followed.

The Sea of Galilee, or the Sea of Tiberias, or Lake of Gennesareth, is a sheet of water formed by the expansion of

the bed of the Jordan. It is about twelve and a quarter miles long from north to south, and at its broadest part six and three quarter miles wide from east to west. But its width is by no means regular, its shape being that of a pear or a leg of mutton, the broadest part toward the north, and the more projecting side toward the west, the eastern shore being by comparison straight, except near the lower end. It is full of fish. Its waters, thick and muddy at the extreme north, become clear and bright as they approach its narrow end; for Jordan, which flows into it a foul stream, leaves the lake a pure and sweet river. The surface is from 600 to 700 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. The climate is genial in winter, and not excessively hot in summer. With shores that rise but gently, in most parts, from the basin, and whose colour is uniformly brown where seen above the foliage at their bases, the scenery would be tame were it not for the fine hills, including the snowy tops of Hermon, which can be seen all round through the transparent ether, and for the innumerable effects of light and shade. Shrubs and blossoms add to the beauty of the coasts, which vary continually, being sometimes backed by broad plains, showing at others the openings of long gorges, and elsewhere, especially to the north, being broken into many and charming bays. Volcanic action appears to be energetic: there are hot springs in the basin of the lake, and very serious earthquakes occur. Wild boar are to be found on a plain to the north-east.

Those who have formed a mental picture of this sea, so often recurring in sacred story—as who in childhood has not?—have, no doubt, imagined a water covered with ships and boats, resounding with the cries of sailors and fishermen, and flanked by many proud cities rich in merchandise and glorious to the sight. Alas for such visions! the cities and the men and the traffic *were* there, but they have disappeared so completely that the waters of the lake may be said to sleep amid a solitude. As for the famous cities, of most of them it cannot be said with certainty where they were, and this



survey now first begins to give us some reliable data for identifying their ruins: one or two remain, but not as cities; small, dirty, Arab villages alone represent those busy towns, wherein were done "mighty works," such as would have overcome the sinful obduracy of Tyre and Sidon. Tiberias is there, on the west coast, rather below the centre of the lake. Its sea-wall, broken columns, towers, aqueducts, attest the glory of its ancient estate; but the modern Tiberias is but a poor collection of houses, chiefly inhabited by Jews who have returned to Palestine. Its filth and vermin have become a proverb.\* About four miles north of this, a heap of ruins, now named Mejdal, marks the site of that Magdala where Mary Magdalene had her home. North of this, again, is the plain of Gennesareth, an area of great beauty and fertility, along which, sad to say, are several heaps of rubbish, denoting, probably, the places of old towns and villages wherein our Lord taught. But there are other names more famous than those which we have mentioned; one is impatient to hear of the proud Capernaum, of Chorazin, of Bethsaida. What report is there of these? Well, there is so little positively to be said of them — rather there *was* so little positively to be said, for the surveyors have done much toward bringing them to life again — that where they stood is a question. Bold travellers and learned sages have essayed to establish the identity of this or that heap of rubbish with one or other of the cities; each has been jealous for his own heap. There have been differences and controversies, and there would have been, for many a day, controversies destined to end in nothing, had not the surveyors, by subjecting each ruin and all its surroundings to rigid measurement, so that they may all be seen and judged of on the map at a glance, brought the different speculations to a test. We will not say what the many speculations have been, but state what seems most likely to be

the truth after the unsentimental process of applying the chain and compass. A heap known as Tel Hum, nearly as extensive as the ruins of old Tiberias, is, in Captain Wilson's opinion, what remains of Capernaum. It is learned from Josephus that near to Capernaum was a celebrated fountain; and a fountain apparently answering to his description has been found at Et Tabigah, a mile and a half from Tel Hum, and shown on the map. Moreover, it has been ascertained that Tel Hum is a larger ruin than any other on the sea-coast in that neighbourhood; and it is a common opinion that Capernaum was of more importance than either of the other two cities, Bethsaida and Chorazin. A very old traveller has left it on record that Capernaum had no wall; and Tel Hum must have been a long straggling city without a wall. It seems, too, that the name Tel Hum may be derived from Capernaum or Capharnaum. It is to be remarked, also, that there was a synagogue at Capernaum; for we are told (John vi. 59) that our Lord taught therein: and the remains of a synagogue, which the explorers well knew how to distinguish from any other building, have been found at Tel Hum. Captain Wilson thinks that by turning over the ruins and examining beneath them, evidence might be found sufficient to set the question at rest. Speaking of our Lord's discourse in this synagogue, he says: "It was not without a certain strange feeling that on turning over a large block we found the pot of manna engraved on its face, and remembered the words 'I am that bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead.'" There remains something yet to be said about this synagogue. It was told of the centurion whose servant was healed, "he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue" (Luke vii. 5). Now, if Tel Hum be Capernaum, as it probably is, the surveying party stood within the ruined walls of this very synagogue, many of the stones of which have been burned for lime, or taken away to be used in modern buildings.

About two and a half miles to the north of Tel Hum, and nearly the same

\* That the king of the fleas holds his court at Tiberias, is, Captain Wilson tells us, an Arab proverb. Fleas must be rather plentiful where they are noticed by Arabs.

distance up a valley from the shore of the lake, is a ruin named Kerazeh. The name always suggested Chorazin; but travellers were unable to identify it with that city, because to their view the area of the ruins was very small. Here, however, the hard facts of the survey come to the aid of inquiring minds: the ruins look small, because at a hundred yards' distance the masonry here can hardly be distinguished from the surrounding rocks; but when carefully examined and tried by the chain, they are found to be by no means insignificant, but to indicate that the area of the city was nearly, if not quite, equal to that of Capernaum, if Capernaum is Tel Hum. At Kerazeh, also, the ruins of a synagogue have been found. Many of the dwelling-houses here are in a tolerably perfect state; and Captain Wilson, very reasonably supposing that these give a good idea of the kind of house in which our Saviour dwelt, writes a description of them which we quote:—

They are generally square, of different sizes—the largest measure was nearly 30 feet—and have one or two columns down the centre to support the roof, which appears to have been flat, as in the modern Arab houses. The walls are about two feet thick, built of masonry or of loose blocks of basalt. There is a low doorway in the centre of one of the walls, and each house has windows twelve inches high and six and a half inches wide. In one or two cases the houses were divided into four chambers.

Traces of the main road which led out of the city towards Damascus have been discovered. The city would have been in sight from the water at the same time as that at Tel Hum. So, the fact of its magnitude having been brought to light, there is no reason why we should object to Kerazeh as the modern form of Chorazin. Indeed, Captain Wilson has no doubt about their being the same; but he would be glad to have his conviction tried by the results of subterranean examinations.

Here we take occasion to state, that for the light thrown on these important points—to wit, the sites of Capernaum and Chorazin—we are indebted to the

survey, which by fixing the fountain in the one place, and ascertaining the true site of the ruins in the other, cleared up the prospect. And we ought to add that Captain Wilson more than once notices the assistance which he received from the Sinaitic and Vatican MSS., and the Tauchnitz edition of the New Testament, which, by a slight difference with the authorized version, make the passages of our Lord and His disciples over the water, and some circumstances of time and place, harmonize completely with the sites which he ascribes to the cities, while in the same accounts our version would perplex a little.

The information given concerning Bethsaida is not very precise; neither does Captain Wilson himself appear to be firmly convinced, although on the whole, he inclines to place the city at Khan Minyeh, a ruin on a cliff overhanging the lake, two and a half miles south of Tel Hum. But it is still matter of dispute whether there were two Bethsaiidas or only one. Many, looking at the descriptions of Josephus and at the requirements of Scripture, decide that there must have been two—viz., Bethsaida in Galilee, and Bethsaida Julias, on the eastward of the Jordan, near where the river enters the lake. Bethsaida Julias was promoted from being a village to being a city by Philip the Tetrarch, who gave it its second name after the Emperor's daughter, and who there prepared himself a tomb in which he was buried. But the notices of Bethsaida in the Scripture would seem to require a place of that name on the west shore of the lake also. Very likely the wording of the Gospels would bear an interpretation which would dispense with a second Bethsaida, and in that case no further search in Galilee would be necessary. If there were a second, it no doubt stood on, or not far withdrawn from, the coast-line (five miles long) from Khan Minyeh to the flowing in of the Jordan.

On a bend of the river a little way above the lake is Et Tel, a ruin which has traditionally been identified with Bethsaida Julias; but our surveyors, after examining this "heap" with their



usual care, are of opinion that the remains are those of a place not sufficiently magnificent to answer to the city of Philip. One-third of the way down the east coast of the sea, and nearly opposite to Magdala, is a ruin enclosed by a wall three feet thick, and named Khersa. This Captain Wilson, agreeing with some former travellers, decided to be Gergesa, the place where our Lord delivered the two demoniacs, and where He permitted the devils whom He had cast out to go into the herd of swine. Close to Gergesa the coast becomes suddenly steep; and this, no doubt, is the place where the swine ran down into the sea. A view of the maps, too, helps to smooth away an apparent discrepancy in the Gospels. Two of the evangelists say that the miracle was wrought in the country of the Gadarenes; but Captain Wilson shows that if the miracle had been wrought at Gadara, the swine would have had a gallop of two miles after rushing down the steep before they got to the sea; and he suggests, either that Gergesa was subject to Gadara, and might therefore properly be said to be in the country of the Gadarenes, or else that "Gadarenes" has been written in MSS. of Mark and Luke for "Gergesenes," which latter is the name given in Mathew. That the scene of the story was on the eastern side of the lake there can be no doubt; because our Lord, when the inhabitants besought Him to depart out of their coasts, entered into a ship, and passed over and came into His own city, which was on the west. From three to four miles south of Khersa, on the plateau of a hill, and a mile or more from the coast, are the walls of Gamala, once a fortified city, the inhabitants of which were all massacred when the Romans took it. The city of Gadara lies about five miles south-east of the most southern point of the lake. The remains here appear to be more numerous and better preserved than those of any other city on these coasts. Its theatres—one of them very perfect—are yet to be seen; and its cemetery, containing rock-hewn tombs and sarcophagi, is a remarkable place. The tombs are now Arab dwelling-places. Close to where the Jordan flows out of the lake is Kerak, the remains of the city Tarichæa.

Four miles due west of a point on the coast midway between Magdala and Tiberias, is the village of Hattin, and near it a curious two-peaked mountain, known as the "Horns of Hattin." This was the

field of a battle very fatal to the Crusaders in 1187. They lost the cross, and suffered most severely; and the King of Jerusalem was taken prisoner by Saladin. This was a little before Cœur de Lion appeared on the scene. But the Horns of Hattin have a claim to our regard higher than a fight between Crusaders and Moslems can give. This hill is traditionally known as the "Mount of Beatitudes," where the great precepts of Christianity were first propounded in a gentle discourse to a multitude, not as the Jewish law had been given in clouds and thunder from Sinai. We cannot hope to be ever positively certain as to where the Sermon on the Mount was preached, but our surveyors say that the Horns of Hattin affords a situation admirably fitted for its delivery.

There has been much controversy concerning the place where the miraculous feeding of the five thousand took place. Tradition puts it on the west coast; and this has been the chief cause of the supposition that there was a second Bethsaida in Galilee, because St. Luke says that it was in a desert place belonging to Bethsaida; while St. Mark states that after the miracle the disciples went on before to Bethsaida. Either, therefore, there must have been two Bethsidas, or an error has somewhere crept into the accounts. Now it is interesting to learn from Captain Wilson that in the Sinaitic version of St. Luke, the words "belonging to Bethsaida" do not occur. So, if this version be accepted as the right one, the miracle may have been performed on the west coast, in the neighbourhood of the cities from which the multitude came out; and the return voyage of the disciples may have been directed on Bethsaida, although one Gospel says that they came to Gennesaret, and another that they went towards Capernaum: for these last may be reconciled. The disciples may have embarked to go to Bethsaida and yet have been obliged to land at an intermediate point, if they encountered difficulties. Now we know that a memorable storm overtook them on this voyage; and this may have obliged them to land at Capernaum, which if it be Tel Hum, is in the land of Gennesaret. We should add, too, that the Sinaitic version, as quoted by Captain Wilson, by a verbally small difference from the other versions, makes the place of the miracle to be near Tiberias, which would accord with the tradition above mentioned. We do not by any means regard this reasoning as conclusive; but, supposing it to be accepted,

then a fountain known as the "cold spring," on the coast between Tiberias and Magdala, or else a hillside a little to the west of this spring, and towards Hattin, is the spot.

The tempests on that sea are sudden, terrible, and short-lived. They would appear to have been very dangerous to such boats as were in use in the days of the apostles; for we find the followers of our Lord, fishermen as they were, greatly alarmed on these occasions. When their Master was asleep on board, and when they saw the figure walking on the water, they thought their lives in danger. Captain Wilson witnessed one of these treacherous tempests and has given a description of it, which perhaps we do well to quote:—

Sudden storms, such as those mentioned in the New Testament, are by no means uncommon; and I had a good opportunity of watching one of them from the ruins of Gamala, on the eastern hills. The morning was delightful; a gentle easterly breeze, and not a cloud in the sky to give warning of what was coming. Suddenly, about mid-day, there was a sound of distant thunder, and a small cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," was seen rising over the heights of Lubieh to the west. In a few moments the cloud appeared to spread; and heavy black masses came rolling down the hills towards the lake, completely obscuring Tabor and Hattin. At this moment the breeze died away, there were a few minutes of perfect calm, during which the sun shone out with intense power, and the surface of the lake was smooth and even as a mirror. Tiberias, Mejdell, and other buildings stood out in sharp relief from the gloom behind; but they were soon lost sight of as the thunder-gust swept past them, and rapidly advancing across the lake, lifted the placid water into a bright sheet of foam: in another moment it reached the ruins, driving myself and companion to take refuge in a cistern, where, for nearly an hour, we were confined, listening to the rattling peals of thunder, and torrents of rain. The effect of half the lake in perfect rest, whilst the other half was in wild confusion, was extremely grand. It would have fared badly with any light craft caught in mid-lake by the storm; and we could not help thinking of that memorable occasion on which the storm is so graphically described as "coming down" upon the lake.

The new map gives great assistance to all who would clearly comprehend the events and their order, in the New Testament, and it should be in the hands of every Bible student. It, like the other maps of Palestine by the same hands, was not made without much toil, exposure, and risk; notwithstanding which, we trust that other maps in continuation may appear

before long. The officers of this expedition while examining the coasts of the Sea of Galilee, kept a boat,\* having blankets and a tent on board, moving about with orders to meet them at night at certain fixed points; and in this way, notwithstanding the little help afforded them by the Turkish authorities, they managed to get pleasantly over their work. The Arab dwellers in tents they found for the most part friendly and hospitable; yet some of them appear to have been greatly startled at seeing two Franks in their midst without warning. Lieutenant Anderson, however, once experienced treatment of a rather hostile character. It was on the occasion of the storm, a description of which we quoted above. He had for a time left Captain Wilson, and was engaged at a village on the heights, where, when the storm broke, he was fain to seek shelter among the *fellahin*. These treated him well enough while he remained; but on his departure they followed him, and attempted to throw him down and rob him. Lieutenant Anderson managed to free himself for an instant, and to draw his revolver, the sight of which staggered his assailants; and he used the opportunity of their brief astonishment to get over the crest of a height, and so gain a start of them, which he maintained till he reached the sea. There were plenty of adventures, both on horseback and on foot; but the officers seem to have completely effected their object, evidently with satisfaction to themselves, and certainly with benefit to us. We are not aware that it was any part of their duty to give us their impressions concerning controverted points, to make clear the narrative of the Gospels, or to attempt to reconcile conflicting passages. We are, however, glad that they thought proper to perform these services: their discussions are always shrewd and unbiassed; they show that the subject had been well studied in books as well as on the ground; and their tone is such as every devout reader must approve.

We take our leave now of the Holy Land, to follow the track of another resolute and intelligent explorer, to whom the world is largely indebted. After thirty years of indifference to the subject, Europe is again waking up to the importance of forming a highway into British India by the Euphrates valley and the shore of

\* There are now, it seems, but three boats on the lake.



the Persian Gulf. An iron road traversing the dominions which once belonged to Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar is, notwithstanding the inroads which science has been making on India and Egypt, and other lands which were famous when the world was young, still a startling idea. Till very lately, it might have been said of Babylonia and Mesopotamia and Assyria, that they had lost every link that could connect their present with their past. Egypt and India, obscure though their histories were and are in many places, yet had, and have, noble monuments to witness that they must have rejoiced in a grand past; but, of the countries through which the Tigris and Euphrates flow, it seemed as if the few notices which occur in sacred and profane accounts were the only vouchers that existed, or ever would exist, of the shadowy greatness of these realms. So completely had barbarism been re-established there by the Arabs — so shockingly desolate is the whole region — that we might have gone to measure it for its iron bands in profound ignorance of what manner of men they were who had aggrandized and adorned it, who had peopled it like bees, and who were a terror to their neighbours, having carried away captive men in nations. *Might*, we say; for it was ordained that, in the thirty years' interval between the former examination of the Euphrates valley and the practical design which seems now to be ripening towards fulfilment, the nineteenth century should become a little better acquainted with Semiramis and Sennacherib, and Esar-Haddon and Sardanapalus, and the people over whom they ruled, than preceding ages had been. A ransacking of heaps and mounds has brought to light un hoped-for treasures — undoubted remains of the cities thought for many ages to be entirely obliterated, and the sites of which no man could with certainty point out. We had some idea of where Babylon had stood; but as for Nineveh, it was a name, and nothing more. Opposite to, and below, the Turkish town of Mosul, the banks of the Tigris were studded with huge mounds, supposed to be formed of only earth and rubbish; and some of these were believed to occupy the site of Asshur's capital. But this was only a vague idea — an idea, too, which to all appearance it was too late to examine with a view to strengthening or extinguishing it; and so the world resigned itself to an inevitable ignorance. But fortunately there were one or two inquiring minds that re-

fused to accept this ignorance as irremediable until some effort should have been made to dispel it. Half a century since, a gentleman named Rich, who was travelling for his health, having visited Kurdistan, made the journey from Mosul to Baghdat. His suspicion that the numerous heaps would repay the expense and labour of examination was strengthened by an account received from the Arabs of a sculpture representing men and animals which had been dug out of one of them. Like good Mussulmans and utter barbarians, they had completely destroyed these figures, which their doctors decided to be idols of the infidels; but the tale encouraged Mr. Rich to examine some of the largest mounds. He found remains of buildings in places where the soil had been washed away by the rains, and he got out of the rubbish fragments of pottery, and some bricks bearing cuneiform characters. The little that he collected was placed in the British Museum; but so small was it, that a case three feet square enclosed all that we could boast of as the remains of Nineveh and Babylon; and it does not seem that other museums in Europe were richer, either in relics or information, than our own. Of Assyrian arts we knew literally nothing; of Assyrian history we had but a few scraps, telling of events to which, in some instances, we could not assign dates more precisely than within the limits of a thousand years or so, and concerning which, in other instances, we had no certainty that they had ever happened at all.

Twenty years after Mr. Rich's rather unproductive explorations, Mr. Austin Layard, another Englishman, happened to travel, or, as he calls it, to wander, in company with a friend, through Asia Minor and Syria. He could not resist an impulse which prompted him to cross into the desolate and dangerous region beyond the Euphrates, and to enter the shadow which hangs over Assyria, Babylonia, and Chaldæa. He journeyed eastward from Aleppo by Bir and Orfa, skirted the Kurdish hills on the route to Nisibin, and from Nisibin made his way to the Turkish town of Mosul on the Tigris. The place last named was thought to be the descendant of ancient Nineveh. On the bank of the river opposite to it were great mounds, known as Kouyunjik and Nebbi Yunus, said to be the ruins of the mighty city; and up and down the river, at Khorsabad, Nimroud, and Kalah Shergat, were similar mounds. Buried in their own rubbish, and covered by the

mould of ages, the different ruins slept a sleep which gave no promise of a waking. The plough cut the soil above them; burying-grounds of the true believers were established in the superincumbent earth; Arab villages straggled over the ruins, no soul of their inhabitants knowing or heeding of the famous people who had trod the courts below, and whose only records were enclosed in the mounds. The conviction was strong in the mind of the traveller that these long-neglected heaps had secrets of inestimable value to disclose to that adventurous soul who should be worthy to penetrate their mysteries. Desire to essay the task at a more convenient season grew apace as in the clear air of the solitude his eye ranged through a vast expanse from mound to mound; and his respect for the sealed-up ruins, if it could not be increased, at least was quickened by the immediate recognition of Nimroud with its pyramidal mound, as that Larissa which Xenophon had described, and near to which the ten thousand Greeks had encamped twenty-two centuries before. It was even then an ancient city; and in what undisturbed obscurity must it have lain to make it possible for the Englishman of the nineteenth century to identify it at sight with that which was seen and written of by the old Greek! "These huge mounds of Assyria," says Mr. Layard, "made a deeper impression upon me, gave rise to more serious thoughts and more earnest reflection, than the temples of Balbec and the theatres of Ionia." His mind was fixed to examine thoroughly, whenever it might be in his power, these interesting remains.

The secret of Mr. Layard's future success lay in that word "thoroughly," which was evidently not a mere figure of speech with him. He might have rambled about and scratched at the mounds as others had done before him, without adding much to our knowledge or our collections; but what he undertook to do he would do thoroughly — *nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum*; and the scientific world has reason to rejoice that he was a man of this mettle. He was unable for a year or two to carry out his cherished design, but he endeavoured to impress upon others the importance of making the explorations, and the good hope there was of their being rewarded; and when he heard that M. Botta, who had been appointed by the French Government Consul at Mosul, was excavating in the mounds of Kouy-

unjik, he wrote to that gentleman encouraging him to persevere. M. Botta's enterprise does not, however, appear to have been quite sufficient for such a task. He worked at the heaps of Kouyunjik, but he failed to broach the casket which contained so much hid treasure; and but for an accident, his operations would probably have been fruitless to himself, and have discouraged others. He was not, however, destined to labour in vain. A peasant from Khorsabad happening to visit the excavations, told him that such things as he appeared to be seeking were frequently turned up in digging foundations or other trenches in the village to which he belonged. After being for a while unconvinced of the profitableness of seeking another field, M. Botta at length conceived better hope of the project, and commenced digging at Khorsabad. The peasant's advice proved fortunate. A shaft sunk in the mound soon reached a wall; the wall proved to be lined with sculptured slabs of gypsum; it formed the side of a chamber which led into many other chambers, all being set about with sculptured slabs representing battles, sieges, and similar events. "His wonder may be easily imagined. A new history had been suddenly opened to him; the records of an unknown people were before him. . . . The style of art of the sculptures, the dresses of the figures, the mythic forms on the walls, were all new to him, and afforded no clue to the epoch of the erection of the edifice, or to the people who were its founders. Numerous inscriptions, accompanying the bas-reliefs, evidently contained the explanation of the events thus recorded in sculpture; and being in the cuneiform or arrow-headed character, proved that the buildings belonged to an age preceding the conquests of Alexander. . . . M. Botta had discovered an Assyrian edifice, the first, probably, which had been exposed to the view of man since the fall of the Assyrian empire."\*

The prize was not, however, what it first appeared. The building which M. Botta discovered had been destroyed by fire, and the calcined slabs, on being exposed to the air, began immediately to fall to pieces. There was time to copy the inscriptions and figures before the gypsum was disintegrated, but that was all. The venerable monument had been uncovered only to be dissolved. Like the

\* Layard's "Nineveh and its Remains" (abridgment), p. 8.



lamp in Rosicrucius' sepulchre,\* it would have endured for an indefinite time concealed and unprofitable; but as soon as it seemed likely to serve a useful purpose, or to gratify curiosity, it was shivered in pieces! Yet though this was the fate of the monument—though it perished for ever as soon as seen—it nevertheless, as Mr. Layard reminds us, answered to a great extent the purpose of its builder. It was preserved underground until men had learned the art of rapidly transferring, and of repeating at will, its forms and its legends. An educated mind caught and stored up its import while it was in the article of dissolution; its story was rescued by art from the limbo of secret things; its material has become powder, but the ideas of its builder belong to us and to our children for ever! That builder was over-sanguine in fancying that his work would endure for all time, but his mind must have come far short of conceiving the dissemination which his thoughts are like to have in spite of the destruction of the marble in which he put his trust.

Encouraged by this success, M. Botta applied for and obtained from his Government the means of pursuing his investigations; but he did not examine other mounds beside those of Khorsabad, all the walls of which had unfortunately, like those first discovered, been destroyed by fire. He did, however, secure, some specimens of Assyrian sculpture, and copies of very many inscriptions, and returned home the most successful explorer that had yet busied himself with excavations on the banks of the Tigris.

The first fruits had thus been snatched from Mr. Layard, through no fault of his. Many a man seeing the wind thus taken out of his sails, would have resigned himself to having missed his destiny, and looked for a fresh field for his endeavours. Not so Mr. Layard. He rejoiced and triumphed in M. Botta's good fortune with the soul of a true follower of science; he saw in what had been achieved the justification of his belief, and the earnest of a fuller harvest; his appetite for a "thorough" exploration was only whetted. In the autumn of the same year† which had witnessed the termination of M. Botta's labours, he was able to carry out his cherished wish. Sir Stratford Canning, then our Minister at Constantinople, interested himself in the

pursuit, and agreed to share with Mr. Layard the expense of a venture. The ardent explorer left Constantinople in the middle of October, and such diligence did he use that he reached Mosul in twelve days.

The suspicions and expected opposition of the Turkish officials were obviated by Mr. Layard's prudence, and by the use of the credentials with which he was provided. In his previous excursions he had learned how to manage the Arabs, and to make them labour for him. He conciliated a Sheikh, procured through his means a small gang of workmen, and, before the Pasha was aware of his design, had made such discoveries in the mounds of Nimroud as convinced him that his further labour would be well rewarded. So he now took the Pasha into his confidence, asked to have an agent of Government appointed to secure any treasure that might be found (the idea that hidden riches were the object of the search being fixed in the Turkish mind), and received a tacit sanction to his proceedings. The work advanced, and in a very little while sculptured slabs were uncovered, in many respects resembling those found by M. Botta at Khorsabad—a pair of gigantic winged bulls, a crouching lion rudely carved, two smaller winged lions, and a bas-relief nine feet high. Again the slabs had been exposed to fire, but the sculptures were copied. Each slab contained two bas-reliefs divided by an inscription in the cuneiform character. The scenes represented were: 1st, A battle or pursuit, in which two chariots containing warriors were being driven past or over enemies, some resisting, others prostrate. 2d, A siege of a castle or walled city. 3d, Two warriors—one on horseback, the other in a chariot. 4th, The towers and battlements of a castle, with a stream and a man fishing. These were clearly historical pieces. The dresses and arms of the figures were very distinct, according to the side on which they were fighting, and showed that the war was between nations of diverse fashions. It was assumed that those who were getting the better of the contests were in every case Assyrians, and these were represented in coats of mail, wearing helmets with lappets to protect the neck, like the early Normans. They carry bows and arrows, or swords and shields, and their horses are richly caparisoned, and their chariots much ornamented. The enemies are dressed in short tunics descending to the knees, their heads bare, and the hair confined

\* *Vide* No. 379 of the "Spectator."

† 1845.

by a simple fillet. In the siege are portrayed all the ancient methods of attack and defence: flights of missiles, escalade, demolition of walls, destruction by fire, dropping of heavy weights and precipitation of assailants from the walls, attempts to burn the assailants' engines, and so on; while the appearance within the walls of a female figure with dishevelled hair, and in an attitude of supplication, raises a sentiment, and indicates how the victory is inclining. The large bas-relief represented a human figure raising the right hand, and carrying a flower in the left. The lion was of black basalt. The heads and wings of the bulls had been destroyed; but on the backs of the slabs out of which they had been wrought were inscriptions. The small winged lions are described as being only remains! The knowledge of form, of grouping, and of composition exhibited in the bas-reliefs, showed them to have been produced in a nation much advanced in art. There were disproportions in the objects; arbitrary methods of representing the beards and hair of men, and the wings and coverings of animals, were used; and there was the presentation of all the figures in profile, as in the Egyptian bas-reliefs; notwithstanding which a considerable power could be traced, and a knowledge of the requirements of art which as yet the sculptors' hands could not satisfy.

It took but a short examination to convince the quick perception of Mr. Layard that the slabs had not originally stood in the place where he found them. The edges had been cut away, to the injury of both figures and inscriptions; and one slab was reversed. Thus far there was nothing to indicate the character of the building of which these relics had been the ornaments.

Here Mr. Layard was compelled to pause, as the Turks were seized with an obstructive fit; but he was so far satisfied with the results of his labours that he wrote to Sir Stratford Canning to procure for him a definite authority to proceed with them. One excuse made by the Pasha for interrupting the work was, that some graves of the faithful had been disturbed by the excavation. A little while after, it was confessed by a subordinate officer that he had been ordered to make graves which the diggers might appear to have disturbed; also that in making the sham graves he had disturbed several real ones, although the excavators had not. The ignorant suspicions, duplicity, and lying of the Turkish authori-

ties were enough to break the spirit of an ordinary man, and yet these were not all the difficulties that Mr. Layard had to contend with. He was in the desert, surrounded by Arab tribes who were at war with each other, continually executing raids, and who might at any time come down upon his party and make short work of himself and his discoveries. To guard against this he had to make alliances from time to time with different tribes, so as to secure protection; and this he appears to have done with a skill which formed no inconsiderable part of his qualification for the task which he had undertaken. He studied and learned the peculiarities of the Arab nature; could adapt himself to the wild simple habits of the children of the desert; dared to rely on their nobler qualities; bore with and turned to good account their infirmities; and was immensely popular with all the tribes among whom he sojourned. Many a traveller has managed to lose his property or his life before penetrating a tenth of Mr. Layard's incursion into the wastes of Mesopotamia and Assyria, or achieving anything worthy of record; while he, venturing everywhere, shrinking from no attempt which promised to gratify his thirst for information, traversed the wilderness, tore out its secrets, and returned to Europe unharmed. He had, however, sometimes to shift his berth rather suddenly; and a fitting of this kind took place during the first examination of the mounds of Nimroud, which we have just described. On account of the many depredations of numerous and powerful tribes in the neighbourhood of Naïsa, a village near to Nimroud, he removed to Selamiyeh, higher up the river, where he took up his quarters in the house of the chief of the village, living in a degree of comfort of which the following extract will give some idea:—

The premises, which were speedily completed, consisted of four hovels, surrounded by a mud wall, and roofed with reeds and boughs of trees. I occupied half of the larger habitation, the other half being appropriated for beasts of the plough and various domestic animals. We were separated by a wall, in which, however, numerous apertures served as a means of communication. These I studiously endeavoured for some time to block up. A second hut was devoted to the wives, children, and poultry of my host; a third served as kitchen and servants' hall; the fourth was converted into a stall for my horses. In the enclosure formed by the buildings and outer wall, the few sheep and goats which had escaped the rapacity of the Pasha congregated during



the night, and kept up a continual bleating and coughing until they were milked and turned out to pasture at daybreak.

The roofs not having been constructed to exclude the winter rains now setting in, it required some exercise of ingenuity to escape the torrent which descended into my apartment. I usually passed the night on these occasions crouched up in a corner, or under a table which I had constructed. The latter, having been surrounded by trenches to carry off the accumulating waters, generally afforded the best shelter.

Though the interruptions of his work were continual, and some of them of long duration, Mr. Layard did not desist from it until he had ascertained what were the treasures of the principal mounds, secured and transmitted to England a great many of the most valuable of those treasures, traced out the forms of the buildings in which they were found, and deduced from his discoveries much information, to modern nations quite new, concerning the history and customs of the Assyrians of old. The sculptures, found in great quantity from time to time, were most of them of the same character as those already described, but they presented varieties of the same subjects, and the execution of some far surpassed in merit that of others. The differences soon suggested that the ruins were of different periods; and a clue was found to the dates, the names of the builders, and the style of the architecture. But perhaps it may be well, before saying how they serve to reconstruct history, or to make intelligible some hitherto obscure allusions in ancient writings, to state what the subjects of the bas-reliefs and other figures were.

A very large portion of the sculptures is intended to magnify and record the exploits of the king, who is in most cases the principal figure. He is on his throne, receiving ambassadors who prostrate themselves before him, and offer presents; or he is performing religious services in company with some of his gods; he is hunting, destroying lions generally; or he is in his war-chariot, on the march or in action, or directing the works of a siege, or the passage of a marsh, or giving orders concerning the disposal of the captives. In other places he is superintending civil works. There is an elaborate representation of the transport to its place in a building of a gigantic image of a human-headed bull. Here and there was found what was thought to be the portrait of a monarch, on a very large scale, wearing his robes and head-dress, and carrying royal symbols in his hand;

about his neck is a string of sacred emblems; the tassels, fringes, and ornaments of his dress, and the ornaments of his person, his thrones, and his chariots, are elaborately displayed. Where the king is not personally present, it is evident that most of the tableaux relate to his majesty's service, and principally to his wars and conquests. We have his warriors in chariots, on horseback, and on foot; spearmen, archers, men armed with the sword and with the mace. We have his troops embarked in galleys, or on rafts supported by inflated skins. The characters of the different countries which are the theatres of war, are indicated by trees, mountains, streams, marshes, by the physiognomy and costumes of the enemy, by the kind of booty, and by the images of their gods, which are being carried away in triumph. There is no Homeric ascription of great qualities to the foe, although, as we shall see, we have much reason to believe that Ionia and Greece generally derived much of their art and elegance from Assyria. On the contrary, the Assyrians seem to have had a charter for "whipping creation;" they pursue, they kill, they over-ride, they crack a castle or a fenced city like a nut, they carry away captive whole nations, they load themselves with spoil. And this is not the worst; we see them putting to death and torturing their prisoners, and in one slab flaying them alive. Scribes take account of the enemies' heads that are brought in; some of the enemy are seen writhing impaled upon the field; birds of prey fly through the air carrying in their beaks the entrails of the slain; but no Assyrian is ever seen dead, or wounded, or prisoner. In other compartments, troops of women and children, and bands of musicians, are going out to meet the returning conquerors. Apes, camels, rhinoceroses, elephants, antelopes, buffaloes, come on the scene either as spoil or tribute.

The king is in some places represented with the symbol of the supreme being above his head. This figure is like that of a man wearing a horned cap, such as is seen on the human-headed figures of animals, and shooting an arrow; it is surrounded by a circle with wings. Occasionally the figure has three heads. There is a god with the head of a bird, and another compounded of the figures of a man and a fish. No doubt, among these are Baal and Rimmon, and Nisroch and Nebbo. Again, the hunting pieces prove that the pursuit in which Nimrod excelled

maintained its reputation as long as Assyria was an empire. The noblest chase of all was that of the lion, and it is the subject of very many bas-reliefs. The king, generally attended, is shown to us despatching the other king (of the beasts, to wit) by quite a Homeric variety of deaths. There is the hand-to-hand encounter, where the monarch seizes the wild beast by his beard and stabs him through the heart, making us think of another king,

Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's  
hand.

The lion is transfixed with javelins or arrows, and some of the most spirited sculptures are those which exhibit the animal as wounded and making desperate efforts of pain and rage; one fine specimen is the figure of a maddened lion seizing a chariot-wheel with his claws and teeth.\* The king on one slab is pouring libations over dead lions. But there is other hunting too; we find leashes of fine dogs held in readiness for the sport, and afterwards are made to understand, by lifelike tableaux, how they pulled down the wild ass. Gazelles in many well-drawn attitudes flee before the hunters, or are transfixed by spears or arrows; and, by a scene which represents the capture of a wild ass, we learn that the lasso was in use. Deer were destroyed in quantities. Preparations for the chase furnish the subjects of a series of bas-reliefs. Huntmen and other servants are seen bringing out the hounds, and bearing themselves, or driving mules which bear, ropes, gins, and nets, for the sport. Only one lady of rank has yet been seen on the sculptures, and she is probably a queen, from the attendance and state which appertain to her. She is feasting with a king, who reclines in Eastern fashion under a shade of vine branches. The piece is highly finished and admirably preserved.

One remarkable series of bas-reliefs represents the process of moving to its place in a building one of the colossal human-headed bulls, weighing forty or fifty tons each, of which Mr. Layard found a great number. The laborious work is done by innumerable captives, directed in all its parts by taskmasters and over-

seers, and superintended by the king in person, attended by his guards, and sitting in a chariot with an umbrella over his head. The implements for this service were brought up in carts, or on men's shoulders. Crow-bars and other levers, wedges, and rollers, seem to have been the only mechanical powers used. There were plenty of strong cables to pull with. The huge figure was supported in a frame, and placed on a sledge, which was hauled by main force up the mound on which stood the building to which it was to be appropriated. Men steadied it while on its rough passage by ropes and poles, and a great lever, worked by many men behind the sledge, served to guide the mass or to help it over obstacles. Some of the overseers use speaking-trumpets to give their orders. It is a very animated scene. Mr. Layard tells us that, before he found these bas-reliefs, he had arranged and superintended the moving of one of these colossal bulls from the place where he found it to the Tigris for conveyance to England, and that the means which he had used were the very same which the Assyrians are shown in the sculptures to be using, except that he carried his figure on a cart instead of a sledge. Some of these bulls are twenty feet high; the human-headed lions also are very large; on some of these figures there are long inscriptions.

Some beautiful border-work of honeysuckles, and of other flowers interspersed among figures of animals, was discovered; also an emblematic tree of peculiar trace, thought to be the tree of life. A number of bells and of bronze weights in the forms of lions were found; and there were altars and inscribed cylinders, parts of daggers, swords and shields, vases, cups, and dishes. Two entire glass bowls and fragments of others were also turned up, and some ivory objects, one of which was thought to be a royal sceptre; but a more interesting discovery was that of the king's throne itself. There it stood, still recognizable as the chair of state delineated in the sculptures, although twenty or more centuries must have elapsed since it had been seen by human eyes. "With the exception of the legs, which appear to have been partly of ivory, it was of wood, cased or overlaid with bronze. The metal was elaborately engraved and embossed with symbolical figures and ornaments, like those embroidered on the robes of the early Nimroud king, such as winged deities struggling with griffins, mythic animals, the

\* We have no reason to think that Assyrian achievement went beyond gallantly destroying the lion. The Egyptians tamed and utilized the beast, making him run down game for them.



sacred tree, and the winged lion and bull. In front of the throne was the foot-stool, also of wood overlaid with embossed metal, and adorned with the heads of bulls. The feet ended in lions' paws and pine-cones, like those of the throne." Of iron implements, were found pick-heads, a double-handled saw, supposed heads of sledge-hammers, and an instrument used for undermining walls in sieges.

Having thus given a short account of what was found in the mounds of the Tigris, let us go on to say what are the deductions which science has made from these relics. In the first place, the basements of the buildings in which the sculptures stood have been, with great labour and patience, satisfactorily traced, so that we know the ground-plans of some of them. Their walls were chiefly of brick, either sun-dried or burnt, and the bricks were generally inscribed or stamped, and we read of some of them being painted and even gilded. The sculptured slabs of gypsum made facings to the brickwork, and skirted the chambers to a greater or less height. The winged lions and bulls were found to stand generally flanking doorways or main entrances. It has been pretty clearly made out that the whole of these discovered buildings were either royal palaces or temples, or public buildings of some kind; perhaps each of them served more than one purpose. In the mound of Nimroud there were no less than four of these palaces, distinguished as the South-East, the South-West, the Centre, and the North-West. At Khorsabad but one palace was discovered, and two at Kouyunjik, although the records tell that there were more there. The mound at Kalah Shergat appears never to have been thoroughly explored: the perils of that neighbourhood were great; the Arabs were hostile and powerful, and the tribes that were friendly to the explorers, and gave them protection, did not fancy a long sojourn near such formidable bands. One or two figures, and the remains of many walls, were found in this large mound, as also a great number of tombs, showing Kalah Shergat to have been extensively used as a burying-place, but at a period subsequent to the destruction of the Assyrian empire. Mr. Layard does not, however, think that it ever contained a palace such as those in the other mounds.

Now it fortunately happens that on the backs of the sculptured slabs of gypsum

the name of a king is frequently inscribed; and this offered a guide to discovering the builder in each case, provided the inscription could be understood. And supposing the difficulties of the writing and language to be to any extent mastered, there were means of getting at a good deal of the history of the empire, because there were inscriptions on the faces of some of the slabs. As has been said, some of the large figures also were inscribed: between the pairs of colossal figures guarding the entrances, there were generally large slabs with records on them; and obelisks and cylinders covered with historical inscriptions were also found. Now it is true that to this day learned men are not quite agreed as to the reading of the cuneiform writing, nor as to the meaning of the words. There is, however, sufficient accord among them to warrant a belief that we have got at the meaning of much of this Assyrian writing, and that we can tell who built some of the palaces.

The north-west palace at Nimroud is the largest there, and the oldest palace that has been found. Its builder had a jaw-breaking name, which is now very well known, and quite recognizable in the Assyrian characters, but for the letters of it our greatest authorities do not all find exactly the same English equivalents. It is thought to be just such a name as the Greeks would have smoothed down into *Σαρδαναπόλος*; and accordingly, he has been distinguished as Sardanapalus. He was a great warrior and builder, and flourished 900 years B.C. Since we have become acquainted with Assyrian remains and records, it is known that there were several kings whose names would be probably written "Sardanapalus" by the Greeks. Possibly these have been confounded, and the acts of two or more of them ascribed to one. Clearly, he of whom we are now speaking cannot be the Sardanapalus with whom we are best acquainted—namely, the one who lost the empire.

Shalmaneser, son of the above, built the centre palace at Nimroud. He also was a great conqueror, and greatly strengthened his empire. He had tributaries in Chaldæa, Babylonia, and probably in Persia, Syria, Phœnicia, and Northern Mesopotamia. Armenia and Media also paid him tribute; and in one tablet\* the Jewish king Jehu is said to have acknowledged his power in this

\* Now in the British Museum.

way. This fixes Shalmaneser's period to somewhere about 840 years B.C.

Shalmaneser's grandson — whose name is given as Iva-lush, with variations according to the different methods of reading, and does not appear to be the same with any historical name — built some upper chambers on the mound of Nimroud, between the north-west and the south-west palaces. He also was a conqueror, and he had a wife with a name so suspiciously like Semiramis that some students believe her, though a personage of no pretension, to be the figure about which fables and glories have been wrapped and hung until she expanded into the classical Semiramis. The world has need to look to its heroes and heroines — William Tell is demolished, and here is Semiramis in a precarious condition.

The south-eastern palace at Nimroud was built by Tiglath-Pileser, the third monarch of that name. He it was who carried away captive some of the Jewish tribes. This was only one of many exploits. It is hoped that there are materials for ascertaining the chronicles of his reign with some distinctness, as it occurred at a period which is within the reach of history — viz., 744 to 726 B.C.

The palace at Khorsabad, the remains of which were discovered by M. Botta, was the work of Sargon (named in Isaiah, xx. 1), who seems to have been an Eastern Napoleon. He not only subdued the countries near about him, but also Syria, Egypt, and Ethiopia, and carried his arms into Asia Minor, and even to the island of Cyprus.

The name of the next builder is more familiar to us. Sennacherib, the son of Sargon, erected the grand palace at Kouyunjik, and he and his descendants filled it with inscribed records of his reign, so that a full Assyrian history of that period (704 to 680 B.C.) may be forthcoming. We know already from Scripture that Sennacherib was succeeded by his son Esar-haddon; and Assyrian chronicles agree with this account, giving the successor's name as Asshur-akh-idin. This Esar-haddon built the south-west palace at Nimroud with materials taken from the older palaces. He it was who carried Manasseh, King of Judah, away captive to Babylon about 677 B.C.

His son, a second Sardanapalus, built the second or northern palace at Kouyunjik. He greatly embellished the palace of Sennacherib, filling it with sculptures exhibiting that monarch's exploits, and

he left ample materials for collecting the history of his own reign. He contributes something, no doubt, to the Greek Sardanapalus — indeed he is believed to be the builder of Tarsus and Anchiale, and the author of the celebrated sensual motto about eating and drinking and being jolly — but his son was the sovereign who lost the empire, and perished in the burning palace to which he had himself set fire. The Assyrian name of this son does not look like Sardanapalus at all, and at present we do not know why the Greeks attributed the act of self-immolation to a Sardanapalus.

We have picked out these notices of the builders of the palaces to give some idea of the value of Mr. Layard's work. It must be stated, however, that the outline of a continuous history of the great Assyrian monarchy has already been traced from the disinterred records, and that the accounts of some of the reigns are likely to be filled in with considerable minuteness whenever the deciphering of the inscriptions shall have been accomplished; and very satisfactory accounts they are likely to be, for the sculptures illustrate the history all along, and we learn the manner of doing things as well as the things that were done.

As the mystery of the cuneiform writing is what stands between us and an extensive and accurate knowledge of many periods of the history of Persia, Babylonia, and Assyria, some account of this writing and its difficulties, as well as of the means by which the difficulties were to some extent overcome, may be interesting. The element or unit in this kind of writing is a figure in the shape of a wedge or arrow-head. Every separate symbol, such as a letter or numeral, is either a single wedge placed in a certain attitude, or a cluster of wedges grouped in a particular manner. A single wedge may of course be written vertically with the thin or the broad end uppermost, it may be written horizontally with the broad end to the right or to the left, and it may be written inclined to the vertical or to the horizontal, and its point turned either way — representing in every one of these attitudes a different sound. If this variety can be achieved with a single wedge, the great number of sounds that may be represented by different combinations of two or of more wedges may be imagined. To find the different shapes that can be made out of a limited number is an exercise in permutation; but if the number of wedges be unlimited, the combinations



are infinite. When in modern times the remains of this kind of writing began to attract attention, there was not the slightest clue to its interpretation. The meaning had utterly perished. If only a word, or even a letter, had been certainly understood, the ingenious brains of scholars would speedily by its means have learned something more, and then from that something advanced a further stage, from the small seed obtaining at last a tree with many branches. But the ignorance was absolute; and yet, as we shall see, it was not hopeless, neither did it deter students from essaying the solution of this hard enigma. After a time, the faintest possible ray of light began to appear. There was reason to believe, from the length and the number of the words in three different sentences on the same stone, that one and the same meaning had been expressed in three different languages, or that each of these periods was a translation of the other two. This discovery did not seem to promise much, for all three tongues were written in cuneiform characters, and all three were entirely unknown. If, as in the case of the Rosetta stone, one or more of the inscriptions had been legible and intelligible, the unknown part or parts would at once have been to a certain extent clear. But where all three languages and modes of writing were equally obscure, how should any one of them serve to interpret the others? And yet these trilingual inscriptions were the means of bringing light upon all three languages and modes of writing. A learned and most ingenious German scholar (Grotefend) observed that a great many of these inscriptions were nearly the same as to length and characters, the difference being in two or three words introduced at a particular part of the inscription. He thought it likely that the inscriptions might repeat some set form, glorifying the king, or announcing some act of his, as the erection of a building, and that the words which were not always the same were the names of the different kings and of their fathers, like Jeroboam the son of Nebat, according to Eastern custom. This idea was strengthened by the discovery that the word which seemed to represent the king on one stone would represent the king's father on a later stone, and from a still later stone entirely disappear, while a new name was introduced. The learned decipherer at last became satisfied that these variable words denoted a succession of kings.

He made a guess at the names on some tablets known to relate to Persia—assuming that the characters on the oldest stone meant Darius the son of Hystaspes, and that when one of these names vanished while the other remained, although in a different position, and a new name was introduced, the changed characters meant Xerxes the son of Darius.\* Fortunately he had hit the mark, and, having assured himself that he knew the names intended, he was able to ascertain the sounds of some of the letters; these letters, with a little clever guessing, led to the discovery of others, and so a breach was made in the wall of thick darkness which had shrouded the cuneiform writing. It need hardly be stated that when one of the tongues on the trilingual tablets came to be known, a key more or less effectual would be found for the others. In this way much progress has been made with the interpretation, which has in many cases been proved to be sound by its disclosure of facts unknown before, but which subsequent discoveries have verified. Several times in the course of his narratives Mr. Layard points to this versification, saying of some historical fact which his researches had brought to light, or which had been worked out of inscriptions in some other tongue, that it had been previously announced by Sir H. Rawlinson, or Mr. Hincks, or M. Oppert, who had learned it from the cuneiform tablets or cylinders. Thus it was proved that they had read the cuneiform writing aright in many instances. There remain, notwithstanding, numerous difficulties. Translators do not agree as to all the details, and in some of the tongues symbols have been used for whole words, like hieroglyphics; so that one may know the alphabet, and yet be ignorant of what these symbols mean. One of the cylinders found in Nineveh was a sort of hornbook showing what many of these signs meant, and thus little by little the darkness is being dispelled.

As examples of the kind of information which has been furnished, let the following be taken. There is a detailed Assyrian account of the wars between Sennacherib and Hezekiah, King of Judah, the agreement of which with the Scriptural account is most remarkable.† The taking of the city of Lachish is not only

\* Of course he was aware of the extreme improbability of the names being spelt in Persian the same as in Greek; but he assumed that there would be an approach to identity of spelling.

† Vide 18th chapter of Second Book of Kings.

recorded in writing, but a series of bas-reliefs exhibits all the particulars of it. Sennacherib commanded in person at the siege, and after the town was taken sat on his throne to give decrees concerning it, and to receive the submission of the conquered and dispose of the prisoners. If any man doubts the severity of the punishment which fell upon the wretched Jews for their idolatry, he will do well to study Mr. Layard's accounts and drawings. Sennacherib's account of the little *douceur*—his direct claims—which Hezekiah paid him to avert his vengeance, are consistent with those of the writer of the Second Book of Kings. The thirty talents of gold are expressly mentioned as the principal part of the booty. The builder of the palace at Kouyunjik is thus identified with the Sennacherib of Scripture. It is Sennacherib's throne that was found as above stated; that is very plain from the sculptures. "The metal fragments sent to England have been skilfully put together, so that the Assyrian king's throne upon which Sennacherib himself sat, and the footstool which he used, may now be seen at the British Museum. A rod with loose rings, to which was once hung an embroidered curtain, appears to have belonged to the back of the chair, or to a framework raised above or behind it."

Again, the account of the arms of King Sargon having been carried as far as Cyprus, and of his having received tribute from kings in that island, was known to us only through interpretations of cuneiform records found in the mounds. If the interpretation was incorrect, or if the statement should be unsupported, the account might be mere fiction. But since the announcement of the fact on the authority of the Assyrian record, a slate has been discovered at Idalium, in Cyprus,\* with the effigy of Sargon, and an inscription containing his name and titles, thus furnishing a remarkable proof of the faithfulness of the chronicle, and of the soundness of the translation.

Among the curiosities turned out by Mr. Layard was a piece of clay bearing impressions of the seals of state of Egypt and Assyria, the respective kings of those countries being at the period Sabaco the Second and Shalmaneser. In the clay is

a hole, as if for a string to run through, and the finder has no doubt that this clay was attached, as we attach seals in wax, to an agreement or treaty. Now, we know from Scripture (2 Kings, xvii. 4) that Hoshea, King of Israel, by conspiring with So (believed to be Sabaco), King of Egypt, called down upon his nation the wrath of Shalmaneser; and there can be little doubt that the parchment or papyrus to which the clay was once attached exhibited the settlement on account of this conspiracy between Shalmaneser and So. The document must have long since perished, but the clay enables us to guess at the subject-matter of it.

The words of Scripture receive curious illustration from scenes in the bas-reliefs. On one slab a castle is portrayed with the shields of the defenders hung round the walls; and in the 27th chapter of Ezekiel, verse 11, are the words "they hanged their shields upon thy walls round about." It would seem, from the context in Ezekiel, that the object of this was to set off the beauty of the citadel; and we see from the sculptures that such a practice, whatever may have been its object, prevailed among Assyrian warriors. It is recorded in the Second Book of Kings that the heads of the seventy sons of Ahab were brought to Jezreel in baskets and laid in two heaps at the gate. The sculptures abundantly show that acts of this kind were not uncommon; for we see not only the act of decapitation, or the carrying away the head of an enemy as a trophy, but also the official reception of the heaps of heads—soldiers bringing them in, and officers taking account of them. The prophet Zechariah mentions "the bells of the horses," and the sculptures explain the allusion, as in them the horses of the cavalry and of the chariots are continually represented with bells round their necks. Shushan, the palace, is mentioned in the inscriptions the same as in Scripture. Instances of the Scriptural records and the Assyrian remains illustrating one another repeatedly occur; but perhaps in nothing is this so remarkable as in the mutual light reflected from the written description of Solomon's temple and palaces, of their workmanship and ornaments, and from the remains, representations, and accounts of the Assyrian palaces. We have not space to follow these illustrations, but they will amply repay the labour of any one who may study them.\* There is every reason to believe

\* We should draw attention to the fact that the Government of the United States has lately interested itself in explorations in the Isle of Cyprus; and that it is proposed—or perhaps already determined—to establish a National Museum in the Union, to which the Cyprus explorations will furnish the first antiquities.

\* Since this paper was written, a most interesting



that the wood in the magnificent Assyrian palaces was cedar of Lebanon ; and some of it, quite sound, remains to this day in the mounds. Mr. Layard, smelling one day in the excavations the fragrance of cedar, inquired the meaning of it, and found that the Arabs, wanting a fire, were burning a beam from the ruins ; it had retained its scent for probably three thousand years. The bronzes which were found cannot have been all made of native, or even of Asiatic metal ; the tin was procured immediately from Phœnicia, which was tributary to Assyria. But we know that the Phœnicians came to Britain for their tin ; so that the relics which an Englishman digs out of the mounds of Nineveh in the present age, and which belonged to Sennacherib and his ancestors, contain Cornish tin taken from the mines three or four thousand years ago.

It is remarkable that no private house has been traced in Nineveh, so that the domestic life of the Assyrians is still unknown to us. The people, no doubt, dwelt in tents, or in very frail huts, which were easily destroyed when the city was taken. There is reason to think that all or many of the mounds were parts of one immense city which was spread out between them. Some of the mounds were fortified, and the ramparts and ditches can still be traced ; but it is doubtful whether there were walls surrounding the whole vast city. When the empire fell with the grandson of Esar-haddon, it is clear that the palaces and temples were destroyed by fire, the work either of the Assyrians themselves, who may have been as heroic as the citizens of Moscow were in a later day, or of the victorious enemy after everything which could conveniently be carried away had been removed. That the enemy had a spite against the proud sculptures, and wished to blot out the deeds which they commemorate, is evident, for he had begun the work of defacing the slabs. Probably finding this a tedious task, he ad-

ressed himself to obliterating with a chisel the features of the king wherever he was portrayed ; and poor Sennacherib's head has been punched in this way over and over again. Perhaps, when there was found to be not time even for the punching, fire was resorted to ; we may be thankful that some of the slabs and images escaped both the chisel and the fire. It is still a question how the Assyrians disposed of their dead, because, although hundreds of graves have been found, not one can be absolutely pronounced to belong to that nation, but may be of the Persian, or Macedonian, or Arabian period. This absence of tombs, where so much of other remains has been found, suggests that the dead may have been burned ; and the discovery of a few vases which may be sepulchral urns gives some colour to this supposition.

So considerable a knowledge has been acquired, through Mr. Layard's means, of the architecture of Assyria, that Mr. Fergusson, in a very interesting work,\* has suggested a restoration of the palaces ; and Mr. Fergusson's views appear to be good in the eyes of Mr. Layard. We cannot, however, further refer to the restorations, our subject having been the explorations effected by Mr. Layard. We are obliged on the present occasion to pass over also the many most interesting excursions which Mr. Layard made into Kurdistan, Babylonia, and Armenia. His accounts of the modern Arabs, Nestorians, and Yezidis or Devil-worshippers, are as copious and instructive as those of his explorations. His adventures, and the traits of Arab and Turkish character, are most amusing. He did not make the whole of his examinations at one visit, but returned to Europe after the first trial, which had been undertaken at the joint expense of Sir Stratford Canning and himself, and then again went out to the Tigris and resumed his work in communication with the British Museum, and aided by a grant of British money. He had troubles innumerable to encounter — frequent sickness, constant danger, want of mechanical means, the hard-headedness of the Arabs, the ignorance and obstructive cunning of the Turks ; but in spite of all he triumphed, and did his work thoroughly. To his efforts we owe the return to its place in history of a country over which the waters of oblivion had been rolling for thousands of

decipherment, by Mr. Smith of the British Museum, of certain tablets found in the palace of Sardanapalus, has been made public. The inscriptions, which date from the 7th century B.C., are but copies of inscriptions 1000, or more, years older. These tablets contain a profane account of the Deluge ; and Mr. Smith's communication, made in the second week of December 1872, will greatly delight those who take an interest in these subjects. As in other cases, some of the interpretations are disputed, especially the readings of proper names. Mr. Smith has, however, Sir H. Rawlinson with him. Whatever may have been his success as to details, it is not disputed that he has unravelled the substance of the accounts.

\* The Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis Restored.

years. He has presented us with his own invaluable discoveries, and he has set hundreds of brains working to extract the full knowledge derivable therefrom. He has not only been himself a potent friend to science, but he is the cause that others make their learning productive. We can admire him in three capacities, in any one of which a great reputation might have been earned. A thoughtful and sound diviner, he, on solid grounds, and after a personal inspection, determined that the mounds of the Tigris must be something more than heaps of earth and rubbish; and so firm was his conviction of their concealed treasure, that the comparative failure of attempts less earnest than his did not shake it. An earnest and thorough worker under great difficulties, he did service far beyond the common as a digger and searcher. A collector and appraiser of the prizes, he was able on the spot to assign their relative values to the objects found, to understand their general meaning, to secure the information derivable from such as could not be removed, and to foresee the scientific results which must undoubtedly proceed from his labours. Those who have studied his works will not fail to do him full justice; but there are very many of the present generation, probably, who do not know what we owe him, nor how suddenly and completely he resuscitated the records of an empire, and opened a new field for our instruction and entertainment.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

BOOK FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

FROM ISAURO CICOGNA TO MADAME DE GRANTMESNIL.

It is many days since I wrote to you, and but for your delightful note just received, reproaching me for silence, I should still be under the spell of that awe which certain words of M. Savarin were well fitted to produce. Chancing to ask him if he had written to you lately, he said, with that laugh of his, good-humouredly ironical, "No, Mademoiselle, I am not one of the *Facheux* whom Molière has immortalized. If the meeting of lovers should be sacred from the intrusion

of a third person, however amiable, more sacred still should be the parting between an author and his work. Madame de Grantmesnil is in that moment so solemn to a genius earnest as hers—she is bidding farewell to a companion with whom, once dismissed into the world, she can never converse familiarly again; it ceases to be her companion when it becomes ours. Do not let us disturb the last hours they will pass together."

These words struck me much. I suppose there is truth in them. I can comprehend that a work which has long been all in all to its author, concentrating his thoughts, gathering round it the hopes and fears of his inmost heart, dies, as it were, to him when he has completed its life for others, and launched it into a world estranged from the solitude in which it was born and formed. I can almost conceive that, to a writer like you, the very fame which attends the work thus sent forth chills your own love for it. The characters you created in a fairy land, known but to yourself, must lose something of their mysterious charm when you hear them discussed and cavilled at, blamed or praised, as if they were really the creatures of streets and salons.

I wonder if hostile criticism pains or enrages you as it seems to do such other authors as I have known. M. Savarin, for instance, sets down in his tablets as an enemy to whom vengeance is due the smallest scribbler who wounds his self-love, and says frankly, "To me praise is food, dispraise is poison. Him who feeds me I pay; him who poisons me I break on the wheel. "M. Savarin is, indeed, a skilful and energetic administrator to his own reputation. He deals with it as if it were a kingdom—establishes fortifications for its defence—enlists soldiers to fight for it. He is the soul and centre of a confederation in which each is bound to defend the territory of the others, and all those territories united constitute the imperial realm of M. Savarin. Don't think me an ungracious satirist in what I am thus saying of our brilliant friend. It is not I who here speak; it is himself. He avows his policy with the *naïveté* which makes the charm of his style as writer. "It is the greatest mistake," he said to me yesterday, "to talk of the Republic of Letters. Every author who wins a name is a sovereign in his own domain, be it large or small. Woe to any republican who wants to dethrone me!" Somehow or other, when M. Savarin thus talks I feel as if he were betraying the



cause of genius. I cannot bring myself to regard literature as a craft—to me it is a sacred mission; and in hearing this “sovereign” boast of the tricks by which he maintains his state, I seem to listen to a priest who treats as imposture the religion he professes to teach. M. Savarin’s favourite *élève* now is a young contributor to his journal, named Gustave Rameau. M. Savarin said the other day in my hearing, “I and my set were *Young France*—Gustave Rameau and his set are *New Paris*.”

“And what is the distinction between the one and the other?” asked my American friend, Mrs. Morley.

“The set of ‘Young France,’” answered M. Savarin, “had in it the hearty consciousness of youth: it was bold and vehement, with abundant vitality and animal spirits; whatever may be said against it in other respects, the power of thews and sinews must be conceded to its chief representatives. But the set of ‘New Paris’ has very bad health, and very indifferent spirits. Still, in its way, it is very clever; it can sting and bite as keenly as if it were big and strong. Rameau is the most promising member of the set. He will be popular in his time, because he represents a good deal of the mind of his time—viz., the mind and the time of ‘New Paris.’”

Do you know anything of this young Rameau’s writings? You do not know himself, for he told me so, expressing a desire that was evidently very sincere, to find some occasion on which to render you his homage. He said this the first time I met him at M. Savarin’s, and before he knew how dear to me are yourself and your fame. He came and sate by me after dinner, and won my interest at once by asking me if I had heard that you were busied on a new work; and then, without waiting for my answer, he launched forth into praises of you, which made a notable contrast to the scorn with which he spoke of all your contemporaries, except indeed M. Savarin, who however, might not have been pleased to hear his favourite pupil style him “a great writer in small things.” I spare you his epigrams on Dumas and Victor Hugo and my beloved Lamartine. Though his talk was showy, and dazzled me at first, I soon got rather tired of it—even the first time we met. Since then I have seen him very often, not only at M. Savarin’s, but he calls here at least every other day, and we have become quite good friends. He gains on

acquaintance so far, that one cannot help feeling how much he is to be pitied. He is so envious! and the envious must be so unhappy. And then he is at once so near and so far from all the things that he envies. He longs for riches and luxury, and can only as yet earn a bare competence by his labours. Therefore he hates the rich and luxurious. His literary successes, instead of pleasing him, render him miserable by their contrast with the fame of the authors whom he envies and assails. He has a beautiful head, of which he is conscious, but it is joined to a body without strength or grace. He is conscious of this too: but it is cruel to go on with this sketch. You can see at once the kind of person who, whether he inspire affection or dislike, cannot fail to create an interest—painful but compassionate.

You will be pleased to hear that Dr. C. considers my health so improved, that I may next year enter fairly on the profession for which I was intended and trained. Yet I still feel hesitating and doubtful. To give myself wholly up to the art in which I am told I could excel, must alienate me entirely from the ambition that yearns for fields in which, alas! it may perhaps never appropriate to itself a rood for culture—only wander, lost in a vague fairyland, to which it has not the fairy’s birthright. O thou great Enchantress, to whom are equally subject the streets of Paris and the realm of Faerie—thou who hast sounded to the deeps that circumfluent ocean called “practical human life,” and hast taught the acutest of its navigators to consider how far its courses are guided by orbs in heaven—canst thou solve this riddle which, if it perplexes me, must perplex so many? What is the real distinction between the rare genius and the commonality of human souls that feel to the quick all the grandest and divinest things which the rare genius places before them, sighing within themselves—“This rare genius does but express that which was previously familiar to us, so far as thought and sentiment extend?” Nay, the genius itself, however eloquent, never does, never can, express the whole of the thought or the sentiment it interprets: on the contrary, the greater the genius is, the more it leaves a something of incomplete satisfaction on our minds—it promises so much more than it performs—it implies so much more than it announces. I am impressed with the truth of what I thus say in proportion

as I reperuse and restudy the greatest writers that have come within my narrow range of reading. And by the greatest writers I mean those who are not exclusively reasoners (of such I cannot judge), nor mere poets (of whom, so far as concerns the union of words with music, I ought to be able to judge), but the few who unite reason and poetry, and appeal at once to the common-sense of the multitude and the imagination of the few. The highest type of this union to me is Shakespeare; and I can comprehend the justice of no criticism on him which does not allow this sense of incomplete satisfaction augmenting in proportion as the poet soars to his highest. I ask again, In what consists this distinction between the rare genius and the commonality of minds that exclaim, "He expresses what we feel, but never the whole of what we feel?" Is it the mere power over language, a larger knowledge of dictionaries, a finer ear for period and cadence, a more artistic craft in casing our thoughts and sentiments in well-selected words? Is it true what Buffon says, "that the style is the man"? Is it true what I am told Goethe said, "Poetry is form"? I cannot believe this; and if you tell me it is true, then I no longer pine to be a writer. But if it be not true, explain to me how it is that the greatest genius is popular in proportion as it makes itself akin to us by uttering in better words than we employ that which was already within us, brings to light what in our souls was latent, and does but correct, beautify, and publish the correspondence which an ordinary reader carries on privately every day, between himself and his mind or his heart. If this superiority in the genius be but style and form, I abandon my dream of being something else than a singer of words by another to the music of another. But then, what then? My knowledge of books and art is wonderfully small. What little I do know I gather from very few books, and from what I hear said by the few worth listening to whom I happen to meet; and out of these, in solitude and reverie, not by conscious effort, I arrive at some results which appear to my inexperience original. Perhaps, indeed, they have the same kind of originality as the musical compositions of amateurs who effect a cantata or a quartette made up of borrowed details from great masters, and constituting a whole so original that no real master would deign to own it. Oh, if I could get you to understand how un-

settled, how struggling my whole nature at this moment is! I wonder what is the sensation of the chrysalis which has been a silk-worm, when it first feels the new wings stirring within its shell—wings, alas! that are but those of the humblest and shortest-lived sort of moth, scarcely born into daylight before it dies. Could it reason, it might regret its earlier life, and say, "Better be the silk-worm than the moth."

*From the Same to the Same.*

Have you known well any English people in the course of your life? I say well, for you must have had acquaintance with many. But it seems to me so difficult to know an Englishman well. Even I, who so loved and revered Mr. Selby—I, whose childhood was admitted into his companionship by that love which places ignorance and knowledge, infancy and age, upon ground so equal that heart touches heart—cannot say that I understand the English character to anything like the extent to which I fancy I understand the Italian and the French. Between us of the Continent and them of the island the British Channel always flows. There is an Englishman here to whom I have been introduced, whom I have met, though but seldom, in that society which bounds the Paris world to me. Pray, pray tell me, did you ever know, ever meet him? His name is Graham Vane. He is the only son, I am told, of a man who was a *célébrité* in England as an orator and statesman, and on both sides he belongs to the *haute aristocratie*. He himself has that indescribable air and mien to which we apply the epithet "distinguished." In the most crowded *salon* the eye would fix on him, and involuntarily follow his movements. Yet his manners are frank and simple, wholly without the stiffness or reserve which are said to characterize the English. There is an inborn dignity in his bearing which consists in the absence of all dignity assumed. But what strikes me most in this Englishman is an expression of countenance which the English depict by the word "open"—that expression which inspires you with a belief in the existence of sincerity. Mrs. Morley said of him, in that poetic extravagance of phrase by which the Americans startle the English—"That man's forehead would light up the Mammoth Cave." Do you not know, Eulalie, what it is to us cultivators of art—art being the expression of truth through fiction—



to come into the atmosphere of one of those souls in which Truth stands out bold and beautiful in itself, and needs no idealization through fiction? Oh, how near we should be to heaven could we live daily, hourly, in the presence of one the honesty of whose word we could never doubt, the authority of whose word we could never disobey! Mr. Vane professes not to understand music—not even to care for it, except rarely—and yet he spoke of its influence over others with an enthusiasm that half charmed me back once more to my destined calling—nay, might have charmed me wholly, but that he seemed to think that I—that any public singer—must be a creature apart from the world—the world in which such men live. Perhaps that is true.

#### CHAPTER II.

It was one of those lovely noons towards the end of May in which a rural suburb has the mellow charm of summer to him who escapes awhile from the streets of a crowded capital. The Londoner knows its charm when he feels his tread on the softening swards of the Vale of Health, or, pausing at Richmond under the budding willow, gazes on the river glittering in the warmer sunlight, and hears from the villa-gardens behind him the brief trill of the blackbird. But the suburbs round Paris are, I think, a yet more pleasing relief from the metropolis; they are more easily reached, and I know not why, but they seem more rural, perhaps because the contrast of their repose with the stir left behind—of their redundancy of leaf and blossom, compared with the prim efflorescence of trees in the Boulevards and Tuileries—is more striking. However that may be, when Graham reached the pretty suburb in which Isaura dwelt, it seemed to him as if all the wheels of the loud busy life were suddenly smitten still. The hour was yet early; he felt sure that he should find Isaura at home. The garden-gate stood unfastened and ajar; he pushed it aside and entered. I think I have before said that the garden of the villa was shut out from the road, and the gaze of neighbours, by a wall and thick belt of evergreens; it stretched behind the house somewhat far for the garden of a suburban villa. He paused when he had passed the gateway, for he heard in the distance the voice of one singing—singing low, singing plaintively. He knew it was the voice of Isaura; he passed on,

leaving the house behind him, and tracking the voice till he reached the singer.

Isaura was seated within an arbour towards the further end of the garden—an arbour which, a little later in the year, must indeed be delicate and dainty with lush exuberance of jessamine and woodbine; now into its iron trellis-work leaflet and flowers were insinuating their gentle way. Just at the entrance one white rose—a winter rose that had mysteriously survived its relations—opened its pale hues frankly to the noonday sun. Graham approached slowly, noiselessly, and the last note of the song had ceased when he stood at the entrance of the arbour. Isaura did not perceive him at first, for her face was bent downward musingly, as was often her wont after singing, especially when alone. But she felt that the place was darkened, that something stood between her and the sunshine. She raised her face, and a quick flush mantled over it as she uttered his name, not loudly, not as in surprise, but inwardly and whisperingly, as in a sort of fear.

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle," said Graham, entering; "but I heard your voice as I came into the garden, and it drew me onward involuntarily. What a lovely air! and what simple sweetness in such of the words as reached me! I am so ignorant of music that you must not laugh at me if I ask whose is the music and whose are the words? Probably both are so well known as to convict me of a barbarous ignorance."

"Oh no," said Isaura, with a still heightened colour, and in accents embarrassed and hesitating. "Both the words and music are by an unknown and very humble composer, yet not, indeed, quite original; they have not even that merit—at least they were suggested by a popular song in the Neapolitan dialect which is said to be very old."

"I don't know if I caught the true meaning of the words, for they seemed to me to convey a more subtle and refined sentiment than is common in the popular songs of southern Italy."

"The sentiment in the original is changed in the paraphrase, and not, I fear, improved by the change."

"Will you explain to me the sentiment in both, and let me judge which I prefer?"

"In the Neapolitan song a young fisherman, who has moored his boat under a rock on the shore, sees a beautiful face below the surface of the waters; he imagines it to be that of a Nereid, and

casts in his net to catch this supposed nymph of the ocean. He only disturbs the water, loses the image, and brings up a few common fishes. He returns home disappointed, and very much enamoured of the supposed Nereid. The next day he goes again to the same place, and discovers that the face which had so charmed him was that of a mortal girl reflected on the waters from the rock behind him, on which she had been seated, and on which she had her home. The original air is arch and lively; just listen to it." And Isaura warbled one of those artless and somewhat meagre tunes to which light-stringed instruments are the fitting accompaniment.

"That," said Graham, "is a different music indeed from the other, which is deep and plaintive, and goes to the heart."

"But do you not see how the words have been altered? In the song you first heard me singing, the fisherman goes again to the spot, again and again sees the face in the water, again and again seeks to capture the Nereid, and never knows to the last that the face was that of the mortal on the rock close behind him, and which he passed by without notice every day. Deluded by an ideal image, the real one escapes from his eye."

"Is the verse that is recast meant to symbolize a moral in love?"

"In love? nay, I know not; but in life, yes—at least the life of the artist."

"The paraphrase of the original is yours, Signorina—words and music both. Am I not right? Your silence answers, 'Yes.' Will you pardon me if I say that, though there can be no doubt of the new beauty you have given to the old song, I think that the moral of the old was the sounder one, the truer to human life. We do not go on to the last duped by an illusion. If enamoured by the shadow on the waters, still we do look around us and discover the image it reflects."

Isaura shook her head gently, but made no answer. On the table before her there were a few myrtle-sprigs and one or two buds from the last winter rose, which she had been arranging into a simple nosegay; she took up these, and abstractedly began to pluck and scatter the rose leaves.

"Despise the coming May flowers if you will, they will soon be so plentiful," said Graham; "but do not cast away the few blossoms which winter has so kindly spared, and which even summer will not give again;" and, placing his hand on the winter buds, it touched hers—lightly, in-

deed, but she felt the touch, shrank from it, coloured, and rose from her seat.

"The sun has left this side of the garden, the east wind is rising, and you must find it chilly here," she said, in an altered tone; "will you not come into the house?"

"It is not the air that I feel chilly," said Graham, with a half-smile; "I almost fear that my prosaic admonitions have displeased you."

"They were not prosaic; and they were kind and very wise," she added, with her exquisite laugh—laugh so wonderfully sweet and musical. She now had gained the entrance of the arbour; Graham joined her, and they walked towards the house. He asked her if she had seen much of the Savarins since they had met.

"Once or twice we have been there of an evening."

"And encountered, no doubt, the illustrious young minstrel who despises Tasso and Corneille?"

"M. Rameau? Oh yes; he is constantly at the Savarins'. Do not be severe on him. He is unhappy—he is struggling—he is soured. An artist has thorns in his path which lookers-on do not heed."

"All people have thorns in their path, and I have no great respect for those who want lookers-on to heed them whenever they are scratched. But M. Rameau seems to me one of those writers very common nowadays, in France and even in England; writers who have never read anything worth studying, and are, of course, presumptuous in proportion to their ignorance. I should not have thought an artist like yourself could have recognized an artist in a M. Rameau who despises Tasso without knowing Italian."

Graham spoke bitterly; he was once more jealous.

"Are you not an artist yourself? Are you not a writer? M. Savarin told me you were a distinguished man of letters."

"M. Savarin flatters me too much. I am not an artist, and I have a great dislike to that word as it is now hackneyed and vulgarized in England and in France. A cook calls himself an artist; a tailor does the same; a man writes a gaudy melodrama, a spasmodic song, a sensational novel, and straightway he calls himself an artist, and indulges in a pedantic jargon about 'essence' and 'form,' assuring us that a poet we can understand wants essence, and a poet we can scan wants form. Thank heaven, I am not vain enough to call myself artist. I have



written some very dry lucubrations in periodicals, chiefly political, or critical upon other subjects than art. But why, *à propos* of M. Rameau, did you ask me that question respecting myself?"

"Because much in your conversation," answered Isaura, in rather a mournful tone, "made me suppose you had more sympathies with art and its cultivators than you cared to avow. And if you had such sympathies, you would comprehend what a relief it is to a poor aspirant to art like myself to come into communication with those who devote themselves to any art distinct from the common pursuits of the world; what a relief it is to escape from the ordinary talk of society. There is a sort of instinctive freemasonry among us, including masters and disciples, and one art has a fellowship with other arts; mine is but song and music, yet I feel attracted towards a sculptor, a painter, a romance-writer, a poet, as much as towards a singer, a musician. Do you understand why I cannot condemn M. Rameau as you do? I differ from his tastes in literature; I do not much admire such of his writings as I have read; I grant that he overestimates his own genius, whatever that be, — yet I like to converse with him: he is a struggler upward, though with weak wings, or with erring footsteps, like myself."

"Mademoiselle," said Graham, earnestly, "I cannot say how I thank you for this candour. Do not condemn me for abusing it — if ——" he paused.

"If what?"

"If I, so much older than yourself — I do not say only in years, but in the experience of life — I, whose lot is cast among those busy and 'positive' pursuits, which necessarily quicken that unromantic faculty called common-sense — if, I say, the deep interest with which you must inspire all whom you admit into an acquaintance, even as unfamiliar as that now between us, makes me utter one caution, such as might be uttered by a friend or brother. Beware of those artistic sympathies which you so touchingly confess; beware how, in the great events of life, you allow fancy to misguide your reason. In choosing friends on whom to rely, separate the artist from the human being. Judge of the human being for what it is in itself. Do not worship the face on the waters, blind to the image on the rock. In one word, never see in an artist like a M. Rameau the human being to whom you could intrust the destinies of your life. Pardon me, pardon me; we may meet little here-

after, but you are a creature so utterly new to me, so wholly unlike any woman I have ever before encountered and admired, and to me seem endowed with such wealth of mind and soul, exposed to such hazard, that — that ——" again he paused, and his voice trembled as he concluded — "that it would be a deep sorrow to me if, perhaps years hence, I should have to say, 'Alas! by what mistake has that wealth been wasted!'"

While they had thus conversed, mechanically they had turned away from the house, and were again standing before the arbour.

Graham, absorbed in the passion of his adoration, had not till now looked into the face of the companion by his side. Now, when he had concluded, and heard no reply, he bent down and saw that Isaura was weeping silently.

His heart smote him.

"Forgive me," he exclaimed, drawing her hand into his; "I have had no right to talk thus; but it was not from want of respect; it was — it was —"

The hand which was yielded to his pressed it gently, timidly, chastely.

"Forgive!" murmured Isaura; "do you think that I, an orphan, have never longed for a friend who would speak to me thus?" And so saying, she lifted her eyes, streaming still, to his bended countenance — eyes, despite their tears, so clear in their innocent limpid beauty, so ingenuous, so frank, so virgin-like, so unlike the eyes of "any other woman he had encountered and admired."

"Alas!" he said, in quick and hurried accents, "you may remember, when we have before conversed, how I, though so uncultured in your art, still recognized its beautiful influence upon human breasts; how I sought to combat your own depreciation of its rank among the elevating agencies of humanity; how, too, I said that no man could venture to ask you to renounce the boards, the lamps — resign the fame of actress, of singer. Well, now that you accord to me the title of friend, now that you so touchingly remind me that you are an orphan — thinking of all the perils the young and beautiful of your sex must encounter when they abandon private life for public — I think that a true friend might put the question, 'Can you resign the fame of actress, of singer?'"

"I will answer you frankly. The profession which once seemed to me so alluring began to lose its charms in my eyes some months ago. It was your words, very eloquently expressed, on the

ennobling effects of music and song upon a popular audience, that counteracted the growing distaste to rendering up my whole life to the vocation of the stage. But now I think I should feel grateful to the friend whose advice interpreted the voice of my own heart, and bade me relinquish the career of actress."

Graham's face was radiant. But whatever might have been his reply was arrested; voices and footsteps were heard behind. He turned round and saw the Venosta, the Savarins, and Gustave Rameau.

Isaura heard and saw also, started in a sort of alarmed confusion, and then instinctively retreated towards the arbour.

Graham hurried on to meet the Signora and the visitors, giving time to Isaura to compose herself by arresting them in the pathway with conventional salutations.

A few moments later Isaura joined them, and there was talk to which Graham scarcely listened, though he shared in it by abstracted monosyllables. He declined going into the house, and took leave at the gate. In parting, his eyes fixed themselves on Isaura. Gustave Rameau was by her side. That nosegay which had been left in the arbour was in her hand; and though she was bending over it, she did not now pluck and scatter the rose-leaves. Graham at that moment felt no jealousy of the fair-faced young poet beside her.

As he walked slowly back, he muttered to himself, "But am I yet in the position to hold myself wholly free? Am I, am I? Were the sole choice before me that between her and ambition and wealth, how soon it would be made! Ambition has no prize equal to the heart of such a woman; wealth no sources of joy equal to the treasure of her love."

### CHAPTER III.

#### FROM ISAURA CICOGNA TO MADAME DE GRANTMESNIL.

THE day after I posted my last, Mr. Vane called on us. I was in our little garden at the time. Our conversation was brief, and soon interrupted by visitors—the Savarins and M. Rameau. I long for your answer. I wonder how he impressed you, if you have met him; how he would impress, if you met him now. To me he is so different from all others; and I scarcely know why his words ring in my ears, and his image rests in my thoughts. It is strange altogether; for though he is young, he

speaks to me as if he were so much older than I—so kindly, so tenderly, yet as if I were a child, and much as the dear *Maestro* might do, if he thought I needed caution or counsel. Do not fancy, Eulalie, that there is any danger of my deceiving myself as to the nature of such interest as he may take in me. Oh no! There is a gulf between us there which he does not lose sight of, and which we could not pass. How, indeed, I could interest him at all I cannot guess. A rich, high-born Englishman, intent on political life; practical, prosaic—no, not prosaic; but still with the kind of sense which does not admit into its range of vision that world of dreams which is familiar as their daily home to Romance and to Art. It has always seemed to me that for love, love such as I conceive it, there must be a deep and constant sympathy between two persons—not, indeed, in the usual and ordinary trifles of taste and sentiment, but in those essentials which form the root of character, and branch out in all the leaves and blooms that expand to the sunshine and shrink from the cold,—that the worldling, should wed the worldling, the artist the artist. Can the realist and the idealist blend together, and hold together till death, and beyond death? If not, can there be true love between them? By true love, I mean the love which interpenetrates the soul, and once given, can never die. Oh, Eulalie—answer me—answer!

P. S.—I have now fully made up my mind to renounce all thought of the stage.

*From Madame de Grantmesnil to Isaura Cicogna.*

MY DEAR CHILD,—How your mind has grown since you left me, the sanguine and aspiring votary of an art which of all arts brings the most immediate reward to a successful cultivator, and is in itself so divine in its immediate effects upon human souls! Who shall say what may be the after-results of those effects which the waiters on prosperity presume to despise because they are immediate? A dull man, to whose mind a ray of that vague starlight undetected in the atmosphere of workday life has never yet travelled; to whom the philosopher, the preacher, the poet appeal in vain—nay, to whom the conceptions of the grandest master of instrumental music are incomprehensible; to whom Beethoven unlocks no portal in heaven; to whom Rossini has no mysteries on earth unsolved



by the critics of the pit, — suddenly hears the human voice of the human singer, and at the sound of that voice the walls which enclosed him fall. The something far from and beyond the routine of his commonplace existence becomes known to him. He of himself, poor man, can make nothing of it. He cannot put it down on paper, and say the next morning, "I am an inch nearer to heaven than I was last night;" but the feeling that he *is* an inch nearer to heaven abides with him. Unconsciously he is gentler, he is less earthly, and in being nearer to heaven, he is stronger for earth. You singers do not seem to me to understand that you have — to use your own word, so much in vogue that it has become absurd and trite — a *mission*! When you talk of missions, from whom comes the mission? Not from men. If there be a mission from man to men, it must be appointed from on high.

Think of all this; and in being faithful to your art, be true to yourself. If you feel divided between that art and the art of the writer, and acknowledge the first to be too exacting to admit a rival, keep to that in which you are sure to excel. Alas, my fair child! do not imagine that we writers feel a happiness in our pursuits and aims more complete than that which you can command. If we care for fame (and, to be frank, we all do) that fame does not come before us face to face — a real, visible, palpable form, as it does to the singer, to the actress. I grant that it may be more enduring, but an endurance on the length of which we dare not reckon. A writer cannot be sure of immortality till his language itself be dead; and then he has but to share in an uncertain lottery. Nothing but fragments remains of the Phrynichus, who rivalled Æschylus; of the Agathon, who perhaps excelled Euripides; of the Alcæus, in whom Horace acknowledged a master and a model; their renown is not in their works, it is but in their names. And after all, the names of singers and actors last perhaps as long. Greece retains the name of Polus, Rome of Roscius, England of Garrick, France of Talma, Italy of Pasta, and more lastingly than posterity is likely to retain mine. You address to me a question, which I have often put to myself — "What is the distinction between the writer and the reader, when the reader says, 'These are *my* thoughts, these are *my* feelings; the writer has stolen them, and clothed them with his own words'?" And the more

the reader says this, the more wide is the audience, the more genuine the renown, and, paradox though it seems, the more consummate the originality, of the writer. But no, it is not the mere gift of expression, it is not the mere craft of the pen, it is not the mere taste in arrangement of word and cadence, which thus enables the one to interpret the mind, the heart, the soul of many. It is a power breathed into him as he lay in his cradle, and a power that gathered around itself, as he grew up, all the influences he acquired, whether from observation of external nature, or from study of men and books, or from that experience of daily life which varies with every human being. No education could make two intellects exactly alike, as no culture can make two leaves exactly alike. How truly you describe the sense of dissatisfaction which every writer of superior genius communicates to his admirers! how truly do you feel that the greater is the dissatisfaction in proportion to the writer's genius, and the admirer's conception of it! But that is the mystery which makes — let me borrow a German phrase — the *cloudland* between the finite and the infinite. The greatest philosopher, intent on the secrets of Nature, feels that dissatisfaction in Nature herself. The finite cannot reduce into logic and criticism the infinite.

Let us dismiss these matters, which perplex the reason, and approach that which touches the heart — which in your case, my child, touches the heart of woman. You speak of love, and deem that the love which lasts — the household, the conjugal love — should be based upon such sympathies of pursuit that the artist should wed with the artist.

This is one of the questions you do well to address to me; for whether from my own experience, or from that which I have gained from observation extended over a wide range of life, quickened and intensified by the class of writing that I cultivate, and which necessitates a calm study of the passions, I am an authority on such subjects, better than most women can be. And alas, my child! I come to this result: there is no prescribing to men or to women whom to select, whom to refuse. I cannot refute the axiom of the ancient poet, "In love there is no wherefore." But there is a time — it is often but a moment of time — in which love is not yet a master, in which we can say, "I *will* love — I *will not* love."

Now, if I could find you in such a mo-

ment, I would say to you, "Artist, do not love—do not marry—an artist." Two artistic natures rarely combine. The artistic nature is wonderfully exacting. I fear it is supremely egotistical—so jealously sensitive that it writhes at the touch of a rival. Racine was the happiest of husbands; his wife adored his genius, but could not understand his plays. Would Racine have been happy if he had married a Corneille in petticoats? I who speak have loved an artist, certainly equal to myself. I am sure that he loved me. That sympathy in pursuits of which you speak drew us together, and became very soon the cause of antipathy. To both of us the endeavour to coalesce was misery.

I don't know your M. Rameau. Savarin has sent me some of his writings; from these I judge that his only chance of happiness would be to marry a commonplace woman, with *séparation de biens*. He is, believe me, but one of the many with whom New Paris abounds, who, because they have the infirmities of genius, imagine they have its strength.

I come next to the Englishman. I see how serious is your questioning about him. You not only regard him as a being distinct from the crowd of a *salon*; he stands equally apart in the chamber of your thoughts—you do not mention him in the same letter as that which treats of Rameau and Savarin. He has become already an image not to be lightly mixed up with others. You would rather not have mentioned him at all to me, but you could not resist it. The interest you feel in him so perplexed you, that in a kind of feverish impatience you cry out to me, "Can you solve the riddle? Did you ever know well Englishmen? Can an Englishman be understood out of his island?" &c. &c. Yes, I have known well many Englishmen. In affairs of the heart they are much like all other men. No; I do not know this Englishman in particular, nor any one of his name.

Well, my child, let us frankly grant that this foreigner has gained some hold on your thoughts, on your fancy, perhaps also on your heart. Do not fear that he will love you less enduringly, or that you will become alienated from him, because he is not an artist. If he be a strong nature, and with some great purpose in life, your ambition will fuse itself in his; and knowing you as I do, I believe you would make an excellent wife to an Englishman whom you honoured as well as loved; and sorry though I should be that you

relinquished the singer's fame, I should be consoled in thinking you safe in the woman's best sphere—a contented home, safe from calumny, safe from gossip. I never had that home; and there has been no part in my author's life in which I would not have given all the celebrity it won for the obscure commonplace of such woman lot. Could I move human beings as pawns on a chess-board, I should indeed say that the most suitable and congenial mate for you, for a woman of sentiment and genius, would be a well-born and well-educated German; for such a German unites, with domestic habits and strong sense of family ties, a romance of sentiment, a love of art, a predisposition towards the poetic side of life which is very rare among Englishmen of the same class. But as the German is not forthcoming, I give my vote for the Englishman, provided only you love him. Ah, child, be sure of that. Do not mistake fancy for love. All women do not require love in marriage, but without it that which is best and highest in *you* would wither and die. Write to me often and tell me all. M. Savarin is right. My book is no longer my companion. It is gone from me, and I am once more alone in the world.—Yours affectionately.

P.S.—Is not your postscript a woman's? Does it not require a woman's postscript in reply? You say in yours that you have fully made up your mind to renounce all thoughts of the stage. I ask in mine, "What has the Englishman to do with that determination?"

#### CHAPTER IV.

SOME weeks have passed since Graham's talk with Isaura in the garden; he has not visited the villa since. His cousins the D'Altons have passed through Paris on their way to Italy, meaning to stay a few days; they stayed nearly a month, and monopolized much of Graham's companionship. Both these were reasons why, in the habitual society of the Duke, Graham's persuasion that he was not yet free to court the hand of Isaura became strengthened, and with that persuasion necessarily came a question equally addressed to his conscience. "If not yet free to court her hand, am I free to expose myself to the temptation of seeking to win her affection?" But when his cousin was gone, his heart began to assert its own rights, to argue its own case, and suggest modes of reconciling its dictates to the obligations which seemed



to oppose them. In this hesitating state of mind he received the following note :—

VILLA ———, LAC D'ENGHIEN.

MY DEAR MR. VANE, — We have retreated from Paris to the banks of this little lake. Come and help to save Frank and myself from quarreling with each other, which, until the Rights of Women are firmly established married folks always will do when left to themselves, especially if they are still lovers, as Frank and I are. Love is a terribly quarrelsome thing. Make us a present of a few days out of your wealth of time. We will visit Montmorency and the haunts of Rousseau — sail on the lake at moonlight — dine at gipsy restaurants under trees not yet embrowned by summer heats — discuss literature and politics — “Shakespeare and the musical glasses” — and be as sociable and pleasant as Boccaccio’s tale-tellers at Fiesole. We shall be but a small party, only the Savarins, that unconscious sage and humorist Signora Venosta, and that dimple-cheeked Isaura, who embodies the song of nightingales and the smile of summer. Refuse and Frank shall not have an easy moment till he sends in his claims for 30 millions against the Alabama. — Yours, as you behave,

LIZZIE MORLEY.

Graham did not refuse. He went to Engnien for four days and a quarter. He was under the same roof as Isaura. O those happy days! — so happy that they defy description. But though to Graham the happiest days he had ever known, they were happier still to Isaura. There were drawbacks to his happiness, none to hers, — drawbacks partly from reasons the weight of which the reader will estimate later; partly from reasons the reader may at once comprehend and assess. In the sunshine of her joy, all the vivid colourings of Isaura’s artistic temperament came forth, so that what I may call the homely, domestic woman-side of her nature faded into shadow. If, my dear reader, whether you be man or woman, you have come into familiar contact with some creature of a genius to which, even assuming that you yourself have a genius in its own way, you have no special affinities, — have you not felt shy with that creature? Have you not, perhaps, felt how intensely you could love that creature, and doubted if that creature could possibly love you? Now, I think that shyness and that disbelief are common with either man or woman, if, however

conscious of superiority in the prose of life, he or she recognizes inferiority in the poetry of it. And yet this self-abasement is exceedingly mistaken. The poetical kind of genius is so grandly indulgent, so inherently deferential, bows with such unaffected modesty to the superiority in which it fears it may fail (yet seldom does fail) — the superiority of common-sense. And when we come to women, what marvellous truth is conveyed by the woman who has had no superior in intellectual gifts among her own sex! Corinne, crowned at the Capitol, selects out of the whole world, as the hero of her love, no rival poet and enthusiast, but a cold-blooded, sensible Englishman.

Graham Vane, in his strong masculine form of intellect — Graham Vane, from whom I hope much, if he live to fulfil his rightful career — had, not unreasonably, the desire to dominate the life of the woman whom he selected as the partner of his own. But the life of Isaura seemed to escape him. If at moments, listening to her, he would say to himself, “What a companion! — life could never be dull with her” — at other moments he would say, “True, never dull, but would it be always safe?” And then comes in that mysterious power of love which crushes all beneath its feet, and makes us end self-commune by that abject submission of reason, which only murmurs, “Better be unhappy with the one you love, than happy with one whom you do not.” All such self-communes were unknown to Isaura. She lived in the bliss of the hour. If Graham could have read her heart, he would have dismissed all doubt whether he could dominate her life. Could a Fate or an angel have said to her, “Choose, — on one side I promise you the glories of a Catalini, a Pasta, a Sappho, a De Staël, a Georges Sand — all combined into one immortal name; or, on the other side, the whole heart of the man who would estrange himself from you if you had such combination of glories” — her answer would have brought Graham Vane to her feet; all scruples, all doubts, would have vanished; he would have exclaimed with the generosity inherent in the higher order of man, “Be glorious, if your nature wills it so. Glory enough to me that you would have resigned glory itself to become mine.” But how is it that men worth a woman’s loving become so diffident when they love intensely? Even in ordinary cases of love there is so ineffable a delicacy in virgin woman, that a man, be he how re-

finer soever, feels himself rough and rude and coarse in comparison. And while that sort of delicacy was pre-eminent in this Italian orphan, there came, to increase the humility of the man so proud and so confident in himself when he had only men to deal with, the consciousness that his intellectual nature was hard and positive beside the angel-like purity and fairy-like play of hers.

There was a strong wish on the part of Mrs. Morley to bring about the union of these two. She had a great regard and a great admiration for both. To her mind, unconscious of all Graham's doubts and prejudices, they were exactly suited to each other. A man of intellect so cultivated as Graham's, if married to a commonplace English "Miss," would surely feel as if life had no sunshine and no flowers. The love of an Isaura would steep it in sunshine, pave it with flowers. Mrs. Morley admitted — all American Republicans of gentle birth do admit — the instincts which lead "like," to match with "like," an equality of blood and race. With all her assertion of the Rights of Woman, I do not think that Mrs. Morley would ever have conceived the possibility of consenting that the richest, and prettiest, and cleverest girl in the States could become the wife of a son of hers if the girl had the taint of the negro blood, even though shown nowhere save the slight distinguishing hue of her fingernails. So, had Isaura's merits been threefold what they were, and she had been the wealthy heiress of a retail grocer, this fair Republican would have opposed (more strongly than many an English duchess, or at least a Scotch duke, would do, the wish of a son), the thought of an alliance between Graham Vane and the grocer's daughter! But Isaura was a Ciconga — an offspring of a very ancient and very noble house. Disparities of fortune, or mere worldly position, Mrs. Morley supremely despised. Here were the great parities of alliance — parities in years and good looks and mental culture. So, in short, she, in the invitation given to them, had planned for the union between Isaura and Graham.

To this plan she had an antagonist, whom she did not even guess, in Madame Savarin. That lady, as much attached to Isaura as was Mrs. Morley herself, and still more desirous of seeing a girl, brilliant and parentless, transferred from the companionship of Signora Venosta to the protection of a husband, entertained no belief in the serious atten-

tions of Graham Vane. Perhaps she exaggerated his worldly advantages — perhaps she undervalued the warmth of his affections; but it was not within the range of her experience, confined much to Parisian life, nor in harmony with her notions of the frigidity and *morgue* of the English national character, that a rich and high-born young man, to whom a great career in practical public life was predicted, should form a matrimonial alliance with a foreign orphan girl who, if of gentle birth, had no useful connections, would bring no correspondent *dol*, and had been reared and intended for the profession of the stage. She much more feared that the result of any attentions on the part of such a man would be rather calculated to compromise the orphan's name, or at least to mislead her expectations, than to secure her the shelter of a wedded home. Moreover, she had cherished plans of her own for Isaura's future. Madame Savarin had conceived for Gustave Rameau a friendly regard, stronger than that which Mrs. Morley entertained for Graham Vane, for it was more motherly. Gustave had been familiarized to her sight and her thoughts since he had first been launched into the literary world under her husband's auspices; he had confided to her his mortification in his failures, his joy in his successes. His beautiful countenance, his delicate health, his very infirmities and defects, had endeared him to her womanly heart. Isaura was the wife of all others who, in Madame Savarin's opinion, was made for Rameau. Her fortune, so trivial beside the wealth of the Englishman, would be a competence to Rameau; then that competence might swell into vast riches if Isaura succeeded on the stage. She found with extreme displeasure that Isaura's mind had become estranged from the profession to which she had been destined, and divined that a deference to the Englishman's prejudices had something to do with that estrangement. It was not to be expected that a Frenchwoman, wife to a sprightly man of letters, who had intimate friends and allies in every department of the artistic world, should cherish any prejudice whatever against the exercise of an art in which success achieved riches and renown. But she was prejudiced, as most Frenchwomen are, against allowing to unmarried girls the same freedom and independence of action that are the rights of women — French women — when married. And she would have disapproved the entrance of Isaura



on her professional career until she could enter it as a wife — the wife of an artist — the wife of Gustave Rameau.

Unaware of the rivalry between these friendly diplomatists and schemers, Graham and Isaura glided hourly more and more down the current, which as yet ran smooth. No words by which love is spoken were exchanged between them; in fact, though constantly together, they were very rarely, and then but for moments, alone with each other. Mrs. Morley artfully schemed more than once to give them such opportunities for that mutual explanation of heart which, she saw, had not yet taken place; with art more practised and more watchful, Madame Savarin contrived to baffle her hostess's intention. But, indeed, neither Graham nor Isaura sought to make opportunities for themselves. He, as we know, did not deem himself wholly justified in uttering the words of love by which a man of honour binds himself for life; and she! — what girl, pure-hearted and loving truly, does not shrink from seeking the opportunities which it is for the man to court? Yet Isaura needed no words to tell her that she was loved — no, not even a pressure of the hand, a glance of the eye; she felt it instinctively, mysteriously, by the glow of her own being in the presence of her lover. She knew that she herself could not so love unless she were beloved.

Here woman's wit is keener and truthfuller than man's. Graham, as I have said, did not feel confident that he had reached the heart of Isaura: he was conscious that he had engaged her interest, that he had attracted her fancy; but often, when charmed by the joyous play of her imagination he would sigh to himself, "To natures so gifted what single mortal can be the all in all?"

They spent the summer mornings in excursions round the beautiful neighbourhood, dined early, and sailed on the calm lake at moonlight. Their talk was such as might be expected from lovers of books in summer holidays. Savarin was a critic by profession; Graham Vane, if not that, at least owed such literary reputation as he had yet gained to essays in which the rare critical faculty was conspicuously developed.

It was pleasant to hear the clash of these two minds encountering each other; they differed perhaps less in opinions than in the mode by which opinions are discussed. The Englishman's range of reading was wider than the Frenchman's,

and his scholarship more accurate; but the Frenchman had a compact neatness of expression, a light and nimble grace, whether in the advancing or the retreat of his argument, which covered deficiencies, and often made them appear like merits. Graham was compelled, indeed, to relinquish many of the forces of superior knowledge or graver eloquence, which, with less lively antagonists, he could have brought into the field, for the witty sarcasm of Savarin would have turned them aside as pedantry or declamation. But though Graham was neither dry nor diffuse, and the happiness at his heart brought out the gayety of humour which had been his early characteristic, and yet rendered his familiar intercourse genial and playful, — still there was this distinction between his humour and Savarin's wit, that in the first there was always something earnest, in the last always something mocking. And in criticism Graham seemed ever anxious to bring out a latent beauty, even in writers comparatively neglected. Savarin was acutest when dragging forth a blemish never before discovered in writers universally read.

Graham did not perhaps notice the profound attention with which Isaura listened to him in these intellectual skirmishes with the more glittering Parisian. There was this distinction she made between him and Savarin: when the last spoke she often chimed in with some happy sentiment of her own; but she never interrupted Graham — never intimated a dissent from his theories of art, or the deductions he drew from them; and she would remain silent and thoughtful for some minutes when his voice ceased. There was passing from his mind into hers an ambition which she imagined, poor girl, that he would be pleased to think he had inspired, and which might become a new bond of sympathy between them. But as yet the ambition was vague and timid — an idea or a dream to be fulfilled in some indefinite future.

The last night of this short-lived holiday-time, the party, after staying out on the lake to a later hour than usual, stood lingering still on the lawn of the villa; and their host, who was rather addicted to superficial studies of the positive sciences, including, of course, the most popular of all, astronomy, kept his guests politely listening to speculative conjectures on the probable size of the inhabitants of Sirius — that very distant and

very gigantic inhabitant of heaven who has led philosophers into mortifying reflections upon the utter insignificance of our own poor little planet, capable of producing nothing greater than Shakespeares and Newtons, Aristotles and Cæsars — manikins, no doubt, beside intellects proportioned to the size of the world in which they flourish.

As it chanced, Isaura and Graham were then standing close to each other and a little apart from the rest. "It is very strange," said Graham, laughing low, "how little I care about Sirius. He is the sun of some other system, and is perhaps not habitable at all except by Salamanders. He cannot be one of the stars with which I have established familiar acquaintance, associated with fancies and dreams and hopes, as most of us do, for instance, with Hesperus, the moon's harbinger and comrade. But amid all those stars there is one — not Hesperus — which has always had, from my childhood, a mysterious fascination for me. Knowing as little of astrology as I do of astronomy, when I gaze upon that star I become credulously superstitious, and fancy it has an influence on my life. Have you, too, any favourite star?"

"Yes," said Isaura; "and I distinguish it now, but I do not even know its name, and never would ask it."

"So like me. I would not vulgarize my unknown source of beautiful illusions by giving it the name it takes in technical catalogues. For fear of learning that name I never have pointed it out to any one before. I too at this moment distinguish it apart from all its brotherhood. Tell me which is yours."

Isaura pointed and explained. The Englishman was startled. By what stange coincidence could they both have singled out from all the host of heaven the same favourite star?

"*Cher Vane*," cried Savarin, "Colonel Morley declares that what America is to the terrestrial system Sirius is to the heavenly. America is to extinguish Europe, and then Sirius is to extinguish the world."

"Not for some millions of years; time to look about us," said the Colonel, gravely. "But I certainly differ from those who maintain that Sirius recedes from us. I say that he approaches. The principles of a body so enlightened must be those of progress." Then addressing Graham in English, he added, "There will be a mulling in this fogified planet some day, I predicate. Sirius is a *keenor*!"

"I have not imagination lively enough to interest myself in the destinies of Sirius in connection with our planet at a date so remote," said Graham, smiling. Then he added in a whisper to Isaura, "My imagination does not carry me farther than to wonder whether this day twelvemonth — the 8th of July — we two shall both be singling out that same star, and gazing on it as now, side by side."

This was the sole utterance of that sentiment in which the romance of love is so rich that the Englishman addressed to Isaura during those memorable summer days at Enghien.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE next morning the party broke up. Letters had been delivered both to Savarin and Graham, which, even had the day for departure not been fixed, would have summoned them away. On reading his letter, Savarin's brow became clouded. He made a sign to his wife after breakfast, and wandered away with her down an alley in the little garden. His trouble was of that nature which a wife either soothes or aggravates, according sometimes to her habitual frame of mind, sometimes to the mood of temper in which she may chance to be; — a household trouble, a pecuniary trouble.

Savarin was by no means an extravagant man. His mode of living, though elegant and hospitable, was modest compared to that of many French authors inferior to himself in the fame which at Paris brings a very good return in francs. But his station itself as the head of a powerful literary clique necessitated many expenses which were too congenial to his extreme good-nature to be regulated by strict prudence. His hand was always open to distressed writers and struggling artists, and his sole income was derived from his pen and a journal in which he was chief editor and formerly sole proprietor. But that journal had of late not prospered. He had sold or pledged a considerable share in the proprietorship. He had been compelled also to borrow a sum large for him, and the debt, obtained from a retired *bourgeois* who lent out his moneys "by way," he said, "of maintaining an excitement and interest in life," would in a few days become due. The letter was not from that creditor, but it was from his publisher, containing a very disagreeable statement of accounts, pressing for settlement, and declining an offer of Savarin's for a new book (not yet begun) except upon terms that the author



valued himself too highly to accept. Altogether, the situation was unpleasant. There were many times in which Madame Savarin presumed to scold her distinguished husband for his want of prudence and thrift. But those were never the times when scolding could be of no use. It could clearly be of no use now. Now was the moment to cheer and encourage him, to reassure him as to his own undiminished powers and popularity, for he talked dejectedly of himself as obsolete and passing out of fashion; to convince him also of the impossibility that the ungrateful publisher whom Savarin's more brilliant successes had enriched could encounter the odium of hostile proceedings; and to remind him of all the authors, all the artists, whom he, in their earlier difficulties, had so liberally assisted, and from whom a sum sufficing to pay off the *bourgeois* creditor when the day arrived could now be honourably asked and would be readily contributed. In this last suggestion the homely prudent good sense of Madame Savarin failed her. She did not comprehend that delicate pride of honour which, with all his Parisian frivolities and cynicism, dignified the Parisian man of genius. Savarin could not, to save his neck from a rope, have sent round the begging-hat to friends whom he had obliged. Madame Savarin was one of those women with large-lobed ears, who can be wonderfully affectionate, wonderfully sensible; admirable wives and mothers, and yet are deficient in artistic sympathies with artistic natures. Still, a really good honest wife is such an incalculable blessing to her lord, that, at the end of the talk in the solitary *allée*, this man of exquisite *finesse*, of the undefinably high-bred temperament, and, alas! the painfully morbid susceptibility, which belong to the genuine artistic character, emerged into the open sunlit lawn with his crest uplifted, his lip curved upward in its joyous mockery, and perfectly persuaded that somehow or other he should put down the offensive publisher, and pay off the unoffending creditor when the day for payment came. Still he had judgment enough to know that to do this he must get back to Paris, and could not dawdle away precious hours in discussing the principles of poetry with Graham Vane.

There was only one thing, apart from "the begging-hat," in which Savarin dissented from his wife. She suggested his starting a new journal in conjunction with Gustave Rameau, upon whose genius

and the expectations to be formed from it (here she was tacitly thinking of Isaura wedded to Rameau, and more than a Malibran on the stage) she insisted vehemently. Savarin did not thus estimate Gustave Rameau — thought him a clever promising young writer in a very bad school of writing, who might do well some day or other. But that a Rameau could help a Savarin to make a fortune! No; at that idea he opened his eyes, patted his wife's shoulder, and called her "*enfant*."

Graham's letter was from M. Renard, and ran thus: —

MONSIEUR, — I had the honour to call at your apartment this morning, and I write this line to the address given to me by your *concierge* to say that I have been fortunate enough to ascertain that the relation of the missing lady is now at Paris. I shall hold myself in readiness to attend your summons. — Deign to accept, Monsieur, the assurance of my profound consideration. J. RENARD.

This communication sufficed to put Graham into very high spirits. Anything that promised success to his research seemed to deliver his thoughts from a burthen and his will from a fetter. Perhaps in a few days he might frankly and honourably say to Isaura words which would justify his retaining longer, and pressing more ardently, the delicate hand which trembled in his as they took leave.

On arriving at Paris, Graham despatched a note to M. Renard requesting to see him, and received a brief line in reply that M. Renard feared he should be detained on other and important business till the evening, but hoped to call at eight o'clock. A few minutes before that hour he entered Graham's apartment.

"You have discovered the uncle of Louise Duval!" exclaimed Graham; "of course you mean M. de Mauléon, and he is at Paris?"

"True so far, Monsieur; but do not be too sanguine as to the results of the information I can give you. Permit me, as briefly as possible, to state the circumstances. When you acquainted me with the fact that M. de Mauléon was the uncle of Louise Duval, I told you that I was not without hopes of finding him out, though so long absent from Paris. I will now explain why. Some months ago, one of my colleagues engaged in the political department (which I am not) was sent to Lyons, in consequence of some

suspicious conceived by the loyal authorities there of a plot against the Emperor's life. The suspicions were groundless, the plot a mare's nest. But my colleague's attention was especially drawn towards a man, not mixed up with the circumstances from which a plot had been inferred, but deemed in some way or other a dangerous enemy to the Government. Ostensibly, he exercised a modest and small calling as a sort of *courtier* or *agent de change*; but it was noticed that certain persons familiarly frequenting his apartment, or to whose houses he used to go at night, were disaffected to the Government—not by any means of the lowest rank—some of them rich malcontents who had been devoted Orleanists; others, disappointed aspirants to office or the 'cross;' one or two well-born and opulent fanatics dreaming of another Republic. Certain very able articles in the journals of the excitable *Midi*, though bearing another signature, were composed or dictated by this man—articles evading the censure and penalties of the law, but very mischievous in their tone. All who had come into familiar communication with this person were impressed with a sense of his powers; and also with a vague belief that he belonged to a higher class in breeding and education than that of a petty *agent de change*. My colleague set himself to watch the man, and took occasions of business at his little office to enter into talk with him. Not by personal appearance, but by voice, he came to a conclusion that the man was not wholly a stranger to him; a peculiar voice with a slight Norman breadth of pronunciation, though a Parisian accent; a voice very low, yet very distinct—very masculine, yet very gentle. My colleague was puzzled, till late one evening he observed the man coming out of the house of one of these rich malcontents, the rich malcontent himself accompanying him. My colleague, availing himself of the dimness of light, as the two passed into a lane which led to the agent's apartment, contrived to keep close behind and listen to their conversation. But of this he heard nothing—only, when at the end of the lane, the rich man turned abruptly, shook his companion warmly by the hand, and parted from him, saying, 'Never fear; all shall go right with you, my dear Victor.' At the sound of that name 'Victor,' my colleague's memories, before so confused, became instantaneously clear. Previous to entering our service, he had been in the horse business—a votary of

the turf; as such he had often seen the brilliant '*sportman*,' Victor de Mauléon; sometimes talked to him. Yes, that was the voice—the slight Norman intonation (Victor de Mauléon's father had it strongly, and Victor had passed some of his early childhood in Normandy), the subdued modulation of speech which had made so polite the offence to men, or so winning the courtship to women—that was Victor de Mauléon. But why there in that disguise? What was his real business and object? My *confrère* had no time allowed to him to prosecute such inquiries. Whether Victor or the rich malcontent had observed him at their heels, and feared he might have overheard their words, I know not, but the next day appeared in one of the popular journals circulating among the *ouvriers*, a paragraph stating that a Paris spy had been seen at Lyons, warning all honest men against his machinations, and containing a tolerably accurate description of his person. And that very day, on venturing forth, my estimable colleague suddenly found himself hustled by a ferocious throng, from whose hands he was with great difficulty rescued by the municipal guard. He left Lyons that night; and for recompense of his services received a sharp reprimand from his chief. He had committed the worst offence in our profession, *trop de zèle*. Having only heard the outlines of the story from another, I repaired to my *confrère* after my last interview with Monsieur, and learned what I now tell you from his own lips. As he was not in my branch of the service, I could not order him to return to Lyons; and I doubt whether his chief would have allowed it. But I went to Lyons myself, and there ascertained that our supposed Vicomte had left that town for Paris some months ago, not long after the adventure of my colleague. The man bore a very good character generally—was said to be very honest and inoffensive; and the notice taken of him by persons of higher rank was attributed generally to a respect for his talents, and not on account of any sympathy in political opinions. I found that the *confrère* mentioned, and who alone could identify M. de Mauléon in the disguise which the Vicomte had assumed, was absent on one of those missions abroad in which he is chiefly employed. I had to wait for his return, and it was only the day before yesterday that I obtained the following particulars. M. de Mauléon bears the same name as he did at Lyons—that name is Jean Lebeau;



he exercises the ostensible profession of 'a letter-writer,' and a sort of adviser on business among the workmen and petty bourgeoisie, and he nightly frequents the *Café Jean Jacques, Rue ———, Faubourg Montmartre*. It is not yet quite half-past eight, and no doubt, you could see him at the *café* this very night, if you thought proper to go."

"Excellent! I will go! Describe him!"

"Alas! that is exactly what I cannot do at present. For after hearing what I now tell you, I put the same request you do to my colleague, when, before he could answer me, he was summoned to the *bureau* of his chief, promising to return and give me the requisite description. He did not return. And I find that he was compelled, on quitting his chief, to seize the first train starting for Lille upon an important political investigation which brooked no delay. He will be back in a few days, and then Monsieur shall have the description."

"Nay: I think I will seize time by the forelock, and try my chance to-night. If the man be really a conspirator, and it looks likely enough, who knows but what he may see quick reason to take alarm and vanish from Paris at any hour? *Café Jean Jacques, Rue ———*, I will go. Stay; you have seen Victor de Mauléon in his youth: what was he like then?"

"Tall — slender — but broad-shouldered — very erect — carrying his head high — a profusion of dark curls — a small black moustache — fair clear complexion — light-coloured eyes with dark lashes — *fort bel homme*. But he will not look like that now."

"His present age?"

"Forty-seven or forty-eight. But before you go, I must beg you to consider well what you are about. It is evident that M. de Mauléon has some strong reason, whatever it be, for merging his identity in that of Jean Lebeau. I presume, therefore, that you could scarcely go up to M. Lebeau, when you have discovered him, and say, 'Pray M. le Vicomte, can you give me some tidings of your niece, Louise Duval?' If you thus accosted him, you might possibly bring some danger on yourself, but you would certainly gain no information from him."

"True."

"On the other hand, if you make his acquaintance as M. Lebeau, how can you assume him to know anything about Louise Duval?"

"*Parbleu!* M. Renard, you try to toss

me aside on both horns of the dilemma; but it seems to me that, if I once make his acquaintance as M. Lebeau, I might gradually and cautiously feel my way as to the best mode of putting the question to which I seek reply. I suppose too, that the man must be in very poor circumstances to adopt so humble a calling, and that a small sum of money may smooth all difficulties."

"I am not so sure of that," said M. Renard, thoughtfully; "but grant that money may do so, and grant also that the Vicomte, being a needy man, has become a very unscrupulous one, — is there anything in your motives for discovering Louise Duval which might occasion you trouble and annoyance, if it were divined by a needy and unscrupulous man? — anything which might give him a power of threat or exaction? Mind, I am not asking you to tell me any secret you have reasons for concealing, but I suggest that it might be prudent if you did not let M. Lebeau know your real name and rank — if, in short, you could follow his example and adopt a disguise. But no; when I think of it, you would doubtless be so unpractised in the art of disguise, that he would detect you at once to be other than you seem; and if suspecting you of spying into his secrets, and if those secrets be really of a political nature, your very life might not be safe."

"Thank you for your hint — the disguise is an excellent idea, and combines amusement with precaution. That this Victor de Mauléon must be a very unprincipled and dangerous man is, I think, abundantly clear. Granting that he was innocent of all designs of robbery in the affair of the jewels, still the offence which he did own — that of admitting himself at night by a false key into the rooms of a wife, whom he sought to surprise or terrify into dishonour — was a villainous action; and his present course of life is sufficiently mysterious to warrant the most unfavourable supposition. Besides, there is another motive for concealing my name from him: you say that he once had a duel with a Vane, who was very probably my father, and I have no wish to expose myself to the chance of his turning up in London some day, and seeking to renew there the acquaintance that I had courted at Paris. As for my skill in playing any part I may assume, do not fear. I am no novice in that. In my younger days I was thought clever in private theatricals, especially in the transformations of appearance which belong

to light comedy and farce. Wait a few minutes, and you shall see."

Graham then retreated into his bedroom, and in a few minutes reappeared so changed, that Renard at first glance took him for a stranger. He had doffed his dress—which habitually, when in Capitals, was characterized by the quiet, indefinable elegance that to a man of the great world, high-bred and young, seems "to the manner born"—for one of those coarse suits which Englishmen are wont to wear in their travels, and by which they are represented in French or German caricatures—loose jacket of tweed, with redundant pockets, waistcoat to match, short dust-coloured trousers. He had combed his hair straight over his forehead, which, as I have said somewhere before, appeared in itself to alter the character of his countenance, and without any resort to paints or cosmetics, had somehow or other given to the expression of his face an impudent, low-bred expression, with a glass screwed on to his right eye, such a look as a cockney journeyman, wishing to pass for a "swell" about town, may cast on a servant-maid in the pit of a suburban theatre.

"Will it do, old fellow?" he exclaimed, in a rollicking, swaggering tone of voice, speaking French with a villanous British accent.

"Perfectly," said M. Renard, laughing. "I offer my compliments, and if ever you are ruined, Monsieur, I will promise you a place in our police. Only one caution—take care not to overdo your part."

"Right. A quarter to nine—I'm off."

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

LA ROQUETTE. 24TH MAY, 1871.

It would have been difficult to have imagined a scene more suggestive of gaiety and pleasure and light-hearted *insouciance*, than that which surrounded me on a certain afternoon in last September, as I drove through the crowded streets of beautiful Paris.

There was a deep blue sky, stainless and serene, with glorious sunshine flooding the broad Boulevards, glittering on the golden dome of the Invalides, and transmuting the sparkling Seine into a river of light. As yet untinged by autumn, the luxuriant trees in the now open garden hid the scorched windows of the Tuileries, and gathered beneath their shade

many a merry group, who had assembled to hear the bands of music stationed there,—thousands more strolling in the Champs Élysées enjoyed the manifold amusements offered to them on every side, as if life had not a care or a regret, while the crowds in the streets seemed to have no weightier occupation than to admire the treasures of art and luxury displayed behind the flashing plate glass of the shop windows. It was hard to believe that this was the city which, but a year and a half before, had been steeped in blood and wrapped in flame, or these the people who had passed through the wasting horrors of the siege and the darker terrors of the Commune: yet through the midst of this gay and pleasant scene, I was hastening on to that which may be considered as the representative centre of all the woes that marked France's *année douloureuse*, the ghastly spot where her bleeding tortured capital endured the very heart-pang of her long agony. One could but imagine that her strange light-hearted children had altogether forgotten what that building was, which I soon saw rising up grim and menacing before me, or remembered it only with the uneasy shame of wounded vanity which made them seek to ignore and repudiate the terrible past.

Some indication of this feeling there was in the look and bearing of our coachman, when the gentlemen who accompanied me gave him the order to drive us to our destination: there was no alert response, polite and smiling after the manner of Frenchmen, but in silence he stared straight before him, with so impassible a look that my friend imagined that he had not understood his direction.

"Did you hear where I wished you to go?" he asked.

"I heard you well enough," the man answered; and while we still waited, uncertain if he really comprehended, he muttered with a dark frown, "You told me to go to La Roquette;" and then did not speak another word throughout the whole long distance to and fro.

The prison of La Roquette is divided by the street of the same name into two distinct portions; that on the left, leading from the Place de la Bastille to Père la Chaise, is entirely given up to the "*jeunes détenus*," great numbers of whom are incarcerated there; while the part on the other side, at the gate of which we alighted, bears the sinister name of the *Dépôt des Condamnés*.

It has, in truth, always been the recep-



tacle of those condemned to death, and criminals are guillotined in the open space in front of the great entrance, — Troppman, who murdered the family at Pantin, having been the last to undergo the sentence; but it is also the place of punishment for those who are convicted of the gravest crimes, even if they have escaped the extreme penalty.

It is not now by any means an easy matter to obtain leave to visit the Dépôt des Condamnés. The event which has for ever branded the name of La Roquette with infamy, has so powerful an influence in a thousand different ways on the passions of the people, that it is with great reluctance the authorities ever allow the fatal recollection of the 24th of May, 1871, to be aroused by visitors to the scene of that day's terrible tragedy. An order of admission can only be given by the Minister of the Interior, but at the request of one of the foreign ambassadors I obtained one, which, however, though asked in my name, was made out in his, so that he was obliged to accompany me himself to the prison. Notwithstanding that we were furnished with this important-looking official document, my friend felt somewhat doubtful whether I should succeed in my object, which was to visit the scenes of the last sufferings of the Archbishop of Paris — for unless the officers of the gaol discovered my purpose of their own accord, he did not see how it would be possible for us to allude in the presence of Frenchmen to that which must always be so bitter and shameful a memory for France.

The coachman stopped at some little distance from the gate, and we did not ask him to draw nearer, but walked on to the *conciergerie* which divided the outer from the inner entrance. The porter looked at our order of admission in grim silence, and opening a side door in his own lodge, he pointed across a large courtyard paved with stone, and told us we should find Monsieur le Directeur at the door of the prison itself, which was placed at the end of it.

A flight of steps led to a wide portico, and there in the shade sat a tall stout man talking to several of the officials who were standing round him. One of them at once named him as the Director. He, too, read the order in silence, and, then, rising asked us to follow him. We passed through a room apparently intended for the use of the *gardiens* or turnkeys, beyond which was a passage leading into the interior of the building, but separated

from it by a huge door in which was a *guichet*. Here an official stood, who appeared to be only second in importance to the Director himself, for he showed him the order, and then said, pointing to my companion —

"You will take Son Excellence wherever he wishes to go through the prison, but Madame, you are aware, cannot be allowed to see the convicts."

"It was precisely to accompany the lady that I came," said my friend; "can she not visit some part of the prison at least?"

"What is it she wishes to see?" asked the Director abruptly — which question produced the unusual sight of a diplomatist at fault. Son Excellence hesitated, smiled benignly, and looked at me.

"I do not in the least care to see the prisoners," I said.

"What, then?" said the Director.

"If, perhaps," said my companion, in a very insinuating tone, "the cell where the Archbishop —"

The Director interrupted him: "I understand — that is possible. If Madame will wait in the *gardiens'* room while you visit the prisoners, we will see what can be done when you return."

Son Excellence had not the smallest desire to see the prisoners, but expressed the highest satisfaction in the prospect, and departed with the head *gardien* while I went back into the turnkeys' room with one of the officials, who brought forward the only easy-chair the place contained for my accommodation. He was a middle-aged man, with keen black eyes, and a rather fine face. He remarked civilly, as I sat down, that he was sorry on my account that ladies were not allowed to visit the prisoners.

"What harm are we supposed to do them?" I asked.

"You would not hurt them," he said, with a smile, "but the convicts here are the very lowest of criminals and they are so utterly brutish, that they could not be trusted to conduct themselves properly in your presence. *Tenez*," he added, "you can judge for yourself;" and opening the *guichet* in the door, he made me a sign to look through it. I did so, and saw a large open courtyard with a fountain in the middle, where at least a hundred convicts were passing their brief time of recreation; and I must own that I never in my life before saw such an assemblage of villanous-looking men, whose whole appearance indicated that they belonged to the lowest type of humanity. Unaware

as they were that they were being observed, the men's gestures and language were so revolting that I hurried away at once, and the turnkey closed the *guichet* and followed me back into the room.

He seemed well disposed to converse, and I asked him if he had been at La Roquette during the siege.

"Through the whole of it," he answered, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

"And during the Commune also?"

He turned round and said quickly,

"Madame est Française?"

"No, I am English, but I am *Française de cœur* — you understand?"

"Perfectly," he answered, nodding his head. "Well, then, Madame, I was indeed here during the Commune, and I remained — yes, I remained till —"

"Until the end?" I said.

"Till seven o'clock on the evening of the 24th of May," he answered, turning vehemently towards me; "and then, when I saw them loading their rifles to shoot that good, that defenceless old man, I could bear it no longer — *je me suis sauvé*. I fled out of La Roquette at the risk of my life. If they had caught me, they would have shot me too; but I was within these walls all the time Monseigneur was here. I saw how they treated him and the unfortunate men who were with him. I could not help him, of course — *mais c'était infame!* I never thought to the last they would kill him, but when I did actually hear the order given — ah! it was too much!" The turnkey said all this with the greatest rapidity, as if with a sense of relief in telling what he had felt; but just at that moment the Director came into the room, whereupon in an instant my friend was standing up erect, with his back to me, looking as if he were not aware that I was present at all, whilst a quick glance towards me, as he turned away, showed me that he wished me to look equally unconscious of his vicinity. The Director glanced round, and then went out again, apparently having had no other purpose but to see what I was doing. As soon as he had gone well out of sight and hearing, the turnkey came back, and, standing before me, began to pour out a history of all he had done and said during that fatal week of May, with a vehemence of voice and gesture which no words can reproduce. I asked him when he returned to La Roquette after his flight, and he answered, not till the Sunday following the Wednesday on which the Archbishop

was murdered; not till all was over, and the Versailles in full possession of the city, with all its prisons and palaces. In the interval he had gone to Montmartre, and had witnessed the last desperate resistance of the Communists there, and afterwards in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

"It was like hell upon earth," he said, "as the shot and shell rained down upon the people whose frenzy of excitement made them court death in the streets. They were *broyés*, Madame, and men and women alike used the last energies of life, even as they expired, in hurling back destruction on their foes — their foes! who were children of France like themselves, their countrymen, their brothers!" As he spoke, the very vigour and earnestness of his description made it impossible to note all he said, but at the moment he brought before my eyes such a picture of the horrors of the Commune, as I could not even have imagined before.

"May Paris never know such a time again!" I said.

"Ah, Madame!" he answered, "*La France est malade*, ill with a chronic malady; and, like a sick person, she requires to be bled from time to time, every twenty years or so, but they bleed her at the heart, they bleed Paris, and she will require it again — *Dieu veuille* that I do not live to see it!"

He was all quivering with excitement as he spoke — but suddenly he subsided into his official stiffness and composure when he saw the head *gardien* appear along with my friend. They had come to take me to that portion of the prison which had been inhabited by Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, and his companions in death, and which, it seemed, was under the exclusive care of this superior officer. He was a tall, grey-haired old man, with a thoughtful, rather melancholy expression of face; and a few words which he casually dropped as he led the way, showed me that it would depend entirely on his will how much or how little we saw, and also that to him the murdered Archbishop had been an object of the deepest veneration and respect.

During my rather lengthened stay in Paris I had become aware, that amid the chaos of conflicting ideas which makes up the sum of public opinion at the present juncture, the one subject on which popular feeling differs most widely is the fate of Monseigneur Darboy. There is a deeply-rooted impression amongst the



lower classes that the Archbishop concealed immense stores of provisions during the whole of the siege, on purpose that the poor might be starved. It is hardly necessary to say how utterly false is this accusation against a charitable and gentle old man; but the assertion has been repeatedly made to myself, by persons of humble station, with a vehemence which brooked no contradiction, and its almost universal acceptance amongst them is perfectly well known: the obvious inference drawn by them is, that his dreadful death is a just and right retribution; while on the other hand, all the more respectable classes who adhere to the Church believe, that living, he was a true father to his people, and in death a martyr and a saint.

I soon saw that the head *gardien* was one of these last, and that any reluctance he might feel in showing us the scenes of the massacre, would be from the fear that these "*lieux saints*," as he called them, might be profaned by indifferent or hostile spectators. It was not difficult, therefore, to satisfy him completely on that score as regarded ourselves; and in answer to my petition that he would not exclude me from any part of the prison connected with the terrible tragedy, he turned towards me and said emphatically, "Madame, to you I will gladly show everything without the smallest reserve, for I see that you will respect the memory of the holy dead; you shall go over every inch of ground where Monseigneur trod, from the moment he entered the prison till he departed from this world altogether; and I will tell you every circumstance of the forty-eight hours he passed within those walls:" and he did so, with a minuteness of detail which, joined to the sight of the actual localities, made me almost feel as if I had myself followed the steps of the victims and their murderers, even to the end. The *gardien* took us first into a room on the ground floor, where, he said, ordinary criminals condemned to the guillotine make their "*toilette de mort*," interpreting the ghastly term by saying that their hair had to be cut, and their upper clothes removed, and he instanced Troppman as the last who had been so "dressed" in this room; but when I asked if Monseigneur had been brought here, he shook his head, and said they gave him no time for preparation of any kind. Then we went up a wide stone staircase, at the top of which was an immense dormitory for the prisoners at present under sentence. The

beds were placed close together, with arrangements for a complete system of surveillance, by means of *guichets* in the partitions which divided them from the officers' rooms.

"I wish you to look at these beds," said the *gardien*, "used by the worst *canaille* of Paris, that you may note the difference when you see what was provided for Monseigneur."

They were excellent beds, far more comfortable than those given to our prisoners in England—consisting of a high spring mattress over which was one of flock, with good sheets, blankets, and pillows; they were perfectly clean, and the *gardien* said the linen was constantly changed.

"The convicts are better lodged than our soldiers," he added, "but now, Madame, will you pass into this corridor? It was here that Monseigneur was brought at once on his arrival from the prison of Mazas on the 22nd of May, 1871."

The near approach of the army of Versailles on the evening of that day had decided the authorities of the Commune to proceed to the murder of the hostages, and the whole number, most of whom were priests, were conveyed for that purpose from the Mazas, where they had been confined for some weeks, to the Dépôt des Condamnés.

Although the entire period of their imprisonment had been spent under the same roof, the hostages had never met till the moment when, on this evening, they were thrust, in parties of twenty and thirty, into the great open waggons belonging to the Lyons Railway, which had been brought to convey them to La Roquette, and in which they were exposed to the full view of the crowd. Some of them belonged to the same religious house—that of the Jesuits, Rue de Sèvres; many had been friends, and to all at least the Archbishop was known: but although they pressed each other's hand with mournful significance, it is said that no word was spoken amongst them during their course through the insurgent quarters of the Faubourg St. Antoine and La Bastille, where the frenzied populace followed them with the coarsest insults and menaces, excepting once, when one of the priests bent forward to the Archbishop, and pointing to the crowd said, "*Hélas! Monseigneur, voilà donc votre peuple!*"

Night had fallen when they arrived at La Roquette, and a brigadier carrying a

lantern conducted them into the part of the prison where we now stood. It was a wide corridor, with long rows of cells on either side, and on the left hand a space in the centre was left vacant to admit of a window giving light to the whole; at the end was a corkscrew stair leading down to the outer court. The prisoners were immediately thrust into the cells, one by one, and left there for the night in pitch darkness, so that they did not know till next morning what sort of a place they were in.

"This was the cell occupied by Monseigneur on that night," said the *gardien*; and he opened the first door to the right and told me to go in. There was literally scarcely room for more than one person in the small narrow den into which I entered, and it contained nothing whatever but one wretched little bed, infinitely less comfortable in every way than those we had seen in the large dormitory. "But," I was told, "none who ever entered here had need of furniture, or would be likely to find rest on even the most luxurious couch, for those only passed this threshold who knew that the executioner was awaiting them, and that their grave was already dug."

This cell was separated from the one next to it by a partition which divided in two the small window that gave light to both. The *gardien* told me to go up close to that part of the window which was in the Archbishop's cell, and, going into the next himself, he showed me that it was possible for the prisoners respectively occupying them to converse together, and even to touch each other's hands—as there was a space of a few inches left between the end of the partition and the panes of glass. The *gardien* then told me that Monsieur Bonjean, Président de la Cour de Cassation, had been imprisoned in the second, and when it was discovered that Monseigneur and he were holding communication together, the Archbishop was at once removed to a place of stricter confinement, which should be shown to me at the other end of the corridor. He remained four-and-twenty hours in the cell where I stood—from the evening of the 22nd to that of the 23rd. On the morning of this latter day the prisoners had been allowed to go down for half an hour into what is called the "*premier chemin de ronde*"—that is, the first of two narrow stone-paved courtyards which surround La Roquette on three sides, and are separated from each other and from the outer world by

very high walls. The Archbishop, however, felt too weak and ill to avail himself of the permission, and spent the greater part of the day lying in a half fainting state on his miserable bed. In addition to his other sufferings, he was starving of hunger, for the Commune had been driven back by the army of Versailles into the eleventh arrondissement, where alone therefore they were in power; and the supply of food being very scanty, the hostages were, of course, the last for whom they cared to provide. One of the Jesuit priests, Père Olivaint, who, four days later, was massacred in the terrible carnage of the Rue Haxo, had, however, secretly brought into the prison a little food, which had been conveyed to him by his friends while imprisoned at Mazas.

During the brief time of recreation, he was able to obtain access to the Archbishop, and, kneeling on the ground beside him, he fed him with a small piece of cake and a tablet of chocolate; and this was all the nourishment the poor old man received during the forty-eight hours he passed at La Roquette. Père Olivaint comforted him also with the promise of the highest consolation he could have in the hour of death, as he knew that he would have it in his power to give him the holy Viaticum at the last supreme moment. Four portions of the reserved Sacrament had been conveyed to the priest, when in Mazas, in a little common card-box, which I saw at the Jesuits' house in the Rue de Sèvres, where it is preserved as a precious relic, and this he had succeeded in bringing concealed on his breast to La Roquette.

It had been intended that this day, the 23rd, should witness the murder of the hostages, and the order was, in fact, given for the immediate execution of the whole of the prisoners who had been brought in the evening before; but the Director, shrinking in horror from the task, succeeded in evading it, at least for a time, by pretending that there was an informality in the order. This day passed over, therefore, leaving them all still alive, but without the smallest hope of ultimate rescue.

In the course of the afternoon the Archbishop's intercourse with Monsieur Bonjean having been discovered, he was moved into cell No. 23, which we now went on to see. On our way towards it, the *gardien* took us down a side passage, and, opening a door, introduced us into a gallery, which we found formed part of



the chapel, and was the place from which the prisoners of this corridor heard mass. Just opposite to us, on the same side with the High Altar, was a sort of balcony, enclosed by boards painted black and white, and surmounted by a cross, in which the *gardien* told us criminals condemned to death were placed to hear the mass offered for them just before their execution.

"Was the Archbishop allowed to come here for any service?" I asked.

"Monseigneur! no, indeed! to perform any religious duty was the last thing they would have allowed him to do. He was never out of his cell but once, and that was on the morning of the day he died. I will show you afterwards where he went then. *Voilà notre brave aumônier*," continued the *gardien*, pointing to an old priest who was sitting at a table in the body of the church, with two of the convicts seated beside him; "he is such a kind friend to all those wretches, but, unfortunately, he was at Mazas when Monseigneur was here."

He now took us back to the Archbishop's last abode. The door of cell No. 23, unlike those of all the others which stood open, was not only closed, but heavily barred and bolted.

"This cell," said the *gardien*, "has never been used or touched in any way since Monseigneur occupied it—it has been kept in precisely the same state as that in which he left it—the bed has not even been made; you will see it exactly as it was when he rose from it at the call of those who summoned him out to die."

It seemed at first rather doubtful whether we should see it, for the *gardien* had taken a key from his pocket while he was speaking, and was now trying to unlock the door and open the many bolts, which were stiff and rusty from long disuse. "With the exertion of his utmost strength he could not for a long time move them all, and I thought, as the harsh grating noise of the slowly turning key echoed through the corridor, how terrible that sound must have been to the unfortunate Archbishop, when he last heard it, accompanied by coarse and cruel menaces shouted through the door, which told him it was opening to bring him out to a bitter death. The *gardien* made so many ineffectual efforts before he succeeded, that I felt quite afraid it would not be possible for him to admit us, and I said so to him, with an exclamation of satisfaction, when I saw

the heavy bolts at last give way. He had by this time quite discovered the interest I took in the object of his own almost passionate veneration and love, and, turning to me, he said, "Madame, I would have opened this door for you if I had been obliged to send for a locksmith to do it, for I see how you feel for our martyred father; but you may well be content to gain admission to this cell, for thousands have asked to see it and have been refused. I am sole guardian of it, and I keep the key by my side all day, and under my pillow at night, and those only enter here who have some strong claim for admission."

He threw open the door as he spoke, standing back to let me pass, and I went in. I stood for a few minutes within that miserable cell, unable to speak, so great was the shock I received from the conviction of the absolute malignity which must have dictated the arrangements of the poor Archbishop's last resting-place on earth. Having seen the other cells, and the comparatively comfortable beds provided for even the worst criminals amongst the convicts, I saw that it must have been a studied purpose which had prepared so squalid and revolting a couch for the aged and dying "father of his people." A low, rude framework of wood, totally different from the iron bedsteads in the other rooms, was spread with a palliasse of the coarsest description, torn open down the centre, so that the straw—far from clean—with which it was scantily filled was all exposed to view; over this was thrown one ragged woollen covering, stained and black, as if it had been left unwashed after long use in some low locality, and one very small, hard bolster, which, apparently from similar usage, had lost all appearance of having ever been white: in so many words, the whole furniture of the bed looked as if it had been extracted from the lowest and darkest den in the worst quarters of Paris, for the express purpose of making such a couch as one would shrink from touching with the tip of one's fingers. I need not enter into the details which made me with justice call it revolting, but I am sure that no English gentleman would have bid his dog lie down upon it. Such as it was, however, the Archbishop, faint and failing in the long death-agony which began for him when he entered La Roquette, had been fain to stretch upon it his worn-out frame and aching limbs—but not to sleep, for the *gardien* believed he never closed his eyes in that his last

night on earth. It was strictly true that everything had been religiously preserved in the precise state in which he left it—we could see that the bed had not been touched; the pillow was still displaced, as it had been by the uneasy movements of the poor grey head that assuredly had found no rest thereon, and the woollen cover was still thrown back, just as the Archbishop's own hand had flung it off when he rose at the call of his murderers, to look for the last time on the face of God's fair sun.

"Et il faisait un si beau temps," as an eye-witness said of that day. "Mon Dieu! quelle belle journée de printemps nous avions ce maudit vingt-quatre Mai!" One happy recollection alone relieves the atmosphere of cruelty and hate which seems to hang round the stone walls of this death-chamber—for it was here on that last morning that the Archbishop received from the hands of Père Olivaint the Sacred Food, in the strength of which he was to go that same day even to the Mount of God.

From here, too, in the early morning of the 24th, he went to gain the only breath of fresh air which he was allowed to breathe at La Roquette. During the usual half-hour's recreation permitted to the convicts, he descended with the rest into the first courtyard, and there one other moment of consolation came to him, which brightened the Via Dolorosa he was treading, with a last gleam of joy. Monsieur Bonjean, who shared with him his prison and his death, had been in the days of his life and liberty a determined unbeliever; but since he came into the Dépôt des Condamnés he had been seen on every possible occasion in close conversation with the Père Clerc, one of the doomed priests; and on this morning, as the Archbishop, unable from weakness to walk about, leant for support against the railing of a stair, Monsieur Bonjean came up, and, stretching out his hands to him with a smile, prayed Monseigneur to bless him, for, he said, he had seen the Truth standing, as it were, at the right hand of Death, and he, too, was about to depart in the faith of Christ.

It was a relief to remember that these last rays of sunshine had gleamed for the old man through the very shadow of death, amid the terribly painful associations of the place in which I stood, and the *gardien* waited patiently while I lingered, thinking of it all; at last, however, as he was stooping over the bed, showing me where the outline of the weary form that

had lain on it could still be traced, he said, in a very aggrieved tone—

"Look what an Englishman did, who was allowed to enter here: when I had turned my head away just for one moment, he robbed me of this;" and he showed me that a little morsel of the woollen cover had been torn off, no doubt to be kept as a sacred relic.

"I was just going to ask you if I might take a little piece of the straw on which Monseigneur lay," I said.

"By all means," answered the *gardien*; "you are most welcome."

I took a very small quantity, and was turning to go away, when he said—

"Would you not like some more? Why have you taken so little?"

"Because, as you spoke of an Englishman's depredations, I did not want to make you complain of an Englishwoman too."

"I did not know you were English," he said, looking sharply round at me; and I felt afraid I should have cause to regret the admission, for I had discovered, during my residence in Paris, that the children of "perfidious Albion" are not by any means in the good graces of Frenchmen, at the present juncture. In the commencement of the war it was the popular belief amongst them that their ally of the old Crimean days would certainly come forward to succour France in her terrible strait, and they have not yet forgiven us, if they ever do, for our strict maintenance of neutrality.

The *gardien*, however, after the first moment of evident annoyance, seemed to make up his mind to overlook my nationality, and gave me a generous handful of straw, before he once more locked up the cell, telling me that no one would ever be allowed to occupy it again. An open door, a few steps farther on, led into that which had been appropriated to Monsieur Deguerry, Curé of the Madeleine, and as I glanced into it I saw a fairly comfortable bed, with good sheets and blankets.

"How much better Monsieur Deguerry was lodged than the Archbishop," I said to the *gardien*.

"Every one was better lodged than Monseigneur," he answered: "*cette canaille de Commune* did all they could to make him suffer from first to last."

On this fatal day, the 24th of May, the rapid successes of the Versaillais showed the authorities of the Commune that the term of their power might almost be numbered by hours, and these hours they determined should be devoted to revenge



for their recognized defeat. At six o'clock in the evening an order came to the Director of La Roquette for the instant execution of the whole body of prisoners who had been brought from Mazas, to the number of sixty.

Once more the Director remonstrated, not as on the previous day, on the ground of informality, but because of the wholesale nature of the intended massacre. Messages on this subject went to and fro between the prison and the *mairie* of the eleventh arrondissement, where the leading Communists were assembled, for the space of about an hour, and, finally, a compromise was effected—they agreed only to decimate the sixty condemned, on condition that they themselves chose the victims. It was known to all concerned that their rancour was chiefly directed against the priests—"those men who," as one of the sufferers remarked, "had inconvenienced this wicked world for eighteen hundred years"—but there were many of that detested class at La Roquette, and to the last moment none knew who would be chosen for death.

At seven o'clock the executioners arrived, headed by Ferré, Lolive, and others—it was a confused assemblage of National Guards, Garibaldians, and "vengeurs de la République," and they were accompanied by women of the pétroleuse stamp, and by numbers of the "gamins de Paris," who were, throughout the whole reign of the Commune, more than any others absolutely insatiable for blood.

Up the prison stairs they swarmed, this dreadful mob, shouting threats and curses, with every opprobrious epithet they could apply to the prisoners, and especially to the Archbishop. Ferré and the other ringleaders advanced into the corridor and the *gardien* showed me where they stood in the vacant space on the left side facing the row of cells which contained their victims. Then in a loud voice, the list of doomed men was read out:—

"Georges Darboy—se disant serviteur d'un nommé Dieu"—and the door of the cell I had just seen was thrown open, and the Archbishop of Paris came out, wearing the purple *soutane* which now, stained with blood and riddled with balls, is preserved in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. He walked forward, stood before his executioners, and meekly bowed his head in silence, as the sentence of death was read to him. "Gaspard Deguerry" was next called, with the

same blasphemous formula; and the Curé of the Madeleine, whose eighty years of blameless life might well have gained him the right to pass by gentler means to the grave which must in any case have been so near, responded to the summons. "Léon Ducoudray, of the Company of Jesus," a tall, fine-looking man passed from his cell, and stood looking with a smile of quiet contempt on his murderers. He had been rector of the School of St. Geneviève, and had done much for the cause of education.

"Alexis Clerc, of the same Company." It was with a light step and a bright look of joy that this priest answered the ominous call, for his one ambition all his life had been to attain to the glory of martyrdom, and he saw that the consummation of his longing desires was close at hand.

"Michel Allard, ambulance chaplain," and a gentle, kindly-looking man stepped forward, whose last days had been spent in assuaging the pangs of those who were yet to suffer less than himself.

"Louis Bonjean, Président de la Cour de Cassation." Some private spite probably dictated the addition of this layman to the list of the condemned, but with his name the fatal number was filled up, and the order was given to the prisoners to march at once to execution. They were left free to walk side by side as they pleased on that last path of pain, and with touching consideration the Archbishop chose Monsieur Bonjean as his companion, claiming from him the support his own physical weakness so sorely needed, while he strengthened the soul of the new-made convert with noble words of faith and courage. The Curé of the Madeleine followed, supported on either side by the Fathers Ducoudray and Clerc, for he alone of the six doomed men showed any sign of fear; but it was a mere passing tremor, pardonable, indeed, in one so aged and feeble. Monsieur Allard came next, walking alone, and reciting prayers in a low voice.

Determined as the Communists were to consummate their cruel deed, they were, it seemed, not only ashamed of it, but afraid of the consequences, for they did not dare to take their victims out by the principal entrance, but made them go down a small turning staircase in one of the side turrets.

Père Ducoudray had his breviary in his hand, and as they passed through a room where the concierge was standing, he gave it to him in order that it might not fall into the hands of any of the pro-

fane rabble around, and told him to keep it for himself. The porter took it, glad to have some remembrance of so good a man, but the captain of the firing party had seen what had passed, and with an oath he snatched the book from the man's hand and flung it on the fire. When they had all gone out, the concierge rescued it from the flames, in which it was only partly consumed, and I saw it, where it is still religiously preserved in the house of the Rue de Sèvres, with its half-burned pages and scorched binding.

The condemned were led down three or four steps into the first of the two narrow courtyards which, as I said, surround three sides of the prison, and it was originally intended that they should on this spot suffer death.

While the firing-party made ready, the Archbishop placed himself on the lowest step, in order to say a few words of pity and pardon to his executioners. As the *gardien* showed me with much minute detail where and how Monseigneur stood, I inquired if it was true that two of his assassins had knelt at his feet to ask his blessing?

"Yes," he answered, "it was perfectly true, but they were not allowed to remain many instants on their knees. Monseigneur had time to say that he forgave them, but not to bless them, as he wished, before with blows and threats they were made to start to their feet, and the Archbishop was ordered to go and place himself against the wall, that he might die."

But at the moment when the condemned were about to range themselves in line, the Communists perceived that they were just below the windows of the Infirmary, and that the sick prisoners were looking out upon the scene. Even before the eyes of these poor convicts they did not dare to complete their deed of darkness, and the prisoners were ordered to retrace their steps down the long courtyard that they might be taken into the outer one, and there at last meet their fate.

I could measure what a long weary way they had thus to go, in those awful moments, when they had believed the bitterness of death was almost already past; for we walked slowly down the stone-paved path they trod, while the *gardien* detailed to me every little incident of the mournful journey—how on one spot Père Ducoudray saw a prisoner, whom he knew well, making signs of passionate anguish at his fate, from an upper

window, and, smiling, waved his hand to him, like one who sends back a gay farewell to holiday friends upon the shore, when he is launching out on a summer sea, to take a voyage of pleasure—and how, a little farther on, the Archbishop had cast such a gentle look of pity on a man who was uttering blasphemies in his ear, that it awoke enough compunction in the heart of the leading Communist to make him say with sternness to the rabble, "We are here to shoot these men, and not to insult them;"—and how at last, as they came in sight of the place of execution, Père Clerc tore open his *soutane*, that his generous heart might receive uncovered the fiery messengers which brought him the martyr's death he had wooed so long and won at last.

They had to pass through a gate leading to the outer enclosure, and here there was another painful delay, while the key was procured from the interior of the prison, to unlock it; and as soon as we, too, had crossed this barrier, and come to the entrance of the second *chemin de ronde* on the right side, we knew that the last scene of the tragedy was before us, for on the dark stone wall at the end there stood out in strong relief a white marble slab surmounted by a cross.

We walked towards it over the stones which paved the centre, while against the wall on either side were borders of flowers which had evidently been cultivated with great care. I asked the *gardien* if these blooming plants had been growing there when the victims and their executioners passed along. "No," he said, "there was nothing of what you see now. I planted these myself afterwards, and I tend them daily—it is a little mark of honour to this holy place." And holy, in truth, it seemed, for it was like walking up the nave of a cathedral towards an altar of sacrifice as we advanced nearer and nearer to the goal. When we were within about twenty paces of the end, the *gardien* put his hand on my arm and stopped me, pointing downwards. I saw at my feet a stone gutter which—how or why I knew not—was stained dark and red. "Here the firing-party took up their position," he said; "you see how close they were to the victims." He went a little aside, and placing himself against the angle of the prison wall, "Here Ferré stood," he continued, "as with a loud voice he gave the order to the National Guards to fire." Finally the *gardien* walked a few steps farther on, and taking off his hat, he held it in his hand, and



made the sign of the cross, while he said, "And here——" Then he was silent, and there was no need that he should finish his sentence; the gentleman who was with me uncovered also, and not a word was spoken by any of us for some minutes. What we saw was this—a very high wall of dark stone which, at a distance of about five feet from the ground, was deeply marked with the traces of balls which must have struck it in vast numbers within the space of a few yards from right to left, and in the centre of the portion thus indelibly scored was the white marble slab we had seen from the other end. I could now read the inscription engraved upon it, which was as follows:—

Respect à ce lieu,  
Témoin de la mort des nobles et saintes  
victimes

du xxiv. Mai, MDCCCLXXI.

Monseigneur Darboy, Georges, Archevêque de Paris.

Monsieur Bonjean, Louis, Président de la Cour de Cassation.

Monsieur Deguerry, Gaspard, Curé de la Madeleine.

Le Père Ducoudray, Léon, de la compagnie de Jésus.

Le Père Clerc, Alexis, de la compagnie de Jésus.

Monsieur Allard, Michel, aumônier d'ambulance.

Below, four cypresses had been planted, enclosing the oblong space where the victims stood; the two nearest to the wall had completely withered away, as though they refused to live and flourish on the very spot where the innocent blood had been shed, but the other two were fresh and vigorous, and had sent out many a strong green shoot, seeming to symbolize, as it were, those lives transplanted to that other clime where they might yet revive in the free airs of Paradise, to die no more.

When we had stood some time in the midst of the peculiar stillness which seemed all around this solemn place, the *gardien* gave me a few details of the final moments. He said that the condemned men were placed in a line with their backs to the wall where the bullet marks now were: Monsieur Bonjean stood first on the right, Père Clerc next to him, Monsieur Deguerry followed, on whose other side was Père Ducoudray, then the Archbishop, and, last, Monsieur Allard. At the moment when Ferré gave the order to fire, Monseigneur raised his right hand, in order with his last breath to give the blessing to his ex-

ecutioners; as he did so, Lolive, who stood with the firing-party, though not one of the appointed assassins, exclaimed, "That is your benediction, is it? then here is mine!" and fired his revolver straight at the old man's heart. Then came the volley, twice repeated. The two Jesuit priests were the first to fall. Monsieur Deguerry sunk on his knees, and from thence lifeless to the ground. Monsieur Allard did the same, but supported himself in a kneeling position against the wall for an instant before he expired. Monsieur Bonjean had a moment of terrible convulsion, which left him a distorted heap on the earth; the Archbishop was the last to remain upright. I asked the *gardien* if he had lingered at all in his agony, and he answered, "Not an instant—he was already dead when he fell—as they all were." *Requiescant in pace!*

In the dead of night the six mangled bodies were thrown upon a hurdle and conveyed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where they arrived at three in the morning; and there, without coffins, or ceremony of any kind, they were thrown one on the top of another into a trench which had been opened at the south-east angle of the burial-place, close to the wall. There they were found, four days later, by the troops of Versailles when they came to occupy the cemetery, and they at once removed the bodies. Monseigneur Darboy and Monsieur Deguerry were taken with a guard of honour to the Archevêché in the Rue de Grenelle, in order to be buried at Notre Dame; the two Jesuit priests were sent to their own home, Rue de Sèvres; and Monsieur Bonjean and Monsieur Allard were left in the chapel of Père la Chaise.

Lolive, the Communist, to whose name is attached so terrible a memory, was still alive in the prison of Versailles at the moment when I stood on the spot where he uttered that last cruel insult to the defenceless Archbishop; but only a few days later, on the 18th of last September, he expiated his crime at the butts of Satory, and drank of that same bitter cup of death which he had held so roughly to those aged lips.

There was nothing to detain us any longer amid those mournful scenes: as we turned to go away, the *gardien* gathered a little sprig of heliotrope and some pansies from the spot where the Archbishop died, and gave them to me; and when I thanked him for the minuteness of detail by which he had enabled me to

realize so vividly the whole great tragedy, he answered, "Madame, I have shown you everything I possibly could, for I honour those who know how to revere the memory of our murdered father." He took leave of us, and walked away. Then we went back the long distance to the gate, receiving silent salutations from the Director, the turnkey with whom I had first conversed, and the concierge—none of whom seemed to wish to hold any communication with us after we had been on that sad spot. One after another the great doors closed behind us, and we drove away. In another moment the dark frowning walls of La Roquette disappeared from our sight, and we went on into the gay bright world of Paris where still the sun was shining on the broad Boulevards, and merry children were playing in the gardens, and songs and laughter filled the air.

F. M. F. SKENE.

From The Graphic.

#### INNOCENT:

#### A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "SALEM CHAPEL,"  
"THE MINISTER'S WIFE," "SQUIRE ARDEN," ETC.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY.

THIS mysterious hint did not dwell upon Ellinor's mind as it might have done in the mind of a young person less occupied. I am afraid she was of a superficial way of thinking at this period of her existence, and rather apt to believe that people who made themselves unpleasant, or suggested uncomfortable mysteries were "in a bad humor," or "put out about something;" which indeed is a very excellent and safe explanation of many of the unpleasant speeches we make to each other, but yet not always to be depended upon. Mrs. Eastwood was "put out," for the rest of the day, and would give no heed to any of Nelly's preparations; but, like the light-hearted soul she was, had thrown off the yoke by next morning. "Why should I take up Alice's opinions?" she said half to herself.

"Why, indeed?" cried Nelly, eager to assist in the emancipation.

"Alice is a good servant," Mrs. Eastwood continued; "most trustworthy, and as fond of you all as if you were her own" "(Sometimes she takes an odd way of showing it," interpolated Nelly), "and a

great comfort to have about one; but she has a very narrow, old-fashioned way of looking at things; and why should I take up her superstitions, and act upon them?"

This speech was received with so much applause by her daughter, that Mrs. Eastwood immediately plunged into all the preparations which she had checked the day before; and the ladies had a shopping expedition that very morning, and bought a great many things they had not thought of to make the room pretty. When people have "taste" and set their hearts upon making a room pretty, the operation is apt to become rather an expensive one; but this I must say, that mother and daughter most thoroughly enjoyed the work, and got at least value for their money in the pleasure it gave them. You will say that this was done more with the view of pleasing themselves than of showing regard to the poor little orphan who was to profit by all the luxuries provided; but human nature, so far as I know it, is a very complicated business, and has few impulses which are perfectly single and unmixed in their motives. They cudgelled their brains to think what she would like. They summoned up before them a picture of an art-loving, beauty-mad, Italian-born girl, unable to live without pictures and brightness. They went and roamed through all the Arundel Society collections to look for something from Pisa that would remind her of her home. They sacrificed a Raphael-print which had been hung in Mrs. Eastwood's own room, to her supposed necessities. Nelly made a careful selection of several *morceaux* of china, such as went to her own heart, to decorate the mantelshef. I don't deny they were like two overgrown schoolgirls over a bigger kind of doll's house; but if you can be hard upon them for this admixture, I confess I cannot. When the room was finished, they went and looked at it three or four times in a day admiring it. They did not know anything about the future inmate, what sort of soul it might be who was coming to share their nest, to be received into their most intimate companionship. They decked the room according to a preconceived impression of her character; and then they drew another more definite sketch of her character, in accordance with the room. Thus they created their Innocent, these two women; and how far she resembled the real Innocent the reader will shortly see.

Their life, however, in the meantime was not all engrossed in this occupation.



The Eastwoods were a popular family. They "went out" a good deal, even in the dead season of the year, when fashion is not, and nobody, so to speak, is in town. There are a very tolerable amount of people in town even in November and December. There are all the low people of every degree; there are all the people in public offices, especially those who are married. Among these two classes there are, the reader will perhaps not be surprised to hear, many, very many, excellent, highly-bred, well-connected persons who actually *live in London*. I am aware that in fashionable literature this fact is scarcely admitted, and everybody who is anybody is believed to visit town only during the season. But the great majority of the English nation consists of people who work more or less for their living, and of these a large number are always in London. The society of the Eastwoods consisted of this class. To be sure, Nelly had appeared at Lady Altamont's ball, in the very best of society, the year she came out; and invitations did still arrive now and then during the season from that supernal sphere. But these occasional flights into the higher heavens did not interfere with the natural society which surrounded the Eastwoods for at least nine months of the year, from November, say, to July. Here were Nelly's young friends, and Mrs. Eastwood's old ones; the advisers of the elder lady and the lovers of the younger. As for advisers, Mrs. Eastwood was very well off. She had a great many of them, and each fitted with his or her office. Mrs. Everard was, as it were, adviser in chief, privy councillor, keeper of the conscience, to her friend, who told her almost, if not quite, everything in which she was concerned. Under this great domestic officer there was Mr. Parchemin, once a great Chamber counsel, noted for his penetration into delicate cases of all kinds, who had retired into profound study of the art of investment, which he practised only for the benefit of his friends. He was for the Finance department. The Rector of the parish, who had once been a highly-successful master in a public school, was her general adviser in respect to "the boys," selecting "coaches" for Dick, and "keeping an eye" upon him, and "taking an interest" in Jenny during the holidays. Mrs. Eastwood's third counsellor had, I am sorry to say, interested motives. He was a certain Major Railton, in one of the Scientific Corps, and was handy man to the household—for a consideration, which

was Nelly. He had the hardest work of all the three—advice was less wanted from him than assistance. He never went so far as his club, poor man, or entered Bond Street, without a commission. He recommended tradespeople, and superintended, or at least inspected, all the repairs done on the old house, besides suggesting improvements, which had to be carried out under his eye. Lastly, there was Mrs. Eastwood's religious adviser, or rather advisers; there were two of them, and they were both ladies,—one, a sister belonging to one of the many sisterhoods now existing in the English Church; and the other an old lady from the north of Ireland, with all the Protestantism peculiar to that privileged region. With this body of defenders Mrs. Eastwood moved through life, not so heavily burdened after all as might be supposed. She had a ready way of relieving herself when she felt the yoke. Though she religiously asked their advice on all their special topics, and would even go so far as to acquiesce in their views, and thank them with tears in her eyes for being so good to her, she generally after all took her own way, which simplified matters amazingly. Since this was the case even with her privy councillor, the friend of her bosom, it is not to be wondered at if the others were used in the same way. Mr. Parchemin was the one whose advice she took most steadily, for she was deeply conscious that she knew nothing of business; and Mr. Brotherton, the clergyman, who was the patron saint of the boys, was probably the one she minded least, for an exactly opposite reason. But the curious thing was, that even in neglecting their advice, she never alienated her counsellors—I suspect because our vanity is more entirely flattered by being consulted than our pride is hurt by having our counsel tacitly rejected. So much for the elder lady's share. Nelly, on her side, had a host of friends of her own age, with whom she was very popular, but no one who was exactly Pythias to her Damon, for the reason that she was old-fashioned enough to make her mother her chief companion. Let us clear the stage, however, for something more important than a female Pythias. Nelly had—who can doubt it?—or her right to admission into these pages would have been very slight, a lover for whom the trumpets are now preparing to sound.

Let us pause, however, for one moment to note a fact which is certainly curious. We all know the statistics that prove be-

yond possibility of doubt that there are more women than men in the world — or, at least in the English world — and that, in the natural course of events, only three-fourths, or four-fifths or some other mysterious proportion, of English women can ever attain the supreme glory and felicity of being married. Now, I do not dare to contradict figures. I have too much respect — not to say awe — of them. I only wish to ask, in all humility, how does it then happen that a great many women are offered the choice of two or three husbands, and that almost every nice young girl one knows has to shape her ways warily in certain complications of circumstances, so as to keep everything smooth between some two at least, who devote to her the homage of their attentions? I do not expect that any statistician will take the trouble to answer this question, but it is one deeply calculated to increase the mingled faith, incredulity, terror, and contempt with which I, like most people, regard that inexorable science. Nelly Eastwood was one of these anomalies and practical contradictions to all received law. She had no idea that she was flying in the face of statistics, or doing her best to stultify the most beautiful lines of figures. Major Railton, of whom we have already spoken, was over thirty, which Nelly, not quite twenty, thought rather old; but the other pretendant for Nelly's favour was not old. He was one of the class which has taken the place now-a-days of the knights and captains, the heroes of the period. Not a conquering soldier or bold adventurer — a young barrister lately called to exercise that noble faculty, and prove black to be white and white black to the satisfaction of a British jury; *tant soit peu* journalist, ready with his pen, ready with his tongue; up, as the slang goes, to anything. His name was Molyneux, and his position as a briefless barrister was much modified by the fact that he was the son of the well-known Mr. Molyneux, whose fame and success at the bar had already indicated him one of the next new judges as soon as any piece of judicial ermine fell vacant. This changed in the most wonderful way the position of Ernest Molyneux, upon whose prospects no mother could frown, though indeed he had nothing, and earned just enough to pay his tailor's bills. Major Railton, too, was somewhat literary, as indeed most men are now-a-days. When anything was going on in the military world, he was good enough to communicate it to the public through the medium

of the *Daily Treasury*. He had even been sent out by that paper on one or two occasions as its special correspondent. Naturally, he took a view of professional matters entirely opposed to the view taken by the correspondent of the *Jupiter*. The Major's productions were chiefly descriptive, and interspersed with anecdote. The barrister's were metaphysical, and of a very superior mental quality. He was fond of theology, when he could get at it, and of settling everything over again on a new basis. These were the two gentlemen who happened to meet in the drawing-room at The Elms, on one of these chilly afternoons, at the fire-light hour. This fashion of sitting without lights was one which both of them rather objected to, though they dared not express their sentiments freely, as on a former occasion Frederick Eastwood had not hesitated to do. On a little table which stood before the fire was the tea-tray, with its sparkling china and little quaint old silver tea-pot, which glittered, too, in the ruddy light. This was the highest light in the darkling scene. Major Railton was seated quite in the shadow, near Mrs. Eastwood, to whom he had been discoursing, in his capacity as outdoor adviser, about the state of the coach-house. Young Molyneux was moving about the centre of the room, in the way some men have, talking to Nelly, and looking at any chance book or curious thing that might fall in his way. They had been hearing the story of the new cousin with polite interest, varying according to the nature of the men, and the intimacy and interest in the house which their respective positions enabled them to show.

"The stables are the worst," said the Major. "In one corner the rain is positively coming in; not to speak of the uninhabitable nature of the place, if you should want to use it, the property is positively deteriorated. It really must not be allowed to fall out of repair."

"There is no chance of my wanting to use it, Major; but, of course, if, as you say, the property is injured — I am sure," said Mrs. Eastwood, "it is a great nuisance to be your own landlord; other people, I find, have all these things done for them."

"But other people pay rent, and may be turned out at a year's notice," said the Major.

"Oh, indeed, nobody is so foolish as to turn out a good tenant. Indeed, it is a very equivocal advantage to live in your



own house. Constant taxes, constant repairs, and though everybody knows I have put down my carriage, obliged to spend money on my stables! That," said Mrs. Eastwood, emphatically, "is what I call an irony of fate."

"It is bad, it must be allowed," said Molyneux bursting in; his ear had been caught by the last words, which she pronounced more loudly than usual, with a true sense of the injury done her. "It is like a story I heard the other day of an unfortunate Austrian whose château was destroyed in the war. Just about the time the last fire smouldered out, he got his bill from the great furniture man at Vienna for the redecoration. It had just been finished before the Prussian guns went at it. There's irony for you! I don't suppose your friend Bismarck, Railton, will be so civil as to pay the bill."

"Nobody will pay my bill, I am sure," said Mrs. Eastwood, not quite relishing the introduction of a misfortune which overshadowed her own. "What a comfort it is, to be sure, that there is no more fighting in Italy. Frederick, I think, ought to be in Pisa by this time, and next week I hope we may have him back. What a difference in travelling since my day! Then we went in our own carriages from Marseilles, going round the coast, and taking weeks to it. Nelly, don't you think we might have lights?"

"Presently, Mamma; don't you want to know about my new cousin, a new young lady coming out of the unknown?" said Nelly. "If I visited in a house where any one so very new was about to appear, I should be dying of curiosity. Mr. Molyneux, you are full of imagination, or at least so the newspapers say; help me to make out what she will be like. Born in Italy; sixteen; named Innocent. Here are the facts. Now tell me what you think, and then you shall have my idea."

"I hope she will be like her relations, whom we know," said Major Railton, gallantly: "and then the firmament will have another star."

"That is pretty, but it is vague," said Nelly, "and I have heard something like it before. Mr. Molyneux —"

"Who said I was full of imagination?" said Molyneux, feeling entitled to draw a chair near her. "Now if there is one thing I pride myself on, it is that subordination of fancy to reason which is characteristic, Miss Eastwood, of a well regulated mind. Girls of sixteen are of two classes, so far as I have observed: honest

bread-and-butter, which I rather like on the whole — or the shy and sentimental, which, when it is not too thin, has its attractions also. Miss Innocent, being Italian, &c., will probably belong to the last class. Now for your idea. I have said my say."

"My idea," said Nelly, solemnly, turning her face towards him in the glow of the fire-light, which lighted up the soft round of her cheek, and fluttered about her pretty figure as if caressing her, "is this: I have been reading up 'Aurora Leigh.' Have you read 'Aurora Leigh?' Perhaps you do not condescend to anything merely English, and written by a woman —"

"Pardon, this is criticism and accusation, not your idea."

"I will send Birkson to-morrow," said the Major in his corner, "he is the man I always employ. He can give an estimate at least, and I will cast an eye over it the next time I see you. I fear you must do it, though I hate all expense that can be spared."

"And such unnecessary expense," sighed Mrs. Eastwood.

"Well, then," resumed Nelly, flushing with excitement, "this is how it will be — it is constantly so in books, and I suppose you writers ought to know. She will be beautiful, she will be clever, far cleverer than anybody here. She will flash upon us in our dull little house like a princess. Mamma and I will be quenched altogether. She will be the centre of everything. When you come to call, you will all make a circle round her to hear her talk, or to hear her sing, or just to look at her, she will be so lovely. Probably she will sing like an angel, — everybody does who comes from Italy. Her father will have taught her all sorts of out-of-the-way things, — Greek and Latin, and astrology, and I don't know what. Poor Mamma and I will try to keep her down, you know, and be something still in our own house."

"Why, Nelly, what wild nonsense are you talking? Do stop your romancing, and ring for the lights."

"Presently, Mamma! We will be unkind to her, we will leave her at home when we go out, we will make her sit up in the old schoolroom. I hope we will have strength of mind to give her enough to eat. But whatever we do she will shine like a star, as Major Railton beautifully says. She will outshine us in goodness as well as in everything else. She will cast us into the shade; we shall

feel ourselves the meanest, and the wretchedest, and stupidest, and the ugliest —”

“Nelly, Nelly! are you going crazy? What can you mean?”

“There’s imagination for you!” cried Molyneux; “invention, the most daring fancy. I did not know you were a poet. ‘Aurora Leigh’ is nothing to it, nor even ‘Cinderella.’ Now I confess my curiosity is awakened. When is this course of cruelty to begin?”

“Yes, Mamma, it is getting quite night,” cried Nelly, springing up. “We have been left long enough in the dark, haven’t we? Have you settled about the stables? Oh, Major Railton, if you would be so very good! It is only a book I want. A book is a simple sort of commission. Now please tell me if it is troublesome, for of course I could order it at Clarke’s; but then it would not come for a week. We are supposed to be in London here, but it is a week’s post to Regent Street.”

“What is the good of me but to run errands?” said the gallant Major, changing his seat in the corner for another chair more near to Nelly. “I like it. Good heavens, I beg your pardon, Winks, how was I to see you were there?”

Winks jumped down out of the chair on which he had been lying, in the highest dudgeon; he took no notice of the criminal. Too much a gentleman to say anything uncivil beyond the momentary snap and snarl which betrayed his disinclination to be sat upon, a thing abhorrent both to dogs and men, he hobbled to the rug, holding up one paw with a demonstration of patient suffering, which might have melted the hardest heart. It was Winks’s favourite paw which he never ran upon under any circumstances: but this was a little fact which he did not mention. He took it to the matting, and licked it, and made much of it, with a heroic abstinence from any complaint. The Major went down on his knees, and felt the injured limb carefully, with every expression of penitence. “The bone is not hurt, I assure you,” he said tenderly, half to Winks and half to his mistress. The sufferer turned his head aside during this examination, to conceal, I believe, the smile upon his countenance.

“He is a little humbug,” said Mrs. Eastwood, but she was relieved to know there was not much the matter. As for young Molyneux, he took a base advantage of the incident.

“Railton is getting rather stout,” he

whispered aside to Nelly, “I don’t wonder Winks did not like it. He is broadening, one can’t deny it. Look what a shadow he throws, blotting out you and me together.” And, indeed, the excellent Major, foreshortened by the firelight, did throw a portentous shade up to the very ceiling. And Nelly laughed out like a foolish girl, unable to restrain herself, and could give no account of her laughter; but declared it was because of Winks, who was an accomplished actor, and had taken the Major in. “Winks, come, I am going upstairs,” she cried; upon which the invalid bounded from the rug, nearly upsetting the Major. And then Brownlow came in with two lamps, and the hour of reception was over. Major Railton, however, lingered still for a last word about the stables, while young Molyneux was forced to go away. To have a settled appointment, so to speak, about the house in which dwells the young lady of your affections is an unquestionable advantage. It secures the last word.

“Nelly, how could you talk in that wild way?” cried Mrs. Eastwood, when both were gone. “There is nothing men like so much as to think that women are jealous of each other. It flatters their vanity. They will think you meant every word of all that nonsense, and a pretty account they will give of us to all our friends.”

“I did mean it,” said Nelly, “I was quite in earnest. If you will read ‘Aurora Leigh’ as I have been doing —”

“Aurora Fiddlestick,” cried Mrs. Eastwood, which, after all, was no argument; “don’t let me hear any more such nonsense. As if any girl that ever was born could alter one’s position in one’s own house! I am surprised at you, Ellinor. Make haste now and dress; we are much later than usual, in consequence of your foolish talk. I suppose I must go to this fresh expense about the stables after what the Major says,” she added, with care on her brow; “though I am sure Frederick will no more be able to keep horses when I die than I am now. And I don’t see why I should keep them up for remote posterity — my great grandson, perhaps, who, if he is able to afford it at all, should be able to build stables for himself. I don’t think I will do it, Nelly. I will send for Sclater to-morrow, and have the roof looked to. These men talk as if we were made of money, especially men who have the public money to fall back upon. It is very pleasant, I don’t doubt, to see work done and places



kept up when you never have any bills to pay."

This little speech was delivered partly on the stairs as Mrs. Eastwood went up to dress, followed by her daughter. Nelly, I am afraid, was not much interested about the stables, and made no reply; but she put her head into the little room before she began to dress, and contemplated it, admiring yet doubtful. She had been reading "Aurora Leigh" all the morning, and the poetry had gone to Nelly's head, as poetry is apt to do when one is twenty. She wondered if English nature, as represented by the elms and the lime trees, with no hills at all, not even a green slope for a background, would seem as tame to her cousin as English scenery in general had done to Aurora. Nelly herself had never yet been farther than Paris, and had seen no scenery to speak of. The blue spring sky and the primrose-covered grass,—the play of sunshine and shadow further on in the year through the silken green of the limes—the moon-light pouring down the avenue—filled her own heart with a flood of soft delight. That was because she knew no better, she argued humbly with herself; but the other, who had seen Alps and Apennines, and snowy peaks, and Italian skies! "I wonder if she will think us tame, too;" Nelly said to herself with a little shiver, as she went back to her own room and applied herself to the work of dressing. She reflected that in books the stranger, the orphan, the dependent, generally has it all her own way; but that, at the same time, there was something to be said on the other side for the tame, stay-at-home people, who did their best to satisfy the poetic nature, even if they did not succeed. Perhaps Miss Leigh herself, Aurora's aunt, who had not bargained for a poet, might have had her story, too. On the whole Nelly, having completed the little room, was somewhat depressed about its inmate. It was pretty, but she had not been able to give quite the ideal effect she had intended. In furnishing and decoration, as well as other matters, the highest ideal is not always the one that succeeds best.

#### CHAPTER V.

#### FREDERICK'S WAY.

FREDERICK EASTWOOD had leave for a fortnight from his office. He was not hardworked, as a rule. Leave was dispensed freely enough, without any very

profound investigation into the urgent affairs which demanded it. The men at the Sealing-Wax Office were something like their contemporaries of the Household Brigade, and were allowed much leisure to make up for the severe mental strain which their duties, so long as they lasted, imposed upon them. Therefore he had not much difficulty in getting free at this important family crisis. He left home the evening before his fortnight began, with a very pretty cheque in his purse which his mother had given him. Mrs. Eastwood's opinion was that, as Frederick was sacrificing himself to family duty, Frederick ought to have a recompense.

"You can buy yourself something with the rest," she said, smiling upon him with that confidence of being liberal and trustful which, perhaps because it is contrary to so many of her superstitions, always makes a woman pleased with herself.

"There are pretty alabaster things at Pisa," said Nelly; "you may buy us all something if you like."

Frederick shut up his pocket-book, as in other days men used to button their pockets. He went out of the house hastily, resolving to do neither one thing nor the other. They closed the door upon him tranquilly, feeling that it was Frederick's way, and that they knew precisely how he would conduct himself on this expedition. But the truth is that no soul more utterly unknown to that excellent family went out of all London that day. They knew absolutely nothing about him. The anticipations which made his eyes glow as soon as he was safe in his Hansom, and could look as he liked, would have been absolutely incomprehensible to his family. Could they have seen into his mind, they would have refused to believe in the reality of what they saw. I hope it may be in my power to reveal to the reader with less difficulty what Frederick Eastwood really was. He had a fine exterior—dainty, and delicate, and refined. To see him you would have imagined his faults to be faults of the mind; high temper, perhaps, irresolution and weakness in critical circumstances, intentions which were fundamentally good though often mistaken, and a wrong-headed obstinacy and self-opinion when he did decide upon anything, which is quite compatible with irresolution in great matters. This is what the cursory observer would have supposed him to be; and this is what his family thought of

him. He was not clever in managing his own affairs, they knew; he was undecided about matters which required firmness, and obstinate about trifles. He had no idea of the magnitudes of different objects, but would insist upon some trifling point in an argument while he yielded the great ones. All these faults, real or supposed, were in harmony with his looks, and with the impression he made upon most people who met him. A Charles the First sort of man—wrong-headed, melancholy, virtuous, meaning the very best, but not always able to carry out his meaning, and now and then betrayed into subterfuge by very indecision. This was the manner in which he was regarded by his friends.

I am afraid this was not, however, at all the real state of affairs. It is difficult to describe the true condition of his mind without using what the newspapers call vulgar expressions, and without venturing upon ground little known to or studied by the writer of this history. I do not know after what fashion the artisan enjoys himself when, after a long spell of respectability, his wife informs me, weeping or indignant, that he has gone off "on the spree;" and still less do I know what experiences are gone through by a young gentleman of quality when, obeying the same impulse, he also breaks loose from decorum and plunges into occasional dissipation. There are other pens in plenty which can inform the curious reader; but for my part, though I may guess, I do not know. Frederick Eastwood, however, though he was rather a fine gentleman than otherwise, was as much subject to this influence as any undisciplined working man with good wages and rampant senses. This was the secret, the mystery, and, by consequence, the centre of his life. His training, his wishes, his pride, all the traditions of his own and his family's history, bound him to the only career which is not ruin for men in his condition—a life in accordance with the ordinary rules of virtue and respectability. He had not any of the great qualities which make society pardon an occasional aberration; nor was he rich enough to be vicious decorously, even had that been possible. Besides, he did not want to be permanently vicious, nor, indeed, to sin at all if he could have helped it. He felt the importance of character as highly as any man could feel it, and clung to his good repute with a tenacity all the more desperate that he alone was aware how much he now and

then put it in peril. But that other impulse was as a fire within him—that impulse to burst away from all routine and self-control—to throw every restraint to the winds, and follow for a brief delirious interval only the wild suggestions of the senses, wherever they might lead him. Where they did lead him I have no intention of following. But this was the key to the somewhat strange and incomprehensible aspect which he presented to his fellows. He never got into mischief sociably with his contemporaries. They thought him on the whole rather a Puritan; though there were inevitable echoes of something against him wandering vaguely about his club and among the men who had been with him at the University. But all that was known and seen of his life was so spotless and respectable that the whisper of hostility was hushed. The question why a young man so blameless should be often so moody, and always so uncommunicative, had been solved in the feminine world in the most romantic manner, by the theory that he was like Charles the First. But men did not take up this notion so readily. There were various strange "ways" about him which were very mysterious to his friends: a certain secrecy, in itself carefully concealed, and watchfulness, as of a man about whom something might some day be found out. When his fever fit was coming on, he would grow restless, shifty, anxious, declining his ordinary engagements, shutting himself up in his own room, morose with his family, and impatient of all usual intercourse. A headache, or a cold, or some other slight ailment, was the reason easily accepted by the innocent people about him—and at the very nick of time some invitation would arrive for a week's shooting, or other agreeable occupation, which would "set him up," everybody thought. Whether he was resisting the devil at these preliminary moments, or merely concocting plans by which he might get free and secure the opportunity of self-indulgence, I cannot tell. I believe, strange as it may seem to say it, that he was doing both.

But the devil got the best of the argument, as he generally does when what are called "the passions" are excited, and the craving for enjoyment, to which some natures are so susceptible, sets in. This curious byeway of the human mind is one which a great many of us have been forced to study much against our will: when all the desires of the mind seem set upon the better way, and sore repentance,



religious feeling, and rational conviction of the fatal character of the indulgence, seem certainly to promise victory, but are upset at the critical moment by that irresistible sense of the pleasure within reach, which overcomes at once all spiritual and all prudential considerations. Frederick Eastwood reasoned with himself, condemned himself, understood the whole situation; he even prayed, with tears, against the besetting sin, about the character of which he could have no doubt. But all the time that hankering after the delight of it lay in the background; with a corner of his mental eye, so to speak, he saw how best to attain the gratification, and with a rush snatched it. Recollections of the sweetness of it last time would flash across his mind, even at the very height of his resolution to avoid it next time. He knew all that could be said about those apples of Sodom, which are so beautiful to look at, but are as ashes in the mouth. This is one of the set things which preachers and sinners are alike ready to say together; but the fact is that a great many people like the taste of the ashes, as Frederick did. The pleasure of anticipating that mouthful had more force upon him than all the arguments which, with hot zeal, he had so often used to himself.

He had been wavering on the very edge of downfall when this mission to bring home Innocent came, as it were, in his way. He accepted it as—we cannot say a godsend, or a gift from heaven—but as an almost supernatural provision for his necessities, a kind of counter-Providence, if we may use the word. So strange are the vagaries of human nature, that Frederick felt a sort of pious thankfulness steal over him when he saw before him this opportunity for a break-out which would be unsuspected by his friends. This time it would require no scheming, no fictitious invitation; which was one of the reasons why he went off with such exhilarated feelings. He bore the Channel far better than Dick could have believed, being supported by his pleasurable anticipations, and arrived in Paris in a delightful turmoil of expectation. He was free! He could do what he liked—go where he liked! He had some money of his own in his pocket, and the letter of credit his mother had given him. Plenty of money, no restraint, and in Paris! He settled himself in an hotel not too much frequented by English, and made up his mind really to enjoy himself, for a week at least.

He went into it with a plunge, just as his less elevated contemporary would go "on the spree." But, fortunately or unfortunately, there is no concealment about the latter process. It is received as a kind of painful necessity by the poor women who suffer most by it; and the record does not put the culprit at any great moral disadvantage. It is otherwise in the higher classes. Frederick went everywhere where he ought not to go; did everything that was most unbecoming and inappropriate. He did not get intoxicated, but he drank a great deal of champagne, and kept himself in a state of reckless excitement from day to day; and he got into the very cream of bad company—the company of people who shocked all his prejudices and revolted his good taste, but yet swept him along on that wild tide of pleasure, which was what he wanted. He had got a fortnight's leave, to accomplish the journey to Pisa and back, to console his little cousin, and win her confidence, and bring her kindly home. It was, however, ten days after he had left London when he woke up from his wild dream in Paris, his money all but exhausted, his frame worn out, his faculty of enjoyment at an end. That was not a pleasant waking, as may be readily supposed. He came to himself among the husks of his pleasures, and cursed them, and repented. He had done it a great many times before.

This time, however, there were unfortunate complications. He had still a long journey to make, and no time to do it in; and he had heavy expenses of travelling still to encounter, and no money to pay them. What was he to do? Cursing those husks of pleasure is one thing, and re-making them into the gold they represent is quite another. He did not dare to write to his mother, and show her that he was still in Paris. He would rather die, he thought, than compromise the position which was everything to him, or betray the secret of his life. Yet he must go on somehow, and accomplish his mission. With a racking headache and a despairing heart he began to count up his remaining coins, and calculate the time necessary for his journey. Time and money alike would just suffice to take him to Pisa. He had but realized this fact, without drawing any conclusion from it, when some one knocked at his door. He was in a second-rate hotel, but occupied its best room—a chamber all gorgeous with mirrors and marble tables and bronze candelabra. He hurriedly drew the cur-

tains of the alcove which held his bed, and in a querulous tone bade his visitor enter. To his disgust and confusion he saw, when the door opened, the only Englishman whom he had encountered—a middle-aged man, in sporting costume and with boisterous manners, who had joined Frederick's party (always against his will) on various occasions, and now came forward with horrible cordiality, holding out a red, fat hand, which seemed to the unfortunate prodigal the greasiest and dirtiest that he had ever shaken. He touched this paw reluctantly, with a repugnance in which some alarm and a sense of the necessity of giving nobody offence was mingled. He did not know who the man was. Had he been in other circumstances he would have repudiated his acquaintance haughtily; but at present he had the painful consciousness upon him that he was in everybody's power.

"Well, Sir, how are you after last night?" said his visitor. "Hope you find yourself tolerably well after that *p'tey soupy*? It's played the very deuce with me, though I ought to be seasoned. You young ones have all the odds in your favour. Thought you'd feel yourself pulled up hard this morning, after the champagne—and the bill. Ha, ha! the bill; that's the worst fun of it all; barring that, Sir, this sort of life would be too pleasant to be true. The bill keeps us in mind that we're mortal, hey?"

"I don't feel myself in any danger of forgetting that fact," said Frederick, stiffly.

He intended to answer with dignity and distance, but his mingled dislike to and fear of his visitor introduced a complaining, querulous tone into his voice. He seemed even to himself, to be whimpering over a hard fate, instead of uttering a mere morality with the loftiness of a superior. And somehow, as he spoke, he looked at the table, where "Bradshaw" lay spread out beside the unhappy remains of his money, the few miserable gold pieces which he had left. The man gave a suppressed whistle at this sight.

"So bad as that?" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Mr. Eastwood, I've been keeping my eye upon you. I mean well, if I'm a little rough; and if you won't ask me to sit down, I'll take it upon myself to do so, if you'll excuse me; for I haven't yet got over the effects of last night. I know your name?—yes, Sir. It's a good name, and I take an interest in all that bear it. Related to Sir Geoffrey, I don't doubt, Mr. Frederick Eastwood? There's

how I know, Sir. Picked it up the other night, after you'd been dining; and if you'll believe me, I've taken an interest in you ever since."

"You are very good, I am sure—though you have so much the advantage of me," said Frederick, more stiff than ever, yet afraid to show his resentment; for the fellow, as he called him in his heart, held out in his fat hand a card, bearing his respectable name at full, with the most immaculate of addresses—that of the Junior Minerva Club. Even his home address would have been less terrible. There are dozens of "Elms" about London, but only one Junior Minerva. He looked at the card with a dismay which he could not conceal. He stood upright by his chair, not following the example of his visitor. He would have liked to kick him down stairs, or to thrust him out of the window; but he dared not do it. It seemed to his feverish eyes that this man held his reputation, his character, everything that he cared for in the world, within his greasy hands.

"I'm naturally interested," his visitor went on, "for I was born and bred up on the Eastwood estates, near to Sterborne, if you know it. Very glad to see you, Sir, when you come in my direction. To be sure I have the advantage of you. My name is Batty—Charles Batty—at your service. I drive a good trade in the way of horses by times, though I call myself an auctioneer, and don't refuse no jobs as will pay. Bless you, I'd buy libraries as soon as yearlings, and get my profit out of them, though it's slower. Mr. Eastwood, Sir, knowing the respectable family you come from, and all your excellent connections, and your address at your club, &c., &c., I should not say, Sir, but what I might also be of use to you."

Misery, we are told, makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows. So does that modern form of misery called impecuniosity, which has its agonies more sharp than any primitive form of privation or pain. It is one of the worst penalties of the want of money, that the subject of that fatal want feels such eagerness to anticipate help that he is ready to look for it in the most unlikely places, and in his extremity will stretch his hand out in the dark to meet anybody's grasp. This rash eagerness of desperation specially belongs to the exhausted state of mind and purse in which Frederick now found himself. He was past all calculation of probabilities, ready to seize upon



any shadow of aid, however attained. Insensibly he slid into his chair, and a faint gleam of hope and light seemed to diffuse itself in the dull air round him. He took a rapid survey of the situation. His repugnance for the man who sat opposite to him, watching his movements, was not in any degree lessened; but he reflected that anyhow he had betrayed himself to this man. Stranger and *vaurien* though he seemed, he held the character of the accomplished Frederick Eastwood in his hands; and every principle of self-preservation, and of that respect for the world's opinion which was his curse and his punishment, moved him to try what means he could of bringing some advantage out of this now inevitable evil. He seated himself with a sigh of impatience and wretchedness, sheathing his sword, so to speak.

"The truth is I am in a scrape, and I don't see my way out of it," he said.

"Tell me all about it, Mr. Eastwood; I'll find a way out of it," said Batty, rubbing his greasy hands.

I suppose they were greasy hands. At all events, it was this particular which dwelt on Frederick's memory and revolted his fine feelings. Ugh! the thought made him sick years after. In the meantime, however, he had no time to be nice.

"The fact is," he said, with hesitation, "that I was on my way to Italy on business" — here he paused, remembering what Batty had said of an interest in the Eastwoods. "On family business. I had something to do — of importance; and I have been — detained here."

This euphemism delighted his companion. He gave a horse-laugh, which affected Frederick's nerves. "Yes; you have been — detained here; I understand. By Jove, you *are* fun," said this appreciative listener.

Frederick took no notice of the vulgar outburst. Now that he had business in hand he could be clear enough. He laid bare his necessities to this strange and novel adviser. There is no telling — as men in Frederick Eastwood's condition easily find out — in what strange regions money, and the inclination to lend it, may be found. Nothing could be less promising than this coarse Englishman, who had thrust himself into the young man's path so much against his will; and yet in this unlikely quarter salvation was to be found. We need not concern ourselves here about Mr. Batty's motives.

"I thought you looked too much a swell to be a commercial gent, Sir," he

explained later; "but when I picked up that card you might have knocked me down with a feather. Eastwoods has always been the height of quality in my eyes. I have been born and bred on their lands; and as for good will to serve 'em — here's a way to prove it."

Frederick was no neophyte, to put the unbounded confidence of a boy in these fine speeches; but he knew that there are a great many kinds of money-lenders, and that there are people in the world who are to be influenced, even to the supreme length of opening their purses, by a good name and a well-known address. Besides, after all there was no great risk attendant upon Batty's generosity. A man in a public office — a man with a character — is not likely to allow himself to be ruined for a matter of fifty pounds, especially when he has a mother full of innocent credulity to fall back upon. Thus the bargain was made, which was to Frederick, as soon as it became certain, an insignificant transaction. The moment he had signed the note and got the money, his despair of an hour ago seemed incredible to him, and all his objections to Batty recurred in double force.

"If you are ever down my way, I'll hope you'll eat a bit of mutton with me," said the hospitable usurer: "not *salmis* and *vol-au-vent*, Mr. Eastwood, for we ain't up to that; but sound English mutton, with a glass of good wine to wash it down. And I'll show you a stable that will make your mouth water."

Frederick, who had become stiff again, bowed and thanked him from a mountain-top of superiority — and it was Batty's hope to spend another evening in his society which determined him on the virtuous step of quitting Paris that night.

What was his brain busy about as he rolled out of the wicked, seductive city, where all vice betakes itself with the hope of being tempted, in that chill spring evening, between the lamps and the stars? His head was confused with all he had passed through. The fumes of his "pleasures" were still in it, mingled with the disgust which is inevitable, but which floats away still more quickly than the fumes of the "pleasures." The thrill of his hairbreadth escape was also vibrating through him; but a man of Frederick Eastwood's habits soon gets used to that thrill of escape. He was concocting and putting in order a reasonable way of accounting for his acquaintance with such a man as Batty,

should it ever become known to his friends. All at once, while he was arranging his bargain with Batty, this had flashed upon his mind. He would not conceal that, having a day or two to pass in Paris, he had determined on going to a purely French hotel, to escape the mass of travelling English who fill up every corner; with the view of seeing Frenchmen as they are, he had gone to this obscure hostelry; and there, by an odd chance, he had found this rough Englishman, stranded, not knowing the language—thrown, as it were, upon his charity. “A scamp, of course, and thoroughly objectionable; but what could one do?” Frederick said to himself, as he made up his story. His story seemed to himself so satisfactory that it really accounted for the acquaintance, even to his own mind. He recalled to recollection that he had been obliged to interpret for his unpleasant compatriot, and the fiction gradually consolidated into fact. He believed it himself long before he had reached the Marseilles steamboat which was the next step in his hurried way.

## CHAPTER VI.

## PISA.

FREDERICK had left Paris between the lamps and the stars, as I have said, on a chilly night, when the darkness and confusion in his own mind agreed better with the mist and rolling steam that made a cloud about the train as it dashed into the darkness, than with the serene celestial lights which tried in vain to penetrate that veil of vapour. He came into the harbour at Leghorn again between stars and lamps, but this time in the blue-green dawn of an Italian spring morning, too early for any stir except that which attended the arrival of the steamer. Do people still have that long *promenade sur l'eau* through the green sea basin from point to point before they are allowed to land, and be subjected to the final examination at the Dogana? I suppose all that has been changed with so many other things, with the abolition of passports, and other hindrances to the traveller. Frederick Eastwood did not now feel so hurried as when he was in Paris. He had arranged how he was to write home, and to telegraph to the office, begging for the extra week's leave which was inevitable. He wrote his mother a long letter, telling her how he had been seized with “unpleasant symptoms” in Paris, but would not send her

word of it lest he should alarm her; how he had managed to come on to Leghorn, taking the journey easily, and really had not suffered as he feared he would; how, on the whole, he was much better; how he intended to proceed to Pisa in the evening after a rest; and how within a week they might expect to see him back with his cousin. “Don't be uneasy about me,” he said, “I am really a great deal better. I feel sure I shall now get home quite comfortably; but, as you remarked before I left, I was not well when I started—too much confinement, I suppose”—I don't attempt to explain this other fiction which he put forth with perfect gravity, and without much feeling of guiltiness. “Unpleasant symptoms” might mean anything, and I fear that from schoolboy days the excuses given at home are not judged by a very high standard of truthfulness. Frederick's conscience did not trouble him much on this subject. He telegraphed to his chief at the office, announcing his detention by illness, without entering into any particulars as to where that illness had occurred, and claiming so many days' extension of leave as would re-establish his health for the journey home. He felt ill enough, it must be allowed, after all he had gone through—ill enough almost to feel justified in the report he gave of his ailing condition—“seedy” as he would have called it, to the last degree. He could not eat anything, he slept badly, his lips were parched, his hand hot and tremulous, and his looks bore him unimpeachable testimony, better than a medical certificate. Yet he felt rather happy in his unhappiness, as he rested and tried to eat a little *minestra* at the hotel at Leghorn. It was not so good as the *bouillon* he would have got in Paris, or the beef-tea at home, but it was all he was capable of. In the evening he proceeded on his short railway journey to Pisa—and on the way his mind, if not his body, mended rapidly. It was again dark when he arrived. He went to one of the hotels on the Lung' Arno, and took a feeble walk in the evening to see the place, though so little could be seen. He had never been in Italy before, and though the circumstances were such as to damp enthusiasm, there was in Frederick's mind a certain new-born freshness of a man returned to the paths of duty which we can compare to nothing but the feelings of one recovering from an illness. It was over; he felt languid, weak, but good. He had turned his back



alike on temptation and upon sin. He was convalescent. Now there is no real moral excellence in being convalescent even after a fever; but that sufferer must have had unkindly tending and little love about him in his malady, who does not feel that it is good of him to get better, and that he has done something for which all his friends are justly grateful to him. Frederick, though he had no friends to be grateful, felt precisely in this condition. He felt *good*. In Paris he had felt miserable, mournful, and what he called penitent—that is he had felt that pleasure carried too far ends by becoming unpleasant, and that it costs very dear, and that the amount of satisfaction to be got out of it is scarcely proportioned to the outlay. This mood had lasted during the greater part of his journey. But after a man has so accounted for his misfortunes as Frederick had done, and has got the means of beginning again, and feels himself clear of the toils for the time being, such a mood does not last very long; and by the time he reached Pisa he had got fully into the convalescent state, and felt good. While his dinner was preparing he took a walk down by the side of Arno, in which once more the stars above and the lamps below were reflecting themselves with serene composure, the lights of heaven asserting no proud superiority over the lights of earth; and then turned aside to that wonderful group of buildings of which everybody has heard. Nothing in all Italy belongs to our childhood like that leaning tower. Frederick looked up at it, bending towards him through the darkness, and recollected pictures in books at home which his mother had shown him of evenings when he stood by her knee in pinafores, before “life” began. His reminiscences gave the softest domestic turn to his mind, and made him feel still more good than before. Even in the dark there were still some beggars about, flitting out of corners at the sight of the stranger, and he emptied his pocket among them, giving them francs and half-francs with a wild liberality which increased ten-fold the numbers of these waiters upon Providence next evening in the Piazza del Duomo. There were fitful gleams of moonlight coming now and then from out a mass of clouds, and sending broad beams of momentary glory behind and between the different buildings. Frederick was awed and impressed, as well as touched and softened. This was like the higher light of religious feeling

coming in to elevate the domestic piety to which his heart had been suddenly opened by recollection. Thus impressed and ameliorated the convalescent walked back to his hotel to dinner, and was able to eat something, the reader will be glad to hear.

It was late, and he did not feel disposed to break the almost holy calm of his feelings after so many agitations, by making any effort to see his cousin that evening. He looked up at the tall houses as he went along, wondering if perhaps one of the faint lights he saw might be hers, but he was content to remain in this state of doubt till next day. One night could make little difference. When he had finished the meal, which was slight, but more satisfactory than anything he had been able to have since he left Paris, he made inquiries of the genial Italian waiter as to the position of the Palazzo Scarnucci, and whether anything was known of its English inhabitants. Antonio indicated to him exactly where the house was, and was eager to add that he knew the servant of the English gentleman who had died there. “Figure to yourself,” he said, “that Mademoiselle, his daughter, is all alone in that house of the dead.” The conversation was carried on in French, and Antonio was eloquent. He gave the stranger instantly a sketch of the girl thus left without any one to take care of her. “Letters have come from the friends in England, but no one has arrived,” said Antonio. “What kind of hearts can they have, Blessed Madonna! Niccolo does not know what will become of the poor young lady. The Forestieri here are kind to her, but what is that when she is left all alone by her friends? Monsieur perhaps may know some of her friends? She is a beautiful young lady, but strange, neither like the English Meeses, nor the Italian Signorine, and Niccolo says——”

“Did you say she was beautiful?” said Frederick. This was a particular which it was impossible to hear without a certain interest.

“She will be beautiful when she is older, when she has more *embonpoint*,” said Antonio. “But she is not English in her beauty, nor in anything else. Niccolo says she will sit for days together and never speak. She had a very strange father. He is buried in the English cemetery, so I believe all must be right. But in my opinion, though Monsieur may think it droll, the old Englishman was *tant soit peu sorcier!*”

"*Sorcier ?*" said Frederick, with a languid smile.

"Of course Monsieur thinks it droll — but for my part I believe he has thrown a spell over Mademoiselle. No one can melt her. She sheds no tear, Niccolo says. She listens to the English ladies without replying a word. The only Christian thing about her is that she goes often to Sta. Maria della Spina, the little, little, very little church which Monsieur may have remarked ; and as she is Protestant, I suppose that must be a sin. Perhaps, if Monsieur knows any of the English in Pisa, he will be able to see this strange and beautiful young girl —"

"Perhaps," said Frederick, taking the key of his bedroom and the candle from Antonio's hand. He did not choose to say that he was the lingering messenger whom her friends had sent for Innocent. But his mind was compassionately moved towards her. Beauty is always a point in everybody's favour, and the sense of power and protection in himself was pleasant to him. It quite completed, if anything had been wanted to do so, the rehabilitation of Frederick Eastwood in Frederick Eastwood's own eyes. What a change his appearance would make in the position of this deserted young creature, whose melancholy soul no doubt only wanted the touch of his kindness and compassion to rouse it into warmer life ! "Poor child," he said to himself almost tenderly, as he went to bed. He would be a brother to her, and to do them justice at home, they would be good to the poor girl. Yet somehow he could not but feel that his own influence, as the first to go to her, would do most for Innocent. The thought diffused a pleasant warmth and revival about his heart.

Pisa is not a cheerful place. It has neither the beauty of situation, nor the brightness of aspect, nor even the larger historical interest which belongs to Florence, its near neighbour and whilom rival. It has fallen out of the race as a town may do as well as an individual. But, on the other hand, it has no keen ice-wind to sweep its streets like those that chill the very blood in your veins in the deep ravines cut through lofty blocks of houses which form the Florentine streets. The equable temperature of Pisa hangs about it like a cloud, stilling the life in it that it may never grow loud enough to disturb the invalids who set up their tents in those old palaces. They have a little society among themselves, gentle, monotonous, and dull, such as befits invalids.

A great many English people are in that subdued winter population, people who are, or are supposed to be, *poitrinaires*, and people in attendance upon these sufferers, and finally, people who go because other people go, without either knowing or caring about the special advantages of the place. An English doctor and his wife, and an English clergyman and his wife, are generally to be found in all such places, and most usually these excellent persons do all they can to reduce the little colony of English, living in the midst of the quaint old foreign town, into the aspect of a village or small country place in England, where everybody talks of everybody, and knows his or her domestic grievances by heart. Mr. Vane, when he came to Pisa to die, had sought the assistance of the doctor, but not of the clergyman ; so it was Mrs. Drainham, and not Mrs. St. John, who had taken Innocent in hand when her father died, and had tried to make something of the forlorn girl. Though Frederick of course knew nothing about this, two letters had been despatched but a few days before to Mrs. Eastwood and another relation, adjuring them to come to the help of the young stranger. The doctor had himself written in a business like way to Sir Edward Vane, but Mrs. Drainham had taken Mrs. Eastwood in hand, and had written her what both herself and the doctor felt to be a very touching letter. The author of this affecting composition had been reading it over to some select friends on the very evening on which Frederick arrived in Pisa. Dr. and Mrs. Drainham lived on the first floor of the Casa Piccolomini, on the sunny side of the Arno, in a very imposing apartment, where they often assembled round them a little society "in a very quiet way," for the doctor himself was something of an invalid, and practised in Pisa as much for his own health as for that of his patients. They were people who were generally understood to be well off, an opinion which it is good for everybody, and especially for professional people, to cultivate about themselves. Every Wednesday and Saturday, tea and thin bread and butter, cut exactly as bread and butter is in England, were to be had from eight till eleven in the Drainhams' handsome drawing-room. On the evening in question the English colony at Pisa was very well represented in this modest assembly. There was Mr. and Mrs. St. John, accompanied by a gentle young English curate with pulmonary symptoms, who was staying with



them, and giving the benefit of his services when he felt able for it. There was old Mr. Worsley and his pretty daughters, one of whom was suffering from bronchitis, and the other from *ennui*, the latter the more deadly malady of the two. The healthy portion of the population was rather in the background, and not held in much estimation. Mr. St. John himself, who now weighed nearly sixteen stone, had come to Pisa also with pulmonary symptoms, and was fond of citing himself as an instance of the cures effected by its wonderful equability of temperature. "But a winter in England would kill me still. I could never survive a winter in England," he would say, tapping his ample bosom with his hand, and coughing to show that he had not quite lost the habit. On this particular occasion he uttered these words, which were very frequent on his lips, in order to console and encourage poor little Mrs. O'Carroll, the wife of a gigantic Irishman, who had broken all his bones one after another in riding across country, and who stood gaunt and tall in a corner conversing with the doctor, with red spots upon his high cheekbones, and a hollow circle round his big eyes, which did not promise such a comfortable termination.

"Oh, then, and you'll tell Harry," said the anxious woman, with the mellow tones of her country. "You'll tell him all about it, Mr. Singin, dear, and what you took, and how you lived?"

"There is nothing to tell, my dear lady," said the clergyman. "Pisa air, and a regular life, and taking care never to be out late or early, and nourishing food as much as I could take. But the air is the great thing. There is a serenity and equability in this Italian climate —"

"Ah, then!" cried poor Mrs. O'Carroll, "to get him to take care is all the battle. He never was ill in his life, and he won't allow he's ill, not if I were to preach to him night and day."

The only persons present who had no uncomfortable symptoms were two ladies who sometimes dominated the party, and sometimes were snubbed and cast into the shade, according to the influence which prevailed. These were the two Miss Boldings, ladies in the earlier half of middle-age, one of whom studied Art, while the other studied Italy; women of perfect independence, and perfect robustness, who when Mr. St. John was not there, carried matters with a high hand, and dismissed the question of health as unworthy to occupy the first place in the

conversation. "You think a great deal too much about your lungs," Miss Bolding would say. "Let them alone, and they will come all right. Don't fuss about your health. Pisa is no better than any other place, and no worse. Don't think about it. Occupy yourself with something. Neither I nor Maria ever take the smallest trouble about our healths, and what is the consequence? We have never ailed anything since we had the measles. Don't mind Mr. St. John, that's his hobby. If you'll meet me to-morrow morning in the Campo Santo — unless you are afraid —"

"Oh, no, not at all afraid," said the gentle curate, with a flush of youthful shyness and wounded pride. All these conversations were interrupted by Mrs. Drainham, who called at once to Miss Bolding for her advice, and to Mrs. O'Carroll for sympathy.

"I want you to tell me whether you think I have done right," she said, with much humility. "I am so anxious about poor Miss Vane. I have just written a letter to her aunt, though with much hesitation, for I have not your gift in writing, dear Mrs. St. John. Would you mind just listening to what I have said? If I had your approval I should feel encouraged after having sent it. It is very badly expressed, I am afraid, but it comes from the heart," said Mrs. Drainham, casting an appealing glance round her. She had pretty eyes, and was rather apt to give appealing glances. The audience gave a vague murmur of assent and applause, and Mr. St. John added, in a bold and round voice, his certainty of approval.

"It will be an excellent letter, that I don't doubt for a moment," said the clergyman; and on this encouragement Mrs. Drainham proceeded to read it, her husband standing behind her, feeling his own pulse, with a benevolent and complacent smile. And indeed the letter was more than excellent, it was eloquent. It appealed to the feelings of the distant aunt in the most touching way. It bade her remember the sister with whom no doubt her own childhood had been passed, and oh! to extend her motherly protection over that dear sister's orphan child; and it brought forward many religious, as well as natural, arguments to soften the heart of poor Innocent's nearest relation. In short it was just such a letter as was calculated to bring tears into Mrs. St. John's eyes, and which drove Mrs. Eastwood half frantic with indignation when she read it. "Does this woman think I am

an unnatural wretch to want all this talking to?" poor Mrs. Eastwood asked, half crying with anger and wounded feeling. But the company in the Casa Piccolomini thought it a beautiful letter. They thought the relations must be hardened indeed if they could resist such an appeal as that.

"I am sure the aunt must be a dreadful woman," said Clara Worsley, "or she would have come by this time. Will you take me to see her to-morrow, dear Mrs. Drainham? After that letter everybody ought to take an interest in her——"

"You have expressed all our feelings, my dear," said Mrs. St. John, pressing the hand of the doctor's wife with mingled admiration and envy. "I doubt very much if I could have done it half as well."

"Oh, that from you!" said Mrs. Drainham, with enthusiasm, for Mrs. St. John was literary, and the highest authority on matters of style.

"But I hear the girl is a very odd girl," said Miss Bolding. "Doctor, what did her father die of? Are they wrong in their heads? I knew a Vane once, of a West Country family, who were all very queer. I wonder if they were the same Vanes? Devonshire, I think, or Somersetshire, I am not sure which——"

"They are a Devonshire family," said Dr. Drainham. "And there is nothing wrong about their brains. He died of general break-up, Miss Bolding, a high tempered man who had lived hard. I have met him about Italy in all sorts of places. The poor girl has been oddly brought up, that is all."

"I fear without any sort of religious training, which accounts for a great deal," said Mr. St. John.

"Not without some sort of religion," said Miss Maria Bolding. "She is constantly coming over to the little Church of the Spina, the toy church as my sister calls it. A perfect little gem; I prefer it myself to the Duomo. The girl has good taste, and she is wonderfully pretty. Not the Raphael style perhaps, but just such a face as Leonardo would have given anything for. I called her the Leonardo before I knew who she was."

"Don't you think, my dear, you take rather a superficial view of the matter?" said Mrs. St. John. "Think what a terrible thing to be said of an English girl—that all she knows of religion is to be constantly in the Church of the Spina! It is bad enough for the poor Italians who know no better——"

"You must go and see her, Martha,"

said Mr. St. John, coughing. "I have had a delicacy about it, as her poor father declined to see me. Yes, he declined to see me, poor man," he added, shaking his head mournfully, with a sigh. "I don't like to mention it, but such was the case. I fear he was sadly deficient, sadly deficient——"

"If he is the Vane I suppose him to be," said Mr. Worsley, in a hoarse voice, "he was as great a scamp as I ever met in my life. A man you saw everywhere—well connected, and all that. A fellow that played high, and ruined every man that had anything to do with him. And died poor, of course; all those scapegraces do," said the comfortable invalid, putting his hand instinctively into his pocket.

"But his poor child. Whatever he was, we must not let that detract from our interest in the poor girl," said Mrs. Drainham. "I have tried hard to get her to talk to me, to open her heart and to have confidence in me as a true friend. You would think she did not understand the meaning of the words."

"Have you heard that poor Lady Florence Stockport has arrived, with that delicate boy of hers?" said Mrs. St. John: and then Miss Worsley began to consult with Mrs. Drainham about the music at church, and whether Miss Metcalfe, who played the harmonium, could not be induced to give up in favour of young Mr. Blackburn, who had taken a musical degree at Oxford, and written a cantata, and meant to spend the spring months in Pisa.

"It would make such a difference to our little service," said Miss Worsley; "and don't you think, with all the attractions of the Roman Catholic ritual around us, we ought to do everything we can to improve our services?"

Thus the general tide of the conversation flowed on, and Innocent was remitted back into obscurity.

All this took place on the evening when Frederick Eastwood arrived in Pisa. From his chamber, where he was already asleep, and from the windows of the Casa Piccolomini, might have been seen the faint light in the third-floor windows which marked where the lonely girl was sitting. She was all by herself, and she did not know, as Mrs. Drainham said, what the meaning of the word friend was. But I must turn this page and make a new beginning before I can tell you what manner of lonely soul this poor Innocent was.



From Chambers' Journal.  
MUSCULAR STRENGTH OF INSECTS.

It is an interesting study to compare the motive power of birds and insects, and recent experiments prove that they are superior in this respect to quadrupeds, especially when the possibility of aerial navigation is taken into account. In a few minutes the condor will soar many miles in height; the swallow is not weary of describing its rapid and graceful curves for fifteen hours at a time. It has been calculated that the eagle, with its rapid flight, produces an effort sufficient to raise and bear up its own weight equal to twenty-six horse-power.

Insect organization is as full of wonders as that of the bird. The energy which lives in these curious little creatures may well excite the wonder of an observer. "If you compare their loads with the size of their bodies," said Pliny, in speaking of ants, "it must be allowed that no other animal is endowed with such immense strength in proportion." Sir Walter Scott suggests the same idea. When a beetle is placed under a candlestick, it will move it in its efforts to escape; which is relatively the same thing as a prisoner in Newgate shaking the building with his back. Linnæus remarks that an elephant having the force of a horn-beetle would be able to move a mountain.

M. Félix Plateau, a young Belgian naturalist, and a son of the celebrated physician, has lately tried some very delicate experiments to measure the muscular strength of insects, as others have done with man and the horse. The strength of the last two is estimated by the aid of a machine called a dynamometer, where the tension of a spring is counterbalanced by an effort exercised for a very short time. A man, it is found, has a power of traction equal to five-sixths of his weight; a horse, only the half or two-thirds of his weight; but this is very small in comparison with the strength of insects, many of which can draw forty times that amount.

The way in which M. Plateau has measured these powers is ingenious. He harnessed the insect by a horizontal thread, which was passed over a light, movable pulley; to this was attached a balance loaded with a few grains of sand. To prevent the insect turning aside, he made it walk between two bars of glass on a board covered with muslin, so as to afford a rough surface; exciting it forward, he gradually poured fresh sand into the balance until it refused to advance farther; the sand and the insect were then weighed,

and the experiment was repeated three times, in order to arrive at a correct conclusion as to the greatest effort that each could make. The tables which give the results of these trials seem clearly to demonstrate that in the same group of insects the lightest and smallest possess the greatest strength; or that the relative force is in inverse ratio to the weight. This law applies also to the experiments in flying and pushing, as well as to drawing.

This law, assuredly very curious and interesting in the economy of nature, has been confirmed by trying a dozen individuals of various species in order to obtain results more approaching to the truth. These have been fully successful in confirming previous experience—for example, the drone is four times the weight of the bee, yet it can only drag a weight fifteen times greater than its own; whilst the bee easily draws twenty-three or twenty-four times its own bulk. In flying, it can raise a weight very little inferior to its own; whilst the drone can only transport in this manner half its own weight. The law in question appears also to apply not only to the species which belong to the same entomological subdivision, but in a certain measure to the entire class of insects. It is true that if the species examined are arranged by the increasing order of their weight, the corresponding relations which express their relative force are not always exactly progressive. There are exceptions, which may be explained by the difference of structure. The law holds good if they are divided into three groups, comprising, respectively, the lightest insects, those of a middle size, and the heaviest. In this way the relative force is represented for the first group by twenty-six; for the second, by nineteen; for the last, by nine. This relates only to the power of traction; if that in flying be taken into consideration, the lightest can far surpass the heaviest; the first being equal to one and one-third; the last is but one-half. The strongest insects appear to be those so familiar to the naturalist, which live on lilies and roses, such as the *Crioceræ* and *Trichies*. These little beings can draw a weight about forty times superior to their own, and one, an athlete of the tribe, drew sixty-seven times its own weight. A small beetle of the tribe *anomale* has executed the same feat. Another more remarkable fact is related of a horn-beetle, which held between its mandibles, alternately raising and lowering its head and

breast, a rod of thirty centimetres long, weighing four hundred grammes; its own weight was but two grammes. At the side of this insect, what are the acrobats who can carry a table between their teeth! Such examples shew to what an extent insects are superior to the larger animals in the strength of their muscles. Dry and nervous, they can, in proportion to themselves, move mountains. In addition to this, they are ingenious; when an obstacle does not yield to them, they know how to turn it aside. One day, in a garden, a small wasp was trying to raise a caterpillar, which it had just killed. The caterpillar was at least five or six times heavier than its conqueror, which could not gain its end. Six times successively, weary of the war, and despairing of success, it abandoned its prey, and sadly placed itself at some distance. At last a bright idea saved it from its embarrassment: it returned, placed itself across the caterpillar, as if on horseback; with its two middle feet it embraced the body of its victim, raised it against its breast, and managed to walk on the four feet which were at liberty; thus it soon crossed a walk of six feet wide, and laid its prey against a wall.

Investigations have been made regarding the jumping insects of the order Orthoptera—the weight which crickets and grasshoppers can raise when jumping. To prevent them using their wings, M. Plateau tied them and the elytra or outer sheaths with a thread. The burden was a ball of wax ballasted with morsels of lead, which was hung to a thread tied round the thorax; as much lead was added to the wax until the insect could only raise itself an inch from the ground. The ball and the insect were afterwards weighed, the latter having been made insensible by the fumes of ether. Crickets of the larger kind raised about one and a half their own weight; the smaller ones, three or four times their weight. The grasshopper differs from the cricket in having longer and thinner legs; the green variety weighing about two and a half grammes, can only raise a weight equal to its own, confirming the law, that the muscular force of insects increases as their size diminishes. When allowed to jump freely, crickets describe a curve in the air similar to all projectiles. It is curious that the amplitude of the spring is the same for the large and smaller kinds alike. This result was foreseen by the celebrated naturalist, Strauss-Durckheim. In his work on *The Com-*

*parative Anatomy of Articulated Animals*, he establishes the point, that two animals of similar form, but of different dimensions, will jump the same height above the point where lies their centre of gravity at the moment when they quit the soil. He takes as an example the cat and the tiger, and adds that the same conclusion is applicable to crickets and grasshoppers. The principle which serves as a basis for this theory is, that the motive-power of animals increases with the section, and not with the volume of the muscles. It depends only on the number of fibres of which the muscles are composed; from whence it follows that it ought to be in proportion to the surface of the section of these organs, whilst the weight of the animal is proportional to their volume. The weight augments more rapidly than the motive-power, and the relation between this weight and this force becomes the more unfavourable as the animal is larger. Other naturalists who agree to this as a whole do not consider it to be an absolute or general law.

Among the insects that dig or burrow in the ground, a different plan was tried to see their power of pushing forwards. They were placed in a card-board tube, which had been blackened and made rough for the feet; at one end, a transparent plate of glass was fixed to a horizontal lever. Perceiving the light before it through the plate which barred its exit, the insect when excited pushes with all its strength; the plate gives way, the lever turns, and raises at its other extremity the balance, which is attached by a pulley, and into which the sand is poured as before. In this way the oryctes, weighing about forty-six grains, pushed three or four times its own weight, whilst the little onthophagus moved eighty or ninety times that amount.

The experiments in the way of flying lead to the conclusion that insects employ much less muscular force in that way than in drawing or pushing; perhaps it is that, unlike birds, they are not intended to carry large weights through the air. A ball of soft wax of a weight little superior to what the insect might be expected to bear, was fastened round its body, and it was tried as to whether it could support this in the air: if it fell, the size was diminished. Among various insects belonging to the five orders of Coleoptera (beetles), it was found that they could raise from one-sixth to double



their own weight; the common fly could manage triple that amount. Yet the flight of insects is so rapid that some can distance the swallows that pursue them, and certain kinds of flies are said to be able to pass a racehorse or a locomotive going at full speed.

If we inquire why the smaller species are the stronger, the answer may be, that their way of life necessitates it. Thus, the hardness of the soil is the same to all the burrowers; the grains of sand which the larger can easily displace are rocks to the smaller ones; and comparing them with animals, the mole and the rabbit require much less strength to force a passage than the ant. The prodigious leaps of the cricket, the locust, and the grasshopper, would in the same proportion make a lion spring over half a mile. Not less surprising is the power of destruction in certain classes: the termites have undermined whole towns which are now suspended over catacombs; such is the case with Valencia in New Granada; La Rochelle is menaced by the same fate. The larvæ of the *sirex* pierce through balls of lead with their mandibles. During the Crimean War, packets of cartridges were found, the conical balls of which were perforated in various parts. The little African ant can raise mounds of clay five yards high, and of such solidity that the wild-cattle stand on them to explore the horizon. Such edifices are thousands of times larger than their architects, whilst the pyramid of Cheops is but ninety times the height of man.

Another subject which has engaged the attention of naturalists of late is the strict relation which exists between the habits, manners, and mode of life in insects, with the conformation of their organs. Mr. Darwin has acknowledged the organic adaptation of species to the condition of existence; but he thinks that, owing to their want of exercise on one side, and natural selection on the other, these organs may undergo deep and hereditary modifications. Thus he explains the want of wings in many coleopterous insects which inhabit the island of Madeira; they lose the habit of flying, because, if they used it, the wind would carry them away into the sea, and the race would soon disappear: thus, winged insects made for flight, can transform themselves, in time, into walkers or swimmers.

If we consider the locomotive organs of insects, it is easy to see that broad members which can be converted into

oars belong to swimmers; when they are short and indented, they are to be used like shovels and pickaxes by the burrowing tribes. Though the mouths of insects are formed with the same number of appliances, yet they are adapted to the conditions of each species. By examining one or two parts of the mouth of a larva, a naturalist can discover the food it lives upon, and the way in which it partakes of it. Thus, if two caterpillars of different kinds live on the same plant, one may attack the leaves from the edge, the other will perhaps eat the flower-bud; these habits are recognized by indubitable signs when the lips and mandibles are examined. By similar means, the inspection of the foot will decide whether the insect walks on leaves, or climbs up the stem of the shrub it has chosen for its home. There are some insects which lead an idle life, whilst others have one of work and fighting; they are each armed with the necessary appliances for their particular destiny, some having at their extremities nippers, pincers, a saw, an auger, or even a poisoned sword. Looking at the class of spiders, what an arsenal of work and war they possess: the mandibles are scissors, grindstones, lancets; the jaws are trunks and suckers, the lower lip is often a spinning-plate. Their locomotive organs adapt themselves to a number of uses—spades, picks, oars, sometimes ending in rakes, forks, spindles, brushes, and baskets; and all these instruments are of far more delicate conformation than the clumsy tools of man's making. Those kinds that spin, weave an infinite variety of webs; some are closely spun like stuffs, others are nets or simple threads thrown by chance. Here the claws play a principal part; they resemble combs or cards among those which produce the close tissue, and forks in those which weave with a wider mesh.

The eyes of insects, often of enormous dimensions, are of strange optical structure, and marvellously fulfil their varied uses. Those which hunt for their prey have them raised on such an eminence that they can look all around them and see their booty from afar. The one which is always in a hiding-place has its eyes widely disseminated; if its lair be in a tube, they are arranged in front, and the number is diminished; the eyes at the back have disappeared. In others, the position and conformation of the respiratory organs reveal the way of life to which they are accustomed. Fifty years ago

Cuvier said: "Give me a bone, and I will reconstruct the animal in its entirety." Such science may also be applied to insects.

These complex and perfect arrangements astonish us the more because they are in bodies of the smallest dimensions; we naturally think that the organization must be very simple, the intelligence of the lowest type. The dimensions of the whale, or the immense reptiles of the early geological periods, excite our interest; but the attention is not so powerfully attracted by the admirable structure of the fly, and yet the humblest beings furnish precious teachings to the philosopher. It can scarcely be denied that in relation to their intelligence, some of them are superior to the larger animals. They shew a highly developed sense of perception, instincts of wonderful finesse, extraordinary aptitude for all kinds of work; but there is even something more undeniable, marks of higher faculties. These are visible when, in the course of their work, an accident occurs, or an unforeseen obstacle arises: they overcome them and guard against the danger that might arise. At other times, an idle bird profits by the chance which places an old nest in its way, making it habitable by a few easy repairs. So the smaller insects, not acting as simple machines, make choice between a bad and good situation, conceive the idea of sparing their work when they can arrive at the required end without it, and become idle, when they were created for labour. Can we call this instinct only?

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From The Liberal Review.

#### DECAYING FRIENDSHIPS.

ATTEMPTS are frequently made on the part of people to constitute everlasting friendships which shall be signalized by complete confidence upon both sides. Young ladies, on the point of leaving school, are peculiarly subject to this sort of thing, and many are the vows they exchange of undying affection for each other. When separated they maintain their friendship through the medium of the penny post, and great is the expenditure of ink and paper. Their letters, which are generally crossed upon three or four pages, and are thereby rendered almost undecipherable, are full of italicized words and expressive adjectives. Anything that has happened to a correspondent is

straightway committed to paper, as is also something that may have occurred to any one with whom the correspondent is acquainted. Bonnets, young men, and novels, are criticised in an equally impartial and incisive manner, and a good deal of space is devoted to those who are married, those who are going to be married, and those who, if they are not about to do any such thing, ought to be. Full confession is made of the sentiments with which the correspondent regards her acquaintances male and female, and matrimony is frequently discussed in a most original fashion. It is taken for granted that the matter contained in these epistles is what has been confided to no other living soul, and that, therefore, it is only intended to meet the eye of one person. Indeed, the notes are presumed to be the outward expression of the writer's innermost thoughts, and are to be valued accordingly. The letters are frequently written at intervals which, considering their length, speaks very well for the industry of the writers. When not forced to resort to letter-writing as a means of sustaining their friendship, the young ladies ostentatiously seek each other's society, which, they show by unmistakable signs, they value more than the company of any one else. They like to hold themselves aloof from their fellows, to take solitary walks together, and to make each other innumerable presents. But, as might be anticipated, the thing does not last, and there are very few such friendships among women who have passed their twenty-fifth year. Marriage is the first break, and an irreparable one it is. The attempt may be made to keep up the sentimental friendship, and for a time it may succeed, but the appearance is deceptive, and ultimately the attempt breaks down; gradually the intimacy grows less intimate, the confidences fewer and of comparatively minor importance. This, perhaps, may be owing to the fact that the wife makes a confidant of her husband, in which case she of course does not require to make one of a friend, for though it is almost a necessity for some people to find a ready ear into which to pour the story of their hopes, their fears, their disappointments, their plans, and their proceedings, they do not feel the want of more than one such receptacle. In plain terms, every ordinary individual must have a confidant, but very few, indeed, require to have two. So, with marriage comes the first break in a friendship such as that which we have described.



By-and-by, the separation between the quondam friends becomes more marked, and it is by no means a rare case for them in time to almost completely forget each other. Looking back upon their lives, most women must remember some bosom friend whom they now know not at all, or knowing them, are merely upon bowing terms. Young men, never so earnest in their friendships, are almost as fickle. Drawn together, in the first instance, probably by a fondness for the same sports, the same studies, and the same modes of life generally, they quietly drop asunder as their tastes and ways of existing change. Sometimes they quarrel. But, whatever may be the cause or causes of their separation, it is a fact that comparatively few friendships contracted in early life continue true to the last. It may be said, indeed, that it is the exception rather than the rule for them to do so. And yet, if a man does not make friends when he is young, the probability is that he will never do so, for, after he is well up in years, circumstances arise which render the task more difficult.

The friendships formed by people after they have passed their thirtieth year are by no means so sentimental, so ostentatiously thorough, as those contracted when people are younger. Middle-aged men make little, if any attempt, at being confidential towards each other. Their converse instead of being of a personal character is principally upon politics, theology, and business, seasoned by a certain amount of gossip. Matured women on the other hand, are more confidential, but they are not so demonstrative and gushing as girls just out of their teens. They do not make protestations of eternal affection. Still, they tell as much as they know and learn as much as they can about their neighbours and their affairs, and discuss matrimony and dress in a manner which shows how much they relish doing so. Properly prompted, they will, too, enlarge upon their own affairs. Into sympathetic ears they will pour the story of how their first-born, as fine a youth as ever lived, is developing certain characteristics calculated to cause his guardians serious inconvenience; how

their husband is one of the most extraordinary men in existence and possesses the rare virtue of entertaining due affection and respect for his wife; and other similar matters of an equally important and interesting character. But these elderly friends make no pretence of being bound up in one another; they steer clear of lengthy correspondence; and they do not mourn—that is to say, beyond indulging in a few hackneyed conventionalities—when they fail to see each other except at rare intervals. Having their own families and interests to look after, they virtually concede that they have no time for elaborate friendships. This is, of course, when they are married. When they are single, the case is slightly different, and it not unfrequently happens that spinsters knock-up a species of lasting friendship. They go nowhere except in each other's company, and they co-operate in each other's schemes, whether it be one for the founding of a blanket club or one for the advancement of the principles of the Women's Rights Association. They, perhaps, say hard things of each other, they, probably, repeat these matters, with sundry elaborations, behind each other's backs, but they never regularly quarrel. If Miss A is maligned, Miss B is quick to resent the affront, and let Miss A know what has been said of her, which last act is, however, a somewhat questionable kindness. The two keep together, and that is the main thing. It is a small matter that their motives for so doing are found, when fairly analyzed, not to be purely disinterested, but that they cultivate each other's society for the want of better, and because it is among the necessities of their nature that they should have some willing ear to pour scandal into, and some ready tongue to amuse them in like manner.

There is, then, very little really genuine friendship. The present constitution of society is unfavourable to its growth. When everything is artificial, and everything is conducted upon the high pressure principle, it is impossible for it to flourish. We may regret this, but the best thing is at once to admit the truth.

MDME. Andryane, whose death was recorded by the Paris papers lately, was the sister-in-law of Andryane, well-known as the companion of Silvio Pellico, and it was to her intercession that he owed his liberation from the Austrian

prisons. Mdme. Andryane and her sister, Mdme. Baudin, were daughters of Merlin of Douai, who was a member of the Convention and a colleague with Barras in the Directory.

Pall Mall.

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## THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

My dear, do you know,  
How a long time ago,  
Two poor little children,  
Whose names I don't know,  
Were stolen away  
On a fine summer's day,  
And left in a wood,  
As I've heard people say.

And when it was night,  
So sad was their plight,  
The sun it went down,  
And the moon gave no light!  
They sobb'd and they sigh'd,  
And they bitterly cried,  
And the poor little things,  
They laid down and died.

And when they were dead,  
The robins so red  
Brought strawberry leaves,  
And over them spread;  
And all the day long,  
They sang them this song, —  
Poor babes in the wood!  
Poor babes in the wood!  
And don't you remember  
The babes in the wood?

Popular Rhymes.

## MEMORY.

How oft, in silence, secretly, alone,  
We wander back along the travelled road  
Of life which lies behind us! There we  
strode  
With buoyant step; and there, with many a  
groan,  
We picked a painful way from stone to stone,  
Which barred our path: one while a weary  
hill  
Defeated ardour; then, again, a rill  
In brightness cheered us. All are past and gone,  
But not forgotten. Standing, as we seem,  
Beside the wall which hides futurity,  
The long-lost past behind us gives a hope  
And faithful promise of security,  
But none of ease; or else there were no scope  
For trust in God, and life were but a dream.

Chambers' Journal.

## GREEN LEAVES.

THE sweet leaves, the fresh leaves, the young  
green leaves,  
The leaves in the sunshine growing;  
Whilst the martin twitters beneath the eaves,  
And the cowslip bells are blowing!

The dormouse awakes from his winter sleep,  
And the black merle pipes on the cherry;

And the lily-buds, from their green sheath peep,  
And maidens and men are merry.

With the fresh life-blood of the new-born  
spring  
The elixir of love and pleasure;  
When Hope on the threshold of Life takes  
wing  
To search for its golden treasure.

O green leaves, O fresh leaves, O young green  
leaves,  
When lovers in lanes are roaming,  
Ye are dearer to youth, than the rich red  
sheaves,  
That glow in the August gloaming!

For they tell with their glorious spikes of gold  
Of a hope that has ripened to glory;  
But green leaves whisper a hope untold,  
And fond youth lists to the story!

All The Year Round.

## IRIS.

THROUGH April tears, from Heaven's gate, she  
came  
To greening Earth: and straight the violet-  
blooms  
Shed fragrant incense 'neath her wingèd feet,  
And hawthorns flushed, and amber cowslips  
shook  
Their nodding bells, and periwinkles blue  
Their stars unfolded. And the yellow globes  
Of king-cups quivered, and the daisies white  
Snowed all the meads, and reddening orchids  
blushed,  
And all the Flower Kingdom hailed the Spring.

Then shone a golden sun-gleam through the  
storm  
Upon the rainbow-goddess as she flew  
From Heaven to Earth, gilding her flowing  
hair,  
Her locks ambrosial, with a halo bright,  
Tinging her snow-white foot with roseate kiss,  
Lighting with loveliness her pansy eyes,  
And making emerald and amethyst  
Her ever-changing dress. Rich rubies glowed  
Amid her tresses; purple sapphires gleamed  
Upon her milk-white breast, and opals pure  
With rose-spark hidden in their fiery depth  
Lent lustre to her brow.

Forth burst the choir  
Of birds exultant with a pæan sweet  
Of welcomes to their Queen; the brown thrush  
sat  
And trilled and quavered on the almond bough;  
The velvet-coated blackbird tuned his flute  
On snowy cherry-spray; the bullfinch piped  
And whistled mid the pale-pink apple-blooms,  
And Flower, and Bird, and Man all hailed the  
Spring!

All The Year Round.

From The Contemporary Review.  
THE YOUNGER VANE.

SIR HENRY VANE, known to history as the younger Vane, and to most people solely as the man to whom Cromwell said, "Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane, the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane," was a characteristic figure in the English Revolution of the seventeenth century, a living epistle of much that was characteristic, memorable, and curious in English Puritanism. The writing about him is not satisfactory. Vituperation, ample in quantity and vigorous in quality, you have from Clarendon and his historical fraternity, whose account of Vane, toned down a little, is substantially adopted in the *Biographia Britannica*; commendation has recently abounded on both sides of the Atlantic, Mr. C. Wentworth Upham and Mr. Forster strenuously exerting themselves to depict him as a faultless hero and Puritan Washington, in contrast with the traitorous dissimulator Oliver Cromwell: but fairness is absent on the one side, discrimination on the other. Clarendon, having been Vane's bitter enemy during his life, was not likely to do his memory justice; but Clarendon's portrait-sketches are sharp; he has an eye for a man's distinctive quality; and his language is eloquent. You can discover the true Vane in Clarendon's portrait, though the "jaundiced eye" of the artist has quenched the white and red of honest health, and substituted a false and sickly hue. In the favourable biographies the figure of Vane seems to float waveringly on a reflecting surface of watery panegyric; you fail to trace a determinate outline, or to form an idea of the flesh-and-bone Sir Harry, as distinguished from an abstract of political perfection prefiguring the sublimities of the American constitution. The reader of the modern eulogistic biographies of Vane is not unlikely to repeat the prayer of Cromwell.

Henry Vane comes before us from the first as pointedly original. From the age of fifteen he was a law unto himself. The influence of his father, his relatives, and the court-circle in which he moved, was weak in comparison with that of self-

chosen books and guides, and of his own imperious, working intellect, and sleepless dialectical faculty. Born in 1612, he passed from boyhood into youth at the very time when the Puritan fervour was reaching its climax in England; and the fact that every influence immediately surrounding him would be directed to check and discountenance Puritanism, was likely to predispose the logically intrepid and wilful boy in its favour. He was of an ancient stock; one of his ancestors had received knighthood for bravery on the field of Poitiers; his father was a prosperous and pliant courtier. He was himself the polar opposite of all that this lineage and parentage would lead us to expect. History might be ransacked in vain for a pair of men so antithetically in contrast with each other as Sir Harry Vane the father and Sir Harry Vane the son. The father was incapable of standing erect; the son was incapable of bowing or bending: the father could adapt himself to any hole, round or square; the son could never find any hole that would quite suit him: the son could adjust himself neither to Charles I. nor to Oliver Cromwell; the father smirked, and ate good things, and made himself generally useful under Charles, under the Parliament, and under the Protector! They seem to have remained on the best of terms all their lives, a circumstance due, I suppose, to the totality of their difference. The father could tolerate all principles because he had none; the son could not quarrel with, or complain of, his father, because his most vehemently asserted principles never evoked contradiction. It might be interesting to know whether the extremes of flexibility and inflexibility have alternated in the chiefs of the house of Vane from the days of old Howel ap Vane of Monmouthshire, the first recorded progenitor of the Knight of Poitiers, until now. That the race has had tough vitality is unquestionable, for at this hour the Vane blood runs in several of our ducal and lordly families, and the Duke of Cleveland is a lineal descendant of Sir Harry.

Till fifteen, Vane tells us, he lived the life of a worldling and "good fellow;"



it then pleased God to call him to repentance, and to reveal Jesus Christ in him. His religion was Puritan, and the word in his case points to the moral fervour as well as to the scholastic dogmatism of the Puritans. In point of fact, the most characteristic men of the entire period between the rise of Calvin and the Restoration of Charles II. are unintelligible unless we to some extent realize that spiritual heat, that transcendent belief in responsibility to God, which could not, like the Puritan theology, be embodied in creeds, but which is vividly present in the best religious literature of the time, in Calvin's letters, and indeed in all Calvin's writings, in Jeremy Taylor's sermons and devotional treatises, in Milton's best poetry and Baxter's best prose. The religious inspiration of the age reached all parties in England, but it burned most vehemently in the Puritans. The fundamental allegation of Luther and Calvin was that the Church of Rome had falsified Christianity. They did not, as they have been a thousand times misrepresented to have done, proclaim the emancipation of the human mind from authority. They appealed to an infallible Bible against a Church whose claim to infallibility they rejected; and they affirmed it to be the duty of all men to submit to the infallible Bible as emphatically as Rome affirmed it to be the duty of all men to submit to the infallible Church. The English Puritans, whose theory of inspiration was more rigid than that of Luther and Calvin, insisted with fiery importunity that the Bible and the Bible alone should be the religion of England. Laud and the anti-Puritans urged that rites and ceremonies, though not enjoined in the Bible, might be lawfully imposed by the Church. The Anglican view was something of a compromise and something of a retrogression; both circumstances would discredit it with the emotionally fervid and dialectically absolute Henry Vane. Accordingly, from the earliest point at which we can trace him, he is a Puritan. A scrupulous conscientiousness was combined in him with consistent, unswerving Biblicism. At Oxford, to which he had been sent from

Westminster School, he finds, when still a mere boy, that his conscience will not permit him to take the oath of supremacy. After lingering for a period at Oxford in unattached study, he travels on the continent, and makes his way, as was customary for spiritual knights errant of the time, to Geneva. Here the Calvinistic doctors would give him play for his dialectical weapons, and to dispute, distinguish, define, was for him, now and henceforward, the highest possible happiness. The son of an eminent English courtier, the heir of an ancient and opulent house, he was likely to receive from the hierarchs of the Puritan Rome sufficient deference to flatter his intellectual pride, while their argumentative skill, practised in the debates of the most controversial century in the history of the world, would polish to a glossamer attenuation that subtlety which was at once the force and the foible of Vane. He returned to England in a white glow of Puritan illumination, and the court began to look with chagrin upon the prospect of such an addition to the Puritan ranks. It was arranged that Laud should take him in hand, but the result was as might have been foreseen. Laud had a limited logical faculty and a short temper; Vane had a genius for argumentative logic, an invincibly placid temper, and that ineffable self-complacency which is irritating in any man, insufferably irritating in a stripling. Finding that he made no progress, Laud flew into a passion and brought the discussion to an end. Shrewd Sir Harry, the father, looked on with philosophical tranquillity, speculating perhaps on the possibility that his son's Puritanism might turn up as a good card one of these difficult and dubious days.

We next find young Henry, with the acquiescence of his father, who is doubtless glad to have him temporarily out of the way, on board an emigrant ship amid a company of Puritans bound for New England. The honest exiles cannot help looking on him as a surprising, if not alarming, phenomenon. His long hair, his courtly dress, his aristocratic deportment, strike them as more compatible with the character of a court spy than of

a genuine Puritan. But they soon discover their mistake. In prayer and theological discourse the young aristocrat can out-stay the longest-winded of the party. He lands at Boston in the beginning of 1635, is admitted to the freedom of Massachusetts on the 3rd of March, and in the following year is appointed Governor of the Colony.

American writers are naturally interested in Vane's residence in Boston and governorship of Massachusetts. That he should have been elected to administer the affairs of the colony at an age when young men are commonly still at college is enough to prove that he possessed some remarkable qualities, and Mr. Upham quotes instances of his dexterity and tact in managing men and composing differences: but, on the whole, his governorship was not successful. Clarendon's account is that, through his unparalleled intellectual subtlety, he involved the colony in interminable disputes and dissensions, and I fancy this is an uncivil statement of a substantial fact. He did not bring the disputes into the colony, but, having to deal with disputes, he did so not as a man of action, but as an irrefragable logician; not as a builder of houses on the ground, who hews his stones with hammer and chisel, but like a builder of castles in the air, who cuts phantom blocks with air-drawn razors. He did not succeed, but he was ready to prove to all the world that he ought to have succeeded.

The colony was blessed or cursed with a Mrs. Hutchinson, a preaching woman, clever, vehement, disputatious, censorious, qualified in a rare degree to set men by the ears. She held every week one or more preaching and prayer meetings, at which she rehearsed the sermons delivered from some Boston pulpit the Sunday before, with comments of her own. The theology of the town did not give her satisfaction; Mr. Cotton alone of several clergymen preached the Gospel as, in her opinion, it ought to be preached. Clerical human nature in a Puritan colony where the pastors expected to have themselves looked up to as the Heaven-sent guides of the community, could not pos-

sibly stand this. Boston became a scene of fierce contention between Hutchinsonians and anti-Hutchinsonians. The clergy proved themselves as capable of criticism as their censor; and Mrs. Hutchinson was accused of various theological errors, Antinomian and Sabellian, the very sound of which was enough to make both the ears of any Puritan hearing them to tingle. The probability is that, if Mrs. Hutchinson had praised the other preachers as much as she praised Mr. Cotton, they might have failed to detect her heresies. Vane took part with her and Cotton, defending her with a chivalry which must enlist Mr. Mill and the leaders of the Woman's Rights movement in his favour, and arguing that her doctrines, though they looked like heresies, were orthodox enough. The case appears to have been one in which a correct decision depended on the apprehension of sundry theological distinctions, which ordinary persons were almost sure to overlook or confound, but which would be perfectly and fascinatingly lucid to the subtle mind of Vane. According to the Puritan theology, personal holiness, or sanctification, is in no sense or degree the price of salvation; in plainer words, good works have absolutely no effect in justifying the sinner. But sanctification, if genuine—that is, if produced by Divine grace acting on the believer—is an indispensable accompaniment, and an infallible proof, of justification; in other words, good works are absolutely inseparable from a life of saving faith. On these points Puritan theologians are agreed, and I have no doubt that Mrs. Hutchinson and Henry Vane would have maintained them against all who should affirm that Luther's doctrine of salvation by faith alone is unfavourable to morals. But Mrs. Hutchinson might very well draw a distinction between genuine sanctification and works really good on the one hand, and certain external symbols of sanctification, certain ostensibly good works, which, in Puritan circles, might be easily taken for such, on the other. If what she said was that demure faces, long prayers, and conversation interlarded with Scripture—in one word, all the external signs of Puritanism



—were no infallible proofs of justification, it may easily be conceived that her language, wholly satisfactory to a Cottonian, would strike one of the opposite faction as countenancing the deadly Antinomian heresy that good works are not essential to salvation, and that there can be godliness without virtue. Vane and her other supporters declared that she struck merely at Pharisaism, hypocrisy, formality; her enemies alleged that she taught that the justified sinner might continue to sin.

The reader has probably had more than he wants of theology, but I may add that the second heresy imputed to Mrs. Hutchinson—the belief that the Holy Ghost is an Influence, instead of a Person—would, in the discussions it originated be still more promotive of abstruse speculating and nice distinguishing, and would afford still finer play to the dialectical subtlety of Vane, than the first.

The colony buzzed with disputation like a distracted beehive. Out of the question of Mrs. Hutchinson's heresy, or in addition to it, arose the question of the right of the Church to punish her for the same, and in this also Vane was ready with his logic. A sentence or two from his controversial writing on this point will exhibit in small compass his conception of Bible law as defining the powers alike of Church and State. "Churches have no liberty to receive or reject, at their discretions, but at the discretion of Christ. Whatsoever is done in word or deed, in Church or Commonwealth, must be done in the name of the Lord Jesus (Col. iii. 17). Neither hath Church nor Commonwealth any other than ministerial power from Christ (Eph. v. 23), who is the Head of the Church and the Prince of the Kings of the Earth (Rev. i. 5)." To realize this ideal, to bring Commonwealth and Church into the condition prescribed by Christ, was the object of Vane's life. His doctrine led directly to the sovereignty of the Christian people, for no monarch could be entitled to deprive Christians of the liberty conferred on them by Christ—that is of the liberty to perform fully what Christ enjoins—or could exercise more than ministerial power. But whilst thus covering himself with glory as a controversialist, Vane slipped out of his seat as Governor. His controversial antagonist, Winthrop, was elected in his stead, and in rather more than two years after he reached the colony, Vane returned to England. With a party in Massachusetts he was still highly popular, and he car-

ried home an affectionate recollection of his New England friends; but he had not been successful; and the essential reason of his failure was that his genius was for drawing out the terms of a logical demonstration rather than for governing men.

In the England of 1637 he found ample occupation for his observant and speculative faculties, and it soon seemed probable that the experience which he had gained of affairs would be put in exercise. It was the time when Laud and Strafford were at the height of their power. In the year of Vane's return, Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick, a lawyer, a clergyman, and a physician, who had written against the Bishops, had their ears cut off in Palace Yard, were fined £5000 apiece, and were consigned to life-long imprisonment in remote castles. Parliament had not sat for eight years, and servile judges had pronounced the King entitled to levy ship-money upon Hampden and other inland householders. Vane entered into relations with the leading Puritans, and, in his intercourse with the Court, was on the alert for information which might be useful to the party. Sir Henry Vane, his father, was a member of the Privy Council. Between the elder Vane and Strafford, who had insulted him, there was bitter hostility. The father and the son continued, as usual, on excellent terms.

In due course, after his return from America, young Vane married and took up his abode with his wife in London. He was elected member for Hull in the Short Parliament, which met in the spring of 1640. In the course of this summer his father, absent in the North of England, desirous of enabling Henry to increase the amount of the settlement already made upon his wife, instructed his secretary in London to put into his son's hands the keys of certain boxes containing, says the father, "writings and the evidences of my lands." Having got from the boxes what he wanted, young Vane caught sight of a "red velvet cabinet," and being curious to know what was within, procured its key from the secretary and opened it. He finds, among other papers, a memorandum in his father's hand of treasonable expressions used by Strafford in the preceding May at a meeting of the Privy Council. Deeply struck with the discovery, he takes a copy of the paper, and feels bound to communicate it to "some person of better judgment than myself." The person selected is Pym, the conductor of the im-

peachment of Strafford. The words used were to the effect that the King, having vainly appealed to the affections of his people, was "absolved and loose from all rule of government," entitled "to do what power will admit," and at liberty for one thing, to employ the army of Ireland "to reduce this kingdom to obedience." The effect produced by this evidence, when Pym brought it up on the trial of Strafford, was very great, and though the impeachment was abandoned and the method of attainder adopted, it unquestionably helped to bring the Earl to the block. The circumstance that there was personal enmity between Strafford and the elder Vane has suggested scepticism as to the purely accidental nature of the discovery made by his son. Vane, the Privy Councillor, was bound by oath to observe secrecy respecting what took place at meetings of the Privy Council, and his oath required him to conceal all such memoranda as that of Strafford's treasonable advice. It is not surprising that the cavaliers should have accused the father of treachery and perjury, but we may, I think, assent to the resolution in which the House of Commons declared that no blame could be attached to the son. The younger Vane never sat in the Privy Council along with Strafford, and as one of the most advanced and resolute Puritans, he had a right to be as eager in the search for evidence against their great adversary as Pym himself.

In the Long Parliament he at once associated himself with the Root and Branch party. Their view of the policy to be adopted in regard to the State was that the amplest constitutional concessions should be exacted from the King, and not only so, but that securities should be taken that those concessions would not, in any vicissitude of public feeling, be resumed. For the Church they demanded a complete reform, to the extent of sweeping away the entire Episcopal system and substituting a system which they did not exactly define, but which would bring the government and ritual of the Church into close accordance with those of the other Churches which had thrown off the yoke of Rome. Pre-eminent in this party we distinguish Oliver Cromwell, Henry Vane, and—outside the House—John Milton. Between Milton and Vane it is easy to understand how there should be sympathy. Each had what the other, comparatively speaking, lacked. Vane was singularly void of imaginative fire; his writing is a river mov-

ing slow and soft between willow-hung banks in "an endless plain;" Milton's is a swollen torrent rending its way down hill. Vane could track a thought with unweariable patience into a thousand ramifications; he could hold his way imperceptibly amid distinctions which the fiery glance of Milton penetrated or overlooked. In his sonnet to Vane, Milton signalizes his power of exact discrimination and definition, and we can imagine Vane's countenance lighting up with enthusiasm as he marked his own fine-drawn logical wire-work becoming radiant in the imaginative eloquence of Milton.

Cromwell, Milton, and Vane were agreed that England ought not to pause half-way, but to complete her reformation. Milton's position in his first pamphlet was, as Professor Masson finely says, "that the European Reformation begun by Luther had been arrested in England at a point far less advanced than that which it had reached in other countries, and that, in consequence, England had ever since been suffering and struggling, and incapacitated, as by a load of nightmare only half thrown off, for the full and free exercise of her splendid spirit." Cromwell and Vane, adroitly using Sir Edward Deering as their instrument, introduced a bill in May, 1641, "for the utter abolishing and taking away of all Archbishops, Bishops, their Chancellors and Commissaries, Deans, Deans and Chapters, Archdeacons, Prebendaries, Chanters, Canons, and all other their under-officers." Vane's speech in the debate was the speech of a wary politician and experienced Parliamentary statesman, rather than of an enthusiastic dreamer of ecclesiastical dreams. Episcopacy, he argued, could be defended only by substantially the same arguments as defended Popery; it had been tried in England, and had shown itself unfavourable to piety; it alienated the Church of England from the Reformed Churches; it tended to bring back Popery; and it was hostile to civil liberty and favourable to arbitrary conceptions of government. The hardest-headed zealot in the House could not call this abstruse, the most prosaic statesman could not call it fantastical.

Strange to say—strange, that is, when we recollect the sequel—Cromwell, Milton, and Vane were all three at this time more correctly definable as Presbyterians than by any other ecclesiastical designation. It is curiously illustrative of the nature of Revolutions, and of the character of the results which their rude and



perilous ministry can effect, that it was not found possible, in the course of the Puritan Revolution, to fix permanently, in place of the ecclesiastical system swept away, any one of the forms of ecclesiastical polity which prevailed at the time. Each party, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Independent, was in turn strong enough to oppress or strong enough to destroy; but when the Puritan army was triumphant in England, neither Episcopacy, Presbyteries, nor Independency could have its way. At the time when Laud was cutting off Presbyterian ears and Wren was hoping to bring some Puritan to the stake, the great body of the people wanted nothing more than that the Laudian ceremonial should not be matter of forcible imposition on the consciences of men. At the time when Cromwell and Vane pushed forward the Root and Branch bill, a temperate version of the Presbyterian system, with considerable freedom in the use of vestures and liturgies, would have given satisfaction to a like proportion of the nation. When the war ended with the battle of Worcester, both Episcopacy and Presbyterianism had become impracticable, but Independency, though professed by many able men, and favoured by Cromwell on the ground of the comparative tolerance of its adherents, could not be established. The issue of all the furious contention between the three forms of Protestant Christianity was that Cromwell found himself compelled to set on foot a nondescript scheme, which any modern Independent, or Divine-right Independent of any time, would reject as intolerable. There are no disappointments so heart-breaking as those of great revolutions.

For the present, Vane and Cromwell had overstepped the mark. The debate on the Root and Branch bill marks a point at which there occurred a decided rally on behalf of the Church and of Charles. In proceeding against Strafford the Commons had acted as one man, and even in the attempt to save the Earl from the capital sentence Digby had commanded only a trifling minority. But when Strafford had fallen and Laud and his impositions were flung out of sight, a formidable party in the House became conscious of a strong enthusiasm for the Church of England. Two events combined to stay the reaction and to hurry on the Revolution. In the autumn of 1641, England was convulsed by intelligence of the Irish Rebellion; in the first month of 1642, Charles attempted the arrest of

the Five Members. From that hour the destinies of England were in the hands of the Root and Branch Party.

When the war broke out, Cromwell betook himself to the field. Vane, intrepid in speculation, perfect in moral courage, had the reputation of physical timidity. In friendship and in policy, they remained cordially allied. After the death of Hampden, in the summer of 1643, and the death of Pym, which occurred a few months later, Vane was the most important of those leaders of the Parliament who confined themselves to their Parliamentary duties. He had been appointed joint-secretary of the navy so early as 1640, and both in this capacity and in the work of Committees, he proved himself a consummate man of business.

Sufficient importance has not been attached by Macaulay in his history to the service performed by Vane for the Parliament in the second half of 1643. Occupied with Cromwell's statement that his Ironsides, men of religion and a high purpose, had brought victory to the Puritan standard, Lord Macaulay makes no mention of that feat of statesmanship and diplomacy by which the extremely probable crushing of Cromwell's military schemes in the bud was averted. In the summer of 1643 the scale of the Parliament was dangerously depressed. The King was carrying all before him in the West; Newcastle had not been checked in the East; it seemed likely, if not inevitable, that, should no important accession of force be gained by the Parliament, a brief campaign in 1644 would bring the war to a close, and lay the liberties of England in their grave. Cromwell was fully sensible of the danger, for he knew that the troops of the Eastern counties, which he had been organizing, were not numerous enough to cope with Newcastle. Clarendon has not overlooked the critical nature of the situation. He dwells with bitter emphasis on the means by which the fortune of the war was changed. An embassy was despatched to Scotland. Vane, though several commissioners were associated with him, was himself the embassy. "He was chosen," says Clarendon, "to cozen and deceive a whole nation, which excelled in craft and cunning, which he did with notable pregnancy and dexterity." He was chosen to persuade the Scots to send an army to the aid of the Parliament. The negotiation was ticklish, but there is no need to suppose that Vane tried, or intended, to cozen. It was necessary to hold out an induce-

ment to the Scotch ; it was in the highest degree desirable that this inducement should not be a promise to import Scotch Presbyterianism, pure and simple, into England. Clarendon, with the page of succeeding history spread before him, did not realize that, at the time of the negotiation, that page was sealed from the eye of Vane. It is so difficult for historians to remember that what is to them a blaze of light was thick darkness to the actors of whom they speak ! True of all times, it is pre-eminently true of times of revolution, that men know only the foot of land on which their own feet rest. Great men have done much to make history and to shape the course of events ; but I doubt whether the greatest practical genius that ever lived could, in revolutionary times, predict his own career for six months. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing ?" He did it. The squeamish and tender-hearted advocate of Arras, so fearful of blood that he must resign his judicial post rather than condemn a man to death, and whose one passion is limitless and consuming love for mankind, becomes the Robespierre of the Reign of Terror. Oliver Cromwell's contemporaries, when they saw how things fell out, exclaimed, "Look, the vile traitor, he planned the whole affair that he might make a throne for himself !" And they called up spectres, apparitions, witch-women, to show how it had been all foreseen and expected. The moderns rushed full cry after the Ludlows and Catherine Macaulays, quite clear that Cromwell had wakened the Puritan volcano with a view to warming his own hands. Clarendon makes essentially the same mistake when he writes of Vane's negotiation with the Scots in 1643, as if Vane had foreseen the subsequent rupture between the Independents and the Presbyterians. To speak the truth, no cozening was required. The Scots were fully convinced that, if Charles triumphed over the English Puritans, he would take fiery vengeance upon the Scotch Covenanters. They stipulated with Vane for what, to Cromwell, Milton, and himself, still appeared the most reasonable arrangement that could be made, the establishment in England of an ecclesiastical system corresponding to that of Scotland. An identical system they did not want. Henderson, Argyle and their other leaders were too large-minded for such a design. And the treaty they concluded with Vane, unfortunate as was the issue, does discredit to neither party. The ori-

ginal Covenant was, if not discarded, at least retained for exclusive use in Scotland. A new instrument, the distinction between which and the preceding has, I think, been much overlooked by historians, entitled *The Solemn League and Covenant*, formed the basis of the new treaty. It provided for the establishment in England, not of the system of the Scottish church, but of a system in harmony with "the Word of God" and the practice of "the best Reformed Churches." It contained stipulations for the preservation of the monarchy and the safety of the monarch. The cunning and duplicity attributed by Clarendon to Vane are supposed to have played their part in the insertion of expressions which would practically leave the whole question between Presbyterians and Independents, and between Monarchists and anti-Monarchists, open. The reference to "the Word of God" was intended, it is said, to give indefinite scope to ecclesiastical divergence ; and the reference to "laws" and "liberties" prepared for the suggestion that the preservation of these might be more important than keeping the King's crown on his head or even his head on his shoulders. But both parties were bent upon getting to work ; the essential thing was to arrange a basis for present action ; and the Scots may have thought as well as Vane that it would be time to cross the bridge when they reached the river. Vane and Cromwell signed the *Solemn League and Covenant*, and both maintained to their last breath that, in its true meaning, in strict accordance with its spirit and not in express contradiction to its letter, they kept it. At all events Vane accomplished the object of his mission. The war was to be conducted under the supervision of a Committee of Both Kingdoms, sitting in London. In January, 1644, marching through knee-deep snow, twenty-one thousand Blue Bonnets, led by Alexander Leslie, an old soldier of Gustavus Adolphus, famous for having held Stralsund against the utmost efforts of Wallenstein, crossed the border. Acting in conjunction with the Puritan forces in the East, Leslie was able to coop up Newcastle in York ; and when Prince Rupert relieved him and offered the Roundheads battle, Manchester, Leslie, and Cromwell annihilated the combined army of the Royalists, and won the first decisive victory of the Parliament, on Marston Moor. It was fought on a July evening, 1644. The Parliament was henceforward able to deal with the King,



and the Scots soon began to find that they were no longer wanted. One of the first to let his opinion to this effect be known was Oliver Cromwell, and in closest sympathy with Cromwell was Vane.

No one who has looked into the early pamphlets of Milton, or who gives due consideration to some of the most important public transactions of the time, will fail to realize that English Presbyterianism had a strong root and an extensive growth in England, independently of any influence from Scotland. A large majority of the Puritan party in the Long Parliament at its commencement were Presbyterians; active steps for the abolition of Episcopacy were taken in 1641; what is now universally characterized as the Scotch version of the Psalms was the work of the English M.P. for Truro, who, so far as I know, was never in Scotland; and the Westminster Assembly of Divines, which drew up the formularies that have since defined the doctrine, worship and discipline of the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland and America was a thoroughly English Congress. The circumstance that Pym was appointed a member of the Westminster Assembly is one among many such which evidence and illustrate the close union in this Revolution of political and religious impulses. I could not undertake to say which impulse was the stronger in Pym. He could have died either for the constitutional liberties or for the religious liberties of England; and he did die, not on the battle-field, but worn out by civic toil, in what was with him a struggle for both. Pym lived to set his name, along with every other member sitting in the Long Parliament, to the Covenant, in September, 1643; Hampton had fallen in Chalgrove field in the preceding June.

Those splendours of morning hope which encompass all revolutions never shone more brilliantly on the Puritan Revolution than at the moment when, through the energy, tact, and eloquence of Vane, the Parliament of England and the people of Scotland found themselves linked together in a league of amity and mutual defence. The enthusiasm of the period burns in Milton's two books on Reformation in England with an intensity which, to adapt his own imagery to the occasion, like the light, flashed from a mirror of diamond, pierces and almost pains the unimpassioned eyeballs of a coldly scientific generation. That work was written before Vane went to Scotland, but the magnificent words in which

Milton apostrophizes the allied nations could never have been addressed to them so appropriately as when Pym, Vane, and Cromwell were putting their hands to the Solemn League and Covenant, and the Parliament of Scotland was calling out all the fencible men of the realm to march to the help of the Commons of England. "Go on both hand in hand, O nations, never to be disunited; be the praise and the heroic song of all posterity; merit this, but seek only virtue, not to extend your limits; (for what needs to win a fading triumphant laurel out of the tears of wretched men?) but to settle the pure worship of God in His Church, and justice in the State: then shall the hardest difficulties smooth out themselves before ye; envy shall sink to hell, craft and malice be confounded, whether it be home-bred mischief or outlandish cunning: yea, other nations will then covet to serve ye, for lordship and victory are but the pages of justice and virtue. Commit securely to true wisdom the vanquishing and uncasing of craft and subtlety, which are but her two runagates; join your invincible might to do worthy and godlike deeds; and then he that seeks to break your union, a cleaving curse be his inheritance to all generations!"

The prospect was soon overcast; the estrangement between Presbyterians and Independents, at first a rift within the lute so slight that even the eye of Pym, as he sank overwearied and died in the end of 1643, may not have detected it, changed the music of Puritan harmony into loud discord; and the ancient hatred between Scot and Englishman, which, since the days of Elizabeth, had been softening, and at this point passed for a moment into the ardour of friendship, became once more as rancorous as it had been in those darkest days of Scottish history between the death of Wallace and the rise of Bruce. English Presbyterianism, which, in 1643, was intellectually more imposing and numerically stronger than any Presbyterianism in the world, and which furnished the constitutional machinery of Churches numbering at this hour twenty or thirty millions of adherents, vanished from history. I make this statement advisedly, although I know that it requires qualification. The native Presbyterianism of England has continued to live, but in an unrecognizable and invisible state. Its rare intellectual quality has been attested by such recruits to the clerical ranks of the Establishment as Bishop Butler, and, in a different line, by a suc-

cession of strenuous and original thinkers from Priestley to Martineau. But even when the Presbyterian name was clung to with reverent fondness, the old machinery of Church sessions, Presbyteries, and Synods, and the formularies drawn up at Westminster, were abandoned. The English Presbyterian Church of to-day has both the constitutional framework and the doctrinal standards of old English Presbyterianism, is entirely independent of any Church beyond the English frontier, and is a vigorous and promising institution. It is English in every sense in which a Dunbar potato, growing vigorously in Surrey, is English. Historically it is not English.

The reason which Cromwell and Vane assigned for obstructing Presbyterian ascendancy was that, as they alleged, the Presbyterians insisted upon erecting a system of persecuting intolerance hardly less objectionable than that of Laud. Cromwell, a great field preacher (in more senses than one), could not reconcile himself to an ecclesiastical discipline which permitted no man to exercise his gifts, at the head of his regiment or elsewhere, unless he had been ordained to the office of the ministry. Vane, who went as directly to first principles in matters of speculation as Cromwell in matters of practice, had made his way to the doctrine that Church forms are comparatively of small consequence, and declared that all the Churches of his time agreed in overvaluing them as compared with the spirit and the life. Papists, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, were of one mind, said Vane, in "preferring the Church in name, show, and outward order, before what it is in spirit and truth as it is the living body of Christ." A man who held this doctrine which belongs to the nineteenth rather than the seventeenth century, was likely to be a thorn in the side of any ecclesiastical party whose conception of toleration embraced, as one of its inseparable ingredients, power to refuse toleration to every one else.

It may seem surprising to modern readers, but it was exquisitely characteristic of Vane, that, with all this latitude of view, he had absolutely no sympathy with anarchy, and to the last resented it as a misrepresentation that he was willing to tolerate "sectaries." By this word I take him to have meant those who were tainted with such licentious notions as pass for doctrines of liberty now-a-days. Like the heroes and martyrs of freedom in all ages,

not excluding those of the French Revolution, but only the base and brainless spawn of Jacobinism now infesting the capitals of Europe, Vane held liberty to be identical with right law. If I were asked to specify one thing which, more than any other, distinguished this Puritan Revolutionist, I should say it was a speculative passion for law. Absolute submission to the law of Christ we found to be his conception of perfect liberty both for Church and State. Many voluble persons will be ready to pronounce this a theory of slavishness rather than a theory of freedom. But Vane would not have agreed with Dr. Strauss that the expression, "the service of God," is insulting to humanity, and Calvinistic thinkers have not been alone in holding that rational and possible liberty is the same thing with rational and willing submission to necessity. The highest liberty for Vane was intelligent and willing submission to the law of God, as the highest liberty for Mr. Huxley, Mr. Spencer, and Mr. Bain is intelligent submission to the law of Evolution. The ordinances of the universe are contemplated, alike in both cases, as unalterable by man. Vane, however, held expressly that "God is in His being the highest reason." These are his words, quoted from his treatise, "Concerning Eternal Life." If it is the blasphemy of blasphemies, as Vane would have affirmed, to deny that the Almighty must, by necessity of nature, proceed "in such manner as is exactly consistent with the wisdom and justice of a most holy God," the greatest happiness of the greatest number throughout the universe seems likely enough to be brought about by His government. The *will* of the Infinite Reason *must* be reasonable, of the Infinite Justice just, of the Infinite Love loving. If, as has been maintained by some, Vane held the theory of universal salvation as held by Origen, no theory of the universe could have been either more sublime or more joyous than his; but I have seen no evidence under his own hand or from his own lip to this effect, and I have seen writing of his which appears to be inconsistent with Origen's opinion. Like the rest of the Puritans, he was over-shadowed, in his entire mental structure, in his entire speculative activity, by the reigning idea of the age that it is irreverent and sinful in the finite being to scan, with frank, honest, open intelligence, the laws purporting to be given him by the Creator. Those laws, Vane and his Puritan contemporaries believed, had been in-



fallibly revealed, and had been summed up in the Bible. If we discard this belief, we shall find a good deal in the thinking of Vane which is obsolete and untenable; but if we want to understand our ancestors, we must guard against substituting the inferences and prepossessions of modernism for what they thought and felt. Discipline strict as that of Sparta was, to their minds, consistent with liberty, but license they deemed as unlike it as a drunk Helot was unlike Leonidas. The mutinous fool, who fancied himself an apostle of liberty and proceeded to act on the persuasion, had a pistol bullet through his head.

In the business of remodelling the army, Vane acted with Cromwell, and when the king got his finishing defeat at Naseby, and throughout the tiresome and fruitless negotiations between Charles and the Parliament, the two friends continued of one mind. What sealed the doom of Charles, as we saw in treating of Cromwell, was that, after Montrose's Highlanders had been cut to pieces by David Leslie's horsemen at Philipaugh, after Alexander Leslie's army had recrossed the Tweed, when the Parliament anxiously desired to come to terms with the King, and Cromwell was willing to undertake what would have been even for him the difficult problem of securing the consent of the army to the arrangement, Charles deliberately ordered the veins of England to be opened for new blood-letting. When Cromwell returned victorious from the campaign of Preston, he and his army were inflexibly resolved that Charles should die. They were not careful to answer the Presbyterians as to the political consequences of their act, but they were certain that it was their duty to execute the Lord's vengeance on this man. The Presbyterian majority in Parliament stood fast by the King, demanding that the interminable treating should be resumed. Vane headed the minority and tried hard to get a vote, not that Charles should be brought to trial, but that the Parliament should no longer negotiate with him. Vane was defeated. Then he paused, for his imperious instincts of constitutionalism and order forbade him to quell by the sword the representatives of the people. Cromwell did not pause. About a hundred members were violently excluded from the House. Vane long after described this as a "great violation of privileges." He did not resist or protest, but he could not approve. He flitted off into temporary

retirement. "This," he says, referring to the violation, "made me forbear to come to the Parliament for the space of ten weeks (to wit, from the 3rd of December, 1648, till towards the middle of February following) or to meddle in any public transactions." He expressly adds, "neither had I, in the least, any consent in, or approbation to," the death of the king; "but on the contrary, when required by the Parliament to take an oath to give my approbation *ex post facto* to what was done, I utterly refused and would not accept of sitting in the Council of State upon these terms, but occasioned a new oath to be drawn, wherein that was omitted." During his absence Charles was beheaded.

Vane's temporary withdrawal from public life at this crisis was characteristic. He was, as he said, "tender of blood." He was intensely regardful of constitutional regularity. Speculatively he had gone step for step with Cromwell, and now the question had been whether a Parliamentary majority should be allowed to sacrifice, or at least to imperil, all that Cromwell had won in internecine quarrel at the pike-point with that very party of Presbyterian Royalists with which the Presbyterians of the House were believed by Vane as well as Cromwell to be in sympathy. There are Revolutions and Revolutions. Those of the highest order have in all countries a revolutionary method; and Cromwell perceived that the necessity which legitimizes the revolutionary method had in this instance arisen. Even if we pronounce Vane right in withdrawing from the House when he caught sight of Pride's musqueteers, we shall have made out for him but half an apology. Had he stood on the defensive; had he proclaimed to England that, though he had opposed the Presbyterian members to the utmost, he would join them in vindicating the privileges of Parliament; his conduct would have been consistent and bold. But to flit away in the hour of peril and difficulty, and to flit back when the central agony was past, must be pronounced the part of a second-rate man.

Let us, however, avoid the mistake of supposing that because a man is not absolutely of the first order, is not a Cæsar or a Cromwell, he cannot be highly remarkable or worthy of admiration. At all events, let us understand Vane's position. His purpose, says Godwin, "was a Republic." Vane never, to my knowledge, made such an admission. His own

words on the subject are explicit. "That which I have had in my eye hath been to preserve the ancient, well-constituted government of England on its own basis and primitive righteous foundations." Power, he held, resides primarily in the whole people; by the constitution of England this power is vested in three estates, King, Lords, Commons: "when these cannot agree, but break one from another, the Commons in Parliament assembled are *ex officio* the keepers of the liberties of the nation." Accordingly, "when, by the inordinate fire of the times, two of the three estates were for a season melted down, they did but retire into their root, and were not thereby destroyed but rather preserved." He thought it his duty "to preserve the Government, at least in its root, whatever changes and alterations it might be exposed unto in its branches." After an interval which he variously describes as of six weeks and of ten weeks duration, he returned to his place in Parliament, and became a member of the Council of State under the Commonwealth.

It was now the spring of 1649, and nearly three eventful years were still to pass before the sword of civil war was sheathed. The first was the year of Tredah and Wexford, the second the year of Dunbar, the third the year of Worcester. During this time we are to conceive Vane as incomparable in administrative energy and in financial resource. We picture him also as of antique heroism in refusing to be enriched for his public services, and of a beautiful Christian tenderness in dealing with delinquents. The sure way to provoke his opposition to any scheme was to attempt to bribe him. Any hint of such a thing put him on his guard, and he was likely to be a far more dangerous opponent than he might otherwise have been. The interested and rapacious members—and there were several such—had no more formidable antagonist. When a mean or harsh thing was attempted he rushed to the front to defeat the cruelty or to baffle the job. He was consummate, now and afterwards, in the discharge of every Parliamentary and administrative duty. All writers admit that it was his superlative management of naval affairs that taught Van Tromp, "the best captain in the world," says exultant Algernon Sydney, to take down from his mast-head the broom with which he had been metaphorically sweeping the English Channel, and to use it for sweeping his own decks

when the scuppers spouted Dutch blood shed by the guns of Blake.

Mr. Carlyle has an exceedingly clever sketch of Vane, executed on the principle uniformly observed by that great literary artist, of throwing every other figure on his canvas into shade and subordination, as compared with his hero. The perfect justice of Shakespearian art, in which the Brutus is not exalted at the expense of the Cæsar, or the Cæsar at the expense of the Brutus,—the perfect beauty of Turnerian art of which the highest light is white, and the shade, says Mr. Ruskin, is not black, but crimson—have not been attained by Mr. Carlyle. His sketch of Vane is just in attributing to him exquisite intellectual subtlety, and denying him the regal strength of Cromwell; it is unjust in leaving the final impression that Vane was but a thin intellectualist, capable of nothing better than splitting dialectical hairs. "I want twisted cordage." And could not Blake have mentioned a kind of cordage not spun from moonshine, which Vane understood the twisting of? "A man of endless virtues, and of endless intellect; but you must not very specially ask, How or Where? Vane was the friend of Milton: that is almost the only answer that can be given." Vane's life for ten years was a continual doing of things which only one man in a thousand could have done; specifically take three items in answer to the How or Where? He managed the negotiations with the King as the Parliamentary head of that party which was in concert with Cromwell; he formed the alliance which brought the Scots into England in 1644 and saved the cause on Marston Moor; and he made the navy invincible under Blake. True, he was Milton's friend; and the man to whom Milton addressed a sonnet was likely to be something more than "an amiable, devoutly zealous, very pretty man:" but Vane was for fifteen years, and *such* years as Mr. Carlyle knows, the friend of another besides Milton, to wit, Oliver Cromwell. "A man, one rather finds, of light fibre this Sir Harry Vane." On the eve of the battle of Dunbar, at the darkest moment he had ever experienced, Cromwell wrote apprising Sir Arthur Haselrig of his extreme peril. He named one man in Parliament, and but one to whom the gravity of the situation was to be laid bare. "Let H. Vane know what I write." The man of whom Oliver Cromwell wrote this, on the 2nd of September, 1650, was



assuredly no man of "light fibre." Not even the ingenuity of Mr. Carlyle, however, can frame too strong a statement as to the speculative subtlety and dialectical pertinacity of Vane.

The personal friendship and political association of Cromwell and Vane began, I suppose, to relax soon after the battle of Worcester in September, 1651; but there was no actual rupture until, in April, 1653, Cromwell turned the Long Parliament into the street. During the intervening months the two men had been gradually assuming the lead of antagonistic parties, but neither appears to have relinquished, until almost the moment of forcible dissolution, hope that they should be able to act in concert. Cromwell and his party called for a settlement, involving a dissolution of the Parliament. Vane admitted that the Parliament could not last for ever, but was anxious that the seats of a proportion of its members should be secured in the new Parliament, and still more anxious that the affair should be carried through under Parliamentary authority.

The chiefs of the Cromwell party and those of the Vane party had been in conference. Cromwell alleged that Vane had promised, when the meeting broke up, that nothing should be done without further negotiations. I fancy that no express promise had been given, or that the impetuous Republicans who acted with Vane, perceiving that Cromwell was bent on inducing the Parliament to ask him to take the business in hand, determined over-night to hurry on the Bill for a regular Parliamentary dissolution. At all events Cromwell heard next morning, that a Bill for the election of a new Parliament was being pressed through all its stages. His own statement was that members, who formerly had seemed determined on keeping their seats for ever, were now rushing into dissolution and a general election with a hot haste which would ruin all. He proceeded to the House and put an end to the debate and the Parliament. Vane, overwhelmed with grief and astonishment, appealed to Cromwell, but the sole reply was a prayer that the Lord would deliver him from Sir Harry Vane. The precise purport of the Act which was before the House is not known. Cromwell got hold of it and put it in his pocket. There is, however, sufficient evidence that, in endeavouring to restore the framework of the constitution, he made use of the project of Vane.

Vane entertained no misgivings, as to

what duty required of him at this juncture. Cromwell's proceeding he regarded as "usurpation," as the plucking up of Parliamentary liberty "by the very roots," as the introduction of an "arbitrary Regal Power, under the name of Protector, by force and the law of the sword." In the prime of his years and energies, he retired from public life. Believing that Cromwell had been false to his conscience and to the cause, he refused to countenance him. The sacrifice he made was great. Honour, activity, eminence could, he was well aware, be purchased by one unequivocal sign of submission; and none knew better than he the terrors of Cromwell's frown. Until virtue becomes a jest, the moral grandeur of his position at this time will receive the homage of mankind.

The view of the relative positions of Vane and Cromwell in those years, which, after careful examination of what the two men said or wrote for themselves, and consideration of other evidence bearing on the subject, I have adopted, is one which, to the best of my knowledge, has not been taken by any previous writer. The case was simply one of misunderstanding. Cromwell and Vane were both honest, and they aimed at one and the same thing; but they could not see eye to eye, and there was no reconciler wise enough and tender enough to mediate between them. The principal grounds for this conclusion will now be placed before the reader.

In March, 1656, when he had been in power for about three years, Cromwell proclaimed a fast. There was much discontent abroad; the burdens of his place were pressing hard upon him; and with the simple-heartedness of a Puritan Joshua or David, he gave the Godly this opportunity for "applying themselves to the Lord to discover the Achan, who had so long obstructed the settlement of these distracted Kingdoms." Vane issued a pamphlet, in which he suggested an answer to Oliver's question. Vane's biographers represent the piece as a defiance, and are enraptured with the sublime effrontery which tells Cromwell to his face that *he* is the Achan who troubles Israel. This is mere vulgar modernism. The pamphlet, carefully read, is found to be an overture towards reconciliation. The course it points out, as that which ought to be taken in order that the desired settlement may be attained, is firmly and distinctly defined; but the tone is earnestly, and even affectionately, re-

spectful to Cromwell. During the three years of his government there had, says Vane, been "great silence in Heaven, as if God were pleased to stand still and be a looker on," to see what his people would make of it in England. "And as God hath had the silent part, so man, and that good men too, have had the active and busy part, and have, like themselves, made a great sound and noise, like the shout of a King in a mighty host." No great harm, he admits, has as yet been done, but "fear and jealousy" have been occasioned, and the "risk of great confusions and disorders" has been incurred. What, then, is the evil thing? It is that the strait gate and narrow way of Parliamentary method have been departed from. It is that what has been done has not been done by Parliamentary order. Vane does not demand a Republic. "That branch of sovereignty which chiefly respects the execution of laws," may, he says, be "entrusted into the hands of one single person, if need require. . . . And all disobedience thereunto, or contempt thereof, be taken as done to the people's sovereignty." All the world knew, and none knew better than Vane, that if there was to be a sovereign appointed at this time in England, that sovereign could be only Cromwell. Vane, both before and after this period, proved himself an ardent maintainer of the position that not only this or that Stuart king, but the family as a whole, had been rejected by God from reigning over England. What has just been quoted must mean, therefore, that he has no objections either to monarchy in the abstract or to Cromwell as monarch. He grants further that "the very persons now in power" are those to set about the new arrangement. A "General Council or Convention" shall, he proposes, be summoned, "by order from the present ruling power." How, then, is liberty, incarnated in Parliament, to be preserved? The question can be explicitly answered in Vane's own words. The Convention is to be called by Cromwell, "but considered as General of the Army." These last words are Vane's formula for the salvation of the State. The Long Parliament was to be regarded as still undissolved, and Cromwell was to act by its authority.

Let us now turn to Cromwell. He had proceeded in singularly minute accordance with Vane's scheme. He had instituted a Council; he had called a Convention. He had professed himself bent upon preserving the constitutional liber-

ties and Parliamentary forms of England. He had told his Parliament that he had hastened to lay down the sword, retaining it not for one hour longer than absolute necessity commanded. He had told them with stammering earnestness and iteration that they were a *free* Parliament; he had divested himself of all legislative power; he had treated it as a matter of course that the Parliament should have control of the purse; he had spoken of his own authority as purely magisterial; and he had suggested the almost incredibly bold, but intensely constitutional, measure of reducing the army to 10,000 foot and 5000 horse. If there was to be a monarch in England at all, and if he were to be armed with sufficient executive power to render it possible for him to maintain the Puritan interest, he could not have been more scrupulously constitutional than Oliver had proposed to be to his first Parliament.

The two men, therefore, were seeking to attain essentially the same thing. They differed as to the way in which the goal could be reached. They were both constitutional pedants, if the profession of a supreme regard for Parliament as the ultimate representative of English freedom, is constitutional pedantry. Cromwell would have considered it a sinister compliment to be told, with whatever allusion to the immensities, eternities, and divine radiances, that he had superseded the Parliamentary constitution of England. It was a fundamental idea with the Pym, Hampden, and Cromwells of that age that the political personality of a nation, constitutionally represented, is a higher thing than the combined will and wisdom of the best of despots. Nor, I think, would they have assented to Mr. Carlyle's declaration that Cromwell's stronger hold on "the Concrete" proved him to be a greater man than Vane, or that Vane's supreme estimation of "the Abstract" argued him an inferior man to Cromwell. In "the Concrete," Mr. Carlyle insists, "lies the Perennial." Does it? Is it not expressly upon extracting the soul or kernel of "the Concrete" and garnering it up as abstract truth that human progress, social, moral, political, depends? The man Moses lived and died; why has not his inspiration become as much a secret as his grave? Because the abstract truth which he embodied in a simple moral code has been a treasure of the race for three thousand years, and to this day enables the simplest soul, from Ur of the Chaldees to



San Francisco, to decide off-hand that the thief, the liar, the blasphemer, are social pests and enemies. The history of the East has, to a large extent, been the history of individual men of genius. Many of them have been heroic. They have raised armies, welded together empires, been adored by their subjects; but when they died their empires fell to pieces. The East, pre-eminently the land of hero-worship, has not progressed. The West has had great men; great men are indispensable to advancing civilization; but the West has not worshipped them; she has honoured and prized them, learned their methods, formulized their wisdom: therefore the West has been the land of progress. Mr. Carlyle congratulates himself that mankind cannot fall below hero-worship. I am not so sure of that; but the grand point is to rise above it. Hero-worship is the rudest and most widely diffused of all virtues. We have it in perfection in the animal races. The strongest buffalo in the herd, the strongest cock in the brood, has no difficulty in being recognized tyrant, and in slaying or banishing rivals. This is hero-worship pure and simple; this is imperialism in its native, naked, savage grandeur: and it is because man has risen above such hero-worship that he has vindicated himself, to some extent, against the dark wrath, and bitter cruelty, and tyrannical strength of primeval nature. There is one thing, indeed, worse than the tyrannical reign of one strong man hero-worshipped by his subjects; to wit, the reign of multitudinous simpletons, worshipping charlatans. In ages when an enormous number of persons, whom "nature meant plain fools," are turned by education of the tongue into "coxcombs," and go about Europe raving and reciting against order, discipline, obedience, and law, the inspiration of a Carlyle was required to remind us that hero-worship is not so bad as incapacity to respect anything. Licence and anarchy are scientifically definable as liberty fallen into idiocy or madness. When mutiny passes itself off on all hands as liberty, it is a magnificent contribution to the instructing influences of the time to unveil Cromwell as an honest and unanimous restorer of order. But the elementary principles of political science must not be shattered on the glittering rocks of individualism; and the lesson of England's great Revolution was not the duty and importance of hero-worship, but something far deeper than that.

To return, however, from this digression, may we not pronounce it a curious, interesting, and, perhaps, unprecedented situation in which we find Cromwell and Vane? Remember that, apart from all constitutional theories, the men had been knit together by the sympathy of a lofty spiritual enthusiasm for the Puritan cause. Both were men of faith and prayer; of infinite mystical ardour; who had stood side by side in long years of toil and danger, brothers in a sacred band, elect soldiers of Christ, who had given the Kingdom to the Saints by an inalienable title. There is something tragical in their severance through a mere misunderstanding—a mere misconception by each of the position of the other. The greatest speculative politician of the age is desirous of co-operating with its greatest practical politician in securing the reign of the Saints and in making England free. And what, on Vane's own showing, keeps them apart? Simply this, that the speculative genius would have the practical genius do over again what he had done three years before, only he is to be "considered" as not the Parliament's dissolver, but the chief of the Army. Had the men looked into each other's faces, taken each other's hands, recalled the memories of their long and glorious friendship, with all its trials and all its trust; had Cromwell, his eyes streaming as they often did, with tears, his features sparkling with sincerity and earnestness, told Vane that a sense of necessity, imperious as the inspiration of the Almighty, had impelled him to dissolve the Parliament, and that, in doing so, he had "considered" himself the servant of the English people; a reconciliation might surely have taken place. Possibly not. Cromwell was choleric, Vane ineffably self-complacent, interminably argumentative. "We want to cook our omelette," says Cromwell, "and on the same receipt. Don't we?" "Yes," answers Vane; "but there is another thing essential. We must break no constitutional eggs." "We must break them if the cooking of our omelette is a necessity; but never mind that; the eggs were broken three years ago; are you going to pour the omelette into the fire in order to get back the eggs?" "In a constitutional egg I distinguish between the material form and the ideal type. The material eggs have been broken; but if we only understand that, through all the accidents of circumstance, through all Dissolutions and Protectorates, the im-

mortal type has remained inviolate ; if, in short, we regard the events of the three last years as non-existent, and fall back upon the authority of Parliament, the eggs shall be unbroken." "Can any man understand such fancies? You are a juggler after all. The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!"

Thus an interview *might* have ended, though there was always the chance that a peal of laughter would break the strange enchantment. Cromwell and Vane never came to know how near they stood to one another. A moment's reflection will show that, *except* in a personal interview, there was no hope for Vane's reasoning. In what I take to have been the simple honesty of his heart, he asked Fleetwood to put his pamphlet into Oliver's hand, and I cannot adopt Mr. Forster's suggestion that Fleetwood never did so. Reading the piece and brooding over it, Cromwell was safe to be incensed. Were the many wonderful appearances of God in the last three years to be wiped from human remembrance? Was the inspiration of the Almighty, after He had been long sought in prayer, to be deemed of less authority than a figment of constitutional logic? In one part of the pamphlet Vane suggests, with what he intends for tender civility, that, though Cromwell has yielded to severe temptation once, all may yet be well. He delicately but inexorably takes it for granted that Cromwell has been self-seeking. Oliver can be proved to have taken as much as this in good part when an old friend gave it him face to face. Mrs. Hutchinson says that he was effusively contrite when he was told as much by her husband. But in the depths of his heart Cromwell was proud; his conscience was clear; and he would have felt that Henry Vane, whose name had so often been coupled with his own in "detraction rude," ought to have known him better than to attribute to him what was, after all, but vulgar ambition. Vane failed here, as he always failed, from lack of the practical instinct; also it must, I think, be added, from his not rising to the conception of an ambition which is not ignoble, an ambition which scorns pageantry and all that the crowd thinks sweet in kingship, an ambition to fill the place in which the work of a king is to be done, work necessary for great ends, and which none else can perform. Vane missed his mark by a hair's-breadth, but such a miss was as bad as a mile. Cromwell treated him as a dangerous and perverse dreamer, and Vane, till his

death-day, thought that Cromwell had betrayed the cause. In the autumn of 1656 he was thrown into Carisbrook Castle, and remained a prisoner for about four months.

There was now but one proof that Oliver could offer in addition to those already given that his supremacy was necessary to guard the life of Puritanism in England—namely, his death. Some months after Vane's release from confinement he died. It was September, 1657, and for nearly two years Vane and the Republicans were to try what they could do for their cause, now that the usurper impeded them no more. Vane was returned to Richard's Parliament, and the Republicans rallied round him as their chief. It is a proof that he was not wedded to the forms of a Republic, but that his fixed and unchangeable idea was that the soul of freedom lay in the authority of Parliament, that he favoured the notion of the Parliament's "adopting" Richard, and thus giving him a valid title. Between the army and the Parliament, however, poor dawdling Dick was badgered into abdication. Securing a reasonable supply of victual, he retired into profound obscurity, and continued to vegetate until he was eighty-six. The meteor of the Heavens had flamed itself out in fifty-eight years; the tallow-candle shed its meek illumination for upwards of four score. Richard having gone, Vane had his will to the letter. "The representative body," he said, "never dies, whoever dies." Well, here once more was the immortal Rump. Had Pride's sword, instead of leaving that considerable part of the indestructible animal, cut it down to the point of the tail, still would the fiery particle have continued to burn therein, and liberty to live in England. Alas! the immortal formula could not breathe the chill air of reality. Eurydice, poising herself with difficulty on her limp legs, cast a wan glance on her forlorn Orpheus, and wavered back into the shades. Oliver had been right after all. Counter-revolution came, surging up like an Atlantic tide, and the storm winds began to sing. Vane, who saw whither the waves were tending, cast in his lot with the officers and the army. Here lay now the last hope for the old cause. But why despair? Were there not many men of valour, men of might and repute, each thinking himself not so much worse a soldier than Cromwell? Were there not Lambert, Fleetwood, Ludlow, and were not the Ironsides still here? Woe's me!



The angel of victory hung with drooping plumes, and eyes fixed as in death-swoon, over Oliver's grave. Even the Ironsides found their occupation gone. Lambert, Mr. Bisset almost thinks, won Dunbar for Cromwell, but he could win no battles for himself. Indomitable Ludlow, with his face of stolid self-sufficiency, might have heard the very sedges of the Irish bogs, where he had been extremely victorious and rather cruel, whispering that he was an ass. In a state, I have no doubt of perfect logical complacency, but practical distraction, Vane tried soldiering, headed a regiment, and was cheered as he rode before his men in Southwark. It was a vain show. Monk, who cared not a tobacco-quid about Puritanism, but was a lover of order, found that he must arrange matters. By a fantasy of fate, out of Scotland, whence, conjured by Laud, the Revolution had first come, marched the army which brought settlement. Cromwell's logic proved sternly right; he alone could keep out Charles II.; and Vane found himself once more a close prisoner, with worse prospects than when he had been confined in Carisbrook.

He employed himself principally in composition. Among other things, he wrote a treatise of some length, "Concerning Eternal Life." I resolutely tried to read it, and made progress, but am compelled to own myself beaten. The style is clear; the ideas are not separately difficult to apprehend; but the subtlety of the distinctions, the multiplicity of the subsidiary clauses and qualifications, the marvellous complexity of the whole, added to a certain monotonous, silvery flow of language, lend it a higher mesmerizing power than any book I have ever tried. In the forenoon, under the influence of strong tea, and with an alarm-clock to go off at your ear every twenty minutes, you might make something of it; I have been too signally defeated to try again. There is no end to Vane's distinctions. He distinguishes between the creation of the soul and the creation of the body; between the "state of being" which the heavens and the earth had before being created, and that into which they were created; between the male and female principles, created complete in Adam before Eve appeared. In the opinion of a creation of all things first in idea and then in fact there is obviously an after-glow of Platonism; and is not that queer notion about male and female in Adam a kind of anticipation of one of the most curious

and startling suggestions of Darwin? Of God Vane says that He "cannot but will good, as of his own nature bound up unto it." This is the fundamental postulate of Calvinism.

After two years' grievous imprisonment, Vane was brought to trial. Parliament had petitioned in his favour; Charles had promised to spare his life; but "the word of a king" of the Stuart race was not likely to inspire much confidence in Vane. Hallam pronounces his defence valid against the charge of high treason, on the principle of English law that submission to a government *de facto* is not a crime. Twice he had either tacitly or expressly assented to the abolition of the kingly office in England; once a few months after the proclamation of the Commonwealth, when Parliament passed a Bill to that effect, and once when he brought in a report in the same sense to the House of Commons, after the death of Cromwell; but he would, no doubt, have maintained that, on neither occasion was he answerable for the action of Parliament, and that on both he had agreed only that kingship should be in abeyance. I think it probable that his stubborn insistence, before his judges, on the doctrine that the House of Commons is the vital part of the body politic in England, not the House of Lords and not the Monarch, gave mortal offence to Charles. At all events the King declared him a dangerous person, and left him to his doom.

His last days and hours were marked by complete moral triumph. The serene invincibility of a soul that had not consciously stooped to evil, that had not sinned against the light, that had chosen pain and dishonour and all that the world calls failure, rather than be untrue to itself or sully its rectitude, shone in his face and spoke in his whole demeanour. When he was being drawn on a "sled" through the precincts of the Tower to the place of execution on Tower Hill, he said with a smile, that he had "never been better in his life." From roof and window grave and sorrowful Puritan faces wafted greetings towards him, "The Lord go with you! The Great God of Heaven and Earth appear in you and for you!" He took off his hat and mildly bowed his thanks. "The Lord Jesus go with your dear soul!" said the crowd in the way as he passed. He was in a black suit with silk waistcoat of scarlet — "the victorious colour," says the old reporter. He would have spoken much on the scaffold; for the ineffable dialectical complacency continued, and

he was ready to prove that he had always been perfectly right ; but the trumpeters were ordered to "murre" derisively in his face, and drown his voice ; his documents were snatched from his hand ; and with a brutal rudeness, which shocked the crowd, the officials rifled his pockets for papers. All this was exquisitely fitted to agonize him. But the heavenly sunshine that enveloped his soul was never disturbed. Not a nerve quivered in lip or finger. He laid his head on the block with the placidity of a child falling asleep. His last words were, "Father, glorify thy servant in the sight of men, that he may glorify Thee in the discharge of his duty to Thee and to his country." An onlooker, who had been a curious observer of executions, declared that his countenance did not in the least change, and that his head alone, of all he had seen in the same circumstances, did not make any motion after severance, but lay perfectly still. Cromwell died in his bed, with his family round him ; but the deathbed of Cromwell was not so calm as the scaffold of Vane.

Constitutional logic has not made a single step in advance of the fundamental positions of Vane. No possible political development can outrun the sovereignty of the people, administered by officers appointed by the people's intelligent will. This was his essential principle, although it was complicated, and at times perhaps obscured, by the opinion that Christ had bestowed an inalienable freedom, an inalienable sovereignty, upon believers. The political history of Great Britain since his death has been explicitly and literally the working out, in practical application and full and final recognition, of his doctrine that the seat of English liberty, the root of English sovereignty, is the House of Commons. It is one of the most cruel arrangements of destiny that a man is seldom so well known to his contemporaries as to posterity ; we are now able to do more justice to Cromwell than Vane was, and to Vane than Cromwell was ; and we can see that Cromwell might have done more for his country if Vane had co-operated with him : but let us not be hard upon Vane for forfeiting such a friendship as the Protector's, and erecting his own scaffold, rather than countenance even Oliver Cromwell in dealing rudely with the Parliament of England.

PETER BAYNE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

### CHAPTER VI.

THERE is generally a brisk exhilaration of spirits in the return to any special amusement or light accomplishment, associated with the pleasant memories of earlier youth ; and remarkably so, I believe, when the amusement or accomplishment has been that of the amateur stage-player. Certainly I have known persons of very grave pursuits, of very dignified character and position, who seem to regain the vivacity of boyhood when disguising look and voice for a part in some drawing-room comedy or charade. I might name statesmen of solemn repute rejoicing to raise and to join in a laugh at their expense in such travesty of their habitual selves.

The reader must not, therefore, be surprised, nor, I trust, deem it inconsistent with the more serious attributes of Graham's character, if the Englishman felt the sort of joyous excitement I describe, as, in his way to the *Café Jean Jacques*, he meditated the rôle he had undertaken ; and the joyousness was heightened beyond the mere holiday sense of humorous pleasantries by the sanguine hope that much to affect his lasting happiness might result from the success of the object for which his disguise was assumed.

It was just twenty minutes past nine when he arrived at the *Café Jean Jacques*. He dismissed the *fiacre* and entered. The apartment devoted to customers comprised two large rooms. The first was the *café* properly speaking ; the second, opening on it, was the billiard-room. Conjecturing that he should probably find the person of whom he was in quest employed at the billiard-table, Graham passed thither at once. A tall man, who might be seven-and-forty, with a long black beard slightly grizzled, was at play with a young man of perhaps twenty-eight, who gave him odds—as better players of twenty-eight ought to give odds to a player, though originally of equal force, whose eye is not so quick, whose hand is not so steady, as they were twenty years ago. Said Graham to himself, "The bearded man is my Vicomte." He called for a cup of coffee, and seated himself on a bench at the end of the room.

The bearded man was far behind in the game. It was his turn to play ; the balls were placed in the most awkward position



for him. Graham himself was a fair billiard-player, both in the English and the French game. He said to himself, "No man who can make a cannon there should accept odds." The bearded man made a cannon; the bearded man continued to make cannons; the bearded man did not stop till he had won the game. The gallery of spectators was enthusiastic. Taking care to speak in very bad, very English, French, Graham expressed to one of the enthusiasts seated beside him his admiration of the bearded man's playing, and ventured to ask if the bearded man were a professional or an amateur player.

"Monsieur," replied the enthusiast, taking a short cutty-pipe from his mouth; "it is an amateur, who has been a great player in his day, and is so proud that he always takes less odds than he ought of a younger man. It is not once in a month that he comes out as he has done to-night; but to-night he has steadied his hand. He has had six *petits verres*."

"Ah, indeed! Do you know his name?"

"I should think so; he buried my father, my two aunts, and my wife."

"Buried?" said Graham, more and more British in his accent; "I don't understand."

"Monsieur, you are English."

"I confess it."

"And a stranger to the Faubourg Montmartre."

"True."

"Or you would have heard of M. Giraud, the liveliest member of the State Company for conducting funerals. They are going to play *La Poule*."

Much disconcerted, Graham retreated into the *café*, and seated himself haphazard at one of the small tables. Glancing round the room, he saw no one in whom he could conjecture the once brilliant Vicomte.

The company appeared to him sufficiently decent, and especially what may be called local. There were some *blouses* drinking wine, no doubt of the cheapest and thinnest; some in rough, coarse dresses, drinking beer. These were evidently English, Belgian, or German artisans. At one table, four young men, who looked like small journeymen, were playing cards. At three other tables, men older, better dressed, probably shopkeepers, were playing dominoes. Graham scrutinized these last, but among them all could detect no one corresponding to his ideal of the Vicomte de Mauléon.

"Probably," thought he, "I am too

late, or perhaps he will not be here this evening. At all events, I will wait a quarter of an hour." Then, the *garçon* approaching his table, he deemed it necessary to call for something, and still, in strong English accent, asked for lemonade and an evening journal. The *garçon* nodded, and went his way. A monsieur at the round table next his own politely handed to him the "Galignani," saying in very good English, though unmistakably the good English of a Frenchman, "The English journal, at your service."

Graham bowed his head, accepted the "Galignani," and inspected his courteous neighbour. A more respectable-looking man no Englishman could see in an English country town. He wore an unpretending flaxen wig, with limp whiskers that met at the chin, and might originally have been the same colour as the wig, but were now of a pale grey, — no beard, no moustache. He was dressed with the scrupulous cleanliness of a sober citizen, — a high white neckcloth, with a large old-fashioned pin, containing a little knot of hair, covered with glass or crystal, and bordered with a black framework, in which were inscribed letters — evidently a mourning pin, hallowed to the memory of lost spouse or child, — a man who, in England, might be the mayor of a cathedral town, at least the town-clerk. He seemed suffering from some infirmity of vision, for he wore green spectacles. The expression of his face was very mild and gentle; apparently he was about sixty years old — somewhat more.

Graham took kindly to his neighbour, inasmuch that, in return for the "Galignani," he offered him a cigar, lighting one himself.

His neighbour refused politely.

"*Merci!* I never smoke — never; *mon médecin* forbids it. If I could be tempted, it would be by an English cigar. Ah, how you English beat us in all things — your ships, your iron, your *tabac* — which you do not grow!"

This speech, rendered literally as we now render it, may give the idea of a somewhat vulgar speaker. But there was something in the man's manner, in his smile, in his courtesy, which did not strike Graham as vulgar; on the contrary, he thought within himself, "How instinctive to all Frenchmen good breeding is!"

Before, however, Graham had time to explain to his amiable neighbour the politico-economical principle according to which England, growing no tobacco, had

tobacco much better than France which did grow it, a rosy middle-aged monsieur made his appearance, saying hurriedly to Graham's neighbour, "I'm afraid I'm late, but there is still a good half-hour before us if you will give me my revenge."

"Willingly, M. Georges. *Garçon*, the dominoes."

"Have you been playing at billiards?" asked M. Georges.

"Yes, two games."

"With success?"

"I won the first, and lost the second through the defect of my eyesight; the game depended on a stroke which would have been easy to an infant—I missed it."

Here the dominoes arrived, and M. Georges began shuffling them; the other turned to Graham and asked politely if he understood the game.

"A little, but not enough to comprehend why it is said to require so much skill."

"It is chiefly an affair of memory with me; but M. Georges, my opponent, has the talent of combination, which I have not."

"Nevertheless," replied M. Georges, gruffly, "you are not easily beaten; it is for you to play first, M. Lebeau."

Graham almost started. Was it possible! This mild, limp-whiskered, flaxen-wigged man, Victor Mauléon, the Don Juan of his time; the last person in the room he should have guessed. Yet, now examining his neighbour with more attentive eye, he wondered at his stupidity in not having recognized at once the *ci-devant gentilhomme* and *beau garçon*. It happens frequently that our imagination plays us this trick; we form to ourselves an idea of some one eminent for good or for evil—a poet, a statesman, a general, a murderer, a swindler, a thief: the man is before us, and our ideas have gone into so different a groove that he does not excite a suspicion. We are told who he is, and immediately detect a thousand things that ought to have proved his identity.

Looking thus again with rectified vision at the false Lebeau, Graham observed an elegance and delicacy of feature which might, in youth, have made the countenance very handsome, and rendered it still good-looking, nay, prepossessing. He now noticed, too, the slight Norman accent, its native harshness of breadth subdued into the modulated tones which bespoke the habits of polished society. Above all, as M.

Lebeau moved his dominoes with one hand, not shielding his pieces with the other (as M. Georges warily did), but allowing it to rest carelessly on the table, he detected the hands of the French aristocrat; hands that had never done work—never (like those of the English noble of equal birth) been embrowned or freckled or roughened or enlarged by early practice in athletic sports; but hands seldom seen save in the higher circles of Parisian life—partly perhaps of hereditary formation, partly owing their texture to great care begun in early youth, and continued mechanically in after-life—with long taper fingers and polished nails; white and delicate as those of a woman, but not slight, not feeble; nervous and sinewy as those of a practised swordsman.

Graham watched the play, and Lebeau good-naturedly explained to him its complications as it proceeded; though the explanation, diligently attended to by M. Georges, lost Lebeau the game.

The dominoes were again shuffled, and during that operation M. Georges said, "By the way, M. Lebeau, you promised to find me a *locataire* for my second floor; have you succeeded?"

"Not yet. Perhaps you had better advertise in *Les Petites Affiches*. You ask too much for the *habitués* of this neighbourhood—100 francs a-month."

"But the lodging is furnished, and well too, and has four rooms. One hundred francs are not much."

A thought flashed upon Graham—"Pardon, Monsieur," he said, "have you an *appartement de garçon* to let furnished?"

"Yes, Monsieur, a charming one. Are you in search of an apartment?"

"I have some idea of taking one, but only by the month. I am but just arrived at Paris, and I have business which may keep me here a few weeks. I do but require a bed-room and a small cabinet, and the rent must be modest. I am not a *milord*."

"I am sure we could arrange, Monsieur," said M. Georges, "though I could not well divide my *logement*. But 100 francs a-month is not much!"

"I fear it is more than I can afford; however, if you will give me your address, I will call and see the rooms,—say the day after to-morrow. Between this and then I expect letters which may more clearly decide my movements."

"If the apartments suit you," said M. Lebeau, "you will at least be in the



house of a very honest man, which is more than can be said of every one who lets furnished apartments. The house, too, has a *concierge*, with a handy wife who will arrange your rooms and provide you with coffee—or tea, which you English prefer—if you breakfast at home.”

Here M. Georges handed a card to Graham, and asked what hour he would call.

“About twelve, if that hour is convenient,” said Graham, rising. “I presume there is a restaurant in the neighbourhood where I could dine reasonably.”

“*Je crois bien*—half-a-dozen. I can recommend to you one where you can dine *en prince* for 30 sous. And if you are at Paris on business, and want any letters written in private, I can also recommend to you my friend here, M. Lebeau. Ay, and on affairs his advice is as good as a lawyer’s, and his fee a *bagatelle*.”

“Don’t believe all that M. Georges so flatteringly says of me,” put in M. Lebeau, with a modest half-smile, and in English. “I should tell you that I, like yourself, am recently arrived at Paris, having bought the business and goodwill of my predecessor in the apartment I occupy; and it is only to the respect due to his antecedents, and on the score of a few letters of recommendation which I bring from Lyons, that I can attribute the confidence shown to me, a stranger in this neighbourhood. Still I have some knowledge of the world, and I am always glad if I can be of service to the English. I love the English”—he said this with a sort of melancholy earnestness which seemed sincere; and then added in a more careless tone—“I have met with much kindness from them in the course of a checkered life.”

“You seem a very good fellow—in fact, a regular trump, M. Lebeau,” replied Graham, in the same language. “Give me your address. To say truth, I am a very poor French scholar, as you must have seen, and am awfully bothered how to manage some correspondence on matters with which I am intrusted by my employer, so that it is a lucky chance which has brought me acquainted with you.”

M. Lebeau inclined his head gracefully, and drew from a very neat morocco case a card, which Graham took and pocketed. Then he paid for his coffee and lemonade, and returned home well satisfied with the evening’s adventure.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning Graham sent for M. Renard, and consulted with that experienced functionary as to the details of the plan of action which he had revolved during the hours of a sleepless night.

“In conformity with your advice,” said he, “not to expose myself to the chance of future annoyance, by confiding to a man so dangerous as the false Lebeau my name and address, I propose to take the lodging offered to me, as Mr. Lamb, an attorney’s clerk, commissioned to get in certain debts, and transact other matters of business, on behalf of his employer’s clients. I suppose there will be no difficulty with the police in this change of name, now that passports for the English are not necessary?”

“Certainly not. You will have no trouble in that respect.”

“I shall thus be enabled very naturally to improve acquaintance with the professional letter-writer, and find an easy opportunity to introduce the name of Louise Duval. My chief difficulty, I fear, not being a practical actor, will be to keep up consistently the queer sort of language I have adopted, both in French and in English. I have too sharp a critic in a man so consummate himself in stage trick and disguise as M. Lebeau, not to feel the necessity of getting through my rôle as quickly as I can. Meanwhile, can you recommend me to some *magasin* where I can obtain a suitable change of costume? I can’t always wear a travelling suit, and I must buy linen of coarser texture than mine, and with the initials of my new name inscribed on it.”

“Quite right to study such details; I will introduce you to a *magasin* near the Temple, where you will find all you want.”

“Next, have you any friends or relations in the provinces unknown to M. Lebeau, to whom I might be supposed to write about debts or business matters, and from whom I might have replies?”

“I will think over it, and manage that for you very easily. Your letters shall find their way to me, and I will dictate the answers.”

After some further conversation on that business, M. Renard made an appointment to meet Graham at a *café* near the Temple later in the afternoon, and took his departure.

Graham then informed his *laquais de place* that, though he kept on his lodgings, he was going into the country for a few days, and should not want the man’s

services till he returned. He therefore dismissed and paid him off at once, so that the *laquais* might not observe, when he quitted his rooms the next day, that he took with him no change of clothes, &c.

## CHAPTER VIII.

GRAHAM VANE had been for some days in the apartment rented of M. Georges. He takes it in the name of Mr. Lamb—a name wisely chosen, less common than Thompson and Smith, less likely to be supposed an assumed name, yet common enough not to be able easily to trace it to any special family. He appears, as he had proposed, in the character of an agent employed by a solicitor in London to execute sundry commissions, and to collect certain outstanding debts. There is no need to mention the name of the solicitor; if there were, he could give the name of his own solicitor, to whose discretion he could trust implicitly. He dresses and acts up to his assumed character with the skill of a man, who, like the illustrious Charles Fox, has, though in private representations, practised the stage-play in which Demosthenes said the triple art of oratory consisted—who has seen a great deal of the world, and has that adaptability of intellect which knowledge of the world lends to one who is so thoroughly in earnest as to his end that he agrees to be sportive as to his means.

The kind of language he employs when speaking English to Lebeau is that suited to the *rôle* of a dapper young underling of vulgar mind habituated to vulgar companionships. I feel it due, if not to Graham himself, at least to the memory of the dignified orator whose name he inherits, so to modify and soften the hardy style of that peculiar diction in which he disguises his birth and disgraces his culture, that it is only here and there that I can venture to indicate the general tone of it. But in order to supply my deficiencies therein, the reader has only to call to mind the forms of phraseology which polite novelists in vogue, especially young-lady novelists ascribe to well-born gentlemen, and more emphatically to those in the higher ranks of the Peerage. No doubt Graham in his capacity of critic had been compelled to read, in order to review, those contributions to refined literature, and had familiarized himself to a vein of conversation abounding with “swell,” and “stun-

ner,” and “awfully jolly,” in its libel on manners and outrage on taste.

He has attended nightly the *Café Jean Jacques*; he has improved acquaintance with M. Georges and M. Lebeau; he has played at billiards, he has played at dominoes, with the latter. He has been much surprised at the unimpeachable honesty which M. Lebeau has exhibited in both these games. In billiards, indeed, a man cannot cheat except by disguising his strength; it is much the same in dominoes,—it is skill, combined with luck, as in whist; but in whist there are modes of cheating which dominoes do not allow,—you can't mark a domino as you can a card. It was perfectly clear to Graham that M. Lebeau did not gain a livelihood by billiards or dominoes at the *Café Jean Jacques*. In the former he was not only a fair but a generous player. He played exceedingly well, despite his spectacles; but he gave, with something of a Frenchman's lofty *fanfaronnade*, larger odds to his adversary than his plan justified. In dominoes, where such odds could not well be given, he insisted on playing such small stakes as two or three francs might cover. In short, M. Lebeau puzzled Graham. All about M. Lebeau, his manner, his talk, was irreproachable, and baffled suspicion; except in this, Graham gradually discovered that the *café* had a *quasi* political character. Listening to talkers round him, he overheard much that might well have shocked the notions of a moderate Liberal; much that held in disdain the objects to which, in 1869, an English Radical directed his aspirations. Vote by ballot, universal suffrage, &c.—such objects the French had already attained. By the talkers at the *Café Jean Jacques* they were deemed to be the tricky contrivances of tyranny. In fact, the talk was more scornful of what Englishmen understand by radicalism or democracy than Graham ever heard from the lips of an ultra-Tory. It assumed a strain of philosophy far above the vulgar squabbles of ordinary party politicians—a philosophy which took for its fundamental principles the destruction of religion and of private property. These two objects seemed dependent the one on the other. The philosophers of the *Jean Jacques* held with that expounder of Internationalism, Eugene Dupont, “*Nous ne voulons plus de religion, car les religions étouffent l'intelligence.*” \* Now and then, indeed,

\* Discours par Eugene Dupont à la Clôture du Congrès de Bruxelles, Sept. 3, 1868.



a dissentient voice was raised as to the existence of a Supreme Being, but, with one exception, it soon sank into silence. No voice was raised in defence of private property. These sages appeared for the most part to belong to the class of *ouvriers* or artisans. Some of them were foreigners — Belgian, German, English ; all seemed well off for their calling. Indeed, they must have had comparatively high wages, to judge by their dress and the money they spent on regaling themselves. The language of several was well chosen, at times eloquent. Some brought with them women who seemed respectable, and who often joined in the conversation, especially when it turned upon the law of marriage as a main obstacle to all personal liberty and social improvement. If this was a subject on which the women did not all agree, still they discussed it, without prejudice and with admirable *sang froid*. Yet many of them looked like wives and mothers. Now and then a young journeyman brought with him a young lady of more doubtful aspect, but such a couple kept aloof from the others. Now and then, too, a man evidently of higher station than that of *ouvrier*, and who was received by the philosophers with courtesy and respect, joined one of the tables and ordered a bowl of punch for general participation. In such occasional visitors, Graham, still listening, detected a writer of the press ; now and then, a small artist, or actor, or medical student. Among the *habitués* there was one man, an *ouvrier*, in whom Graham could not help feeling an interest. He was called Monnier, sometimes more familiarly Armand, his baptismal appellation. This man had a bold and honest expression of countenance. He talked like one who, if he had not read much, had thought much on the subjects the loved to discuss. He argued against the capital of employers quite as ably as Mr. Mill has argued against the right of property in land. He was still more eloquent against the laws of marriage and heritage. But his was the one voice not to be silenced in favor of a Supreme Being. He had at least the courage of his opinions, and was always thoroughly in earnest. M. Lebeau seemed to know this man, and honoured him with a nod and a smile, when passing by him to the table he generally occupied. This familiarity with a man of that class, and of opinions so extreme, excited Graham's curiosity. One evening he said to Lebeau, "A queer fellow that you have just nodded to."

"How so?"

"Well, he has queer notions."

"Notions shared, I believe, by many of your countrymen?"

"I should think not many. Those poor simpletons yonder may have caught them from their French fellow-workmen, but I don't think that even the *gobemouches* in our National Reform Society open their mouths to swallow such wasps."

"Yet I believe the association to which most of those *ouvriers* belong had its origin in England."

"Indeed! what association?"

"The International."

"Ah, I have heard of that."

Lebeau turned his green spectacles full on Graham's face as he said slowly, "And what do you think of it?"

Graham prudently checked the disparaging reply that first occurred to him, and said, "I know so little about it that I would rather ask you."

"I think it might become formidable if it found able leaders who knew how to use it. Pardon me—how came you to know of this *café*? Were you recommended to it?"

"No ; I happened to be in this neighbourhood on business, and walked in, as I might into any other *café*."

"You don't interest yourself in the great social questions which are agitated below the surface of this best of all possible worlds?"

"I can't say that I trouble my head much about them."

"A game at dominoes before M. Georges arrives?"

"Willingly. Is M. Georges one of those agitators below the surface?"

"No indeed. It is for you to play."

Here M. Georges arrived, and no further conversation on political or social questions ensued.

Graham had already called more than once at M. Lebeau's office, and asked him to put into good French various letters on matters of business, the subjects of which had been furnished by M. Renard. The office was rather imposing and stately, considering the modest nature of M. Lebeau's ostensible profession. It occupied the entire ground-floor of a corner house, with a front-door at one angle and a back-door at the other. The anteroom to his cabinet, and in which Graham had generally to wait some minutes before he was introduced, was generally well filled, and not only by persons who, by their dress and outward appearance, might be fairly supposed sufficiently illit-

erate to require his aid as polite letter-writers—not only by servant-maids and *grisettes*, by sailors, zouaves, and journeymen workmen—but not unfrequently by clients evidently belonging to a higher, or at least a richer, class of society,—men with clothes made by a fashionable tailor—men, again, who, less fashionably attired, looked like opulent tradesmen and fathers of well-to-do families—the first generally young, the last generally middle-aged. All these denizens of a higher world were introduced by a saturnine clerk into M. Lebeau's reception-room very quickly, and in precedence of the *ouvriers* and *grisettes*.

"What can this mean?" thought Graham. "Is it really that this humble business avowed is the cloak to some political conspiracy concealed—the International Association?" And, so pondering, the clerk one day singled him from the crowd and admitted him into M. Lebeau's cabinet. Graham thought the time had now arrived when he might safely approach the subject that brought him to the Faubourg Montmartre.

"You are very good," said Graham, speaking in the English of a young earl in our elegant novels—"you are very good to let me in while you have so many swells and nobles waiting for you in the other room. But I say, old fellow, you have not the cheek to tell me that they want you to correct their cocker or spoon for them by proxy?"

"Pardon me," answered M. Lebeau in French, "if I prefer my own language in replying to you. I speak the English I learned many years ago, and your language in the *beau monde*, to which you evidently belong, is strange to me. You are quite right, however, in your surmise that I have other clients than those who, like yourself, think I could correct their verbs or their spelling. I have seen a great deal of the world,—I know something of it, and something of the law; so that many persons come to me for advice and for legal information on terms more moderate than those of an *avoué*. But my antechamber is full, I am pressed for time; excuse me if I ask you to say at once in what I can be agreeable to you to-day."

"Ah!" said Graham, assuming a very earnest look, "you do know the world, that is clear; and you do know the law of France—eh?"

"Yes, a little."

"What I wanted to say at present may have something to do with French law,

and I meant to ask you either to recommend to me a sharp lawyer, or to tell me how I can best get at your famous police here."

"Police?"

"I think I may require the service of one of those officers whom we in England call detectives; but if you are busy now, I can call to-morrow."

"I spare you two minutes. Say at once, dear Monsieur, what you want with law or police."

"I am instructed to find out the address of a certain Louise Duval, daughter of a drawing-master named Adolphe Duval, living in the Rue — in the year 1848."

Graham, while he thus said, naturally looked Lebeau in the face—not pryingly, not significantly, but as a man generally does look in the face the other man whom he accosts seriously. The change in the face he regarded was slight, but it was unmistakable. It was the sudden meeting of the eyebrows, accompanied with the sudden jerk of the shoulder and bend of the neck, which betokened a man taken by surprise, and who pauses to reflect before he replies. His pause was but momentary.

"For what object is this address required?"

"That I don't know; but evidently for some advantage to Madame or Mademoiselle Duval, if still alive, because my employer authorizes me to spend no less than £100 in ascertaining where she is, if alive, or where she was buried, if dead; and if other means fail, I am instructed to advertise to the effect—'That if Louise Duval, or, in case of her death, any children of hers living in the year 1849, will communicate with some person whom I may appoint at Paris,—such intelligence, authenticated, may prove to the advantage of the party advertised for.' I am, however, told not to resort to this means without consulting either with a legal adviser or the police."

"Hem!—have you inquired at the house where this lady was, you say, living in 1848?"

"Of course I have done that; but very clumsily, I daresay—through a friend—and learned nothing. But I must not keep you now. I think I shall apply at once to the police. What should I say when I get to the *bureau*?"

"Stop, Monsieur, stop. I do not advise you to apply to the police. It would be waste of time and money. Allow me to think over the matter. I shall see you



this evening at the *Café Jean Jacques* at eight o'clock. Till then do nothing."

"All right: I obey you. The whole thing is out of my way of business — awfully. *Bon jour.*"

#### CHAPTER IX.

PUNCTUALLY at eight o'clock Graham Vane had taken his seat at a corner table at the remote end of the *Café Jean Jacques*, called for his cup of coffee and his evening journal, and awaited the arrival of M. Lebeau. His patience was not tasked long. In a few minutes the Frenchman entered, paused at the *comptoir*, as was his habit, to address a polite salutation to the well-dressed lady who there presided, nodded as usual to Armand Monnier, then glanced round, recognized Graham with a smile, and approached his table with the quiet grace of movement by which he was distinguished.

Seating himself opposite to Graham, and speaking in a voice too low to be heard by others, and in French, he then said —

"In thinking over your communication this morning, it strikes me as probable, perhaps as certain, that this Louise Duval, or her children, if she have any, must be entitled to some moneys bequeathed to her by a relation or friend in England. What say you to that assumption, M. Lamb?"

"You are a sharp fellow," answered Graham. "Just what I say to myself. Why else should I be instructed to go to such expense in finding her out? Most likely, if one can't trace her, or her children born before the date named, any such moneys will go to some one else; and that some one else, whoever he be, has commissioned my employer to find out. But I don't imagine any sum due to her or her heirs can be much, or that the matter is very important; for, if so, the thing would not be carelessly left in the hands of one of the small fry like myself, and clapped in along with a lot of other business as an off-hand job."

"Will you tell me who employed you?"

"No, I don't feel authorized to do that at present; and I don't see the necessity of it. It seems to me, on consideration, a matter for the police to ferret out; only, as I asked before, how should I get at the police?"

"That is not difficult. It is just possible that I might help you better than any lawyer or any detective."

"Why, did you ever know this Louise Duval?"

"Excuse me, M. Lamb: you refuse me your full confidence; allow me to imitate your reserve."

"Oho!" said Graham; "shut up as close as you like; it is nothing to me. Only observe there is this difference between us, that I am employed by another. He does not authorize me to name him; and if I did commit that indiscretion, I might lose my bread and cheese. Whereas you have nobody's secret to guard but your own, in saying whether or not you ever knew a Madame or Mademoiselle Duval. And if you have some reason for not getting me the information I am instructed to obtain, that is also a reason for not troubling you farther. And after all, old boy" (with a familiar slap on Lebeau's stately shoulder) — "after all, it is I who would employ you; you don't employ me. And if you find out the lady, it is you who would get the £100, not I."

M. Lebeau mechanically brushed, with a light movement of hand, the shoulder which the Englishman had so pleasantly touched, drew himself and chair some inches back, and said, slowly —

"M. Lamb, let us talk as gentleman to gentleman. Put aside the question of money altogether, I must first know why your employer wants to hunt out this poor Louise Duval. It may be to her injury, and I would do her none if you offered thousands where you offer pounds. I forestall the condition of mutual confidence; I own that I have known her — it is many years ago; and, M. Lamb, though a Frenchman very often injures a woman from love, he is in a worse plight for bread and cheese than I am if he injures her for money."

"Is he thinking of the duchess's jewels?" thought Graham.

"Bravo, *mon vieux*," he said aloud; "but as I don't know what my employer's motive in his commission is, perhaps you can enlighten me. How could his inquiry injure Louise Duval?"

"I cannot say; but you English have the power to divorce your wives. Louise Duval may have married an Englishman, separated from him, and he wants to know where he can find, in order to criminate and divorce her, or it may be to insist on her return to him."

"Bosh! that is not likely."

"Perhaps, then, some English friend she may have known has left her a bequest, which would of course lapse to some one else if she be not living."

"By gad!" cried Graham, "I think

you hit the right nail on the head : *c'est cela*. But what then ?”

“Well, if I thought any substantial benefit to Louise Duval might result from the success of your inquiry, I would really see if it were in my power to help you. But I must have time to consider.”

“How long ?”

“I can't exactly say ; perhaps three or four days.”

“*Bon !* I will wait. Here comes M. Georges. I leave you to dominoes and him. Good-night.”

Late that night M. Lebeau was seated alone in a chamber connected with the cabinet in which he received visitors. A ledger was open before him, which he scanned with careful eyes, no longer screened by spectacles. The survey seemed to satisfy him. He murmured, “It suffices—the time has come ;” closed the book—returned it to his bureau, which he locked up—and then wrote in cipher the letter here reduced into English :—

“DEAR AND NOBLE FRIEND, — Events march ; the Empire is everywhere undermined. Our treasury has thriven in my hands ; the sums subscribed and received by me through you have become more than quadrupled by advantageous speculations, in which M. Georges has been a most trustworthy agent. A portion of them I have continued to employ in the mode suggested—viz., in bringing together men discreetly chosen as being in their various ways representatives and ringleaders of the motley varieties that, when united at the right moment, form a Parisian mob. But from that right moment we are as yet distant. Before we can call passion into action, we must prepare opinion for change. I propose now to devote no inconsiderable portion of our fund towards the inauguration of a journal which shall gradually give voice to our designs. Trust to me to insure its success, and obtain the aid of writers who will have no notion of the uses to which they ultimately contribute. Now that the time has come to establish for ourselves an organ in the press addressing higher orders of intelligence than those which are needed to destroy, and incapable of reconstructing, the time has also arrived for the reappearance in his proper name and rank of the man in whom you take so gracious an interest. In vain you have pressed him to do so before ; till now he had not amassed together, by the slow process of petty gains and constant savings, with

such additions as prudent speculations on his own account might contribute, the modest means necessary to his resumed position. And as he always contended against your generous offers, no consideration should ever tempt him either to appropriate to his personal use a single *sou* intrusted to him for a public purpose, or to accept from friendship the pecuniary aid which would abase him into the hireling of a cause. No ! Victor de Mauléon despises too much the tools that he employs to allow any man hereafter to say, ‘Thou also wert a tool, and hast been paid for thy uses.’

“But to restore the victim of calumny to his rightful place in this gaudy world, stripped of youth and reduced in fortune, is a task that may well seem impossible. To-morrow he takes the first step towards the achievement of the impossible. Experience is no bad substitute for youth, and ambition is made stronger by the goad of poverty.

“Thou shalt hear of his news soon.”

## BOOK FIFTH.

### CHAPTER I.

THE next day at noon M. Louvier was closeted in his study with M. Gandrin.

“Yes,” cried Louvier, “I have behaved very handsomely to the *beau Marquis*. No one can say to the contrary.”

“True,” answered Gandrin. “Besides the easy terms for the transfer of the mortgages, that free bonus of 1000 louis is a generous and noble act of munificence.”

“Is it not ! and my youngster has already begun to do with it as I meant and expected. He has taken a fine apartment ; he has bought a *coupé* and horses ; he has placed himself in the hands of the Chevalier de Finisterre ; he is entered at the Jockey Club. *Parbleu*, the 1000 louis will be soon gone.”

“And then ?”

“And then !—why, he will have tasted the sweets of Parisian life. He will think with disgust of the *vieux manoir*. He can borrow no more. I must remain sole mortgagee, and I shall behave as handsomely in buying his estates as I have behaved in increasing his income.”

Here a clerk entered and said “that a monsieur wished to see M. Louvier for a few minutes, in private, on urgent business.”

“Tell him to send in his card.”



"He has declined to do so, but states that he has already the honour of your acquaintance."

"A writer in the press, perhaps; or is he an artist?"

"I have not seen him before, monsieur, but he has the air *très comme il faut*."

"Well, you may admit him. I will not detain you longer, my dear Gandrin. My homages to Madame. *Bon jour*."

Louvier bowed out M. Gandrin, and then rubbed his hands complacently. He was in high spirits. "Aha, my dear Marquis, thou art in my trap now. Would it were thy father instead," he muttered chucklingly, and then took his stand on his hearth, with his back to the fireless grate. There entered a gentleman, exceedingly well-dressed — dressed according to the fashion, but still as became one of ripe middle age, not desiring to pass for younger than he was.

He was tall, with a kind of lofty ease in his air and his movements; not slight of frame, but spare enough to disguise the strength and endurance which belong to sinews and thews of steel, freed from all superfluous flesh, broad across the shoulders, thin in the flanks. His dark hair had in youth been luxuriant in thickness and curl; it was now clipped short, and had become bare at the temples, but it still retained the lustre of its colour and the crispness of its ringlets. He wore neither beard nor moustache, and the darkness of his hair was contrasted by a clear fairness of complexion, healthful, though somewhat pale, and eyes of that rare grey tint which has in it no shade of blue — peculiar eyes, which give a very distinct character to the face. The man must have been singularly handsome in youth; he was handsome still, though probably in his forty-seventh or forty-eighth year, doubtless a very different kind of comeliness. The form of the features and the contour of the face were those that suit the rounded beauty of the Greek outline, and such beauty would naturally have been the attribute of the countenance in earlier days. But the cheeks were now thin and with lines of care or sorrow between nostril and lip, so that the shape of the face seemed lengthened, and the features had become more salient.

Louvier gazed at his visitor with a vague idea that he had seen him before, and could not remember where or when; but, at all events, he recognized at the first glance a man of rank and of the great world.

"Pray be seated, monsieur!" he said, resuming his own easy-chair.

The visitor obeyed the invitation with a very graceful bend of his head, drew his chair near to the financier's, stretched his limbs with the ease of a man making himself at home, and fixing his calm bright eyes quietly on Louvier, said, with a bland smile —

"My dear old friend, do you not remember me? You are less altered than I am."

Louvier stared hard and long; his lip fell, his cheek paled, and at last he faltered out, "*Ciel!* is it possible! Victor — the Vicomte de Mauléon?"

"At your service, my dear Louvier."

There was a pause; the financier was evidently confused and embarrassed, and not less evidently the visit of the "dear old friend" was unwelcome.

"Vicomte," he said at last, "this is indeed a surprise; I thought you had long since quitted Paris for good."

"*L'homme propose,*" &c. I have returned, and mean to enjoy the rest of my days in the metropolis of the Graces and the Pleasures. What though we are not so young as we were, Louvier, — we have more vigour in us than the new generation; and though it may no longer befit us to renew the gay carousals of old, life has still excitements as vivid for the social temperament and ambitious mind. Yes, the *roi des viveurs* returns to Paris for a more solid throne than he filled before."

"Are you serious?"

"As serious as the French gaiety will permit one to be."

"Alas, M. le Vicomte! Can you flatter yourself that you will regain the society you have quitted, and the name you have —"

Louvier stopped short; something in the Vicomte's eye daunted him.

"The name I have laid aside for convenience of travel. Princes travel incognito, and so may a simple *gentilhomme*. 'Regain my place in society,' say you? Yes; it is not that which troubles me."

"What does?"

"The consideration whether on a very modest income I can be sufficiently esteemed for myself to render that society more pleasant than ever. Ah, *mon cher!* why recoil? why so frightened? Do you think I am going to ask you for money? Have I ever done so since we parted? and did I ever do so before without repaying you? Bah! you *roturiers* are worse than the Bourbons. You never

learn nor unlearn. '*Fors non mutatur genus.*'"

The magnificent *millionnaire*, accustomed to the homage of *grandees* from the faubourg and *lions* from the Chaussée d'Antin, rose to his feet in superb wrath, less at the taunting words than at the haughtiness of mien with which they were uttered.

"Monsieur, I cannot permit you to address me in that tone. Do you mean to insult me?"

"Certainly not. Tranquillize your nerves, reseal yourself, and listen; — reseat yourself, I say."

Louvier dropped into his chair.

"No," resumed the Vicomte, politely, "I do not come here to insult you, neither do I come to ask money; I assume that I am in my rights when I ask M. Louvier what has become of Louise Duval?"

"Louise Duval! I know nothing about her."

"Possibly not now; but you did know her well enough, when we two parted, to be a candidate for her hand. You did know her enough to solicit my good offices in promotion of your suit; and you did, at my advice, quit Paris to seek her at Aix-la-Chapelle."

"What! have you, M. de Mauléon, not heard news of her since that day?"

"I decline to accept your question as an answer to mine. You went to Aix-la-Chapelle; you saw Louise Duval; at my urgent request she condescended to accept your hand."

"No, M. de Mauléon, she did not accept my hand. I did not even see her. The day before I arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle she had left it — not alone — left it with her lover."

"Her lover! you do not mean the miserable Englishman who —"

"No Englishman," interrupted Louvier, fiercely. "Enough that the step she took placed an eternal barrier between her and myself. I have never even sought to hear of her since that day. Vicomte, that woman was the one love of my life. I loved her, as you must have known, to folly — to madness. And how was my love requited? Ah! you open a very deep wound, M. le Vicomte."

"Pardon me, Louvier; I did not give you credit for feelings so keen and so genuine, nor did I think myself thus easily affected by matters belonging to a past life so remote from the present. For whom did Louise forsake you?"

"It matters not — he is dead."

"I regret to hear that; I might have avenged you."

"I need no one to avenge my wrong. Let this pass."

"Not yet. Louise, you say, fled with a seducer? So proud as she was, I can scarcely believe it."

"Oh, it was not with a *roturier* she fled; her pride would not have allowed that."

"He must have deceived her somehow. Did she continue to live with him?"

"That question, at least, I can answer; for though I lost all trace of her life, his life was pretty well known to me till its end; and a very few months after she fled he was enchained to another. Let us talk of her no more."

"Ay, ay," muttered De Mauléon, "some disgraces are not to be redeemed, and therefore not to be discussed. To me, though a relation, Louise Duval was but little known, and after what you tell me, I cannot dispute your right to say, 'talk of her no more.' You loved her, and she wronged you. My poor Louvier, pardon me if I made an old wound bleed afresh."

These words were said with a certain pathetic tenderness; they softened Louvier towards the speaker.

After a short pause the Vicomte swept his hand over his brow, as if to dismiss from his mind a painful and obtrusive thought; then, with a changed expression of countenance — an expression frank and winning — with voice and with manner in which no vestige remained of the irony or the haughtiness with which he had resented the frigidity of his reception, he drew his chair still nearer to Louvier's, and resumed: "Our situations, Paul Louvier, are much changed since we two became friends. I then could say, 'Open sesame' to whatever recesses, forbidden to vulgar footsteps, the adventurer whom I took by the hand might wish to explore. In those days my heart was warm; I liked you, Louvier — honestly liked you. I think our personal acquaintance commenced in some gay gathering of young *viveurs* whose behaviour to you offended my sense of good breeding?"

Louvier coloured, and muttered inaudibly.

De Mauléon continued: "I felt it due to you to rebuke their incivilities, the more so as you evinced on that occasion your own superiority in sense and temper, permit me to add with no lack of becoming spirit."



Louvier bowed his head, evidently gratified.

"From that day we became familiar. If any obligation to me were incurred, you would not have been slow to return it. On more than one occasion when I was rapidly wasting money—and money was plentiful with you—you generously offered me your purse. On more than one occasion I accepted the offer; and you would never have asked repayment if I had not insisted on repaying. I was no less grateful for your aid."

Louvier made a movement as if to extend his hand, but he checked the impulse.

"There was another attraction which drew me towards you. I recognized in your character a certain power in sympathy with that power which I imagined lay dormant in myself, and not to be found among the *freluquets* and *lions* who were my more habitual associates. Do you not remember some hours of serious talk we have had together when we lounged in the Tuileries, or sipped our coffee in the garden of the Palais Royal?—hours when we forgot that those were the haunts of idlers, and thought of the stormy actions affecting the history of the world of which they had been the scene—hours when I confided to you, as I confided to no other man, the ambitious hopes for the future which my follies in the present, alas! were hourly tending to frustrate?"

"Ay, I remember the starlit night; it was not in the gardens of the Tuileries nor in the Palais Royal,—it was on the Pont de la Concorde, on which we had paused, noting the starlight on the waters, that you said, pointing towards the walls of the *Corps Legislatif*, 'Paul, when I once get into the Chamber, how long will it take me to become First Minister of France?'"

"Did I say so?—possibly; but I was too young then for admission to the Chamber, and I fancied I had so many years yet to spare in idle loiterings at the Fountain of Youth. Pass over these circumstances. You became in love with Louise. I told you her troubled history; it did not diminish your love; and then I frankly favoured your suit. You set out for Aix-la-Chapelle a day or two afterwards—then fell the thunderbolt which shattered my existence—and we have never met again till this hour. You did not receive me kindly, Paul Louvier."

"But," said Louvier, falteringly—"but since you refer to that thunderbolt, you cannot but be aware that—that——"

"I was subjected to a calumny which I expect those who have known me as well as you did to assist me now to refute."

"If it be really a calumny."

"Heavens, man! could you ever doubt that?" cried De Mauléon, with heat; "ever doubt that I would rather have blown out my brains than allowed them even to conceive the idea of a crime so base?"

"Pardon me," answered Louvier, meekly, "but I did not return to Paris for months after you had disappeared. My mind was unsettled by the news that awaited me at Aix; I sought to distract it by travel—visited Holland and England; and when I did return to Paris, all that I heard of your story was the darker side of it. I willingly listen to your own account. You never took, or at least never accepted, the Duchesse de ——'s jewels; and your friend M. de N. never sold them to one jeweller and obtained their substitutes in paste from another?"

The Vicomte made a perceptible effort to repress an impulse of rage; then re-seating himself in his chair, and with that slight shrug of the shoulder by which a Frenchman implies to himself that rage would be out of place, replied calmly, "M. de N. did as you say, but, of course, not employed by me, nor with my knowledge. Listen; the truth is this—the time has come to tell it: Before you left Paris for Aix I found myself on the brink of ruin. I had glided towards it with my characteristic recklessness—with that scorn of money for itself—that sanguine confidence in the favour of fortune which are vices common to every *roi des viveurs*. Poor mock Alexanders that we spendthrifts are in youth! we divide all we have among others, and when asked by some prudent friend 'What have you left for your own share?' answer 'Hope.' I knew, of course, that my patrimony was rapidly vanishing; but then my horses were matchless. I had enough to last me for years on their chance of winning—of course they would win. But you may recollect when we parted that I was troubled,—creditor's bills before me; usurers' bills too,—and you, my dear Louvier, pressed on me your purse; were angry when I refused it. How could I accept? All my chance of repayment was in the speed of a horse, I believed in that chance for myself; but for a trustful friend, no. Ask your own heart now—nay, I will not say heart—ask your own common-sense, whether a man who then put aside your purse—spend-

thrift, *vaurien* though he might be — was likely to steal or accept a woman's jewels — *Va, mon pauvre Louvier*, again I say, *'Fors non mutat genus.'*"

Despite the repetition of the displeasing patrician motto, such reminiscences of his visitor's motley character — irregular, turbulent, the reverse of severe, but, in its own loose way, grandly generous and grandly brave — struck both on the common-sense and the heart of the listener; and the Frenchman recognized the Frenchman. Louvier doubted De Mauléon's word no more, bowed his head, and said, "Victor de Mauléon, I have wronged you — go on."

"On the day after you left for Aix came that horse-race on which my all depended: it was lost. The loss absorbed the whole of my remaining fortune; it absorbed about 20,000 francs in excess, a debt of honour to De N., whom you called my friend: friend he was not; imitator, follower, flatterer, yes. Still I deemed him enough my friend to say to him, 'Give me a little time to pay the money; I must sell my stud, or write to my only living relation from whom I have expectations.' You remember that relation — Jacques de Mauléon, old and unmarried. By De N.'s advice I did write to my kinsman. No answer came; but what did come were fresh bills from creditors. I then calmly calculated my assets. The sale of my stud and effects *might* suffice to pay every *sou* that I owed, including my debt to De N.; but that was not quite certain — at all events, when the debts were paid I should be beggared. Well, you know, Louvier, what we Frenchmen are: how nature has denied to us the quality of patience; how involuntarily suicide presents itself to us when hope is lost — and suicide seemed to me here due to honour — viz., to the certain discharge of my liabilities — for the stud and effects of Victor de Mauléon, *roi des viveurs*, would command much higher prices if he died like Cato than if he ran away from his fate like Pompey. Doubtless De N. guessed my intention from my words or my manner; but on the very day in which I had made all preparations for quitting the world from which sunshine had vanished, I received in a blank envelope bank-notes amounting to 70,000 francs, and the post-mark on the envelope was that of the town of Fontainebleau, near to which lived my rich kinsman Jacques. I took it for granted that the sum came from him. Displeased as he might have been with my wild career, still I was his

natural heir. The sum sufficed to pay my debt to De N., to all creditors, and leave a surplus. My sanguine spirits returned. I would sell my stud; I would retrench, reform, go to my kinsman as the penitent son. The fatted calf would be killed, and I should wear purple yet. You understand that, Louvier?"

"Yes, yes; so like you. Go on."

"Now, then, came the thunder-bolt! Ah! in those sunny days you used to envy me for being so spoilt by women. The Duchesse de — had conceived for me one of those romantic fancies which women without children, and with ample leisure for the waste of affection, do sometimes conceive for very ordinary men younger than themselves, but in whom they imagine they discover sinners to reform or heroes to exalt. I had been honoured by some notes from the Duchesse in which this sort of romance was owned. I had not replied to them encouragingly. In truth, my heart was then devoted to another, — the English girl whom I had wooed as my wife — who, despite her parents' retraction of their consent to our union when they learned how dilapidated were my fortunes, pledged herself to remain faithful to me, and wait for better days." Again De Mauléon paused in suppressed emotion, and then went on hurriedly: "No, the Duchesse did not inspire me with guilty passion, but she did inspire me with an affectionate respect. I felt that she was by nature meant to be a great and noble creature, and was, nevertheless, at that moment wholly misled from her right place amongst women by an illusion of mere imagination about a man who happened then to be very much talked about, and perhaps resembled some Lothario in the novels which she was always reading. We lodged, as you may remember, in the same house."

"Yes, I remember. I remember how you once took me to a great ball given by the Duchesse; how handsome I thought her, though no longer young; and you say right — how I did envy you, that night!"

"From that night, however, the Duc, not unnaturally, became jealous. He reproved the Duchesse for her too amiable manner towards a *mauvais sujet* like myself, and forbade her in future to receive my visits. It was then that these notes became frequent and clandestine, brought to me by her maid, who took back my somewhat chilling replies."

"But to proceed. In the flush of my



high spirits, and in the insolence of magnificent ease with which I paid De N. the trifle I owed him, something he said made my heart stand still. I told him that the money received had come from Jacques de Mauléon, and that I was going down to his house that day to thank him. He replied, 'Don't go; it did not come from him.' 'It must; see the post-mark of the envelope—Fontainebleau.' 'I posted it at Fontainebleau.' 'You sent me the money, you!' 'Nay, that is beyond my means. Where it came from,' said this *misérable*, 'much more may yet come;' and then he narrated, with that cynicism so in vogue at Paris, how he had told the Duchesse (who knew him as my intimate associate) of my stress of circumstance, of his fear that I meditated something desperate; how she gave him the jewels to sell and to substitute; how, in order to baffle my suspicion and frustrate my scruples, he had gone to Fontainebleau and there posted the envelope containing the bank-notes, out of which he secured for himself the payment he deemed otherwise imperilled. De N. having made this confession, hurried down the stairs swiftly enough to save himself a descent by the window. Do you believe me still?"

"Yes; you were always so hot-blooded, and De N. so considerate of self, I believe you implicitly."

"Of course I did what any man would do—I wrote a hasty letter to the Duchesse, stating all my gratitude for an act of pure friendship so noble; urging also the reasons that rendered it impossible for a man of honour to profit by such an act. Unhappily, what had been sent was paid away ere I knew the facts; but I could not bear the thought of life till my debt to her was acquitted; in short, Louvier, conceive for yourself the sort of letter which I—or any honest man—would write, under circumstances so cruel."

"H'm!" grunted Louvier.

"Something, however, in my letter, conjoined with what De N. had told her as to my state of mind, alarmed this poor woman, who had deigned to take in me an interest so little deserved. Her reply, very agitated and incoherent, was brought to me by her maid, who had taken my letter, and by whom, as I before said, our correspondence had been of late carried on. In her reply she implored me to decide, to reflect on nothing till I had seen her; stated how the rest of her day was pre-engaged; and since to visit her openly had been made impossible by the Duc's

interdict, enclosed the key to the private entrance to her rooms, by which I could gain an interview with her at ten o'clock that night, an hour at which the Duc had informed her he should be out till late at his club. Now, however great the indiscretion which the Duchesse here committed, it is due to her memory to say, that I am convinced that her dominant idea was that I meditated self-destruction; that no time was to be lost to save me from it; and for the rest she trusted to the influence which a woman's tears and adjurations and reasonings have over even the strongest and hardest men. It is only one of those coxcombs in whom the world of fashion abounds who could have admitted a thought that would have done wrong to the impulsive, generous, imprudent eagerness of a woman to be in time to save from death by his own hand a fellow-being for whom she had conceived an interest. I so construed her note. At the hour she named I admitted myself into the rooms by the key she sent. You know the rest: I was discovered by the Duc and by the agents of police in the cabinet in which the Duchesse's jewels were kept. The key that admitted me into the cabinet was found in my possession."

De Mauléon's voice here faltered, and he covered his face with a convulsive hand. Almost in the same breath he recovered from visible sign of emotion, and went on with a half-laugh.

"Ah! you envied me, did you, for being spoiled by the women? Envidious position indeed was mine that night. The Duc obeyed the first impulse of his wrath. He imagined that I had dishonoured him: he would dishonour me in return. Easier to his pride, too, a charge against the robber of jewels than against a favoured lover of his wife. But when I, obeying the first necessary obligation of honour, invented on the spur of the moment the story by which the Duchesse's reputation was cleared from suspicion, accused myself of a frantic passion and the trickery of a fabricated key, the Duc's true nature of *gentilhomme* came back. He retracted the charge which he could scarcely even at the first blush have felt to be well founded; and as the sole charge left was simply that which men *comme il faut* do not refer to criminal courts and police investigations, I was left to make my bow unmolested and retreat to my own rooms, awaiting there such communications as the Duc might deem it right to convey to me on the morrow.

"But on the morrow the Duc, with his wife and personal suite quitted Paris *en route* for Spain; the bulk of his retinue, including the offending abigail, was discharged; and, whether through these servants or through the police, the story before evening was in the mouth of every gossip in club or *café*—exaggerated, distorted to my ignominy and shame. My detection in the cabinet, the sale of the jewels, the substitution of paste by De N., who was known to be my servile imitator and reputed to be my abject tool; all my losses on the turf, my debts,—all these scattered fibres of flax were twisted together in a rope that would have hanged a dog with a much better name than mine. If some disbelieved that I could be a thief, few of those who should have known me best held me guiltless of a baseness almost equal to that of theft—the exaction of profit from the love of a foolish woman."

"But you could have told your own tale, shown the letters you had received from the Duchesse, and cleared away every stain on your honour."

"How?—shown her letters, ruined her character, even stated that she had caused her jewels to be sold for the uses of a young *roué*! Ah no, Louvier. I would rather have gone to the galleys!"

"H'm!" grunted Louvier again.

"The Duc generously gave me better means of righting myself. Three days after he quitted Paris I received a letter from him, very politely written, expressing his great regret that any words implying the suspicion too monstrous and absurd to need refutation should have escaped him in the surprise of the moment; but stating that since the offence I had owned was one that he could not overlook, he was under the necessity of asking the only reparation I could make. That if it 'deranged' me to quit Paris, he would return to it for the purpose required; but that if I would give him the additional satisfaction of suiting his convenience, he should prefer to await my arrival at Bayonne, where he was detained by the indisposition of the Duchesse."

"You have still that letter?" asked Louvier, quickly.

"Yes; with other more important documents constituting what I may call my *pièces justificatives*."

"I need not say that I replied stating the time at which I should arrive at Bayonne, and the hotel at which I should await the Duc's command. Accordingly I set out that same day, gained the hotel

named, despatched to the Duc the announcement of my arrival, and was considering how I should obtain a second in some officer quartered in the town—for my soreness and resentment at the marked coldness of my former acquaintances at Paris had forbidden me to seek a second among any of that faithless number—when the Duc himself entered my room. Judge of my amaze at seeing him in person; judge how much greater the amaze became when he advanced with a grave but cordial smile, offering me his hand!

"M. de Mauléon," said he, "since I wrote to you, facts have become known to me which would induce me rather to ask your friendship than call on you to defend your life. Madame la Duchesse has been seriously ill since we left Paris, and I refrained from all explanations likely to add to the hysterical excitement under which she was suffering. It is only this day that her mind became collected, and she herself then gave me her entire confidence. Monsieur, she insisted on my reading the letters that you addressed to her. Those letters, monsieur, suffice to prove your innocence of any design against my peace. The Duchesse has so candidly avowed her own indiscretion, has so clearly established the distinction between indiscretion and guilt that I have granted her my pardon with a lightened heart and a firm belief that we shall be happier together than we have been yet."

"The Duc continued his journey the next day, but he subsequently honoured me with two or three letters written as friend to friend, and in which you will find repeated the substance of what I have stated him to say by word of mouth."

"But why not then have returned to Paris? Such letters, at least, you might have shown, and in braving your calumniators you would have soon lived them down."

"You forget that I was a ruined man. When, by the sale of my horses, &c., my debts, including what was owed to the Duchesse, and which I remitted to the Duc, were discharged, the balance left to me would not have maintained me a week at Paris. Besides, I felt so sore, so indignant. Paris and the Parisians had become to me so hateful. And to crown all, that girl, that English girl whom I had so loved, on whose fidelity I had so counted—well, I received a letter from her, gently but coldly bidding me farewell for ever. I do not think she believed me guilty of theft, but doubtless the offence I had confessed, in order to save the honour of the



Duchesse, could but seem to her all-sufficient! Broken in spirit, bleeding at heart to the very core, still self-destruction was no longer to be thought of. I would not die till I could once more lift up my head as Victor de Mauléon."

"What then became of you, my poor Victor?"

"Ah! that is a tale too long for recital. I have played so many parts that I am puzzled to recognize my own identity with the Victor de Mauléon whose name I abandoned. I have been a soldier in Algeria, and won my cross on the field of battle — that cross and my colonel's letter are among my *pièces justificatives*. I have been a gold-digger in California, a speculator in New York, of late in callings obscure and humble. But in all my adventures, under whatever name, I have earned testimonials of probity, could manifestations of so vulgar a virtue be held of account by the enlightened people of Paris. I come now to a close. The Vicomte de Mauléon is about to reappear in Paris, and the first to whom he announces that sublime avatar is Paul Louvier. When settled in some modest apartment, I shall place in your hands my *pièces justificatives*. I shall ask you to summon my surviving relations or connections, among which are the Counts de Vandemar, Beauvilliers, De Passy, and the Marquis de Rochebriant, with any friends of your own who sway the opinions of the Great World. You will place my justification before them, expressing your own opinion that it suffices; — in a word, you will give me the sanction of your countenance. For the rest, I trust to myself to propitiate the kindly and to silence the calumnious. I have spoken; what say you?"

"You overrate my power in society. Why not appeal yourself to your high-born relations?"

"No, Louvier; I have too well considered the case to alter my decision. It is through you, and you alone, that I shall approach my relations. My vindicator must be a man of whom the vulgar cannot say, 'Oh, he is a relation — a fellow-noble: those aristocrats whitewash each other.' It must be an authority with the public at large — a *bourgeois*, a *millionnaire*, a *roi de la Bourse*. I choose you, and that ends the discussion."

Louvier could not help laughing good-humouredly at the *sang froid* of the Vicomte. He was once more under the domination of a man who had for a time dominated all with whom he lived.

De Mauléon continued: "Your task

will be easy enough. Society changes rapidly at Paris. Few persons now exist who have more than a vague recollection of the circumstances which can be so easily explained to my complete vindication when the vindication comes from a man of your solid respectability and social influence. Besides, I have political objects in view. You are a Liberal; the Vandemars and Rochebriants are Legitimists. I prefer a godfather on the Liberal side. *Pardieu, mon ami*, why such coquettish hesitation? Said and done. Your hand on it."

"Here is my hand then. I will do all I can to help you."

"I know you will, old friend; and you do both kindly and wisely." Here De Mauléon cordially pressed the hand he held, and departed.

On gaining the street, the Vicomte glided into a neighbouring courtyard, in which he had left his *fiacre*, and bade the coachman drive towards the Boulevard Sebastopol. On the way, he took from a small bag that he had left in the carriage the flaxen wig and pale whiskers which distinguished M. Lebeau, and mantled his elegant habiliments in an immense cloak, which he had also left in the *fiacre*. Arrived at the Boulevard Sebastopol, he drew up the collar of the cloak so as to conceal much of his face, stopped the driver, paid him quickly, and, bag in hand, hurried on to another stand of *fiacres* at a little distance, entered one, drove to the Faubourg Montmartre, dismissed the vehicle at the mouth of a street not far from M. Lebeau's office, and gained on foot the private side door of the house, let himself in with his latch-key, entered the private room on the inner side of his office, locked the door, and proceeded leisurely to exchange the brilliant appearance which the Vicomte de Mauléon had borne on his visit to the *millionnaire*, for the sober raiment and *bourgeois* air of M. Lebeau, the letter-writer.

Then after locking up his former costume in a drawer of his *secrétaire*, he sat himself down and wrote the following lines:—

"DEAR M. GEORGES,—I advise you strongly, from information that has just reached me, to lose no time in pressing M. Savarin to repay the sum I recommended you to lend him, and for which you hold his bill due this day. The scandal of legal measures against a writer so distinguished should be avoided if possible. He will avoid it and get the money

somehow. But he must be urgently pressed. If you neglect this warning, my responsibility is past. — *Agréez mes sentiments les plus sincères.* J. L.”

From The Westminster Review.  
VENETIAN PAINTING.

It was a fact of the greatest importance for the complete development of the arts in Italy that painting in Venice reached maturity later than in Rome, Florence, and Milan. Owing to this circumstance one chief aspect of the Renaissance — its material magnificence and freedom — received consummate treatment at the hands of Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese. To idealize the sensualities of the universe; to achieve for colour what the Florentines had done for form; to invest the external splendours of human life at one of its most gorgeous epochs with the dignity of the highest art; to vindicate the long forgotten title of the body to respect; to prove the sanity and the majesty of the flesh, was what these giant spirits lived to do.

Venice was precisely fitted for the accomplishment of this task. Free, isolated, wealthy, powerful; famous throughout Europe for the pomp of her state equipage, and for the magnificent immorality of her private manners; ruled by a prudent aristocracy, who spent vast resources on public shows and on the maintenance of a more than imperial civil splendour: Venice, with her street pavement of liquid chrysoprase, with her palaces of porphyry and marble, her frescoed façades, her quays and squares aglow with the brilliant costumes of the Levant, her lagoons afloat with the galleys of all nations, her churches floored with mosaics, her silvery domes, and ceilings glittering with sculptures bathed in molten gold: Venice luxurious in the light and colour of a transparent atmosphere, arched over by the broad expanse of a sky which nothing bounded but the horizon of sea and plain, and which was reflected, in all its gorgeousness of sunrise and sunset, upon the glassy surface of smooth waters: Venice asleep like a coral-reef of opal or of pearl upon the bosom of a waveless lake, an apocalyptic sea of glass — here and here only on the face of the whole globe was the unique city in which the pomp and pride of worldly life might combine with the lustre of the physical universe to create and stimulate

in the artist a sense of the permanent value of colour, of the surpassing attractiveness of pageantry. There is colour in flowers. Gardens of tulips are radiant, and Alpine valleys touch the soul with the pathos of their pure and gem-like hues. Therefore the painters of Flanders and of Valdarno, John Van Eyck and Fra Angelico, penetrated some of the secrets of the world of colour. But what are the purples and scarlets and blues of the iris, the anemone, or the columbine, dispersed among deep meadow grasses, or trained in quiet cloister garden beds when compared with that melodrama of flame and gold and rose and orange and azure which the sunset or the sunrise of Venice yields almost daily to the eye? The Venetians had no green fields and trees, no garden borders, no flowers to teach them the tender suggestiveness, the quaint poetry of isolated or contrasted tints. No. Their meadows were the fruitless furrows of the changeful sea, hued like a peacock's neck; they called the pearl shells of the Lido flowers, “*fiore di mare*”; nothing distracted their attention from the symphonies of light and colour which their sea and sky, one sphere of ever-shifting rainbow hues, one prism as wide as the world, presented to them. It was in consequence of this that the Venetians conceived colour heroically on a vast scale, not as a matter of missal-margins or of subordinate decoration, but as a theme worthy in itself of a sublime development. In the same way, hedged in by no narrowing hills, contracted by no city walls, stifled by no dusty streets, but open to the liberal airs of heaven and of the sea, the Venetians understood space, and imagined almost illimitable pictures. Light, colour, air, immensity — that is the theatre on which the figures of the Venetian painters in their proud humanity are made to move. Shelley's description of a Venetian sunset in “*Julian and Maddalo*,” is so true to the scenery which inspired the art of the great masters, that it may be quoted as a preface to what we have to say about their specific qualities.

As those who pause on some delightful way,  
Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood  
Looking upon the evening and the flood  
Which lay between the city and the shore,  
Paved with the image of the sky; the hoar  
And airy Alps, towards the north, appeared,  
Through mist, a heaven-sustaining bulwark  
reared

Between the east and west: and half the sky  
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,



Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew  
 Down the steep west into a wondrous hue  
 Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent  
 Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent  
 Among the many-folded hills — they were  
 Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,  
 As seen from Lido through the harbour piles,  
 The likeness of a clump of peaked isles —  
 And then, as if the earth and sea had been  
 Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen  
 Those mountains towering, as from waves of  
 flame,  
 Around the vaporous sun, from which there  
 came  
 The inmost purple spirit of light, and made  
 Their very peaks transparent.

That passage strikes the key-note to Venetian painting. With the poem of Shelley we may compare the following extract from a letter addressed from Venice in May, 1544, to Titian, by one of the most utterly worthless and unprincipled of literary banditti who have ever disgraced humanity, and who nevertheless was solemnized to the spirit of true poetry by the grandiose aspect of Nature as it appeared to him in Venice. That Pietro Aretino should have so deeply felt the splendour of natural beauty in an age when even the greatest artists and poets sought for inspiration in human life more than in the material universe is a significant fact, and seems to prove the natural fatality which made Venice the cradle of the Art of Nature.

Having, my dear gossip, to the injury of my custom, supped alone ; or, to speak better, in the company of this quartan fever, which will not let me taste the flavour of any food, I rose from table sated with the same ennui with which I had sat down. In this mood I went and leaned my arms upon the sill outside my window, and throwing my chest and nearly all my body on the marble, gave myself up to the contemplation of the marvellous spectacle presented by the innumerable boats, filled with foreigners as well as people of the place, which gave delight not merely to the gazers, but also to the grand canal itself, which delights everybody that ploughs its waters. From this animated scene, all of a sudden, like a man who from mere ennui does not know how to occupy his mind, I turned my eyes to heaven, which, from the moment that God made it has never been adorned with such painted loveliness of lights and shadows. The whole region of the air was what those who envy you, because they are unable to be you, would fain express. To begin with, the buildings of Venice, though of solid stone, seemed made of some ethereal substance. Then the sky was full of variety, here clear and ardent, there dulled and overclouded. What marvellous clouds there were ! Masses of them in the centre of the picture hung

above the houseroofs, while the immediate part was formed of a grey tint inclining to dark. I marvelled at the varied colours they displayed. The nearer masses burned with flames of sunlight ; the more remote blushed with a blaze of crimson less afire. O how splendidly did nature's pencil treat and dispose that airy landscape, keeping the sky apart from the palaces, just as Titian does ! On one side the sky showed a greenish blue, on another a bluish green, invented verily by the caprice of nature, who is mistress of the greatest masters. With her lights and her darks, there she was harmonizing, toning, and bringing out into relief, just as she wished. Seeing which, I, who knew that your pencil is the spirit of your inmost soul, cried aloud, thrice or four times, "O Titian, where are you now ?"

In order more fully to understand the destiny of Venice in Art, we may consider how different as a city she was, tranquil in her tyranny, serene in undisturbed prosperity, inhabited by merchants who were kings, and by a freeborn nation who had never seen war at their gates, from Florence, every inch of whose domain could tell of civil struggles, whose passionate aspirations after liberty ended in the despotism of the vulgar Medicean dynasty, whose repeated revolutions had slavery for their invariable catastrophe, whose grim grey palaces and austere churches bore on their fronts the stamp of the middle ages ; whose spirit incarnated itself in Dante the exile ; whose enslavement forced from Michael Angelo those groans of a tortured Titan which he expressed in marble and in fresco.

It is not an insignificant, though a slight detail, that the predominant colour of Florence is a sombre and cold brown, while the predominant colour of Venice is that of mother-of-pearl which conceals within its general whiteness every tint that can be placed upon the palette of a painter. To represent in art the spiritual strivings of the Renaissance was the task of Florence and her sons ; to leave a pompous monument of Renaissance splendour was the achievement of Venice. Without Venice the modern world could not have produced that flower of healthful and unconscious beauty in painting which is worthy to stand beside the serene product of the sinless Greek genius in sculpture. Athene from her Parthenon stretches the hand to Venezia enthroned in the ducal palace. The broad brows and earnest eyes of the Hellenic goddess are of one divine birth and lineage with the golden hair and proud pose of the Sea-queen.

It is in the heart of Venice, in the

House of the Republic, in the so-called Ducal palace, that the Venetian painters, considered as the interpreters of proud magnificence, fulfilled their function with the most surprising success. Centuries contributed to make the ducal palace what it is. The massive colonnades and gothic loggias on which it rests, date from the 13th century; their sculptures belong to the age when Nicolo Pisano's genius was still in the ascendant. The square fabric of the palace, so beautiful in the irregularity of its pointed windows, so singular in its mosaic diaper of pink and white, was designed at the same early period. But the inner court and the façade which parts the lateral canal, display the handiwork of Sansovino, a Florentine of the Renaissance, who adopted Venice as his home, and whose talent, excited by the magnificence of the Republic, created a style of architecture almost arrogant in its fusion of a broad and vast design with superfluity of costly decoration. The halls of the palace — spacious chambers where the Senate assembled, where Ambassadors approached the Doge, where the Council of Ten deliberated, and the Council of Three conducted their inquisition, are walled and roofed with pictures of inestimable value, encased in framework of sculptured oak, overlaid with solid gold. Supreme art, art in which fiery imagination vies with delicate and tender skill, is made in these proud halls the minister of mundane pomp. That the gold brocade of the ducal uniform, that the scarlet and crimson of the Venetian noble, may be duly harmonized by the richness of their surroundings, it was necessary that canvases measured by the score of square yards, and made priceless by the authentic handiwork of Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, should blaze upon the gilded walls and roofs. A more insolent display of public wealth, a more lavish outpouring of human genius in the service of mere pageantry, cannot possibly be imagined. Supreme over all allegories and histories depicted in those multitudes of paintings, sits Venezia herself enthroned and crowned, the personification of haughtiness and power. Figured as a regal lady, with golden hair tightly knotted beneath a diadem around a small head proudly poised upon her upright throat and ample shoulders, Venice there takes her chair of state, under resplendent canopies, as mistress of the ocean, to whom Tritons and sea nymphs and Neptune offer pearls; as empress of the globe, at whose

footstool wait Justice with the sword, and Peace with the olive-branch; as queen of heaven, exalted to the clouds. They have made her a goddess, those great painters, — have produced a mythus, and personified in native beauty that bride of the sea, their love, their lady. On every side, above, around, wherever you turn in these vast saloons, are seen the deeds of Venice, whether painted histories of her triumphs over the Emperors, the Popes, the Turks, or allegories of her grandeur, — stupendous scenes in which the Doges Grimani and Loredani and Gritti and Contarini and Friuli and Dandoli, perform acts of faith, with St. Mark for their protector, and with Venezia for their patroness. Surging multitudes of Saints in Paradise, massed together by Tintoretto and by Palma for the display of imposing effects of light, grand attitudes, gorgeous nudities, and mundane pomp of many-hued apparel, mingle with elaborate mythologies of Greek and Roman origin, fantastic arabesques, and charming episodes of pure idyllic painting. Religion in these pictures was a matter of parade, an adjunct to the costly public life of the Republic. We need not conclude that it was unreal. Such as it was, the religion painted by the Venetian masters is indeed as real as that of Fra Angelico or Albert Dürer. But it was the faith, not of humble men or of mystics, not of profound thinkers or ecstatic visionaries, so much as of courtiers and soldiers, and merchants and statesmen, to whom religion was an element of life, a function among other functions, not a thing apart, a consecration of the universe, a source of separate and supreme vitality. That Tintoretto could have painted the saints in glory, a countless multitude of surging forms, a sea whereof the waves are souls, as a mere background to state ceremony, shows the prosaic point of view, the positive and realistic attitude of mind, from which the Venetian masters started when they approached a religious subject. Paradise is a fact, reasoned Tintoretto; and it is easier to fill a quarter of an acre of canvas with a picture of Paradise than of any other subject, because the figures can be so conveniently arranged in concentric tiers round Christ and Madonna in glory; therefore I will fill that end of the Council Chamber with my Paradise. Without more ado he did it. There is a picture by Guardi, which represents a kind of masked ball taking place in this chamber. The gentlemen are in periwigs and long waistcoats; the ladies wear



hoops, patches, fans, high heels, and powder. Bowing, promenading, flirting, diplomatizing, they parade about; while from the billowy surge of saints, Moses with the Tables of the Law, St. Bartholomew holding up his poor flayed skin, the Magdalen with her dishevelled hair and adoration of ecstatic penitence, look down upon them. Tintoretto must have foreseen that the world of living pettiness and passion would perpetually jostle with his world of painted sublimities and sanctities in that vast hall. Yet he did not on that account shrink from the task. Paradise existed; therefore it could be painted: if it filled the space better than another subject, put it in the place appointed: if the fine ladies and gentlemen below feel out of harmony with the celestial host, so much the worse for them.

In the Ducal Palace the Venetian Art of the Renaissance culminates. That art has been described as decorative; and truly here at all events it lends itself to the purpose of gorgeous ornamentation. Yet long before it culminated in this final splendour, the painting of Venice had been forming a tradition of pompous art in which the spirit of the Renaissance as the spirit of free enjoyment and magnificent expansion found its expression. To trace the history of Venetian painting is to follow through its several stages the growth of that mastery over colour and physical magnificence which blossomed finally in the works of Titian and his contemporaries. Under the Vivarini family of Murano the Venetian School of painting began with the imitation of pure nature, and with the selection from the natural world of all that it possessed of brilliant, luminous, salient with qualities of strength and splendour. No other painters of the fourteenth century in Italy employed such glowing colours, or showed such predilection for the careful representation of fruits, rich stuffs, architectural canopies, jewels, landscape backgrounds. Their piety, unlike the mystical asceticism of the Sienese and Florentine masters, is marked by sanity, solidity, vivacity, joyousness. Our Lady and her court of saints live, move, and breathe as if on earth. They do not swim before ecstatic eyes as in the visions of Angelico or Duccio. There is no atmosphere of tranced solemnity surrounding them like that which gives peculiar charm to the pietistic pictures of Van Eyck and Memling — artists who, by the way, are more nearly allied than any others to the spirit of the first age of Venetian paint-

ing.\* What the Vivarini began, the two Bellini, with Crivelli, Carpaccio, Mansueti, Basaiti, Catena, Cima da Conegliano, Bissolo, continued. Bright colours in dresses, distinct and sunny landscapes, broad backgrounds of architecture, polished armour, gilded cornices, young faces of fisher boys and country girls, grave faces of old men brown with seawind and sunlight, withered faces of women hearty in a hale old age, the superb manhood of Venetian senators, the dignity of patrician ladies, the gracefulness of children, the rosy whiteness and amber-coloured tresses and black eyes of the daughters of the Adriatic and lagoons — these are the source of inspiration to the Venetians of the second period. Mantegna, a few miles distant, at Padua, was working out his ideal of severely classical design. But he scarcely touched the manner of the Venetians with his influence, though Gian Bellini was his son-in-law, and though his genius, in grasp of matter and in management of thought, soared far above his neighbours. Leonardo at Milan was working out his problems of psychology in painting and offering to the world solutions of the gravest difficulties in the delineation of the spirit by expression. Yet not a trace of Leonardo's subtle play of light and shadow upon thoughtful features can be discerned in the work of the Bellini. Their function was a different one. All the externals of a full and sumptuous existence fascinated their imagination. The problems that they undertook to solve were wholly in the region of colouring — how to depict the world as it is seen, a mirage of varying lustre and of melting hues, a pageant substantial to the touch and concrete to the eyes, a combination of forms defined by colours more than outlines. Very instructive are the wall-pictures of this period, painted not in fresco but on canvas by Carpaccio, Gentile Bellini, and their scholars, for the decoration of the Scuole or Guildhalls of the Companies of St. Ursula and Sta. Croce. They bring before us the life of Venice in all its complexity. They indicate the tendency of the Venetian masters to express the shows and splendours of the actual world, rather than to realize an ideal of the fan-

\* The conditions of Art in Flanders — wealthy, bourgeois, proud, free — were not dissimilar to those of art in Venice. The misty flats of Belgium have some of the atmospheric qualities of Venice. It is the different *ηθος* of the Flemish and Venetian nature which distinguishes their painting. As Van Eyck is to the Vivarini, so is Rubens to Paolo Veronese.

cy or to search the secrets of the soul of man.

Gian Bellini brought the art of this second period of Venetian painting to perfection. In his altar-pictures the reverential spirit of early Italian art is combined with a feeling for colour and a dexterity in its treatment peculiar to Venice. Bellini cannot properly be called a master of the Renaissance. He falls into the same category as Francia, Fra Bartolommeo, Fra Angelico, Perugino, who adhered to mediæval modes of thought and sentiment, while attaining at isolated points to the freedom of the Renaissance. Bellini's ground of superiority was colour. In him the colourists of Venice found a perfect master, and no one has surpassed him in the difficult art of giving tone to pure and luminous tints in complex combination. There is one picture of Bellini's at Venice in the church of San Zaccaria, Madonna enthroned beneath a gilded canopy with Saints, in which the art of the colourist may be said to culminate in unsurpassable perfection. The whole painting is bathed in a soft but luminous haze of gold; yet each figure has its own individuality of treatment—the glowing fire of St. Peter contrasting with the pearly coolness of the drapery and flesh-tints of the Magdalen. No brushwork is perceptible. The whole surface and substance has been elaborated into one harmonious homogeneous richness of tone that defies analysis. Between this picture, so strong in its smoothness, and any masterpiece of Velasquez, so rugged in its strength, what a wide abyss of inadequate half-achievements, of smooth feebleness and feeble ruggedness, exists! Giorgione, did we but possess enough of his authentic work to judge by, would be found the first true painter of the Renaissance among the Venetians—the inaugurator of the third and great period. But he died young, at the age of thirty-six, the inheritor of unfulfilled renown. The part he played in the development of Venetian art was similar to that of Marlowe in the history of our drama. He first cut painting wholly adrift from mediæval moorings and launched it on the waves of the Renaissance liberty. While equal as a colourist to Bellini, though in a different and more sensuous region, Giorgione by the boldness and inventiveness of his conception, proved himself a painter of the calibre of Titian. His drawings, like those of his great successors, are miracles of form evolved without outline by massive dis-

tributions of light and shade, suggestive of colouring. Time has destroyed his frescoes. Criticism has reduced the number of his genuine easel pictures to half-a-dozen. He exists as a great name. Of the undisputed pictures by Giorgione the grandest is his Monk at the Clavichord, in the Pitti Palace at Florence. The young man has his fingers on the keys; he is modulating in a mood of grave and sustained emotion; his head is turned away towards an old man who stands by him. On his other side is a boy. These two figures are but foils and adjuncts to the musician in the middle; and the whole interest of his face lies in its intense emotion—the very soul of music, as expressed in Browning's Abt Vogler, passing through his eyes. This power of painting the portrait of a soul in one of its deepest moments, possessed by Giorgione, is displayed again in the so-called *Begrüssung* of the Dresden Gallery. The picture is a large landscape. Jacob and Rachel meet and salute each other with a kiss. But the shepherd lying beneath the shade of a chestnut tree near a well at a little distance has a whole Arcadia of intense yearning in the eyes of sympathy with which he gazes on the lovers. Fate has dealt less unkindly with Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, than with Giorgione. The works of these supreme artists, in whom the Venetian Renaissance culminated, have been preserved to us in vast numbers and in excellent condition. Chronologically speaking, Titian precedes Tintoretto, and Tintoretto is somewhat anterior to Veronese. But for the purpose of criticism the three painters may be considered together as the representatives of three marked aspects in the Venetian Renaissance.

Let us first briefly characterize their qualities, and then proceed to more detailed remarks upon their several styles.

Tintoretto, called by the Italians the Thunderbolt of Painting, because of his vehement impulsiveness and rapidity of execution, soars above his brethren in the faculty of pure imagination. It was he too who brought to its perfection the poetry of chiaroscuro, expressing moods of passion and emotion by brusque lights and luminous half shadows and opaque darkness, as unmistakably as Beethoven by contrasted chords. Veronese elevated pageantry to the height of art. His domain is noonday sunlight ablaze on gorgeous dresses and Palladian architecture. Titian, in a wise harmony, without the Æschylean fury of Tintoretto or



the sumptuous arrogance of Veronese, realized the ideal of pure beauty. Continuing the traditions of Bellini and Giorgione, with a breadth of treatment, a wisdom of moderation, a vigour and intensity of well balanced genius peculiar to himself, Titian gave to colour in landscape and the human form a sublime yet sensuous poetry which no other painter in the world has reached. In his Assumption of the Virgin, his Bacchus and Ariadne, his Venus of the Tribune, his allegory of the Three Ages, Titian achieved the most consummate triumphs of Venetian art. Tintoretto and Veronese are both of them excessive: the imagination of Tintoretto is too passionate, too scathing; the sense of splendour in Veronese is overpoweringly pompous; Titian's exquisite humanity, his large and sane nature, gives their proper value to the imaginative and the pompous elements of Venetian art without exaggerating either. In his masterpieces composition, thought, colour, sentiment are carried to their ultimate perfection, as the many-sided expression of one imaginative intuition, by which the supreme artist gives one harmonious tone to all the parts of his production. Titian, the Venetian Sophocles, has infused into his painting the spirit of music, the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders, making his power incarnate in a form of grace.

Round these great men — Titian, the Sophocles of painting, perfect in his harmonizing faculty, unrivalled in his empire over colour; Tintoretto, the archangel of chiaroscuro, the Titan of audacious composition, the priest of a passionate imagination; Veronese, the poet of insolent and worldly pomp — are grouped a host of secondary but distinguished painters: the two Palmas, idyllic Bonifazio, Paris Bordone, the Robusti, the Caliari, the Bassani, and others whom it would be tedious to mention. One breath, one afflatus inspired them all. Superior or inferior as they may relatively be among themselves, each bears the indubitable stamp of the Venetian Renaissance, and produces work of a quality that raises him to a high rank among the artists of the world. In the same way the spirit of the Renaissance passing over the dramatists of our Elizabethan era enabled intellects of average force to take rank in the company of the noblest. Ford, Massinger, Heywood, Decker, Webster, Tourneur, Marston, are seated on the steps of the throne at the feet of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Johnson, Fletcher.

In order to penetrate the characteristics of Venetian art more thoroughly, it will be needful to enter into detailed criticism of the three chief masters who command the school. To begin with Veronese: What is the world of objects to which he introduces us?

His canvases are nearly always large, filled with figures of the size of life, massed together in brilliant groups, or extended beneath white marble colonnades, enclosing spaces of blue sky and silvery cloud. Armour, shot colours in satins and silks, brocaded canopies, banners, plate, fruit, sceptres, crowns, everything in fact that the sun can shine upon, form the habitual furniture of his pictures. Rearing horses, dogs, dwarfs, cats, when occasion serves, are brought in to add reality, vivacity, grotesqueness to his scenes. His men and women are large, well-proportioned, vigorous, eminent for pose and gesture rather than for grace and loveliness, distinguished by adult rather than adolescent charms. Veronese has no choice type of beauty. We find in him on the contrary a somewhat coarse display of animal force in men, and of superb voluptuousness in women. He prefers to paint women draped in gorgeous raiment, as if he had not felt the majestic beauty of statuesque nudity. His noblest creatures are men of about twenty-five, manly, brawny, full of nerve and vigour. In all this Veronese is not unlike Rubens. But he never, like Rubens, appears to us gross, sensual, fleshly; he remains proud, pompous, powerful. He raises neither repulsion nor desire, but displays with the cold strength of art the empire of the mundane spirit. All that is refulgent in pageantry, all the equipage of arrogant wealth, the lust of the eye and the pride of life, such vision as the fiend offered to Christ on the mountain of temptation, this is Veronese's realm.

Again, he has no flashes of imagination like Tintoretto; but his grip on the realities of the world, his faculty for poetizing prosaic magnificence is greater. Veronese is precisely the painter suited to a nation of bankers, in whom the associations of the counting-house and the exchange mingled with the responsibilities of the Senate and the passions of princes. Veronese never painted vehement emotions. There are no brusque movements, no extended arms, like those of Tintoretto's Magdalen in the Pietà at Milan. His Christs and Maries and martyrs of all sorts are composed, serious, courtly,

well-fed, sleek personages, who, like people of the world accidentally overtaken by some tragic misfortune, do not stoop to distortions or express more than a grave surprise, a decorous sense of pain. The Venetian Rothschilds undoubtedly preferred the sumptuous to the imaginative treatment of sacred subjects. To do him justice, Veronese does not make what would in his case have been the mistake of choosing the tragedies of the Bible for representation in his pictures. It is the story of Esther, with its royal audiences, coronations, processions; the marriage feast of Cana; the banquet in the house of Levi, that he selects by preference. Even these he removes into a region far from biblical associations. His *mise en scène* is invariably an idealization of Italian luxury — vast open palace courts and loggias, crowded with guests in splendid attire and with magnificent lacqueys. The same love of display led him to delight in allegory — not allegory of the deep and mystic order, but of the pompous and processional, in which Venice appears enthroned among the deities, or Jupiter fulminates against the vices, or the Genii of the arts are personified as handsome women and blooming boys. Tintoretto is not at home in this somewhat crass atmosphere of mundane splendour. He requires more thought and fancy as a stimulus to creation. He cannot be contented to reproduce even in the most lustrous combination what he sees around him of gorgeous and magnificent and vigorous. There must be some scope for poetry in the conception, for audacity in the composition, something in the subject which can rouse the prophetic faculty and evoke the seer in the artist; or Tintoretto does not rise to his own altitude. Accordingly we find that Tintoretto, in abrupt contrast with Veronese selects by preference the most tragic and dramatic subjects that can be found in sacred or profane history.\* The Crucifixion with its agonizing Deity and

prostrate groups of women sunk below the grief of tears; the temptation of Christ in the wilderness, with its passionate contrast of the grey-robed Man of Sorrows and the ruby-winged voluptuous fiend; the temptation of Adam in Eden, a luxurious idyll of the fascination of the spirit by the flesh; paradise, a tempest of souls, a drift of saints and angels, "running" like Lucretian atoms or gold-dust in sunbeams "along the illimitable inane," and driven by the celestial whirlwind that performs the movement of the spheres; the destruction of the world, in which all the fountains and rivers and lakes and oceans of earth have formed one foaming cataract, that thunders with cities and nations in its rapids down a bottomless gulf, while all the winds and hurricanes of the air have grown into one furious blast that carries souls like dead leaves up to judgment; the plague of the fiery serpents — multitudes encoiled and writhing on a burning waste of sand; the Massacre of the Innocents, with its spilt blood on slippery pavements of porphyry and serpentine; the Delivery of the Tables of the Law to Moses amid cloud on Mount Sinai — a white, ecstatic, lightning-smitten man emerging in the splendour of apparent Godhead; the anguish of the Magdalen above her martyred God; the solemn silence of Christ before Pilate; the rushing of the wings of Seraphim; the clangour of the Trump that wakes the Dead: these are the awful and soul-stirring themes that Tintoretto handles with the ease of mastery. He is the poet of infinity and passion; the Prospero of arch-angelic Ariels; the Faust of spiritual Helens; the majestic scene-painter of a theatre as high and broad and deep as heaven and earth and hell. But it is not only in the region of the vast and tempestuous and tragic that Tintoretto finds himself at home. He is equal to every task that can be imposed upon the imagination. Provided only that the spiritual fount be stirred, the jet of living water gushes forth pure, inexhaustible, and limpid. In his Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne, that most perfect idyll of the sensuous fancy from which sensuality is absent; in his Temptation of Adam, that symphony of greys and browns and ivory more lustrous than the crimson and the gold of sunset skies; in his miracle of St. Agnes, that lamb-like maiden with her snow-white lamb among the soldiers and the courtiers and the priests of Rome, Tintoretto has added one more proof that the fiery genius

\* Perhaps the most profound characteristic of Tintoretto is that he attempts to depict situations that are eminently poetic. The poet imagines a situation in which spiritual or emotional life is paramount, and a sense of the body subordinate. The painter selects a situation in which the body is of first importance, and a spiritual or emotional activity is suggested. But Tintoretto grapples immediately with poetic ideas, and often fails in his attempt to realize them completely. Michael Angelo did the same. His sculpture in San Lorenzo, compared with Greek sculpture, is an invasion of the proper domain of poetry or music. Moses, in the picture of the Golden Calf in Santa Maria dell' Orto, is a poem and not a true picture. The lean pale ecstatic stretching out his emaciated arms, presents no beauty of attitude or outline. Energy of thought is conspicuous in the figure.



of Titianic artists can pierce and irradiate the placid and the tender secrets of the soul with more consummate mastery than falls to the lot of those who make tranquillity their special province. Paolo Veronese never penetrated to this inner shrine of beauty, this Holiest of Holies where the Sister Graces dwell. He could not paint waxen limbs, with silver lights and golden, and transparent mysteries of shadow, like those of Bacchus, Eve, and Ariadne. Titian himself was powerless to imagine movement like that of Aphrodite floating in the air above the lovers, or of Madonna adjuring Christ in the Paradiso, or of Christ himself judging by the silent simplicity of his divine attitude the worldly judge at whose tribunal he stands, or of the tempter raising his jewelled arms aloft to dazzle with meretricious lustre the impassive God above him, or of Eve leaning in irresistible seductiveness against the fatal tree, or of St. Mark down-rushing through the air to save the slave that cried to him, or of the Mary who has fallen asleep with folded hands from utter exhaustion of agony at the foot of the Cross. It is in these attitudes, movements, gestures, that Tintoretto makes the human body an index and symbol of the profoundest, most tragic, most poetic, most delicious thought and feeling of the inmost soul. In daylight radiance of colour, he is surpassed, perhaps, by Veronese. In perfect mastery of every portion of his art, in solidity of execution, in firm, unwavering grip upon his subject, he falls below the level of Titian. Hundreds of his pictures are unworthy of his genius — hurriedly designed, rapidly dashed in, studied by candlelight, with brusque effects of abnormal light and shadow, hastily daubed with colours that have not stood the test of time. He is a gigantic improvisatore — a Gustave Doré or a John Martin on the scale of Michael Angelo: that is the worst thing we can say of him. But in the swift intuitions of the spirit, in the purities and sublimities of the prophet-poet's soul, neither Veronese nor Titian can approach him.

How, lastly, are we to speak of Titian? Who shall seize on the salient characteristics of an artist whose glory it is to offer nothing over-prominent, who keeps the middle path of sanity and perfection? Just as complete health may be defined as the absence of any obtrusive sensation, just as virtue has been defined as the just proportion between two extravagances, so is the art of Titian a golden mediocrity of joy unbroken by brusque move-

ments of the passions, a well-tempered harmony in which no thrilling note suggests the possibility of discord. When we think of Titian we are irresistibly led to think of music. His Assumption of the Madonna, the greatest single picture in the world, if we exclude Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto, may best be described as a symphony — a symphony of colour, in which every hue is brought into melodious play; a symphony of movement in which every line communicates celestial sense of rhythm; a symphony of light in which there is no cloud; a symphony of joy in which saints, angels, and God himself sing Hallelujah. Tintoretto, in the Scuola di San Rocco, has painted an Assumption of the Virgin with characteristic energy and impulsiveness. A group of agitated men around an open tomb; a rush of air and clash of seraph wings above; a blaze of light; a woman borne with sideways swaying figure from darkness into splendour; that is his picture: all brio, bustle, speed. Quickly conceived, carelessly executed, this painting bears the emphatic impress of its author's impetuous soul. But Titian has worked on a different method. On the earth among the apostles there is energy and action enough; ardent faces straining upward, impatient men raising impotent arms, and vainly divesting themselves of their raiment, as if they too might follow her they love. In heaven is splendour that eclipses half of the archangel who holds the crown, and reveals the Father of Spirits in a halo of golden glory. Between earth and heaven, amid a choir of angelic children, stands that mighty mother of the faith of Christ, that personified Humanity, who was Mary and is now a goddess, ecstatic yet tranquil, not yet accustomed to the skies, but far above the grossness and the incapacities of earth. The grand style can go no further than in this picture, serene, composed, meditated, enduring, yet full of dramatic energy and profound feeling.

To talk about Titian is a kind of profanity. He does not stir the imagination like Tintoretto, or sting the senses, or awake unquenchable ardours in the soul. But he gives to the mind joy of which it can never weary, pure, well-balanced pleasures that cannot satiate, a satisfaction not to be repented of, a sweetness that will not pall. It is easy to tire of Veronese; it is possible to be fatigued by Tintoretto; Titian waits not for moods or humours in the spectator. Like Nature, like Pheidias, he is imperishable.

In the course of this attempt to analyze the specific qualities of Tintoretto, Veronese, and Titian, we have wandered from the main subject we proposed to treat,—the character of the Renaissance as exemplified by the Venetian masters. It was necessary to do so, because the points of difference between them are personal, while their point of accord is complete participation in the spirit of Renaissance liberty. Nowhere in Italy was art more absolutely emancipated from servile obedience to ecclesiastical traditions than at Venice. Nowhere was the Christian history treated with a more vivid realism, harmonized more naturally with pagan mythology, or more completely disinfected of mediæval mysticism. The frank liberty, the scientific positivism, the absolute sincerity, the candid and joyous acceptance of all facts in human and physical nature, which were the greatest qualities of the Renaissance, found no obstacle whatever to their free development in Venice.

The Umbrian pietism which influenced Raphael in his boyhood and from which he broke off too abruptly in his manhood, the gloomy prophecy of Savonarola which steeped the soul of Michael Angelo in melancholy, the psychological preoccupation of Leonardo, were alike unknown at Venice. Titian, Veronese, Tintoretto, were courtiers, men of the world, children of the people, men of pleasure; wealthy, urbane, independent; were all these by turns; but were never monks, or mystics, or philosophers. In the Renaissance-spirit which possessed them religion found a place; sensuality was not rejected, but the religion was sane and manly; the sensuality was vigorous and virile. In a word Humanity, that marvellous complex of what we call flesh and spirit, lived in them and was mirrored in their hearts with absolute limpidity. There is no prudery, no effeminacy, no licence, no hypocrisy, no morbidity either of superabundant sensualism or of exaggerated asceticism in their strong, concrete, splendid pageant of the newly discovered world.

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From Good Words.

# THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

## CHAPTER VII.

### "A SCHEME OF HIS."

NEVER had Mrs. Labouchere dressed herself with more care, surveyed herself more critically, nor found more reason to be satisfied with her personal appearance, than on the morning of her long-wished-for visit. Her heavy mourning was particularly becoming to her fair face and slender figure. Excitement gave a pretty flush to her cheeks, and made her eyes brighter than usual. Her chief perplexity arose from her doubts as to the manner in which Stephen would meet her. She had already decided that she would take her tone from him. If he was distant and frigid, she would be silent and grave; if he seemed agitated and embarrassed, she felt certain she should break down, for her nerves seemed strung up to a high pitch.

Finding that Mrs. Prescott was in the morning room, she desired the man not to announce her, but, opening the door herself, she went up to her aunt, around whose neck she threw her arms, and clinging there for an instant, as if to gain courage, she raised her head, and timidly turned her eyes towards Sir Stephen, who, to her great mortification, came most composedly towards her, holding out his hand as he said—

"How do you do, Katherine? Glad to see you looking so much better. Mother tells me you have not been well lately. What an age it is since we met!"

Mrs. Labouchere felt her face grow crimson. Do all she could, she found it impossible to steady her voice to answer as she wished. Her confusion, however, seemed quite lost upon Sir Stephen, who went on—

"I have been half over the world since I saw you. I expect you find this climate rather trying after such a sojourn in Italy. I felt myself shivering in the biting wind of yesterday."

And this was the meeting she had yearned for and looked forward to? Yes; and this, too, was the meeting that he had spent whole days and nights in picturing when, and where, and how it would take place. So devotedly had Stephen Prescott loved Katherine Douglas, so implicitly had he trusted her, so thoroughly had he believed in her, that for years he could not separate the ideal



which had called forth his love, from the fair shape with which he had identified it. Now that his eyes were opened he saw that Katherine was no more that sweet creation, than is the player the mimic queen whose name for the hour she bears. Had her love been false to him, he could have made more excuse for her than for the cold calculating nature, which set love aside until death untied the money bags, that had weighed down the scale against plighted troth and passionate devotion. When he read those passages in his mother's letters, speaking of the sacrifice which Katherine had made, and which devotion to him alone had prompted, he laughed bitterly; but when, as she grew bolder, Mrs. Prescott ventured to say, that Katherine could not disguise her anxiety to gain any atom of news about him, and that it was plain, to one that watched her narrowly, that her hope of happiness lay in the thought that some day he might forgive her, renew their shattered ties, and live over again those days of peace and joy, about which she never wearied of talking, Sir Stephen felt all his old feelings of hatred and bitterness come back. So, she was going to try and carry out her scheme, and he was to be lured back and cajoled into a marriage.

He could fancy himself portrayed by the hands of his mother, how she would picture him heartbroken, wandering in a distant land, banished by a grief he could not overcome, reckless, mad;—and so he had been once, but not now. "My love is dead," he exclaimed joyfully, "dead for ever!" why then keep away? Ah, why indeed? he would go back at once: he would go home, meet Mrs. Labouchere, and by treating her with the unceremonious indifference relatives often exercise towards each other, show her that not only was his love for her dead, but that even the memory of it was forgotten. And truly, if he sought revenge in the success of this plan, he secured it. Katherine felt humbled to the dust. Nothing could have so completely overthrown her. Had he refused to meet her, to speak to her, had he poured forth a torrent of reproach against her, she could have met it. But with this present manner how could she act, what fault could she find? She was not a woman to be easily cast down, but her heart sank at the blurred prospect before her.

Between this first meeting and the time when Sir Stephen paid the visit to

Garston, which ultimately resulted in his going down to Mallett, nearly a year had elapsed. During this period Mrs. Labouchere had tried many plans, and laid innumerable snares, into which she hoped her cousin would fall. She had remained in town, gone away from town, stayed with his mother, absented herself from the house; had been distant, friendly, sad, lively, all in turns, and all to no purpose. Sir Stephen's manner was unaltered, and he remained indifferent and apparently unconscious.

A complete change seemed to have been effected in their characters. In place of devoted, worshipping Stephen, and calm, calculating Katherine, he now was perfectly self-possessed, while she found herself racked and tossed about, at the mercy of the man who had formerly been her slave; watching for his presence, craving for his love, and guilty on his account of a thousand weaknesses, which she lacked the sense or the strength to conceal.

Money was now valueless in her eyes when compared with Stephen's love;—the past glory or present decay of Pamphillon quite forgotten in straining after the goal she was at present putting forth all her energies to gain; and while the object of her solicitude was enjoying the fresh breezes and briny odors of Mallett, Katherine stayed with her aunt, indulging herself by listening to Mrs. Prescott's assurance that, in spite of his altered manner, Stephen's love was unimpaired.

In his home letters Sir Stephen had not thought fit to enter into much detail about his visit to Mallett. He had merely told his mother that having found it necessary to give his personal attention to several matters at Combe, he should be detained there longer than he had anticipated. He felt sure, he said, that she would be pleased with Mallett, and, as he should go there again in the summer, he hoped that he should induce her to accompany him. The scenery was wild and picturesque, the people very primitive, and the air delicious and invigorating. A postscript added that he had accepted an invitation to stay while there with his neighbour, Captain Carthew, to whose house she would please to forward his letters.

"Stephen knows that I will not go to Combe unless you go with me, Katherine," said Mrs. Prescott; "I wonder now, if this is a scheme of his to get us all down to some quiet retired spot." Poor Mrs. Prescott was so anxious for the ful-

filment of her heart's desire that she ran every event into that groove.

"I don't suppose Stephen would wish you to ask me, aunt; and if you did, he would not care about my going."

"Now, that is not fair of you, Katie; you seem to expect that Stephen is to suddenly ignore the past, which is utterly impossible. When a great love has been shaken, it takes a long time before it can trust again. Do you think that if he did not like to see you, he would be always telling me to ask you here?"

Mrs. Labouchere restrained herself from giving utterance to the wish that he would object to see her, avoid her, do anything but ignore her.

"I am sure," added Mrs. Prescott, "I hardly ever receive a letter from him without constant mention of you; and that does not look like indifference."

Katherine sighed.

"He must find it very dull at this place," she said; "he does not speak of having met any one there."

"Oh, no! there is no society of any kind; it is a most out-of-the-way place. Your uncle had been there in his boyhood, and he used to speak of it as being most wild and un-get-at-able. The inhabitants in his day were a set of semi-barbarous smugglers and wreckers. Of course things are changed for the better there as elsewhere; but I fancy it is still very far behind the rest of the world."

"Combe is a very small estate?" asked Katherine.

"Quite, in comparison to Pamphillon. I hope Stephen will not be induced to lay out a lot of money on the place. It would be very foolish, for he could never live there."

"Ah! how valueless is money when one cannot do the good with it one longs to!" said Katherine sadly.

"I know what you mean, dear;" and Mrs. Prescott pressed her niece's hand tenderly; "but we must have patience. I fear Stephen's pride is a strong bar to his happiness; perhaps thrown, as he must be now entirely upon himself, he may see things in a very different light. Poor fellow, I wonder how he gets through his evenings?"

Very merrily, she would have said, could she have seen the despondent swain standing up with the Captain and Hero perfecting himself in the mysteries of a reel, which Alice played on the old-fashioned piano.

"A little faster, Alice," Hero would call out, her whole energies bent on

her pupil's accomplishment of his task. "The other hand, Sir Stephen; come along, papa—don't stop."

"My wig and feathers, child, I must take breath. You youngsters forget the amount of ballast I carry." Notwithstanding which the old man danced away as merrily as his pretty daughter.

"Alice, look round; he does it capitally; isn't it all right? Now you may sit down, Sir Stephen, and we'll release you. Alice dear, thank you; nobody plays the Fairy dance as you do. I'm longing for to-morrow evening, it will be such fun."

"Remember, you are to be my first partner," said Sir Stephen.

"I am not likely to forget that," returned Hero.

"Oh, I don't know; I daresay I shall have all the beaux of the place looking daggers at me for my presumption. Miss Carthew is sure to be surrounded by admirers, is she not, Miss Joslyn?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Alice, "I'd advise you to secure her beforehand; for she is always engaged for every dance, and there is generally a contention about taking her home."

"Taking her home!"

"Yes," laughed Hero, "you know there is but one fly in all Mallett, so it is our fashion to walk home with our last partner and —"

"Now you have done for yourself," said Sir Stephen, "for I put in the first claim to the last dance. It is of no use your looking 'No' at me; you will have to give up your pre-arranged tête-à-tête walk with —"

"Tell me his name," he whispered to Alice; but Alice shook her head, and Hero, with a pretty confusion, which betrayed itself in most becoming blushes, said, "I am sure I would rather go home with you than with any one who will be there to-morrow."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### SORRY TO GO.

"THE doings up to Combe" were over. Both parties had given the greatest satisfaction, and in each cottage and house about Mallett the entire conversation ran on the events which had taken place on the particular evening when those who spoke were present. Nothing could exceed Sir Stephen's popularity. He had been so attentive to everybody that, as Miss Batt truly remarked, each for the time felt the favoured one. Then it was



so nice of him to take Mrs. Randall down to supper. Of course, the Captain had told him about her father having been a K.C.B. and the governor at the Cape; for nobody knew better than the Captain what was proper—you might always trust to him.

"My dear," exclaimed Mrs. Jamieson to her deaf sister, Miss Kellow, "did you ever see such a magnificent supper?"

"Splendid, and all from Dockmouth too; it must have cost a pretty penny."

"That's what I like to see—the heart to do it, and the means to pay for it. How nice all the girls looked, to be sure! I don't believe there was one but Sir Stephen danced with. As I said to Captain White, I'd be bound for it, he didn't often see prettier faces than he met here."

Among the second batch opinions were equally favourable. Sir Stephen had led off the triumph with Mrs. Carne; joined in the reels, and made a most beautiful speech, the best part of which was, that he was coming again in the summer, and that then he should ask them all back again.

"Cap'en took good care nobody was passed over," said Hepzibah Bunce, who, uniting the trades of grocer and tobaccoist, was generally sure to have several loungers in her little shop.

"I say," she continued, "didn't Miss Hero look a reg'lar booty, all in white with a red rose in her hair?"

The heads were nodded in general assent.

"I reckon," said Ned Wallis, "her'd take the wind out the sails of some o' the taller-faced Londoners he sees. Coastguardsmen was asking o' me if he wasn't casting a eye that way."

"The very same struck me," said Hepzibah, "and a pretty pair they'd make too; folks do say, her's gived her company to that young Despard, but I for one hope 't isn't so."

"He's a likely young chap," said one of the younger men admiringly.

"Iss; but you mustn't take people by their looks, nor parsons by their books," and Hepzibah gave a knowing laugh, "else I s'pose he wouldn't stand in his own shoes."

"Why, what do'ee mean?" asked the same man, who, not being Mallett born, was but imperfectly up in the domestic history of its inhabitants.

"Mean!" said Hepzibah, "why, nothin' that I know by; only from first to last there's bin a goodish lot o' talk about who this young Despard is. I'm sure he car-

ried his head as high as if he was the Emperor o' Rooshia's son; and so he may be for anything I can gainsay, or anybody else in Mallett, I take it."

"Sir Stephen's still up to Sharrows, I s'pose?" said Wallis.

"Well, the talk was he was goin' a Friday, but he ain't gone yet, for he was in to Joe's this morning."

"Well, I'm glad to see he ain't in no hurry to be off. I'll wager he don't find better quarters." In which opinion perhaps Sir Stephen shared, for the festivities had been over now for four days past, and yet he lingered at Mallett.

He had, however, positively decided upon leaving the next morning—a decision he was somewhat ruefully contemplating, as he stood waiting for Hero to join him in a farewell stroll to Combe Point.

"I feel quite sorry to go," he thought, "I've taken such a fancy to the place, and as to old Carthew, I seem to have known him all my life; I never felt so at home in any house. My mother must like them; that girl has such pretty, unaffected ways, I'd defy any one to see her at home and not be charmed with her. What a nice wife she'll make! I don't see any one about this place for her to marry, though;" and here, giving a rather lugubrious sigh, his meditations seemed to come to an end, and he stood making thrusts in the direction of a clump of old sea-pinks, too sturdy to be easily dislodged. Suddenly a sound above made him look up. It was Hero, running down the steep path with the surefootedness of a goat.

"Take care! take care!" he called out, his admiration of her agility curbed by fear lest she should slip.

"Take care of what?"

"Why, that you don't——" but with the bravado of high spirits and perfect confidence, before he could finish his sentence she had given another run, and with a final jump was at his side.

"You are not tired of waiting, I hope," she said; "papa kept us; Alice and he will be here in a moment, and I ran on in front to tell you."

"And to frighten me out of my life."

"Frighten you! How did I frighten you?"

"Why, by running down the rocks as you did. Suppose that you had fallen, what should I have done then?" Sir Stephen's looks and tone somehow conveyed a great deal more meaning than his words.

"Why, picked me up, of course," said Hero, laughing, and getting a little red; "unless," she added, trying to talk down her slight confusion, "I had tumbled on top of you, as I did before. Oh! dear me! I shall never forget our first meeting; shall you?"

"No, indeed;" and a quickening of his heart, as he looked at her, made him instinctively lower his voice, as he said, not quite knowing why he said it, "And will you promise that you will not forget me before I come again?"

"Forget you, Sir Stephen!" and Hero opened wide her eyes in astonishment, "you don't know what an event your coming has been to us all; we shall do nothing but talk of it until you come back again."

"Then you will think of me sometimes?"

How she wished that her father and Alice would make haste!

"To hear you," she answered, not looking up from the imaginary picture she was drawing with a bit of cast-up stick on the sand, "one would fancy that I had heaps of things to take my attention. Why, I shall think of you fifty times more than you will think of—Mallett."

"Say, of me," and he bent down towards her.

"Mallett and *me* mean the same."

"No, I am afraid not; Mallett is mine already, you know, but——"

"Dear me, what a time they are in coming!" exclaimed Hero, suddenly springing up on the nearest stone; "I think I hear them," she continued hurriedly. "Papa! Alice! come," she called, as Captain Carthew and Alice appeared leisurely strolling down together. "It will be nightfall before we get to the Point."

"I wonder what on earth made her do that!" thought Sir Stephen. "By Jove, I believe my head was gone. What odd beings women are! I wonder if she had any idea what I was going to say."

Hero gave him no further chance for a tête-à-tête. She so managed it, that they all four walked side by side until they reached the Point, where Sir Stephen proposed they should scramble up to the old bullace-tree.

"Yes, do," said the Captain. "I'll stop below, and give the signal of recall; but remember there's no keeping the tide waiting."

"Come, Miss Carthew," said Sir Stephen, as he jumped upon the flat slippery rocks.

"Come along, Alice," said Hero following him; but Alice shook her head, "No, I am going to stay with the Captain," she answered, "I am too tired to mount that hill."

"We shall only be a few minutes gone," said Sir Stephen, with a great increase of cheerfulness. "Now, you must let me help you, Miss Carthew. Give me your hand." But Hero did not stir.

"Nonsense, Alice," she said, "you are not so tired as all that. Come along, I shall not go unless you go," and she made as if she would step down to the beach again.

"Hero! Miss Carthew," Sir Stephen whispered, "remember it is my last evening. Why cannot you come with me?" She did not answer. "Alice," she repeated, with a look, which made Alice very reluctantly prepare to accompany them.

Sir Stephen of course could say nothing, but he felt unreasonably angry. Until Alice proposed staying behind, the idea of going alone with Hero had not presented itself; but directly it did, and was frustrated, it seemed to him the thing he most desired and cared for. It was in vain he tried to conceal his vexation; a cloud seemed to have settled upon them, and it was not long before they rejoined the Captain. During the walk back Sir Stephen remained unusually silent. He had never felt a more irresistible desire to quarrel with any one, than he did with Hero, in whose direction he never once looked, although she cast several furtive glances towards him. "I almost wish I had gone," she thought. "If he only knew about Leo, I would not mind; but we won't keep it secret any longer, I would rather now that every one knew. I can see that he is vexed with me." By the time they reached the house, even the Captain began to feel the chill which had fallen upon them. "It's turned quite cold," he said, "I hope Betsey has had an eye to the fire while we have been gone."

Hero ran out to the wood-basket, and returned with a couple of fir cones, which she threw on the fire; then turning round, she found Sir Stephen close by her—the others were not in the room.

"It will soon blaze up," she stammered, all her self-consciousness returning; "I'll go and take off my hat, I think," but Sir Stephen did not move, he only stood looking at her reproachfully. "Let me pass," she said, with a little nervous laugh. "No, I won't let you pass," and he laid his hand detainingly upon her arm; "you shall stay here now, and"—but the Captain



was already in the room, exclaiming, "Halloo! why we're all one colour here! Come, Hero, let's have a light on the subject." But Hero had flown, and Sir Stephen began stirring the fire so vigorously, that the Captain said, "What, are you cold, too? I thought there was a change, somehow."

## CHAPTER IX.

LEO DESPARD.

"I CANNOT bear saying Good-bye," said Hero.

"I am so sorry he is gone," said Alice, as the carriage which was to convey Sir Stephen to the station, finally turned into Ferry-bridge Lane, and was hidden by Parson's Hill. Captain Carthew had gone to Dockmouth with his friend, so the two girls returned alone to the house, by the gate of which, mounted on the hedge, they found Betsey, whose regard Sir Stephen had completely gained.

"Well, you've seed the last of 'im," she said discontentedly: "I run up here to catch sight of 'em rounding Ferry-bridge, but you might so well look for a needle in a bundle o' hay as hope to see anything for they Norris's clothes; they'm always washin' when any sight's going on."

"Ain't you sorry he's gone, Betsey?" asked Alice.

"Well, I be; and that's the truth," said Betsey, descending from her post of interrupted observation; "for he's one whose face I'd rather see than his back any day, though I can't say so much for that Jackanapes he brought to tend on 'im," meaning his man, whose contempt of Mallett and its inhabitants had given considerable offence. "Mrs. Tucker'll shake off the dust as comes from his feet with a light heart, anyhow," continued Betsey, "poor miserable toad, with his brass and his brag, as if anybody couldn't see the lies runnin' out of 'im like ile."

"Come, Betsey," said Hero, "I didn't notice so very much amiss with him."

"I dessey not; he was mealy-mouthed enuf before his betters, but his stomachky ways in the kitchen was past bidin'. I only wish I could ha' got'n to chapel with me; wouldn't he ha' had a slap in the face from Mr. Pethwick to the text of 'All flesh is grass.' He did just speak his mind to a few who needed it, and no mistake; but la! no, my lord must go to church like the gentry. 'I don't hold with chapels and meetin's,' he says. 'No,' says I, 'they tell'ee the truth there, and that dont suit your complaint, maister.'

However, that don't go for nothin' agen Sir Stephen, for he ain't his man, and his man ain't he, or else I shouldn't hope and trust, as I do, that he'll come and live here altogether. This mornin', when he come to wish me Good-bye, he says, 'Betsey,' says he, 'what w'd you say if I was to come to Combe to live?' 'Say! sir,' I says, 'why that you'd cut yer wisdom teeth at last; for I'm sure nobody, unless they was mazed, would live up to London, I reckon.'"

"Why not?" asked Alice.

"Why not?" said Betsey, "well, you just hear what Sarah Jane Mudge says of it; why, there ain't a bit o' butter that's fit to eat; and as for the milk, 'tis chalk and mess made up together; they don't know the meanin' o' wholesome victuals. Why, when Sarah Jane asked for a tough cake, the baker busted out laughin', and told her she was welcome to take her choice from they in the window; as for pilchards and hakes they'd never heerd tell of 'em. Londoners, indeed! I shan't ever think much o' they after what Sarah Jane's told, and this poor ha'porth o' cheese we've seed. That minds me I'll pot down a hundred or so o' pilchards and some butter, and get maister to send it to Sir Stephen; I'll wager he'll be half starved when he gets back."

"I wish he *would* come and live here altogether," said Alice, as soon as Betsey had left them. "Do you like him, Hero?" she asked.

"Yes, very much. Why do you want to know?"

"Because I am very sure he likes you very much indeed. Hero, I believe he has fallen in love with you."

"Alice! you always think that of every body. Sir Stephen is not likely to give me a thought, and if he did, it would be of no use, *you* know that."

"Then you have quite made up your mind to accept Leo?" said Alice sadly.

"Quite made up my mind!" repeated Hero. "Why, Alice, you surely have forgotten him. I never have seen any one with whom I could compare Leo."

"I know he is very handsome and nice," said Alice, with a sigh; "but oh, Hero! he is not half as nice as you are; everybody says so."

"Then I am very angry with everybody, and as for you, if you were not so weak, you horrid little thing, I'd shake you until I made you confess that the very handsomest, sweetest, most lovable man you ever saw is Leopold Despard; and when I am his wife, I shall think myself the

most fortunate woman in the whole world."

Alice laughed.

"Very well," she said; "but I shall still continue to say, I wish you would marry Sir Stephen. I have thought about it since first I saw you together."

"Don't say so any more," said Hero gravely. "Of course I know the whole thing exists only in your imagination; but, if it did not, and he asked me twenty times, I should say No. Why, Alice, I love Leo with all my heart. There, I declare you have made me blush!" and she put up her hands to cover her face. Withdrawing them the next moment, she added, "Not that I am one bit ashamed if all the world heard me, for I am proud of my love and that he has given his love to me."

And had he given her his love? Yes; for as much as was in him to love any one, Leo Despard loved Hero Carthew. He could not change his nature, which was to care more for himself than for anybody else; but second to the worship of self, came his feeling for Hero. Perhaps combined with this was no small amount of vanity, for he knew himself envied by all the young fellows at Mallett as the fortunate suitor, who, in spite of their constant opportunities, had made the most of a short visit, and secured the prize they were all coveting. In his inward reveries Leo could not but regard Hero as a singularly fortunate being "for," he would say, "I've had capital opportunities, if I'd chosen to go in for rank or money, and it isn't every man would be constant to a girl without a stiver, as I do. Oh, dear! I wish she had a fortune, or I had, or somebody connected with us had, for she's awfully pretty, and very good style too when I take the country rust off her."

Poor Leo! he was always sighing after money, and envying the fortunate possessors of that, to him, all powerful talisman. Naturally of a weak character with strong faults, his home training had been most injudicious. Every one yielded to his wishes, pampered his vanity, and glossed over his imperfections. The world, he found, was not inclined to be so indulgent, therefore, having made up his mind to be a favourite, he set to work to accomplish his desire, and so happily did he succeed, that in a short time he was voted by his brother officers a first-rate fellow, and a capital companion. He spoke of himself as being the nephew and adopted son of the late rector of Mallett; and told the colonel's wife (who made it her business to find out everything concerning each fresh comer to the

regiment) that his father and mother had both died while he was a very young child, and that he knew little or nothing about them, as his uncle, wishing to be regarded with parental affection, was always extremely reticent on the subject.

"So very strange," said his sharp questioner, "for, happening to mention you to some friends of mine, they said they used to know Mr. Despard years ago, but they never heard he had a brother, though they knew of a sister."

"Really!" said Leo, with assumed indifference. "Ah! I expect, my poor father was not regarded as much credit to his family. I suppose they looked upon a man, who could in a few years run through a large fortune, as something second only to a criminal."

"Indeed! your mother's money, I presume?"

"Oh, yes; the Despards have not been burdened in that way for years," laughed Leo; "the name is about all we have to boast of; that's pretty good, I believe—at least my poor uncle used to tell me about our past glories—our coming over with the Conqueror, and so on; it pleased him, dear old man, though to me it is but sorry satisfaction to be descended from a line, who have left nothing behind them but the boast of Quixotic deeds, by which they contrived to ruin their family."

Then, having already discovered the lady's weakness, he adroitly turned the conversation to the peerage generally; and, plying her with questions relating to her intimates of exalted rank, he escaped further questioning, and was from that moment regarded by Mrs. Fitzgerald as a very gentlemanly young man. She gave out (embellishing his story with native talent) that he was the son of a man of good family, who married an heiress, ran through her money, and killed himself and her in a few years; that his uncle, old Walter Despard, an excellent man, but very eccentric, had brought him up and adopted him, and of course at his death had left him everything that he possessed.

Nothing could have been more fortunate for Leo than this excellent woman's appropriation of every kind of knowledge. She always spoke of persons by their Christian names, and with an air of such intimate acquaintanceship, that even those who knew her peculiarities best were never sure how much they ought to believe, and what they should give no credit to. There being nothing improbable in this narration, it was allowed to



pass, and now was so thoroughly believed in, that even Leo himself accepted it, and answered any questions or allusions, without the slightest qualms of conscience for propagating a story, which he took immense credit for not inventing.

Among the people who for many years were most interested about his origin, the one least concerned was Leo. As a child he had asked now and again about his dead father and mother, and was satisfied with a simple reply to his question. Later on he grew more inquisitive; but it was not until just before he obtained his commission, that the old rector felt obliged to tell him something of the truth; but even then, shrinking from inflicting a wound on the pride of the handsome boy, whom he loved with weak tenderness, he kept back whatever he could, and all Leo learned in this and future conversations was, that he had no right to the name of Despard, nor any legitimate claim on any other name; that his mother's origin was humble; that she had in some way attracted the notice of his father, who had been an early friend and college chum of Mr. Despard's. His father's name was Bernard, he had been of no profession, and had lived on bad terms with his family, who allowed him an income for his support. For some years before and after Leo's birth, Mr. Despard had lost sight of his friend, except that he knew he was living in Wales, and that Leo's mother passed as his wife. Suddenly something happened which caused Mr. Bernard to break this tie, and he came to Mr. Despard, who, with Aunt Lydia, was living in London, and asked him to take charge of the child, whose mother had deserted it. To this he consented, and soon became so attached to him that parting was never spoken of; the father had an aversion to see his son, and no inducement on Mr. Despard's part could overcome this prejudice. He kept away from the house, and, except on rare occasions and by letters, they held no communication. When Leo was about nine years old, his father wrote saying that he had just received intelligence of the mother's death, and that now he intended seeing the boy, and taking an interest in him. He appointed a day to pay them a visit; but before that day arrived, Mr. Despard was informed of his death, which was sudden, and the result of excitement, consequent on the failure of a speculation which had ruined him.

As there was no one to claim him, Mr. Despard gladly adopted the orphaned

boy, who, he said, had been the solace and comfort of his life. Naturally Leo asked many more questions, but this was the sum total of the knowledge he obtained, and with his usual discrimination, he saw that the less he knew the less he had to hide. As, therefore, there was nothing to be gained by being placed *au courant* with his history, his wisest course was to accept the present and ignore the past. Few men were more popular than Leo. He seemed to make fresh friends wherever the regiment happened to be, and these, too, were invariably the best people in the best set.

What wonder then that Mallett seemed dull to him, and its inhabitants, excepting Leo, insupportably uninteresting. Besides, he knew that much of his history was known there, and this caused him to dislike the place. He felt that his attachment to Hero was the great weakness of his life, still he cared for her more than for any other girl he had ever seen; and he had made up his mind, that as soon as he conveniently could, he would marry her, and, to use his own expression, cut Mallett altogether. "If her old father and Aunt Lydia would only drop off the hooks," he would say, "I could clear myself of these abominable duns. But there's no such luck. In a place like that, they live as long as they like. I wonder how I shall get through the time there!"—for, in consequence of a letter which he had received from Hero, he had applied to get the charge of some forts that were to be built close to Combe; and if he obtained the appointment, he would probably spend three or four months there, a longer time than he and Hero had yet been together.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### "THAT EXTREME SIMPLICITY."

SIR STEPHEN found Mrs. Labouchere still staying with his mother, unable to resist the pleasure of meeting him, although her judgment told her that it would be wiser for them to see less of each other.

She gave some slight excuse for having delayed her intended departure, adding, "I have been trying to persuade aunt to go down to Cumberland with me; I think it might give her strength, for she has not seemed at all well lately. Indeed, that is one reason why I have remained here; I hardly liked leaving her alone."

"Thank you very much," said Sir Ste-

phen. "I always feel she is perfectly safe when you are with her; I do not know what she would do without you now."

"I do not know what I should do without her," replied Katherine, without looking up; "she is the same to me that she ever was. Most other things have so changed."

"Yes, that's true," said Sir Stephen complacently; "it's wonderful how things alter."

"And people too, I think."

"Well, I suppose they do; as they get older they get wiser and ——"

"Colder."

"No, I do not know that that is always the case; less demonstrative, perhaps, but I should be sorry to think I had less power of feeling now than I possessed years ago."

"You have attained the power of keeping it remarkably under control;" and Katherine, whose voice shook with suppressed emotion, and whose pale face had turned crimson, got up quickly and went out of the room.

"What on earth does she mean now?" exclaimed Sir Stephen as soon as the door had closed upon her; "I have never been favoured with anything of this kind before;" and he sat reflecting for some minutes. Then, resuming his newspaper with a relieved air, he decided that it meant nothing but a desire that he should be more cousinly, and take a greater interest in her property, about which she had often endeavoured to get his advice.

Katherine had a great deal more pride than to affect the rôle of a love-sick girl. She had scrupulously endeavoured that Sir Stephen should see none of her plans, and, as, after the first meeting, there had been nothing in her manner towards him which could excite his suspicions, he had come to the conclusion that she was willing to accept matters as they stood. Her annoyance at having, as she conceived, betrayed her feelings, was excessive; and, exaggerating her words and manner to herself, she felt overwhelmed with shame at the thought of meeting him again. He had, however, dismissed the matter from his mind, and was already intent on giving his mother a favourable impression of Mallett.

"I am longing for you to go down there, mother," he said; "I can fancy the sensation your caps and bonnets will produce."

Mrs. Prescott smiled pleasantly. "Poor ladies," she said, "I am sure I should be

delighted to gratify them; I had no idea the people were sufficiently cultivated to care about such a thing as fashion."

"Nonsense, mother; why you forgot that they are but six miles from Dockmouth, one of our largest naval ports."

"I thought you told me that you had a drive of twenty miles."

"So I did, but that was because I knew nothing of the boat, and drove there."

"Boat! oh! is there a steamboat?"

"No, a sailing boat; a steamer would never do there. You have no idea of the wildness of the place; magnificent rocks running out in all directions, and a surf that dashes against them with tremendous force."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Prescott, not entering at all into her son's enthusiasm; "but of course one never need go by water?"

"No; but I'll take odds you will not have been there a week before you will thoroughly enjoy a sail."

"Stephen!"

"You will, I assure you, mother; not at first, I know, for I hesitated at taking Miss Carthew, it looked so rough, but she assured me that it would be all right outside, and it was — like glass."

"Really!" said Mrs. Prescott. "Miss Carthew, did you say?"

"Yes, Captain Carthew lost his wife when his daughter was born."

"Indeed! Rather an elderly Miss, I suppose?"

"No, a very young girl."

"You have not mentioned her before," said Mrs. Prescott after a pause, during which she had eyed her son sharply. Only unconcern, however, was to be seen in his face.

"Did I not? I was very much engrossed while I was there; the place is in a sad condition. It will take far more time than I can give to it in one summer to get it into anything like decent condition."

"I hope you are not thinking of spending money on it, Stephen," said Mrs. Prescott dolefully; "it brings you in next to nothing, and you will never find a tenant for it."

"Perhaps some day I may go and live there myself," Sir Stephen answered, with a laugh. "It is getting high time for me to settle down and marry, if I am ever to do so." Mrs. Prescott's manner brightened. Here was a little opening for the introduction of her favourite scheme, which of late she had thought best to keep in abeyance.



"Nonsense, my dear," she said cheerfully. "I hope when you marry, you will contrive to fix upon some one who will bring grist enough to the mill to set Pamphillon going again. It has been the dream of my life to see you there, Stephen. You have been cruelly disappointed of your inheritance, but there is no doubt but your uncle was mad, quite mad, and had been so for many years."

Sir Stephen shook his head.

"Whether he was mad or sane, I don't know; but *this* I know, that I wish he had contrived that any one but me should have been saddled with his ruined estate. It has fettered my whole life, and kept me poor, and made me discontented."

Mrs. Prescott's thin, careworn face twitched, her mouth worked nervously, and her eyes filled with tears.

"You take a painfully exaggerated view of things, Stephen," she said, in a voice that threatened an outburst of tears, to avoid which her son got up, and, taking her hand, said, soothingly—

"Now, mother, don't misinterpret my words. You always take anything I say about this as a reproach to yourself, which is so very absurd. *You* could not prevent my uncle gambling away his inheritance; *you* had nothing to do with the law that made me heir to a beggared baronetcy. God knows! you did your duty, if ever any woman did, and you will have your reward, mother; I shall never be able to repay you all you have suffered and borne for me. There, there," he added, kissing her affectionately, "don't think anything more of it, or you'll be getting one of your bad attacks. I only wish we could settle, and have done with the whole thing. I never shall understand your unaccountable opposition to selling the place. That is the only sensible course."

Mrs. Prescott's whole aspect underwent a sudden change. Her weakness vanished, her face altered, as she said, in a passionate voice—

"I will never give my consent to your selling Pamphillon. I would bear anything rather than see you part with the estate."

"The old cry," said Sir Stephen, in a vexed tone. "Now, mother, I ask you, or any one, what possible reason is there in what you say?"

"Every reason," replied Mrs. Prescott, "and every person with a grain of feeling would admit, that the idea of a man selling a place which has belonged for hundreds of years to his family, and keeping another in a wild, out-of-the-way, un-

heard-of district, is most unnatural and unaccountable."

Sir Stephen tried to control himself by changing his chair and his position.

"As usual in these discussions, you are putting the matter in quite a wrong light, mother. My feelings have nothing to do with a thing about which I have not the slightest choice. If I had a sufficient income to keep up both estates, I should do so; or if by selling Combe I could keep Pamphillon, I should be only too willing to do it. I can tell you that it will be no light matter to see the old place go from me. But how do I stand? The owner of two estates for which I can do nothing—the houses upon them are tumbling down for want of proper repairs, the people are sickly from bad drainage, and brutalized from the way in which they are compelled to herd together."

"I am sure you do all you can for them," said Mrs. Prescott stolidly; "we live in the quietest manner possible; you are constantly straitened, through building for this one, and repairing for that one, and what on earth more can they expect?"

"Why, this, that if I cannot afford to do what as holder of the land it is my duty to do, I should give up my authority to a man who *could* live among them, raise them by his influence, and exercise beneficially the only right by which he should hold mastery—the power to advance the well-being of the fellow-creatures dependent upon us."

"Oh, dear, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Prescott; "these new-fashioned sentiments are quite beyond me. In my day it was enough that a place belonged to a family, and that they did their best for those who lived upon the land. No Quixotic notions then existed about giving up an inheritance because you couldn't afford to build model cottages upon it, and introduce a heap of new inventions, which, though they may be called improvements, tend to nothing so much as making people discontented with their condition of life."

"It is quite useless to attempt to reason with you, my dear mother," said Sir Stephen, hopelessly; "but if you would try and remember that the world does not stand still, and that its progress is not entirely confined to one class of society, you will find that all people in the present day are forming a pretty correct notion of what should exist, and what may not be tolerated. Don't think," he

added, "that what I contemplate doing is a pleasant task to me. I shrink from putting my plan into practice, but how am I to avoid making the sacrifice?"

"If you are bent upon sacrifice, there are more ways than one of making yourself a martyr."

"Perhaps so," said her son in a despondent tone; "but I see no other way of obtaining a sufficient income for my purpose."

"There is marriage;" and this time Mrs. Prescott felt her voice quiver. "Were I you, rather than part with Pamphillon, I should take a wife with a fortune ample enough to enable me to carry out these plans, which you seem to consider an essential part of a landlord's duty."

"Ah! it is rather difficult to meet such wives nowadays."

Mrs. Prescott's face assumed an expression between a sneer and a smile.

"So I should fancy," she said, "by the way in which a woman known to have money is run after. It is positively offensive to see the way in which some men pursue Katherine, and without ever having received from her a word, or a look of encouragement."

"Indeed! I forgot that she was in the matrimonial market."

"Then you are more obtuse than your friends, my dear;" and Mrs. Prescott, nettled by the tone of his remark, drew herself up as she added, "I assure you, if Katherine felt so disposed, she might wear a coronet."

"And why is she not so disposed? Does grief for the late Mr. Labouchere preclude even that consolation? What a striking illustration of conjugal fidelity!"

"You adopt anything but a nice tone in speaking of Katherine," said Mrs. Prescott, assuming her most injured air. "You seem to forget, Stephen, that she is my niece."

"I beg your pardon, mother. I never think of her as anything else."

"We all know," added Mrs. Prescott, "that she was guilty of great apparent inconsistency, and, no doubt, she committed a very grave mistake—but, gracious me, is Katherine the only one who has fallen into error? Are we not all open to temptation? and, if contrition and sorrow cannot induce forgiveness, I fear that it is but empty mockery, Stephen, to ask that our trespasses may be forgiven as we forgive those who trespass against us."

"I really don't see the application,

mother, and we have wandered entirely away from the original discussion. Mrs. Labouchere can have nothing to do with my keeping or parting with Pamphillon, and still less with my marrying or being given in marriage."

Mrs. Prescott did not answer. She was thinking over what her son had said. Had he really made up his mind to set about this business? or could she avert the trouble, as she had done before?

"Stephen," she said earnestly, "will you give me a promise?"

"Certainly, if it is in my power to keep it, and if it is within reason."

"Will you promise me not to take any steps in this plan of getting rid of Pamphillon, until you have been to Combe again and seen, by the experience of living there for a time, whether it would be possible for you to live there all your life?"

Sir Stephen seemed to hesitate.

"I will promise to go down with you," said his mother.

"In that case, decidedly, I say, Yes."

"And I have your promise that you will not speak a word about selling to Simpson or to your agent?"

"Yes, I give you my word to remain perfectly passive until we have been to Mallett."

"Thank you."

And with a feeling of respite, Mrs. Prescott went to her own room, locked the door, and sitting down, drew a sigh of relief.

"What shall I do?" she murmured after a few minutes of silent meditation. "Am I never to know rest? Ah! if my life could be written, what a warning it would be to those who are prone to give way to impulse! It seems to me now, as if in five minutes I destroyed my entire peace of mind. Not that I did it for my own sake, nor to secure anything for myself. God knows that I should have been contented. But I could not see my fatherless boy defrauded, robbed by a man who acknowledged that he was mad. Ah! truly he has much to answer for! What right had he to remain silent about the state of his affairs? He must have known that he left nothing for his successor but beggary. If I had but known *that*, only known it, oh, how different my life would have been!"

"Who is that knocking?" she asked nervously, hearing some one tapping at the door.

"It's only I, aunt. Never mind if you are engaged, I will go down-stairs."



"No, dear, wait a moment—come in. I was wishing to speak to you."

Mrs. Labouchere looked at her aunt for a moment; then, putting her hand on her shoulder, she said—

"You have been crying, aunt. Nothing has happened to trouble you?"

"Only the old trouble, Katey;" and her tears began to fall afresh. "Stephen has been talking about Pamphillon. He says, that unless he gets an addition to his income, he must and will sell it."

Katherine sat down, clasped her hands, and looked the very picture of despondency.

"I have feared for a long time past," she said in a low tone, "that things would never be altered."

But Mrs. Prescott had a forlorn hope in view, and it would never do for Katherine to give in. Away from society, thrown upon the constant companionship of his beautiful cousin, much might still be accomplished; and Mrs. Prescott determined that no stone should be left unturned, while they were at Combe, to bring these two together.

"Katherine," she said, "although Stephen is my son, I cannot be blind to his faults, nor shut my eyes to his overweening pride. I believe he would rather die than let you imagine that he cared one pin's point for you."

"I do not believe that he does," said Katherine, the memory of the morning's conversation still strong within her.

"My dear," replied Mrs. Prescott, "Stephen is far less careful to hide his feelings from me now, than he was at first. He knows the many admirers you have, that it rests with you whether you will be Lady Fareham; he asked me why you did not marry again. Indeed, I am perfectly convinced that it is nothing but your fortune that keeps him silent; if you had returned to us penniless, Katherine, Stephen would long since have been at your feet."

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed Katherine suddenly. "How bent he is upon misunderstanding me! He little thinks what I would give to be poor dependent Katherine Douglas again."

Mrs. Prescott looked at her niece, and she could not help that look being one of admiration.

"What a strange thing life is!" she said gravely; "almost every one we meet envies you, Katherine. Only a few days since, when Mrs. Constable was telling me of their loss, she said that you were the one person who, it seemed to

her, could have nothing left to wish for." Katherine gave an impatient movement.

"That is what is being dinned into my ears from morning until night, as if wealth was the talisman of happiness. I am ready to admit," she added bitterly, "that its possession has made me wonderfully witty and charming in the eyes of many, who used to be blind to the attractions I believe I did once possess."

"My dear child, you are quite as attractive as you ever were. I often think that I never saw you looking better than you do now. It was only yesterday, when you and Flora Hardwick were standing together, that I was comparing you critically, and you are as young and fresh-looking as she is."

Mrs. Labouchere put her arms round her aunt's neck, and kissing her, as in the old days she had seldom done, she said—"What should I do without you?"

This new feeling of love, combined with the experience of her married life, had greatly softened Katherine's nature; for, as in the case of many another woman, sorrow sat better on her than prosperity. Careless observers would have said, that she was far more vain now than when confident in her beauty, she seemed to lay little store by it. The truth was, her opinion of herself was not quite so high as formerly. She was filled with anxious dread lest her beauty was on the wane; she set down the compliments paid to her as so much homage to her money; she envied women to whom Sir Stephen was paying any particular attention, or whom he said he admired. Fears which were groundless; for Sir Stephen seldom met her without acknowledging what a beautiful face she had—very superior, he was obliged to own, in feature and contour to Hero's. The one face seemed to appeal entirely to the eye, the other went straight to the heart. Few people with love in their composition could resist the charm of Hero's winning sweetness. She inspired you with the desire to caress her—to take her soft-rounded cheeks between your hands, and look into eyes that were by unexpected turns tender and mischievous. Since his visit to Mallett, Sir Stephen had often, when looking at Katherine, conjured up a vision of Hero to place by her side; and he congratulated himself that even in absence Hero's witchery carried off the palm; and then he would smile at the odd way in which things had come about. To

think that he should have been a wanderer all these years, without seeing any one to awaken the slightest feeling of love within him; and then that, down in this out-of-the-way place, whither he had gone from a sense of duty solely at variance with inclination, he should meet this "gem of purest ray serenity," who in a week had turned his head, and taken possession of his heart. Once again at Mallett, he determined to have no delay about this wooing, the success of which he felt pretty confident of. The principal person he had to consider was his mother. He wanted the two to care for each other, "and," thought he, "as that dear old mother of mine will need a little management,—perhaps as the time is drawing near for our visit,—it may be as well to say something that will prepare her to take an interest in Hero."

Therefore, soon after, as they sat together one morning at breakfast, he said—

"I think I told you, mother, what a pretty girl Miss Carthew, with whose father I stayed at Mallett, is. I hope you will like her; they were very kind and hospitable to me."

Generally Mrs. Prescott had none of those fancies which torment some mothers, whenever their sons speak in praise or admiration of the girls they meet, but anxiety on Katherine's account rendered her painfully watchful. Since their conversation regarding his selling Pamphillon, she had never seen Sir Stephen bestow more attention, than she considered politeness demanded, without being filled with fears, lest her darling plan should be put an end to.

"How old is she?" she asked.

"I hardly quite know—something, I should say, between eighteen and twenty."

"I cannot fancy how I could have been so misled about her," said Mrs. Prescott, taking an instinctive dislike to this rustic beauty. "At first I understood that she was a middle-aged person, then when you spoke of her it was as of a mere child."

"Well," and Sir Stephen feeling a little guilty, tried to laugh over the false impression he had given. "And really so she is a child, compared with many girls, though I daresay I should offend her dignity very much were I to tell her so."

"Some of these childish young ladies are exceedingly sharp in making good use of their simplicity," said Mrs. Prescott, pursing up her mouth. "I must

confess that I am growing rather afraid of that extreme simplicity."

"Come, come, mother, now that is not yourself speaking. Nobody admires a fresh young girl more than you do. Why, I always say I inherit my taste for unaffectedness from my old-young mother."

Mrs. Prescott's eyes beamed with pleasurable emotion.

"Well," she said, "I am glad to think you do. Certainly I greatly enjoy the sight of a pretty young girl; but the world terribly spoils one's heart, Stephen; we meet so many counterfeits, that at last we fail to recognize what is real and true."

"I don't think Miss Carthew will disappoint you; at least I hope not, for I have set my heart upon you two being great friends."

"Indeed! have you?" and all Mrs. Prescott's fears coming back, she added with a nervous little laugh—

"And why, I wonder?"

When, from a sense that he owed it to his mother to say something to her on the matter, Sir Stephen commenced this conversation, he had no idea how diffident and awkward he should find it, to give any hint of the feelings he entertained towards Hero. He began to wish he had said nothing about her. He saw that this would have been his wisest course. The only one now left was to say as little as possible; so he answered Mrs. Prescott's question with—

"Oh! for no particular reason, only that I like her, and we have always contrived somehow to take a fancy to the same people."

"That is true." And Mrs. Prescott gave a sigh, which caused her son to look inquiringly at her. "Don't be vexed with me," she said, putting her hand on his; "but where I once set my heart, there it is for ever. Ah, Stephen, you little know how I centred my hopes upon you and Katherine, nor what it costs me to see you so widely severed."

Sir Stephen drew his hand away.

"It is very strange," he said, "that every now and then you *will* enter upon this subject. You must see how distasteful it is to me. Surely, you do not want me to tell you that I once gave Katherine all my love, which she killed so completely and effectually that, if I desired it, I could no more revive the feeling than I could bring a dead body to life. For years she robbed me of the power of feeling or bestowing love, she took from me every hope of happiness, she made me a



wretched, purposeless wanderer ; and yet you wonder to see us separated ; you say it grieves you to see me utterly indifferent to her—mother !” And he got up, and walked out of the room, leaving Mrs. Prescott overwhelmed by this unusual display of passion. She sat for some time, looking hopelessly at the door by which her son had gone out, then, roused by a noise outside, she arose, saying—

“God help me to endure to the end ; it cannot be long if I have much more to bear !”

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
ANAGRAMS.

“L’ANAGRAMME,” says Richelet, “est une des plus grandes inepties de l’esprit humain : il faut être sot pour s’en amuser, et pis que sot pour en faire.” Though, like most things, the study of anagrams may be decied as trifling, it is certainly difficult, and generally pleasing. A few words, therefore, on their origin, number, nature, composition, use, and purpose, may be regarded as not out of place in this magazine.

The origin of anagrams lies in obscurity ; their author is unknown. That the art of composing them arose among the Hebrews is not unlikely, having regard to the veneration in which the Hebrews held not only the words of their language, but also the letters composing the words, which are to be found in their sacred volumes. “Secret mysteries,” say the Cabbalists—those mystic preservers of a supposed traditionary teaching—“are woven in the numbers of letters.”

There is a story that Lycophron, who has the reputation of being the inventor of anagrams, was a good Hebrew scholar, and thence drew his knowledge of the art. The Lycophron of France was Joannes Auratus, the golden poet who anagrammatized his own name into “Ars en nova vatis.” (“Behold the new art of the bard.”) The art, however, was not new, as we may suppose the writer to have well known.

The use of anagrams remains yet to be discovered, unless it is supposed to be that their composition gives acuteness to the mental faculties, for the opinion of Artemidorus, the philosopher, that they conduce to the interpretation of dreams, may be rejected as a visionary idea. For their nature, like the atoms or individual bodies of Democritus, are the letters of

an anagram, from which, cast by fortune or skill into various relations with each other, all things are made.

For their purpose, though it shall be said that the innocent diversion of anagrams and other *jeux de l’esprit* possesses little interest for a serious age, which loves to read highly-spiced romances, it suited well our pregoers, who possessed not such literary advantages as ourselves.

Anagrams, besides affording pleasure in their composition, were sometimes used in defence as a kind of *nom de guerre*. And though, in the *Scribleriad*, anagrams appear in the land of false wit,—

But with still more disordered march advance,  
(Nor march it seemed, but wild fantastic dance,)  
The uncouth ANAGRAMS, distorted train  
Shifting, in double mazes, o’er the plain—

and sour critics dislike them, “yet,” says the venerable Camden, and after him Disraeli, and after him a hundred others, and after them the writer of the present paper, “yet do good anagrams yield a delightful comfort, and pleasant motion in honest minds.”

Anagrams, if silence on any subject be a proof of its disesteem, have now little honour. They are seldom mentioned but in books of riddles, of which they generally occupy, if any space be devoted to them, the few last pages. But in their case, let us rather suppose no news to be good news, and that they still occupy that high estate in the minds of some fit, though few, which they held when Louis XIII. bestowed a pension of 1,200 livres on Thomas Billon, an acute Provençal who had applied himself to the study of their construction, with the title of “Anagrammatist to the King ;” and when such historians as Camden the learned, and such poets as Heywood, disdained not to record them, or to compose them for instruction or for amusement.

“This dainty device, and disport of wit not without pleasure,” says Camden, “has been by some carried to an excess. Considering names as divine notes foretelling events, and attaching themselves to the dreams of Artemidorus and of the Cabbalists, they have converted Anagrammatism into Onomantia, or an art of fortune-telling by names. The art is, indeed, of high antiquity, if we may believe the Rabbin, who say that an esoteric law was given to Moses, to be handed down in the posterity of certain seventy men, and therefore called Cabbala or traditional. And they say that this law was

nothing but a volume of alphabetary revolution, or anagrammatism, with all which we may compare the well-known Christian parastich or acrostich of IXOYE.

If an art is to be commended in proportion to its difficulty and the patience required in it, the art of anagrams may be well commended. The art of pure anagrams is spoken of, in which there must be no arbitrary change of letters or licentious innovations in orthography. "For," as Camden declares in his *Remains*, "some have been seen to bite their pen, scratch their heads, bend their brows, bite their lips, beat the board, tear their paper, when their names were fair for somewhat, and caught nothing therein."

For the definition, an anagram is a word or words, formed by the artificial transposition of the letters of a given word or words. The subject of the anagram is generally a proper name; and the anagram itself most frequently presents a meaning, complimentary or the reverse, to the person to whom the name belongs. Every anagram so much the nearer approaches perfection as it is the farther removed from licence. Those who attach themselves scrupulously to the rules of the anagram, permit no change, omission, or addition of letters therein, but with the exception of the "k," which they say cannot challenge the right of a letter, require the letters of the anagram to be precisely the same as those of its subject. Others less timid take a larger, and indeed almost poetical, licence, and besides occasionally omitting or adding a letter, think themselves justified in writing, when they find such a change desirable, and that the resulting sense falls aptly, e for æ, v for w, s for z, c for k, and *vice versa*. Anagrams of this formation are called "impure." Lycophron, before mentioned, one of the Pleiads of the Court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, has left us two, little worthy of the author of the dark poem *Cassandra* and of the most obscure writer of antiquity.

The one was a compliment to his prince, ἀπό μέλιτος from Πτολεμαῖος (out of honey, from Ptolemy), to mark the sweetness of his disposition; the other to his queen Ἀρσινόη (Arsinoë), the Greek letters of which name, being transposed, form ἰὸν Ἥρας (the violet of Juno). Both these anagrams are exact or pure. Tzetzes, the interpreter of Lycophron, tells us that his author was more dear to Ptolemy for his anagrams than for his verse. After Lycophron, some other Greeks disported themselves in these "literary triflings," to

borrow an appellation from Disraeli. Thus we have Ἀτλας (Atlas), the old all-wise Titan god, who sustained the lofty pillars which separated earth from heaven, converted into τάλας (wretched), which well he may have been in his endurance. And no inferior moral lesson to that of the sophist Prodicus, in his episode of the "Choice of Hercules," did he convey, who, out of Ἀρετῇ (virtue) produced Ἐρατῇ (the lovely). Some "Épicuri de grage porcus" must have discovered the anagram of ἱλαρὸς (joyous) in λιπαρὸς (warm).

Not the worst specimen of Greek anagrammatizing were those composed, one by Joannes Auratus, upon the name of Him who was "brought as a sheep to the slaughter," Ἰησοῦς (Jesus), Σὺ ἡ οὖς (Thou art the sheep), with which compare Taylor's Jehova into oveja (sheep), and those of Camden's good friend Utenhovius, ΕΛΙΣΑΒΗΘΑ (Elizabeth) into ΘΕΑ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΑΗ (The Goddess Queen), and Ἐλισαβῆθ ἡ Βασίλισσα (Queen Elizabeth) into Ζαβέθ Βασιλείας Λιβῶς (Divine dew of the Kingdom).

Examples, however, of Greek anagrams are rare, the best are those following:—Alexander, being about to raise the siege of Troy, dreamed that he saw a Satyr emerge from a dark wood, and dance before him. After some trouble he caught the Satyr, and awoke. On consulting his wise men, they formed from the Greek word Σάτυρος (Satyr), these words, Τύρος σὰ (Tyre is thine). The next day the anagram was accomplished.

So Constantine, son of Heraclius, being prepared for battle, dreamed that he was on his way to "Thessalonica." This he told to one of his attendants, who, repeating the Greek word Θεσσαλονίκην (Thessalonica) slowly, and with proper pauses, said, Θὲς ἄλλω νίκην (Leave the victory to another). Constantine took no heed of this warning, and, engaging the enemy, soon after was defeated. This, however, is not an instance of an anagram, as there is no different arrangement of letters; the meaning is obtained simply by the division of syllables. Nor is it exact, as one letter is omitted, one added, and one changed.

The Romans seem altogether to have despised "anagrams," and literary toil of a like nature. "Turpe est," says Martial, "difficiles habere nugas, et stultus labor est ineptiarum." Latin anagrams are generally of modern discovery. So we have from Roma (Rome), Maro and amor (love); from corpus (body), porcus (pig); from Galenus (Galen), angelus (angel);



and from logica (logic), caligo (darkness). Of these, the last approaches the nature of its subject more nearly than that immediately preceding it. There are, however, among the Romans, a few specimens of that pseudo-anagram referred to in the story of Constantine, which consists in dividing a single word into two or more. Such is the riddle of the god Terminus, mentioned by Aulus Gellius in his twelfth book of *Noctes Atticæ*. It is proposed by Gellius, as a *scirpus*, or what the Greeks called an ænigma, "which I lately found," he continues, "ancient, by Hercules! and exceedingly crafty, composed in three Iambic verses; this I leave unanswered, to sharpen the conjectures of my readers in their investigation." This seems to be the earliest instance of a fashion, now much in vogue, amongst the lower order of journals and magazines, of leaving the solution to the next number.

The three verses are these:—

Semel, minusve, an bis minus, non sat scio,  
An utrumque eorum, ut quondam audiivi dicier,  
Jovi ipsi regi noluit concedere.

"He," says Gellius, "who is tired of investigating, may find the 'answer' in the second book of M. Varro to Marcellus on the Latin language."

The "answer" is Terminus, a species of anagram from *ter-minus*. Ovid declares that all the crowd of gods gave place to Jove, except Terminus, who held his ground. So the author of the riddle doubts whether it was once, or less, or twice less or thrice less (*ter-minus*), *i.e.* the two former added together; who, as he once heard, was unwilling to yield even to King Jove himself. And so "sustineamus" gives "sustinea-mus." Pilate's question, "Quid est veritas?"—the reply being contained in the demand—was left unanswered. "Est vir qui adest." This is an exact and clever anagram, probably composed by some witty Churchman.

As specimens of the Latin anagrams of Daurot, or Joannes Auratus, the French poet above mentioned, the following are given. From Martinus Basanierius, a celebrated astronomer of the time, "Musæ nubar in astris." From Claudius Bineus, a lawyer with a taste for singing, "Venis tuba dulcis." From Edoardus Mollæus, an eloquent judge, "De ore vivo mella sudas." His own name, "Joannes Auratus," he also anagrammatized thus: "Ars vivet annosa" ("My art will live long.")

A simple but clever anagram is sug-

gested in the "Hymn to the Virgin Mary" in the following verse, which, from its setting, the French would call a gem encased in enamelled gold:—

Sumens illud Ave,  
Gabrielis ore,  
Funda nos in pace,  
Mutans Evæ nomen!

Which may be represented thus:—

Ave for thy title claim,  
From the mouth of Gabriel  
Ave now for Eva's name,  
Making us in peace to dwell.

Generally, of course, anagrams in foreign languages must vanish in translation.

A copy of the *Fesuita Vapulans* (Lugd. Bat., 1635) has written upon a fly-leaf the following anagrams, all of which are not perfect, on Andreas Rivetus.

Veritas res nuda,  
Sed naturâ es vir,  
Vir naturâ sedes,  
E naturâ es rudis,  
Sed es vitâ varus,  
Sed rare vanitas,  
In terra sua Deus,  
Veni sudas terrâ.

Many of these small lines present sibylline difficulties, by no means proportioned to their size to the exegetist.

As a contrast to them we have the following on Mary Queen of Scots,—a pure anagram, telling in a single line her unhappy story:—

Maria Steuarda Scotorum regina.  
Trusa vi regnis, morte amara cado.

Though Addison considers the regeneration of anagrams to have occurred in the times of "monkish ignorance," and thinks it no wonder that the monks should have employed their leisure time, of which he supposes them to have had great store, in the composition of such "tricks of writing as required much time but little capacity," it does not appear that the monks were in any way famous for these compositions; nor was Addison, perhaps, aware of the difficulty attending them or the ingenious turns they frequently display.

There is a specimen of anagrammatizing in the month of October, 1658, which is undoubtedly clever, and must have caused the compositor considerable toil.

The subject is the "Tenth Worthy, or that most highly-renowned Worthy of Worthies, Oliver, late Lord Protector." The occasion was the following, expressed in verse. Sad news by post from Albion had summoned the author to

know what mighty planet had fallen, leaving the people in darkness. Some, considering the military skill of the dead man, said it was Mars; some Jupiter, as he was a *juvans pater* to three nations. The poet leaving us in doubt as to the planet, considers Oliver as an olive-branch of peace, and with many compliments to him and his family, introduces the following anagrams, in English, Latin, and Welsh, upon his name. In English: "O welcom' reliver;" "Rule welcom' Roy;" "Com' live our rule." In Latin: "Cor verum vel sol visu." In Welsh: "Y lleu mor cower" ("the lion so true"); "Lleu cower y mor" ("the true sea-lion"); "Lleu grea o Cymra" ("the best lion of Wales"). Not being acquainted with the Welsh language, we cannot vouch for the accuracy of these translations; indeed we are much inclined to suspect that of one of the two first, as, though the words are the same, a new idea seems to be introduced in the second. But the anagrams are exact, and the Latin one presents a happy combination. With regard to Elizabeth Cromwell, the anagrammatist hovers upon the verge of impoliteness, "Be comelier with zeal." Another of the same lady, in which s is written for z, and the surname is spelt with one l, is not open to the same objection: "Chast' love be my rule." Bridget Fleetwood, a member of the family, becomes "O tru' gifted beloved;" and Mary Faulconbridge, also a member, "Go main careful bride." This last is not exact by the addition of an e: the y and i are of course regarded as interchangeable.

Thomas Heywood has left us some anagrams on the names of certain men of his time. One on Sir Thomas Coventry, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, dedicated to him in some acrostic verses, "To charm out sin;" another rather antiquated, "O hye constant mure." One on Lady Robert Anna Carre, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, "Rarer cannot bear." One on that "worthy and most religious knight, Sir Paul Pindar." "Pray'r in D. Paul." The verses, an acrostic, begin thus, —

Sir Paul, of all that ever boare that name,  
You to Saint Paul most deare are, and may  
claime

Rare privilege; (I might say) above all  
Priority, that beare the name of Paul.

Concluding with this distich, —

Saint Paul Sir Paul both traveld: one with  
care

To build Christ's Church: Paul's th' other to  
repaire.

It is as well for the anagrammatist to be certain of the correct way of spelling the name which he intends to anagrammatize. A story is told of a gentleman who experienced a great failure owing to a want of care in this respect. He intended to compliment a lady of considerable beauty to whom he was paying his addresses. Unable to purchase fame by keen iambics, he ventured on a mild anagram. The lady's name was, as he understood it, Elizabeth Chumley. Not having talents sufficient for the Elizabeth — over which poor word, though tortured in a thousand ways, a retrograde planet still seemed to hang — he considered it allowable, not being a strict anagrammatist, to change it into "Bess." Having confined himself in his study for several months, in spite of a plentiful lack of wit, by dint of unwearied toil, he at last reached the promised land. His anagram was this, "Angel best Lumley." The only objection to it is that the last word is a trifle too like the original, having besides no decided meaning, and the letters of the first word are not found in the remaining subject ("ch"). The gem was, however, set in an enchased setting possessing a poetic character, and necessarily of the lover's own composition: —

#### STANZA I.

Most divine! adorable of women!

Bess Chumley!

Accept the following slight tribute of undying  
affection, and heartfelt love  
From me "best Lumley."

#### STANZA II.

Angel!

Upon presenting this child of his imagination to his lady, the reader may imagine his chagrin and disgust when he, that "homo miserrimæ patientiæ," was told by her with some asperity that her surname was not Chumley but Cholmondely. "Ibi omnis effusus labor." The writer is said to have soon afterwards lost his senses, which had been considerably impaired by the composition of his anagram.

With this story may be compared Disraeli's story of Frenzelius, a German who prided himself upon perpetuating the name of every eminent person who died in his time by an anagram; but is said to have experienced such mortal throes during their composition that he seemed to share in the last pangs of the dead he helped to make illustrious.

The old word for anagram was anagrammatism. The difference between them seemed to be this, that anagrammatism



refers rather to the work of transposition of the letters of a word, while anagram signifies the result of such transposition. So epigram signifies the thing inscribed and not the work of inscription. The English word inscription, by the way, has the meaning of inscription.

The numerical anagrams of the Italians, which are represented by the English chronograms, are the Greek *ισόψηφοι*; in which the numerical value of the letters of two words or sets of words is the same. The reader will understand that in Greek, as in Hebrew, letters served to express numbers.

These *ισόψηφοι* are mentioned by Gellius. They were considered by him with disfavour. A quantity of them were brought to him by a learned friend, in a book which he was at first inclined to regard as the horn of Achelous, filled with first fruits for Plenty by the Naiads, and shut himself up that he might read it without interruption. But the book contained, "oh, Jupiter! a mere collection of strange tales; such as who was the first called a grammarian, and wherefore Telemachus reposing touched not Pisistratus reposing near him with his hand, but raised him from sweet sleep by a kick with his heel. There also were written down the *ισόψηφοι* or equinumeral verses of Homer, and his acrostichs. These and many other such things were contained in this book."

So *Δημαγόρας* (Demagoras) was complimented with the term *λοιμός* (pest). The sum of the numbers expressed by the letters in the two names being identical and equal 420. A "stingless jest" in the opinion of Southey, and showing the malice rather than the wit of the satirist. So Heliodorus says that the Nile is nothing else than the year, founding his opinion on the fact that the numbers expressed by the letters of the *Νεῖλος*, Nile, are in Greek arithmetic, N=50; E=5; I=10; Λ=30; O=70; Σ=200; and these figures make up together 365, the number of days in the year. He does not seem to have reflected that *Νεῖλος* is not a word of Greek origin. Artemidorus, in his interpretation of dreams, warns us to beware of forming our *ισόψηφοι* incorrectly, lest being deceived we become inglorious. A certain man, he says, lay sick, and dreamed that one called Piso appeared to him. An oneirophant explained this of sure felicity, and that the sick person would live for ninety years longer, framing his conjectures from the first syllable of Piso written in Greek character, which presents the number 90. Nevertheless, he who had

seen Piso died soon after of the very sickness under which he then laboured. For Piso had seemed to present to him ointments, which for a sick man was of evil omen, as with them they anoint the dead. The dream of the sailor is unlike to this. For to him asking in his dream whether he should come to Rome, a phantasm answered "No!" using the Greek word *οὐ*. Yet he arrived there in 450 days. For it was all the same, whether the phantasm had told him this number, or the letters which signified it. The reason of inferiority of numbers is assigned by some for the victory of Hector over Patroclus, and of Achilles over Hector.

In Daniel and Deborah Dove, written with considerable licence in Greek spelling, the worthy "Doctor" found the prime number 761. Herein was a mystery. There could be no division between himself and his wife. They would continue to be in all respects as they had been "*duæ animæ in carne una*," two persons with but one disposition. But when the Doctor remembered that 1761 was the year of their marriage, supplying the deficient thousand with two M's for marriage and matrimony, he became delirious with joy, which the resemblance between "marriage" and "matrimony," urged by hostile critics, diminished not a tittle.

Daniel Dove extracted the quintessence of his own name, finding the mournful result, "leaden void," which he considered as inappropriate as that of Marguerite de Valois, "*de vertu royal image*." Another "*vel dona dei*" presented the faint semblance of a less unhappy meaning. Had one letter of Dove been changed, he might have become "Ovid." Thus he felt like the man whose lottery ticket was next in number to the 20,000*l.* prize. "Such a superstition," says Southey, "has been and ever will be latent in the most rational of men." So Barton believed there was some secret power and virtue in names. Unfortunately, however for this idea, the same name makes both good and evil, as in the case of Eleanor Davies, the wife of the poet, and the Cassandra of her age. Having formed the impure anagram "Reveal O Daniel" on her name, she made herself the organ of prophecies disagreeable to the government, a proceeding which nothing could check, but an arrow borrowed from her own quiver; "Dame Eleanor Davies," *i.e.* "never so mad a lady." Upon this being sent to her by an obliging friend, who had the interest of peace at heart, she re-

tired into private life, ceased from her charming agony, and her voice was heard no more. So Calvin, in the title of his *Institutions* printed at Strasburg in 1539, calls himself Alcuinus, the anagram of Calvinus, and the name of a person of some learning in the time of Charlemagne, contributing greatly to its restoration in that age. But François Rabelais (Alcofribas Nasier), in whose name, written in Latin, Calvin had found "rabie l'asus," found for him, *en revanche*, an anagram of quite an opposite character, "Jan Cul."

There are several happy anagrams in French, as, for instance, that, historically just in sense, of the so-called daughter of the Orleans apothecary, the charming "Marie Touchet," mistress of Charles IX., "Je charme tout." Of Pierre de Ronsard, "Rose de Pindare," wherein, by an *æquitas prætoria*, the omission of two *r*'s may be pardoned for the elegance of the resulting sense. Of Frère Jacques Clément, the assassin of Henri III., "C'est l'enfer qui m'a créé." Of Louis de Bouchérat, chancellor, "Est la bouche du roi." That of Pierre Coton, Jesuit and confessor of Henri IV., "Perce ton roi," is undeserved, and, therefore, worthless. Of Pilatre du Rosier, an aeronaut who had the misfortune to fall from his balloon on the 15th June, 1785, "Tu es proie de l'air." The reader who cares to investigate this anagram will find an *r* omitted. It is consequently inexact. In the next an *s* will be found added, Louis Quatorzième, roi de France et de Navarre, "Va, Dieu confondra l'armée qui osera le résister." The temptation to add or subtract a letter in the case of a lengthy anagram, successful only if such addition or subtraction is made, must be almost irresistible; but the anagram as an anagram is spoiled.

Anagrams are sometimes employed in heraldry. The House of Lorraine bears les "alérions" or eaglets. J. B. Rousseau, ashamed of his father the cobbler, changed his name into Verniettes. In which Saurin discovered, what the author probably least intended, "Tu te renies."

So when Bonaparte came into power, the words *La Révolution Française* produced this anagram, "Un Corse la finira." But, in 1815, party-spirit discovered in the same words "*La France veut son roi.*" Both these anagrams are, however, though witty, inexact.

The Cabbalists among the Jews are, as might be expected from what has been said above, mighty in anagrams. The

third part of their art, which they call *Themura*, or change, is concerned with nothing but the process of making them. By them they find many mysterious hidden and extraordinary senses in the words of Holy Writ. Out of Noah, by transposition of the Hebrew letters, they obtain "grace;" and out of "Messiah," "and he will rejoice." These examples are some of the most simple, and of those not revolting to the Christian reader. The Cabbalists have also chronograms, known in their system as *γραμματεία*, in the sense of letters representing numbers. This word is technically used to express an exegetical rule, according to which every letter of a word is reduced to its numerical value, and the word explained by another of the same value. As an example of this, in Gen xviii. 2. "Lo! three men stood by him," it is said that these were the angels Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael, because the letters composing their names have the same numerical value as those in the original verse.

The Cabbalists, it may be said *en passant*, have many conceits of this kind. Out of the letters forming the word "man" they compose "benediction," and out of those forming "woman" a "curse." With this we may compare their anagram of "Væ" from "Eva," because, they say, she was the cause of all our woes. Such misogynistic contrivances come meetly from the mouths of those, a part of whose thanksgiving in their order for daily prayer was once wont to be "Blessed art thou, that thou hast not made me a woman, O Lord our God."

The number of changes which may be formed out of any given word is easily found by the mathematical doctrine of permutations. In the mystic words of the Kabbala, "Two letters build two houses, three letters build six houses, four build four and twenty houses, five build a hundred and twenty houses, six build seven hundred and twenty houses . . . Go forth and imagine what neither the mouth is able to speak nor the ear is able to hear." — Ch. iv. Mishna iv.

German anagrams are comparatively rare. They may be said, from the specimen mentioned by Wheatley, to be as poor as they are rare. This is the specimen. At the general peace of 1814, a portion of Saxony fell to the share of Prussia. The king, to commemorate this addition to his kingdom, issued a new coinage of rix-dollars, with the name *ein Reichsthaler*. The Saxons by that collat-



eral species of anagram before-mentioned, divided this word into *ein Reich stahl er* (he stole a kingdom). So the French in *La Sainte Alliance* found *La Sainte Canaille*. The derivations of *Leben* (life) from *Nebel* (a cloud), and of *Sarg* (a coffin) from *Gras* (grass), are simply palindromes.

Italian anagrams are still rarer than German. If in the one following the lady-subject was as beautiful as the anagram is happy, she must have been indeed a cynosure for neighbouring eyes. Anna Dudlæia, *E la nuda Diana*. In this, there is a diæresis of the diphthong, which is allowed even in the pure anagram.

Anagrams have been, we have already said, frequently used as *noms de guerre*. So Voltaire is derived from Arouet l. j. or Arouet le jeune. "Frip," the signature of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, is an anagram of his initials. So W. Jerdan wrote for the *Literary Gazette* under the title of W. J. André. Another celebrated poet known, like Voltaire, to few but by his *nom de plume*, was Bryan Waller Procter, whose name was metamorphosed by an impure anagrammatism into "Barry Cornwall, poet," or "to-per," whichever qualification may be preferred.

Retrograde anagrams, or those formed by the reading the letters backwards, belong to the species of palindromes or *Κάπτινοι*. Of these we have an example in "deliver" from "reviled."\* Anagrams with a retrograde meaning are presented to us in "untie" from "unite," in "real fun" from "funeral," "love to ruin" from "revolution," and in "repel," which is also a palindrome, from "leper." Many more might be added, were it not in the words of Lamennais, "triste de s'ennuyer, pour ennuyer les autres."

About a quarter of a century ago flourished an eminent physician, who was so bad a tradesman, and withal so wise a man, as to declare ruthless war against tight-lacing, &c., as regards ladies, and overfeeding, &c., as regards gentlemen. This child of light gave his opinions, of a sour sort, in unvarnished language, and would sooner offend the fashionable sensibilities of a patient than tell a lie. Notwithstanding these eccentricities, he managed to obtain and secure a large number of patients, some one of whom, irritated by his moral roughness and unpolished expressions, probably invented the ana-

gram which exists upon his name. John Abernethy was metamorphosed into "Johnny the Bear." Even "Ursa Major," says Southey, "would not dispute his title. Has any one who knows 'Johnny the Bear' heard his name thus anagrammatized without a smile! We may be sure he smiled and growled at the same time when he first heard it himself."

Of the legion of complimentary anagrams on persons of wealth and rank, which have been composed by hungry and needy "anagram-mongers," as the Water Poet calls them, who was himself no bad example of the class, no mention has been made. They possessed little interest for any but the persons whose names they ornamented, and the composers whom their fair seeming nourished with bread. Out of this class, however, we must except Mr. Tash, "an especial man in this faculty," who anagrammatized Lord Bacon's name thus —

Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Keeper,  
Is born and elect for a rich speaker —

on account of the goodness of this anagram, and him who wrote —

John Wilson anagr. John Wilson.

Oh change it not! no sweeter name or thing  
Throughout the world within our ears shall ring —

on account of its heterodox politeness.

There are, doubtless, still many anagrammatists silver-tongued, and witty enough to convert Benlowes into *Benevolus*, as they did in the days of Pope; that the "poor gentleman to verify their anagram may spend his estate upon them."

Anagrams are not uncommon on tombs. For certain minds, as has been before observed, anagrams contained a religious importance. Some of the most remarkable are, one on Maria Arundel, "Man a dry laurel," and another on an old lady of sixty-six, who lies buried in Taplow church, and has this somewhat inappropriate anagram inscribed upon her tomb, Hester Mansfield "Mars fled in thee." The Pagan God, it would appear from some doggerel that is subjoined, fled before her when lecturing on true charity. The anagram of John Bunyan (Nu hony in a B), composed by himself, presents a striking example of a victory over orthographical difficulties.

The impure anagrams of Sir Edmund-bury Godfrey, who was found murdered on the south side of Primrose Hill, "By

\* Akin to these are words which are the same whether read backwards or forwards. Such a word was the title of "Glenelg," chosen by the late Mr. Charles Grant, so succus, malam, oro, &c.

Rome's rude finger die," "I find murder'd by rogues," the pure ones of Horatio Nelson, "Honor est a Nilo," and of William Noy, the proposer of ship-money, "I moyl in law," may serve for mnemonic references — to the student of English history.

Fuller concludes the life of John Whitgift, that mirror of prelates, largely written in his ecclesiastical history, with an impure anagram, in respect of his mild proceedings — upon his name, Joannes Whitegiftus, "Non vi egit, favet Jesus." And a man of entirely different complexion of life, Ben Jonson, in his *Hymenæi*, has not thought an anagram unworthy of his learnings. Juno is discovered in the clear ether sitting on a throne, her attire rich and queenlike, a white diadem on her head, in one hand a sceptre, and in the other a timbrel, and at her golden feet a lion's hide. Around her the spirits of the air make music, and Reason thus addresses the audience in her introduction: —

And see where Juno, whose great name  
Is Unio, in her anagram,  
Displays her glittering state and chair, &c.

The following anagram on "Egypt's favourite," by Sir F. Hubert, is of a consolatory character: —

And, Joseph, though thy sufferings be most great,

Yet think upon the letters of thy name:  
Which being inverted, bring some comfort yet,  
For [Hope is] is [Joseph], his anagram.

Of Edmund Waller, the poet, was written: —

His brows need not with laurel to be bound,  
Since in his name with "lawrel" he is crowned.

In *Maunder's Treasury*, "her most gracious Majesty, Alexandrina Victoria," is transformed into "Ah, my extravagant, joco-serious, radical minister;" with which absurdity may be compared, to its honour, the anagram on Florence Nightingale, "Flit on, cheering angel." The following quaint conceits have all been collected by Mr. Wheeler, to whose ingenuity in seeking words in words we have been much indebted in the present paper: — Lawyers (sly-ware); matrimony (into my arm); melodrama (made moral); Old England (golden land); soldiers (lo! I dress); solemnity (yes, Milton); poor-house (O! sour hope); telegraph (great help); *Notes and Queries* (O! send in a request); understanding (red nuts and gin); sweetheart (there we sat); charades (hard case); and catalogue (got as a clue).

Such are the quirks and quiddities of modern literature, which might have puzzled the old Cabiri.

But let us conclude in the terms of the learned Camden: — "It is time to stay, for some of the sour sort begin to laugh at these, when as yet they have no better insight in anagrams than wise *Sieur Gaulard*, who when he heard a gentleman report that he was at a supper, where they had not only good company and good cheer, but also savoury epigrams and fine anagrams: he returning home, rated and belouted his cook as an ignorant scullion that never dressed or served up to him either epigrams or anagrams. And as for these sour surlings, they are to be commended to *Sieur Gaulard*, and he with them jointly to their cooks and kitchen-stuff."

From The Spectator.

#### LORD LYTTON ON NAMES, AND THEIR INFLUENCE.

IN the amusing opening of Lord Lytton's posthumous novel, "Kenelm Chillingly," there are some admirable remarks on the moral responsibilities of parents for the names they give to their children. Sir Peter Chillingly is very hard on his own name, and ascribes his mediocrity in great measure to it. "Peter," he says, to the assembled family council, "has been for many generations, as you are aware, the baptismal to which the eldest born of our family has been devoted. On the altar of that name I have been sacrificed. Never has there been a Sir Peter Chillingly who has in any way distinguished himself above his fellows. That name has been a dead-weight on my intellectual energies. In the catalogue of illustrious Englishmen there is, I think, no immortal Sir Peter, except Sir Peter Teazle, and he only exists on the comic stage;" and Sir Peter Chillingly might have added that Sir Peter Teazle is immortal only for the amusement he affords to others, not for any intrinsic capacity. One of the family council, however, suggests "Sir Peter Lely," on which Sir Peter Chillingly replies with unanswerable force, "that painter was not an Englishman. He was born in Westphalia, famous for hams. I confine my remarks to the children of our native land. I am aware that in foreign countries the name is not an extinguisher to the genius of its owner. But why? In other countries its



sound is modified. Pierre Corneille was a great man ; but I put it to you whether, had he been an Englishman, he could have been the father of European tragedy as Peter Crow?" And Sir Peter might have added that Peter the Apostle got his weight from his Hebrew name, Cephas. Cephas gives the impression of a rock ; Peter the impression of commonplace respectability, with a wavering turn. Now, Lord Lytton in touching this subject, touches one of the most real grievances which children have against rash parents, and he touches both sides of it. He not only deprecates the names which stamp a child with mediocrity, but he deprecates those which stamp him with an impress of absurd and indecent ambition. A crusty cousin had suggested that Sir Peter's child should be called Hannibal or Charlemagne, in order to give him adventitious grandeur, on which Sir Peter replies, with great temper and justice, "On the contrary, if you inflict on a man the burthen of one of these names, the glory of which he cannot reasonably expect to eclipse or even to equal, you crush him beneath the weight. If a poet were called John Milton, or William Shakespeare, he would not dare to publish even a sonnet. No, the choice of a name lies between the two extremes of ludicrous insignificance and oppressive renown." This is very just, and should bring remorse to many a parental heart. There is no more indefinable mischief done to a child than either a grandiose or a mean name. The moral influence of names must be admitted, however, to depend in very great degree on somewhat arbitrary and subjective influences. We have heard a man deplore having been called "James" with the utmost pathos, asserting that it had to some extent made a flunkey of his very soul against his will. That man, of course, had been a student of Thackeray, and the subjective influences which worked upon his mind were of the Jeames de la Pluche order. Had he instead been steeped in Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and full of the chivalric associations with the Knight of Snowdon,—"And Normans call me James Fitz-James,"—he might have regarded his name as injurious to him, if at all, only through its too unreal, romantic associations. But who could have idealized the nickname Jim? That is, if not so flunkeyish as James, much more irredeemably descriptive of a soul at the

beck and call of society. It is to "James," even under its worst aspects, exactly what the footboy is to the flunkey,—and implies that respect or awe to the owner of such a name is simply impossible. Any one who had a taste for slipping good-naturedly through the world, and for being familiarly treated by everybody he met, might not object to be called Jim. It is an honest sort of name, and a passport, as it were, to kindly treatment. But it puts dignity and power beyond the reach of the most sanguine hope. A man generally known among his acquaintances as "Jim" might be very popular and have great influence of the coaxing kind, but it is impossible he could take up any position requiring observance and reverence.

It is worth observing that the shrewdness of the world has given a certain elasticity to the moral influence of names, by inventing a good many different modifications of them, and modifications with very various *nuances*, especially in the case of women. You can't have a much wider range than is contained, for instance, in Elizabeth, Eliza, Betty, Betsy, Bessy, and Bess,—Elizabeth with a *z*, again, being really distinct in moral effect from Elisabeth with an *s*. No one would dream of spelling the name of St. Elisabeth—Mr. Kingsley's heroine—with a *z*; the hard grinding sound of the *z* would be altogether inconsistent with her essence. But Elisabeth with an *s* should be fair and feminine, with something, perhaps, a little secret and brooding in her nature. On the other hand, Queen Elizabeth's name should always have the *z*,—both for the sake of the hardness and imperiousness it gives, and for the sake, somehow, of the touch of awkwardness and coarseness it throws in. This is the direction in which it has developed into the familiarities of Betsy and Betty, the former clumsy, but shrewd, homely, and trustworthy; the latter loud and fast. Lady Betty used to be a common name enough in the aristocracy at one time, but it must have tended to make all its owners vulgar talkers and managers. And just as Elisabeth was degraded into Betsy and Betty, so Elisabeth was familiarized into Bessy and Bess, both fond names, the former suggesting a touch of weakness, the latter, like all monosyllabic names, suggesting a want of atmosphere about the character, but also implying a certain practical brevity and decision.

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## STRENGTH IN ADVERSITY.

BY ANDREW DICKINSON.

Deut. xxxiii. 25.

PILGRIM on life's rugged road,  
Tearful, fainting 'neath thy load,  
On thy Lord thy burden roll;  
He with strength renews thy soul :  
Hath not Jesus said to thee,  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be!"

In the bitterness of grief,  
Though thy prayer find no relief;  
Bowed, forsaken, and forlorn,  
Though thy sighs prevent the morn,  
Tarrying long, he comes at length,  
To revive thy fainting strength!

Though thy Saviour long forbear,  
He will hear his people's prayer!  
What though He, when sorrowing sought,  
Make as though he heard thee not?  
Watch, and without ceasing pray,  
That thy strength be as thy day.

When temptation cometh in,  
With a surging flood of sin,  
And the burning billows swell  
From the lowest deeps of hell;  
O my Saviour! say to me,  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be!"

Some, distrustful of their Lord,  
Fear to lean upon his Word;  
One day, by the hand of Saul,  
They are fearful they shall fall!  
Still that word is sweet to me,  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

What though his approach be late?  
It is good on God to wait :  
He will prove his promise true,  
By his gifts, not small, nor few;  
His salvation thou shalt see,  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

When wild winds thy vessel sweep  
O'er the dreary, boisterous deep,  
And thy prostrate strength shall fail  
As she drives before the gale,  
Then cry mightily, and say,  
"Let my strength be as my day!"

Dark may be the midnight hour,  
With Death's shadow covered o'er;  
Yet, how dear so e'er the night,  
God hath said, "Let there be light!"  
Jesus can, if thou wilt pray,  
Turn thy darkness into day.

Art thou tempted oft to say,  
God with thorns hath hedged my way!  
Dost thou sit alone and weep,  
Doth thy heart sad vigils keep?  
Weeping may endure a night;  
Joy shall come with morning light.

As Thy people once were fed,  
With the heaven-descended bread,

Feed me thus in righteousness  
In life's howling wilderness;  
And, when fainting by the way,  
Let my strength be as my day.

O thou comfortless and tost,  
In thy Lord and Saviour trust!  
Lo! the dayspring from on high  
Speaks thy great Deliverer nigh!  
Leave thy fatherless to me;  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be!"

Oh! when Death with iron blow,  
Strikes some dearly loved one low,  
Vale of Shadows! though Despair  
Walk in awful silence there;  
Light in darkness thou may'st see;  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be!"

## THE RIVER OF LIFE.

WHERE floweth that full stream of life?  
Tell us, that so our weary feet,  
Turned from life's pleasures, pains and strife,  
May by its tide find rest complete;

Rest for the aching heart of grief,  
Rest for the throbbing brow of pain,  
From hopes that fade as fades the leaf  
Beneath the autumn's chilling rain.

And on that brink may sorrow die,  
And sin forget its dark dismay,  
Knowing those waters passing by,  
Through fields of heavenly verdure stray.

Thou Angel, who for man of old  
The spring of healing waters stirred,  
Lead us where ceaselessly hath rolled  
The flood whose voice no man hath heard.

O river, making glad the land  
By angel feet in glory trod,  
Bear us, still guided by His hand,  
To the fair city of our God!

## PETRARCH'S SIXTIETH SONNET.

I AM so weary with the burden old  
Of foregone thoughts and powers of custom  
base,  
That much I fear to perish from the ways  
And fall into mine enemy's grim hold.  
A mighty friend to free me, though self-sold,  
Came of His own ineffable high grace,  
Then went, and from my vision took His face.  
Him now in vain I weary to behold,  
But still his voice seems echoing below : —  
"O ye that labor, see! here is the gate!  
Come unto me, — the way all open lies!"  
What heavenly grace will — what love — or  
what fate —  
The glad wings of a dove on me bestow,  
That I may rest, and from the earth arise.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
SHAKESPEARE'S FUNERAL.

Place. — STRATFORD-ON-AVON. Time. — THE  
25TH OF APRIL 1616.

SCENE I. — *The Taproom of the Falcon Tavern  
in the High Street, kept by Eleanor Comyng.*

HOSTESS and SLY.

*Hostess.* Kit Sly, Kit Sly, dost thou hear? There be guests alighting in the yard; run thou and help Robin ostler hold their stirrups, and so do somewhat for the ale thou ne'er pay'st for.

*Sly.* If I do, wilt thou let this one day slip without rating and prating of thy score that I owe thee?

*Hostess.* Yea, good Kit, if thou run quickly.

*Sly.* But wilt thou bid Francis draw me what ale I may chance call for?

*Hostess.* Nay, that will I not, or thou wouldst empty my great tun. Thou wouldst serve me as thou didst the ale-wife of Wincot,\* who says, poor soul, that she ne'er had cask in cellar these twelve years but thou wert more fatal to it than a leaking tap. By these ears, I heard her say so when the deputy's men were seizing her goods. Thou shalt not cozen me as thou didst Marian.

*Sly.* Hold stirrup thyself, then. I'll not budge. I'll to sleep again by the chimney till it please God send me drink.

*Enter DRAYTON† (the poet) and YOUNG RALEIGH‡ (son of Sir Walter).*

*Drayton.* Sly, said she! Didst thou not hear, Walter, yon valet's name? but 'twas scarce needful. The sodden face, the shaken nether lip, the eye watery and impudent, the paunch ale-swelled, the doublet liquor-stained, the hat crushed from being much slept in, the apparel ruinous, because the tapster intercepts the fee that should be the tailor's and the cob-

\* "Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not," says Kit Sly in the "Taming of the Shrew." Wincot is a village about three miles from Stratford.

† Michael Drayton, a Warwickshire poet of great repute in his day, was about a year older than Shakespeare, and had known him long and familiarly.

‡ Young Walter Raleigh was Sir Walter's eldest son, and was now twenty-two years old. He accompanied his father, soon after, to South America, as commander of one of the companies that formed the military part of the expedition, to prepare for which was the express condition on which Sir Walter was released from the Tower in January 1616.

bler's — hath not the master, without cataloguing one of these things, implied all, in half-a-score of pregnant words, for all the future? What a skill is that can make a poor sot immortal!

*Sly.* Sot, saidst thou! — but I care not. Will ye stand me, gentles, in a pot of ale?

*Raleigh.* Wilt thou answer, then, a few questions I would put to thee?

*Sly.* Ay — but the ale first; and be brief; I love not much question. Say on, and let the world slide.

*Raleigh.* A pot of ale, drawer, for this worthy man. And now tell me, Sly, is't not thy custom to use that phrase "let the world slide"?\*

*Sly.* It may well be; 'tis a maxim I love; 'tis a cure for much. I am cold — let the world slide, for anon I shall be warmer. I am dry — let the world slide, for time will bring ale. I sit, pottle-pot in hand, i' the chimney-nook — let the world slide while I taste it.

*Drayton.* 'Tis a pretty philosophy, and might serve for greater uses. But, for a further question — Wert thou acquainted with old John Naps of Greece?†

*Sly.* John Naps, quotha! what, old John! by Jeronimy, I knew him many a year, mended his pots and helped him empty them. 'A had been a sailor, or to say pirate would be to shoot nearer the clout; when sober his fashion was to say nought, but when drunk his talk was of the things 'a had seen in Greece — where-by they called him Naps of Greece.

*Drayton.* And didst thou know, too, Peter Turf and Henry Pimpernell?

*Sly.* Yea, as this pot handle knows these fingers. For Turf, he was deputy-sexton of Wincot, and indeed digged Naps' grave, and was found lying drunk therein, with his spade beside him, at the hour of burial. For Pimpernell, 'twas a half-witted companion, but his grandam kept money in 's purse, and 'a served to pay scores, and 'a could join in a catch on

\* A phrase much affected by Sly the Tinker in the prelude to the "Taming of the Shrew."

† One of Sly's acquaintances at Wincot.

"Stephen Sly, and Old John Naps of Greece,  
And Peter Turf and Henry Pimpernell."  
"Taming of the Shrew."

A manuscript memorandum, in which Stephen Sly is mentioned, written at Stratford in 1614, is still extant.



occasion, tho' 'a had but a small, cracked voice, and mostly sung his part to psalm-tunes. And, now, masters, a question to ye — an ye answer not, faith I care not — but how should such as ye know Naps and the others ?

*Drayton.* They have been recorded, and thou too, in what will outlast your epitaphs. Doubtless thou hast heard of Master William Shakespeare of New Place.\*

*Sly.* Heard of him, said he ! Ay, and seen him and talked with him both here and at Wincot when he came thither to his kinsfolk.† By this malt-juice, a merry gentleman, and a free — 'a should have been a lord, for, look you, to bestow liquor on the thirsty is a lordly fashion, and I have owed him many a skinful. Marry, that tap's dry now.

*Drayton.* What, knave, hath he found at last that it is more virtuous to forget thee than to countenance thee ?

*Sly.* Nay, I will say nought in his dispraise ; 'a was good to me, and hath oft spoke with me, and I'll ne'er deny it now's dead and gone. Mayhap ye have come to the burial ?

*Drayton.* Dead !

*Raleigh.* Master Shakespeare dead !

*Hostess.* Oh, masters, he hath spoke the truth, tho' he be no true man ; by these tears, he hath. Master Shakespeare parted 'o Tuesday, and he will be buried this dientical day ; the coffin will be brought forth of New Place upon the stroke of two. I have talked with the bearers, and all.

*Raleigh.* Thus perish the hopes which drew me to Stratford. I thought to look on the foremost poet of the world — to hear his voice — perchance to be honoured with some discourse of him — and now I shall look but on his coffin. Oh, Master Drayton !

*Drayton.* We looked not, indeed, for this. 'Tis as if the sun were drawn from the firmament, and had left us to perpetual

twilight. The radiant intellect is gone, and hath left but its pale reflection in his works — tho' these shall be immortal. Methinks, in future, the sky will be less blue, the air less warm, the flowers less gay ; for I honoured this man more than any, and what'er I essayed to do 'twas with a secret thought of his judgment over me, as if he had been the conscience of mine intellect.

*Hostess.* Ye look pale — a cup of sack, sweet sirs ; for, ye know, a cheerful cup the heart bears up.

*Drayton.* Nay, woman, nay.

*Hostess.* 'Tis of the best, I warrant you ; 'tis from the stores of Master Quiney — him that hath married Master Shakespeare's daughter Judith, and he deals in none but the best.

*Drayton.* 'Tis not sack that will help us. But canst thou tell us, good hostess, aught concerning his end ?

*Hostess.* Yea, well-a-day, that can I, for 'twas Gossip Joan Tisick who goeth out nursing, the same your worships, that brought young Elizabeth Hall, his grand-child, into the world, that was sent for to him when 'twas seen which way 'a was likely to go ; whereby, she told me thereof yesternight over a cup of ale and sugar with a toasted crab in 't — for, said she, there's none in Stratford, Mistress Comyng, that Master Shakespeare thought more on than you. The doctor, Master Hall, says to her, "Have a care, Joan, of my father-in-law Shakespeare, says he ; for 'tis a parlous case, says he ; we be all mortal, says he — and the breath goeth when it listeth — therefore keep thou the better watch, for 'tis a man we could ill spare." "Fear not, Master Hall," quoth Joan, "I'll tend him an 'twere his mother." So, o' Tuesday night he said he felt easier, and he bid Mistress Hall and the Doctor that they should leave him and take good rest. And 'a says to Joan, "Art drowsy, good Joan ?" Whereupon she made answer "A little ; for I have been up," saith she, "all last night at a labour with Mistress Coney her thirteenth child." "Ay," quoth he, "in thy calling thou seest both ends of life ; well, thou shalt sleep to-night, and all night if thou wilt." "Nay, sir," saith Joan, "not so ; but your

\* New Place was a large house, with garden attached, in the town of Stratford — built by Sir Hugh Clopton in Henry VII.'s time, and purchased by Shakespeare in 1597.

† The Ardens, Shakespeare's relations by the mother's side, lived in the parish of Wincot.

worship being of so good cheer to-night, mayhap if I take a short nap 'twill do no harm." "If thou take a long one, good Joan," said Master Shakespeare, "it matters not, for, I warrant you, I shall take a longer." "It doth me good to hear your worship speak so," says Joan, "for sleep well is keep well, and a night's rest physick's best" — and so tucks up the bed-clothes, and draws the hangings, and leaves him as 'a was closing his eyes. Well, sweet sirs, all the night he lay quiet, and with the dawn Joan peeps me in through the curtains, and there he lay, quiet and smiling — and as the sun rose she peeps me in again and he was still quiet and smiling — and she touched his forehead; — and he had been lying for hours (so the doctor said when Joan called him) as dead as his grandam.

*Drayton.* 'Twas, then, with good heart that this great soul passed to what himself hath called the undiscovered country: of whose inhabitants he must sure take his place among the most illustrious. Thou art sad, Walter — this grief touches thee, and, sooth, it becomes thee well. It bespeaks thy youth generous; 'tis an assurance that thou hast thy father's spirit, who, great himself, owns near kinship with greatness, and will sorrow for Shakespeare as for a brother.

*Raleigh.* 'Twas my father's wish, when he knew I was to be thy guest in Warwickshire, that I should pay my duty to Master Shakespeare, for, said he, there is no worthier thing in life, than to take note of the greatest of thy companions in earth's pilgrimage; in them thou seest the quintessence of man's spirit, cleared of the muddy vapours which make common humanity so base and foolish: and this man is of the greatest, a companion indeed for princes, nay, himself a king, whose kingdom is of the imagination, and therefore boundless. Tell him, Walter, said my father, that in my long captivity \* I have oft remembered our pleasant encounters at the Mermaid; † tell him, too, that I have

solaced mine enforced solitude in the Tower with studying all of his works that have been given to us; and entreat him, in my name, not to leave those plays of his to the chances of the world, as fathers leave their misbegotten children, but to make them truly the heirs of his invention, and to spend on them that paternal care which shall prove them worthy of their source.

*Hostess.* Please you come in here to the Dolphin chamber, where Master Shakespeare loved to sit.

*Raleigh.* Well — now we are in it, I find it convenient and well-lighted; and yet methinks 'tis but a small one.

*Drayton.* Ay, but seest thou that, through the door, one that sits here can mark the whole company of ale-drinkers in the tap-room without, and therefore Shakespeare loved it; here would he sit and note the humours of such guests as yonder Sly. For in such, he would say, you see humanity with its vizard off; and he held that nurture, though it oft cherishes a good apprehension, yet as oft doth overlay and smother it. He hath said to me, pointing to the company without, "If you find wit here 'tis the bird's own feather, and no borrowed plume; if you see courtesy 'tis inborn, and will bear the rub; if you note a quaint humour 'tis in the man by the grace of God or the force of circumstance, your weaver or your tinker, whatsoever other gift he hath, hath not the skill to counterfeit, for that comes by art, and leisure, and commerce with men of condition, and desire of their good opinion; wherefore methinks I oft see deeper through your leathern jerkin than your satin doublet."

*Hostess.* Yea, here would 'a come many a time and oft, with Master Ben, that was full of quips as as egg of meat. "Mistress Quickly!" Ben would say (for so 'a called me, I know not wherefore), "set us in the Dolphin chamber; \* and let us have a sea-coal fire," 'a would say — "and I will drink none if thou give me not a parcel-gilt goblet," whereby Master

\* The twelve years' imprisonment in the Tower to which James I. had consigned him.

† The Mermaid was a tavern in London where Sir Walter had established, before his imprisonment, a

club, of which Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher and others were members.

\* For the allusions here made by Master Ben, see the "Second Part of King Henry IV.," act ii. sc. 1.



Shakespeare would cast at him out of 's eye a merry glint. "Hast thou thy plate yet?" Master Ben would ask me, "and the tapestry of thy dining chambers? Come, let us have Doll Tearsheet meet us at supper." "O Lord, sir," would I say, "I know no Dolls nor Tearsheets neither;" but 'twas a merry man, I warrant you, tho' I did never know what his meaning was.

*Drayton.* These memories of thine breed but sad mirth in me now.

*Hostess.* Well-a-day, if there be not Sir Thomas and Master Thynne, rid from Charlecote,\* and alighting. By your leave, kind sirs, I will go receive them.

[*She goes out.*]

*Drayton.* Dear Walter, this stroke is so sudden that it bewilders me; methinks I am dreaming; I discourse, remember, reason, and so forth, and yet my brain all the while wrapt as in a cerement. Coming here with my thoughts full of him, sitting in this room where he and I have sat so oft, what could seem less strange than that he could enter and greet me; and yet a little word hath made me know that to be impossible for all time.

*Raleigh.* Ay, sir, amidst my own pain I remember how you have been familiar with that divinest man, and must feel a far deeper sorrow than myself, that know him but in the picture my imagination hath formed; and I perceive by the blank made in mine own present, what a void must be left in yours. Would you have us quit Stratford forthwith?

*Drayton.* Nay, by no means; let us rather give our sorrow somewhat to feed on; let us fill it with the sad memories that abound here. For, to me, everything in Stratford speaks of Shakespeare; 'twas here he lived while that unmatched apprehension was most waxlike to receive impressions, when wonder and observation were quickest in him; and 'twas here he began to fill a storehouse from whence to draw at will. For his manner was always to build on a ground of fact, or, rather, to sow fact like a seed, and let it strike in that rich soil till oftentimes none but himself could tell (even if himself could) what the ripened fruit had sprung from. Sometimes he would limn a man in brief as he saw him, and, again, he would so play with his first notion, dressing it and transforming it, yet ever working even as nature works, that the citizen of Stratford or Warwick would grow

into a Roman or ancient Briton, a lover or a king, a conspirator or a jester, compounded part of fact, part of fancy, yet would the morsel of fact leaven the whole with truth.

*Raleigh.* Was this Sir Thomas Lucy he whom the world calls Justice Shallow?

*Drayton.* Nay, he hath been dead these many years — this is his son; but the companion that's with him thou mayst chance to have heard of.

*Enter SIR THOMAS LUCY and MASTER THYNNE, in mourning habits.*

*Hostess.* Wilt please you walk this way, Sir Thomas? This chamber is warmer, and the day is fresh. There be here, sirs, none but these two gentlemen.

*Sir Thomas.* Master Drayton, as I remember me. You are of our county of Warwickshire, I think, sir?

*Drayton.* I am so, Sir Thomas, at your service. Give me leave to bring you acquainted with my friend and comrade in travel, Master Walter Raleigh.

*Sir Thomas.* I salute you, sir. Of the Raleighs of Devonshire, mayhap?

*Raleigh.* The same, Sir Thomas.

*Sir Thomas.* An honourable family, sir, and one that hath borne itself among the best these many reigns past. You quarter the arms of Throckmorton, as I think, sir — you bear gules, five fusils, in bend argent, and your cognizance a stag; or is't a martlet?

*Raleigh.* I knew not we, being but simple gentlemen, and out of favour, were of that mark that our quarterings should be thus well known.

*Sir Thomas.* I am something of a herald, I would have you know, sir. Methinks 'twere well that men of quality were familiar each with the pretensions of all the rest, making as 'twere one family in condition: thus should we at once know who are of the better, who of the baser sort. And so, sir, of the leisure I spare from mine office as justice of the peace, and from mine own concerns, I give somewhat to heraldry.

*Drayton.* I perceive by the sad hue of your garments that you design to be present at Master Shakespeare's funeral.

*Sir Thomas.* Ay, sir. His son-in-law, Doctor Hall, is our physician at Charlecote, and I have had dealings with himself, and held him in esteem.

*Raleigh.* 'Tis as it should be — the whole world should honour such worth as his.

*Sir Thomas.* Nay, good sir, I go not so far with you: though he were indeed

\* Charlecote, still the family seat of the Lucys, is some four miles from Stratford.

so honourable that his neighbours, even of condition, may well accord him a last show of respect.

*Drayton.* I am glad that the old grudge between Master Shakespeare and Sir Thomas your father holds not in this generation.

*Sir Thomas.* Why, for that, Master Drayton, in respect of the deer-stealing, 'twas not such a matter as is ne'er to be forgiven nor forgotten; he was but a youth then, and he suffered for't; and, for the scurril ballad concerning which the rumor went 'twas writ by Shakespeare, why, 'twas none of his.

*Drayton.* I'll be sworn 'twas not. Know we not the hand of the master better than to take such 'prentice-stuff for his? As well affirm that a daw's feather may drop from an eagle.

*Sir Thomas.* Nay, sir, I have better assurance; he himself, of his own motion, told my father (and hath repeated it to myself) that he ne'er wrote it.

*Drayton.* He hath told me the same — and for the plays —

*Sir Thomas.* For the plays wherein 'twas said he drew my father, 'twas idle gossip. How should a Gloucestershire justice, one Shallow (for such I am told is what passes for the portrait), represent Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote in Warwickshire?

*Thynne.* 'Twas said, too, that he had set me down along with mine uncle. By the mass! I should not care though it had been so; for I saw the play\* once in London, and Master Slender was a gentleman, and an esquire, and of good means, though the people did laugh, I know not why, at some of his discourse. But he and the rest lived in Harry Fourth's time, 'twas said; and how could I live in Harry Fourth's time that go not back beyond Elizabeth? though the Thynnes were well thought on afore that, look you.

*Sir Thomas.* Well, sir, I have ne'er seen the play, and love not players. I ever noted that when they came to Stratford there was new business for the justices. The idle sort grew idler—they drew others on to join them that would else have been better conducted—there was less work, more drink, and more disorder. I could never away with the players, sir; and I was heartily with those who were for inhibiting their theatre in Stratford.

*Thynne.* And I too, Cousin Lucy, I care

not for the play, though, good sooth, I liked it well enough. But give me for sport a stage with two good backsword or quarter-staff men; or a greased pole with a Gloucester cheese atop; or a bull-running; but of all sport, by the mass! I love the bear-garden—man and boy, I ever loved it; 'tis the rarest sport, in good sooth, now.

*Drayton.* Methought, Sir Thomas, when you talked of honouring my dear friend, 'twas for his works.

*Sir Thomas.* Nay, sir, I make no account of his works, and, indeed, know nought of them. He has won a good station, and maintained it, and therefore he should have his due.

*Drayton.* For his descent, that, as all men know, was not above humble citizen's degree.

*Sir Thomas.* His mother was an Arden; and his father was granted a coat of arms by the College, a spear or, upon a bend sable, in a field of gold—the crest, a falcon with his wings displayed, standing on a wreath of his colours, supporting a spear; and he might impale with Arden. And the gentleman himself hath for years been of good havings, with lands and houses, and of good repute in all his dealings; therefore, say I, that we who be neighbours and gentlemen, should have him in respect.

*Thynne.* Yea, forsooth! gentlemen should give to other gentlemen (thof they be new-made and quarter not) what countenance they may, for their better advantage, and to maintain them in consideration, look you, and to prosper them; and therefore 'tis we come to make two at the burial.

*Raleigh.* O ye gods! this of him that conceived Lear and Othello! Sirs, with your leave we will now bid you farewell.

*Sir Thomas.* Nay, I pray you that we part not so. I beseech you, Master Raleigh, and you, Master Drayton, that you lie this night at Charlecote. I would have you home to supper, and thank you, too, for your good company.

*Thynne.* And I, sirs, have a poor house of mine own within these dozen miles, and thof I be not a knight like my cousin Lucy here, yet I can lodge a guest as well as some; now that my mother be dead, I live as befits a gentleman, good sooth, and I would bid you welcome truly, now, and show you a mastiff that hath lost an eye by a bear.

*Drayton.* Sir, I thank you. For your good kindness, Sir Thomas, we are beholden to you; but, pray you, let us stand

\* "Merry Wives of Windsor."



excused. Master Raleigh hath business that —

*Raleigh.* Nay, Master Drayton, that business we had is sadly ended, and our whole journey marred. With your good leave, therefore, I would rejoice that we should take Sir Thomas at his word.

*Sir Thomas.* By my troth, sirs, I am glad on't, and you shall be heartily welcome. We'll e'en meet here at four o' the clock, and ye shall find wherewithal to bear you and your mails to Charlecote.

*Raleigh.* Till then, farewell. (*To Drayton as they go out.*) Seest thou not, Master Michael, that to sit in Master Shallow's house, perchance in his very arbour\* — to eat a pipkin, maybe, of his own grafting — to look on his effigy, clad as he went to the Court with Falstaff — were a chance that would lead me to journey barefoot in the snow to Charlecote? For being here in the birthplace (alas! now the death-place) of him I so revered, what better tribute can I pay (now that nought but his memory is left for our worship) than, even as thou saidst but now, to trace the begettings of those bright fancies which he hath embalmed for ever?

*Drayton.* You look on these things, Walter, as I would have you look; a true disciple art thou of him whom we shall always love and always mourn, and gladly will I go with thee to Charlecote. And now, ere we stand by that greedy grave that is presently to swallow so huge a part of what is precious in England, we will see to that other business of thine, the raising of money for thee. 'Tis but a step, as I remember, to Master Sherlock's house. Now I pray thee mark that old man well — and if we deal not with him, as is likely, 'tis no matter, for I can take thee elsewhere; but I would thou shouldst see old Master Sherlock.

SCENE II. — *Master Sherlock's counting-house.*

SHERLOCK sitting at his desk in an inner room.

*Enter DRAYTON and RALEIGH.*

*Drayton (aside to Raleigh).* Dost thou not spy in him a likeness to an old spider, black, still, and watchful, and in that money-changing den to a cob-web? There be many flies have suffered loss of wings here.

*Raleigh.* How old and bent he looks! and, but that he be a money-lender, I should have deemed him poor.

*Drayton.* Nay, 'tis not a spider of the sleek sort — blood-sucking hath not fattened him as it doth some.

*Raleigh.* His attire doth not bespeak much wealth. That old gown were dear at two shillings, fur trimmings and all; nay, 'twere a fair price even were the velvet cap and copper spectacles thrown into the bargain.

*Drayton.* Soft you, he comes.

*Sherlock.* Sirs, your servant. What would you?

*Drayton.* Marry this, Master Sherlock — me you remember — Michael Drayton — we have had some small dealings together of yore.

*Sherlock.* Ay, sir, I forget none who deal with me.

*Drayton (aside).* Nor they thee, I'll be sworn. (*To Sherlock.*) But thus it is — my friend here, Master Raleigh, hath had a manor in Surrey assigned\* him by his father, Sir Walter, and having pressing need of monies, inasmuch as he hath been appointed captain in a force which will shortly embark for Guiana, whereof Sir Walter is chief commander, he would raise a sum thereon to furnish him forth.

*Sherlock.* Be there none in London that would lend him the monies?

*Drayton.* Certes; but he goeth now into Devonshire, and his need is pressing.

*Sherlock.* His need is pressing — well, sir?

*Drayton.* To which end he would be beholden to you for a present loan.

*Sherlock.* For a present loan — well, sir?

*Drayton (aside to Raleigh).* Mark you his manner of speech? 'twas ever thus with him. (*To Sherlock.*) And for security he hath brought the writings pertaining to the estate; till thou canst prove which to be sufficient, myself will be his surety.

*Raleigh.* These be they.

*Sherlock.* These parchments, these parchments — ay, ay — Manor of West Horsley† — all those messuages and tenements — ay, ay. Well, sir, time is needed to examine these; what monies dost thou require?

*Raleigh.* In brief, four hundred pounds.

*Sherlock.* Four hundred pounds — well?

*Raleigh.* If upon inquiry and advice the security satisfy thee, at what rate of usance wilt thou lend me?

*Sherlock.* Rate of usance? — why, sir, money is hard to come by at this time;

\* An estate in Devonshire, thus assigned to him several years before, had been confiscated by James I.

† Sir Walter's second son afterwards lived here, and his arms long remained (perhaps still remain) on the walls.

\* See "Second Part of King Henry IV.," act v. sc. 3.

we have suffered great fires in our town,\* and money hath been needed for the rebuilding; the rate hath risen of late—and there is talk of war with Spain, which will raise it further. I must myself borrow ere I lend, and must needs pay roundly. I cannot supply you at a less yearly rate than fifteen in the hundred.

*Drayton.* Nay, sir, my friend's need is not so great that he should pay so dearly. He laid his account for ten, and by my counsel he will give no more—for, look you, this is no venture, but a surety.

*Sherlock.* Then, I fear me, we deal not; but I will look into these writings—'tis possible I may be able to lend at fourteen and a half.

*Drayton.* Put up your papers, Walter, we will make other shift. This was but part of our business in Stratford, Master Sherlock; our intent was to visit your most illustrious townsman, and now, woe the day! we hear he is dead.

*Sherlock.* Ay, who may he be?

*Raleigh.* Who but Master Shakespeare, for whose burial you will straightway hear the bell toll.

*Sherlock.* I heard say he was dead.

*Raleigh.* Didst not know him?

*Sherlock.* We had dealings together years ago—ay, he hath had money of me more than once or twice; but he consorted with mine enemy, John-a-Combe,† and we would none of each other after.

*Drayton.* I knew not John-a-Combe was the enemy of any man.

*Sherlock.* He was mine enemy in the sense that he hindered my dealings. This Shakespeare, too, outbid me for the tithes‡ when they were sold. I had been a richer man had he died a dozen years ago. I spend not, therefore, much sorrow on him.

*Raleigh.* Why, this comes nigh to blasphemy—let us be gone.

*Drayton.* Well, God be with you, Master Sherlock,—(aside) though I fear that may hardly be. Come, Walter. But, Master Sherlock, a moment, I pray you; I saw your daughter, Mistress Visor, of late.

*Sherlock.* My daughter, Mistress Visor, ay!

*Drayton.* A woman, sir, that is held in much respect, though not for her worldly means. In truth, she hath but a sorry life of it.

*Sherlock.* She made her own bed when she fled from this house twenty years ago with young Visor. Let her lie on it, and if she find it hard, let her see that she complain not. The curse of disobedience hath been on her.

*Drayton.* Well, sir, she hath paid for that long ago, if misery may pay it. She looks like one that the world hath done its worst on, and is ready to quit it.

*Sherlock.* Sir, sir, I had thought you came here on a business matter. I have somewhat pressing to see to.

*Drayton.* One word, Master Sherlock. Her eldest son, your grandson, is a lad of promise, and for education she hath done what she may for him; but I heard of late that he was driven to hold horses in the market-place, and such chance-shifts, for a bare living.

*Sherlock.* Let his father look to it; he took my daughter—let him look to his son—let him look to his son. (To Raleigh.) Will it please you leave the writings?

*Drayton.* Her daughter, near womanhood, is fair to look on, but—

*Sherlock.* Hast thou been set on to this? Your pardon if I quit you.

[Retires into the inner room.]

*Raleigh.* Come, let us away. So, I breathe again, now we are quit of that den. I have heard of such flints, but ne'er saw one till now.

*Drayton.* So thou carest not for his money at fifteen in the hundred?

*Raleigh.* Were't five I would not deal with him. 'Tis a stone, sure, that hath been cut in human shape and possessed by some vile spirit from the nether world. I almost marvel, Master Michael, that thou broughtst me to him.

*Drayton.* Why, was it not of our compact that I should show thee some of the models whence our master drew?

*Raleigh.* Models? how, Sherlock? Yet that name. Soft you, now, soft you! And money-lender, too. And then his daughter—why, Master Michael, 'tis clear as the sun—it runs on all-fours with the devil in the play; and yet, but that thou gav'st me the clue, I might have borrowed money from him twenty years without guessing. Well, this passes!

SCENE III.—The Churchyard of Stratford. A crowd waiting about the gate.

*First Woman.* Didst not hear say there would be a dole? I see no signs of it.

*Second Woman.* 'Twas too good to be

\* There had been a conflagration in Stratford in 1614, which had destroyed a great part of the town.

† John-a-Combe was a rich banker in Stratford, and a friend of Shakespeare, to whom he left a small legacy.

‡ Shakespeare invested a considerable sum in a lease of these tithes.



true; comfort is chary of coming to poor folk.

*First Man.* I have been here since one o' the clock, and with a toothache, for which thou seest my face is tied up, and the wind is keen. I had stayed within four walls but for the word that went about of a dole.

*First Woman.* Thou look'st none the comelier, Peter Quince, for the clout about thy yellow chaps, like a blue dish full of butter-milk.

*Second Man.* Thou shouldst have covered the rest of thy face with it, Peter, then wouldest thou have been fairer to look on than e'er thou wert yet.

*Second Woman.* I'll warrant thou eatest thy share when thou getst it, crust and all, in despite of thy toothache.

*Peter Quince.* Look if here be not lame Davy, coming for the sharing; how his crutch thumps in 's haste! — do but mark how he outspeeds blind Harry that feebleth his way by the wall.

*Second Man.* Ay, and look, Madge, my buxom lass, at what will please thee better, for here come gentlemen of worship.

*Madge.* The younger is as gallant a youth as e'er I set eyes on.

[*The bell tolls for the funeral.*]

*Enter DRAYTON and RALEIGH.*

*Raleigh.*

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than ye shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled.\*

How strange sound these words of his, with that bell for commentary! How his own phrases rise to the lips!

*Drayton.* Ay, Walter, you shall find but few occasions in life, solemn or merrry, regarding which something apt, something that goes deeper than common to the heart of the matter, hath not been said by him that is now silent.

*Raleigh.* One that reads him as a student, and lovingly, as my father from my first youth hath taught me to do, and hath moreover a good memory, shall find in him (my father is wont to say) a rich vocabulary. But mark you the crowd here! 'tis the spontaneous respect of the people for so famous a townsman. Now look I to see (what we have not yet seen) the sorrow of Stratford for the loss of her great son. As the sun lights the hovel no less than the palace, so should his fame reach to, and warm, the poorest here.

*Drayton.* Be not too assured that his

fame is of a kind to be felt by such as these, though were he a commander who had brought home a Spanish galleon, or a courtier who had set the fashions at Whitehall, or a foolish lord with fifty retainers at his back, no cap so greasy but it would cover an idolater. But let us mark what passes 'twixt the townsfolk and this old beadle who cometh hither with his older satellite.

*Enter a Beadle and Assistant-Beadle with Servants bearing baskets.*

*Assist.-Beadle.* Neighbours, make way, I pray you; stand aside from the gates.

*Crowd.* The dole, the dole! Good Master Beadle, a word with you — me, sirs, me — look hither, 'tis I, &c.

*First Beadle.* What a consternation is here! Make not such a clamour. We are charged, I and my partner, with the contribution of this dole, and we will contribute it without respect of persons, save that we will give most to those we think most worthy. Stand you back, Quince and Flute.

*Quince.* Yet do not overlook me, good Master Beadle.

*Flute.* Remember me, an't please you, Master Derrick.

*Assist.-Beadle.* Heard you not what Master Derrick said? Would you set yourselves to teach him in this business?

*Beadle.* Ay, would they, such is their vanity and their greediness. It might be thought they had ne'er seen a funeral before. When did any of you know me overlook one that should be remembered? Have I been beadle here forty years for nought?

*Assist.-Beadle.* Ye dare not say he hath for your lives.

*Crowd.* The bread! the bread!

*Beadle.* 'Ods my life, they would tear it out of the baskets, like wolves. Neighbours, though it be customary to give loaves only, yet Master Shakespeare, out of his love for you, and because ye should mourn him fittingly, hath desired that beef should be bestowed along with the bread.

*Several.* Worthy gentleman!

*First Woman.* O, good soul, this shall profit him, sure, where he's gone.

*Second Woman.* Nay, I ever said there were none in Stratford more rememberful of the poor than Master Shakespeare.

*Assist.-Beadle.* Ay, and more than that, there be four firkins of ale to be broached after the burial, behind the church.

*Beadle.* Neighbour Turgis, wilt thou still go about to forestall me? I was

\* The opening lines of Shakespeare's 71st Sonnet.

coming to the ale presently, when time fitted. Do thou stand by the baskets and give out the dole as I shall tell thee. Hast thou the bag of groats ready, too?

*Assist.-Beadle.* Yea, Master Derrick.

[*They distribute the provisions and money.*]

*Flute.* Shall I not have a loaf and a groat for my wife? She hath had twins this morning, therefore could not come.

*Old Woman.* Thy wife, forsooth! — my son hath worked at New Place, and helped to mend the fence i' th' garden last winter, and now is he rheumatically and bed-rid. A dole for him, I pray you, sweet Master Derrick.

*Beadle.* Be not too forward, woman; thou art not too well thought on, I warrant thee.

*Old Woman.* Is acquaintance and service to count for nought? — 'tis a shame, then.

*Beadle.* Quiet thy tongue, mistress; it may be I shall be called on to deal with thee in other fashion than doles. Thou art deputed by many for a witch, let me tell thee; thou art suspect of keeping a toad, and, moreover, 'tis thought thou hast a familiar, one Hopdance.\* (*To another.*) But wherefore hangst thou back, Cicely Hacket,† thou that wast once a maid-servant at New Place? Press nearer, and hold out thine apron.

*Cicely.* Oh, sir, I came not here for the dole, but indeed to see the last of him who hath been ever kind to me and mine.

*Beadle.* The more reason thou shouldst have thy part. Let her do so, Goodman Turgis, for thou knowst that she that humbleth herself should be exhorted; and 'twere not ill, methinks, if thou gav'st her, moreover, a share for her sick mother. (*Calling through the gate to boys in the churchyard.*) Young fry, wilt thou leave leaping over the gravestones? else shall my staff and thy backs be better acquainted. I see thee, young Pickbone, drumming with thine heels on Mistress Keech's epithet; come off the stone, or 'twill be worse for thee, thou naughty varlet — and thy tall slip of a sister, too, I saw her but now up with her coats and over the railing of yonder tomb like any stag.

*Drayton (to Raleigh).* The oldest of these servants that came with the bea-

dles is Shakespeare's own man Adam. I will speak to him. This is a sharp sundering for thee, Adam. Leave thy basket. Step aside, and speak with me of thy good master.

*Adam.* O Master Drayton, I looked that he should bury me: would I were with him! Were I young, I could ne'er hope to see such another master; and being old, I have no desire but to follow him.

*Drayton.* Was his sickness sudden?

*Adam.* Nay, sir, — I have foreboded, this many a day, how 'twas with him. He hath pined and dwindled, and then again he hath mended for a while and would walk abroad; and ever with a kind word and a jest, as was his wont. But I found, from day to day, his step slower, his hand heavier on my shoulder, his breath shorter.

*Drayton.* Did himself look for his end?

*Adam.* Ay, sir; but made as though he had a long to-come before him. Four days since ('twas o' Sunday) he said to me, "Adam, I have a fancy about my burial; but say nought of it as yet to my daughter. I have here set down the names of those I desire to bear me to the grave;" which he thereupon read to me, and they are even now in the house, making ready.

*Drayton.* Some of note and condition, mayhap?

*Adam.* Not so, not so, not so, Master Drayton; there art thou wide indeed of the mark. Never trod man among men who looked on gentle and simple with a more equal brotherly eye than Master Shakespeare. A fine coat or a ragged jerkin made no more difference in a man, in his eyes, than whether his hair were black or brown. Nay, strange to tell of a man of his gifts, he seemed oft to find as much matter in a fool as in a wise man; he would take pleasure in discoursing with many a one of this town that simple I would have fubbed off as a lackwit. So he saith to me, "First have I set down, to carry the head of my coffin, Hugh Bardolph and Corporal Nym,"\* poor men, both, Master Drayton. Bardolph, one of many of the name here, was a tapster; Nym, a pensioner of the Earl of Leicester, in whose army he served in the Low Countries, though I did never hear with much credit.

*Raleigh.* Bardolph and Nym! O brave Shakespeare!

*Adam.* "Next," he saith, "I have set down John Rugby and James Gurney,"

\* See "King Henry V."

\* "Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel!" *Edgar (feigning madness) in "King Lear."*

† Cicely Hacket, described by Sly as "the woman's maid of the house," in the "Taming of the Shrew."



ancient serving-men, your worships, and now almsmen.

*Drayton.* Whom in his plays he hath allotted, Rugby to Dr. Caius \*—

*Raleigh.* Gurney to the Lady Falconbridge.†

*Adam.* "After them Thomas Wart" an old fletcher of this town, sir—

*Raleigh.* One of Falstaff's ragged recruits he—

*Adam.* "And Kit Sly. And, to end the company, Snug the joiner,‡ and Nick Bottom"—and, the list being thus ended, my dear master laughed so long and so merrily that I cried, "Sure one that can laugh so hath small need to name his bearers."

*Raleigh.* Truly did he make Romeo say—

How oft, when men were at the point of death,  
Have they been merry!

*Adam.* "And be sure, Adam," he said, "that thou have old Derrick, and his ancient comrade Turgis, to give out the dole—and see it be of good kind and plentiful." And he charged me again I should not tell his daughter, Mistress Hall, of these dispositions—for wherefore, said he, should I add a few days, or hours, to her grief?

*Drayton.* Derrick is now in the sixth age, he is the *slipper'd pantaloons*; and Turgis toucheth on the seventh, that of *second childishness and mere oblivion*,—yet are they still the shadows of that pair whom men shall long smile at.

*Beadle.* Hath every one his portion?

*Assist-Beadle.* Yea, Master Derrick.

*Beadle.* Then give what's over how you will, and make an end shortly, for we are needed at New Place.

*Drayton.* Do you walk in the procession, Master Beadle?

*Beadle.* Of a surety, worshipful sir. The funeral might as well make shift without the coffin as without me and my partner; we walk before choir and parson, at the head of the train; we be its eyebrows. And, neighbour Turgis, if thou shouldst walk half a foot or so to the rearward of me, 'twould be forgiven thee, for so would the people on both sides the way have me in view; and thou, neighbour, art old—and moreover small—and feeble, moreover—and thy port doth scarce beseem the van of a ceremonial, the gifts for which are, in truth, not given to all.

\* "Merry Wives of Windsor."

† "King John."

‡ "Midsummer Night's Dream."

*Assist-Beadle.* I will govern myself as thou desirest, good neighbour.

*Adam.* I have here herbs, for those who will bear them at the funeral. Will ye have cypress or rosemary, sirs?

*Drayton.* Thanks, good Adam; we will bear each a branch of cypress, and will long wear it in our hearts, too.

[*The Beadles and Servants depart for New Place. Drayton and Raleigh pass into the Churchyard.*]

*Drayton.*

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.\*

[*They enter the Church.*]

#### SCENE IV. — *The inside of the Church.*

*Raleigh.* I have seen many a great cathedral, both in England and abroad, holding the bones of kings and saints and heroes; but never one that enshrines dust so sacred as will this we stand in.

*Drayton.* 'Tis a fair church, and our poet might find many a less fitting resting-place than amid these pillars and arches, with the splash of Avon for requiem. Yonder, before the altar, yawns the dark portal through which he will pass out of our sphere. (*They approach the grave.*) What a wealth of ripened thought will be summed up here! what a world of promise is the future robbed of! This grave divides us not from one man, but from unnumbered men and women that might have taught and delighted us; it engulfs not one life but a multitude of unacted lives with their passions and vicissitudes; here will pass away not a solitary figure but a pageant. It may be that, so long as Time hath dominion here, he will never spare such another spirit to eternity.

*Raleigh.* Here doth the poet fulfil the prophecy he made through the mouth of Prospero, that other enchanter:—

I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms of the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
I'll drown my book!

[*Chanting heard in the distance.*]

*Drayton.* Those choristers tell us that he is on his last journey; let us go meet the funeral train.

[*They pass out into the porch. The Funeral approaches the gate of the Churchyard. The Beadles walk first, the Choristers, in white robes, and the Minister follow, preceding the Coffin; then the mourners, two and two, each*]

\* "King Richard II.," act iii. sc. 2.

*bearing a branch of yew, cypress, or rosemary in one hand, a taper in the other. As the Choristers enter the Churchyard they begin to sing the following:—*

## FUNERAL HYMN.

## I.

Part of our hearts thou bear'st with thee  
To silence and to dust,  
Fond hopes that now must withered be,  
Unfading love and trust;  
So thou wilt lie not all alone  
Beneath thy monumental stone.

## II.

No echoes of this fretful world,  
No glimmer of the day,  
Can reach thee, in thy shroud enfurled,  
Thou canst not hear us pray,  
Nor seest our tears, nor heed'st our moan,  
Beneath thy monumental stone.

## III.

The good thou didst thy brother here,  
The evil put aside,  
The victory gained o'er sloth and fear,  
O'er avarice, hate, and pride,  
These make the wealth thou still canst own  
Above thy monumental stone.

## IV.

With these for warrant thou shalt go  
Where sorrows enter not;  
Still new thy paths, when here below  
Thy sculptured name's forgot,  
The roof decayed, the grasses grown  
Above thy monumental stone.

*Raleigh.* Methinks, Master Drayton, these verses might better befit some good husband and father of the common sort, than Shakespeare, whose glorious intellect, shining through his works, is his indefeasible title to remembrance. To sing of him thus, is to speak of a falcon and say nought of her wings; to commend Behemoth for other qualities than his strength; to sum up Cæsar and forget his universal empire.

*Drayton.* It is apparent, Walter, that these good citizens believe they have in hand one who differs from them only in that his steps have lain in paths apart from theirs, even as an ostrich differs from a swan in strangeness rather than in excellence. Therefore it may seem to them that this hymn, which hath, doubtless, heralded many an honest alderman to his grave, may also serve very well for Shakespeare.

*Raleigh.* Tell me of the mourners: who is she that stoops her long hood so low between her taper and her branch of rosemary?

*Drayton.* His daughter, Mistress Hall; beside whom walks her husband. Next,

with flushed, tear-bedewed face (yet with a corner of an eye to beholders, methinks) his other and younger daughter, the buxom Judith, married, 'tis two months since, to that comfortable vintner, Master Quiney, who trieth vainly to cover his natural contentment with a decorous mask of woe.

*Raleigh.* And who handleth his taper and his branch as 'twere a bottle and a glass. Sir Thomas and Master Thynne I already know, but who are the next?

*Drayton.* He with the shrewd pale face, and bushy eyebrows is Julius Shaw, with whom walks jovial William Reynolds—both friends and neighbours of Shakespeare; and after them come two other of his friends,—Antony Nash, whose face of gloom is the endowment of nature, and lendeth poignancy to his many jests—and Thomas Combe, son of John-a-Combe. The pair that follow are Hamnet and Judith Sadler, the god-parents of Shakespeare's twin-children. And marked you the austere aspect of the minister? he is one of the Puritan sort,\* much thought of by the Halls, out of favour to whom he comes, doubtless, to do this office. The rest be town dignities, as aldermen and burgesses, and other townsfolk.

[*The Procession passes into the Church, Drayton and Raleigh joining it, and the service begins. After prayers at the grave, the Minister preaches a short Sermon, which ends in this wise:—*]

"So, friends, having essayed to draw from the presence of death in our midst some matter for edification, I will speak a word of this particular brother who hath departed, dwelling, as is at these seasons the custom, chiefly on what may do him grace, and serve to sweeten his memory in the nostrils of those whom he hath left still in the bonds of the flesh. And, first, of the fountain of his charities—it hath been known in Stratford for a perennial spring, abundant in refreshment to the poor, and in counsel and all good offices to those who needed countenance of another kind; and if (as must be said were a man to speak truly) he ever regarded necessity more than deserving, and inquired not over closely into the way of life of those he relieved—nay, would oftentimes succour and comfort the godless no less than the godly, and bestow his bounty where it was like to be ill-spent—

\* Probably the same Preacher who is mentioned in old records of the Stratford Corporation as having been a guest at New Place a year or two before.



yet is that to be accounted better than the withholding altogether of alms, as some use. Next, of his excellent charity of another sort, I mean the brotherly relation he held with all conditions of men ; it hath been noted among you that he, who was used elsewhere to consort with the great, and hath been favoured even by princes, would yet converse with the lowly on a general level of goodwill, as if the only apparel he took thought of were the skin we are all born with ; for which, indeed, he had great ensample. And, again, he hath ever gone among his fellows, with a cheerful spirit, so that his presence hath been as wine among friends, and as oil among makebates. And though I dare not say that he inclined of preference to the conversation of the godly, nor could be counted of the fellowship of saints, nor even a favourer of them, yet have I ever found him apt at serious converse, courteous in bearing, weighty in reply, and of unshakeable serenity when I have adventured to press the truth on him somewhat instantly ; in-somuch that I, whose vocation 'tis to battle for the truth, have myself, ere now, been sore put to it to hold mine own, and found me in straits to oppose him, so nimble was his wit ; though I doubt not that (the clear right being with me) I should, with time for recollection, have had vouchsafed to me the wherewithal to give him sufficient answer. And it hath, at these times, seemed to me that he was a goodly vessel full of merchandise, yet driven by the wind apart from the port where alone her cargo could be bartered for that which is bread ; and I have travailed over him with a sore travail ; for I have hardly doubted that, with such gifts, he might, had it been so ordered, have justly aspired to be chief magistrate of your town, or even to serve you in Parliament ; or again, with diligent study and prayer, to become a preacher of weight, and have struck in the pulpit, a good stroke for God's honour and the devil's discomfiture. But, alas ! it is known to all of you, and I dare not dissemble it, that his calling hath been one that delighteth the carnal-minded, and profiteth the idle, and maketh the godly sad of heart ; while, as for his talent, it hath been put out to use where the only return is the praise which fleeteth as the bubble on the stream, and the repute which perisheth as the leaves of autumn ; for the making of rhymes and verses which flatter the ear, and the art of representing the vain shows of things, which, howe'er skilfully practised (and I

profess not to have that acquaintance with the writings called plays, nor poems other than godly hymns, to judge his handiwork), cannot be held profitable for him that writes nor him that hears them. And therefore, whatsoe'er of wit and sense they may contain must be accounted as water poured out on the sand, which, better bestowed, might have solaced the thirsty, and nourished the herbs and the fruits, whereof many would have eaten and been strengthened. But though I may not altogether hold my peace on these matters, yet am I loth to dwell on them at this time ; rather would I point to the hope that our departed brother had, in the soberer life he of late led among you, put aside such toys as unworthy, and given us warrant to forget in him their author, and, moreover, to believe that, had he been spared unto us, he would have removed himself further, year by year, from such vanities and lightnesses of his youth, until, haply, by the ensample of a godly household, and the ministrations of faithful expounders of God's Word, he should have attained even to the perfect day."

*[The Sermon ended, the Coffin is borne to the grave, the Minister and Mourners stand around, the service is concluded, and all depart from the Church.]*

#### SCENE V. — *The Street near New Place.*

*Raleigh (hastening to rejoin Drayton).*  
Your pardon, sir, for seeming to forsake you ; I did but stay to throw my branch of cypress into the grave, and have kept only this handful, which I will preserve as a memorial, and make of it an heirloom. But, Master Drayton, I had some ado to refrain from answering that preacher even in the church ; for I have somewhat of my father's bluntness, and cannot abide that folly or conceit, in the guise whether of honesty, or religion, or philosophy, should go unchallenged ; and here was a man who, having the vision of a mole, mistook Parnassus for a mole-hill, and went about to measure it with his ell-wand, and even thought to do men service by persuading them that the golden lights and purple shadows of the mountain, its fountains and dells, the forests that clothe it, the clouds that crown it, and the Muses that make it their haunt, are all vain illusions together.

*Drayton.* You shall find, Master Walter, as you grow older, that all greatness which is not gross and palpable doth require some keenness of vision to discern

it; therefore doth fame oftentimes grow slowly, and from small beginnings, as when a man notes, of a sudden, in the else familiar aspect of the heavens, an eclipse or a comet, and others gather to him, till the crowd swells, and the rumour goes abroad of a portent. And thus will it be with the fame of Shakespeare, who had so much in common with common men that they accounted him one of themselves, as Mercury passed among herdsmen for a herdsman, and Apollo among shepherds for a shepherd.

*Raleigh.* Lo you, where the mourners of his household approach the house. Let us wait here while they enter, and I pray you beguile the minute by telling me of them. Of what fashion is Mistress Hall?

*Drayton.* Susannah is, from a child, of an earnest nature and a serious wit. Learning little from books, she hath learned much from converse and observation, and so in her hath her father found a companion; somewhat retiring at first, but upon occasion speaking warmly with spirit; devout withal, capable of strict argument for conscience' sake, yet of a becoming humility; so that I have oft thought her father drew the Isabella of "Measure for Measure" from her, she being about twenty years old when 'twas writ; even her who says

Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good  
But graciously to know I am no better.

*Raleigh.* Is her helpmate worthy of her?

*Drayton.* A worthy man is Doctor Hall—who consorts with Susannah in piety as in love: one who, next to God and his wife, loveth his most honourable calling, and hath grown to a physician of repute here in Warwickshire, much sought after by great ones of the shire.

*Raleigh.* Taketh the fair Judith in aught after her father?

*Drayton.* Hardly sir; though her twin-brother, Hamnet, who died young, was a child of rare promise. The girl is sprightly, but of small depth or substance, favouring the mother. She might have sat for Anne Page, being about sixteen when her father drew Anne; and she is well-matched with Master Quiney, whose wit o'ertops not hers, who is gay and jovial as becometh a vintner, taking pleasure in what pleases her. Marry, he hath the merit of being the son of her father's old friend Richard Quiney.

*Raleigh.* Sir, a nobleman might have fittingly found in her a mate, she being

Shakespeare's child. But what of the wife who helped him to these daughters?

*Drayton.* 'Twas Shakespeare's mishap, sir (and I say it for your warning), to wed at an age when the fancy and heat of youth o'ercrow the judgment. He had seen few women, and none of the finest. Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's elder by eight years, was buxom as Judith is now; his fancy dressed her in qualities not hers; the secrecy of their meetings lent a flavour of adventure; and so he became bound to one who matched with him as finch with falcon, in youth a country lass, in age a mere housewife, something fretful, but, in the sum, contented; and Shakespeare, who was of a temper to fit himself to what is, dwelt with her here in much kindness. But see—Doctor Hall doth await us on the steps of the entrance.

*Doctor Hall.* Master Drayton, I pray you that you pass not by the house of your departed friend without entering; I beseech you, sir, you and your friend;—'twill be a kindness to come in. You shall not be excused, sirs.

#### SCENE VI.—*A Room in Shakespeare's House.*

DOCTOR HALL, DRAYTON, and RALEIGH.

*Doctor Hall.* Here, sirs, is my father-in-law's parlour, where he hath mostly abided in this last illness. Be pleased to sit while I fetch my wife, who will part with a few moments of her sorrow in seeing so old a friend.

[*He goes out.*]

*Raleigh.* By Saint George, sir, the poet was bravely lodged! How rich the staining of this window, where, through the lower panes, we look on the garden! and above, there stands emblazoned the falcon with his golden spear, steel-pointed, that Sir Thomas told us of. This wainscot, too, is quaintly carved, and the chimney-front of a rich design. But, soft you now—whose graven portrait is this that hangs in the midst of it? By my troth, 'tis my father's!

*Drayton.* Ay, Master Raleigh; think not but that the poet, with his wide embrace for his fellow-men, took such merit as Sir Walter's near his soul. The darling that went forth on the unknown deep, the search for El Dorado, the finding of strange lands and stranger peoples, all these fired his fancy. 'Tis to our great mariners we owe the sweet magic of Prospero's isle, the innocence of Miranda, the savageness of Caliban, the witcheries of Ariel.



*Raleigh.* And above my father's hangs Bacon's; these Shakespeare looked on as he sat by the fire, and thus was homage done both to adventure and to thought. And on this side, engraven like the others, from a painting I have seen, hangs the Earl of Southampton's.

*Drayton.* Whereby is homage done to friendship; greatly and constantly did the Earl love Shakespeare. And here, when he sat by this window that looks on the garden, he saw on the wall opposite, the presentments of his more level associates — Ben Jonson, Marlow, Beaumont and Fletcher (twinned in one carven oak frame), Spenser, Sidney, and, lo you, mine unworthy self.

*Raleigh.* But what strange company for such progeny of the Muse are these others on the opposing wall! Calvin and Knox, Ridley and Jewel, and here, portrayed in chalk by a cunning hand, the divine who preached to us even now. What do these godly men here? Did Shakespeare love them?

*Drayton.* Shakespeare, Master Walter, looked on Puritan and Prelatist as the wearers of certain garbs hiding men underneath; 'twas concerning the men he chiefly cared to inquire. 'Tis the Doctor and Mistress Hall who have solaced themselves by hanging these here; the Doctor hath long been a chief of that party in Stratford which, though it forsakes not quite the Church, yet holds by that corner of it which is nearest Geneva; and his wife, from her natural bent, leans to the austerer (perchance I should say, the more earnest) side of religion. But Shakespeare, in such matters, would, as Polonius advises, give his ear to all, his voice to few, and tolerated the effigies of these grave divines without any special love for themselves.

*Enter DOCTOR HALL, his wife, their young daughter ELIZABETH, aged eight, and Shakespeare's Widow.*

*Mistress Hall.* Master Drayton, your pardon yet awhile if I cannot greet you—seeing you stir up thoughts that rob me of all words.

[*She turns aside.*]

*Mistress Shakespeare.* O Master Drayton!—Son Hall, lead me to my great chair. Oh, what a loss is mine!

*Drayton.* Your loss is the world's loss, too, good madam.

*Mistress Shakespeare.* Oh, Sir, who will uphold me now, a poor, weak woman? Mr. Shakespeare in his merry mood would say, "Come, thou'lt make a brave widow,

Anne—who shall be thy next?" But Lord, sir, I'll ne'er marry again.

*Raleigh.* Kings, madam, might be proud of such a predecessor.

*Mistress Shakespeare.* Kings, sir! What should kings have to do with me! You are pleased to jest, young sir; though kings and queens, too, have looked with favour on Mr. Shakespeare. But the funeral, Susannah—was all becoming? Did the sermon make good mention of my husband? And the dole—was all the dole given away? But oh, my poor brain! Master Drayton and his friend must eat somewhat. There is a stuffed chine. Oh, how he that's gone loved a stuffed chine! Here be the keys, Elizabeth; see the chine set forth in the dining chamber.

*Drayton.* Nay, nay, good madam, think not of us.

*Mistress Shakespeare.* But ye must eat somewhat, sirs, indeed, now. Daughter, dost know that my new black hood is sewn awry, and I can go not forth until it be straight? And for drink, sirs, will ye a posset, or sack with sugar? The wine is from my son Quiney's cellars, and of his choicest.

*Drayton.* Nay, Mistress Shakespeare, we will rather talk than eat or drink.

*Mistress Shakespeare.* O Master Michael! seeing thee minds me of my youth, and of Shottery where my husband courted me—the bridge of the stream where he would await me; but I can talk no more—I can but weep. Lead me forth, son Hall. Go not till you have eaten, Master Drayton; do but taste the chine. O sweet husband!

[*The Doctor leads her forth.*]

*Mistress Hall.* Master Drayton, your pardon once again. I feel some shame at being thus o'ermastered—'tis not meet to let our spirits be held in dominion by a private sorrow—but when I think on him, my heart turns to water. But, Master Drayton, I have marvelled you came not to my father in his sickness.

*Drayton.* I knew not of it—think you I could have stayed from him? I was far beyond rumour of his condition, and had come now, O heavens! hoping to behold him and listen to him as of yore.

*Mistress Hall.* Much and oft hath he talked of you; for it was growing to be his chief pleasure to sit with old friends, or, they absent, to talk of them. His sickness, though it subdued not his spirit, sobered it; his mirth fell to the level of cheerfulness; he was oftener silent and rapt; and oh, sir, though I dare not aver

it, I will yet hope that his thoughts were above.

*Drayton.* Trust me, Mistress Hall, 'twould be a narrower heaven than we should all hope for, where room and gracious welcome were not proclaimed for him. Think you his place can be elsewhere than with the greatest and best that have gone before?

*Mistress Hall.* Oh, sir, 'tis that troubles me. Hath he not trusted overmuch to that bright intellect? Hath he not been as one that looketh forth from his watch-tower, and beholdeth a fertile land, and a great dominion, and heedeth not that the foundations of the building are of sand? Hath he not—but I will not speak of the thorn that, since he is gone, pricketh me sorer than before. He charged me, Master Michael, that you should see what writings he hath left behind. Would, oh, would they had dealt with such things as only are of great price!

*Drayton.* Wrote he much in these latter days?

*Mistress Hall.* Yea, often, and would call his pen the sluice without which his thoughts would o'erflow his brain, and perchance drown his wits. But now, sir, I will take you to his own chamber, where I will show you the coffer wherein he kept his writings.

[DRAYTON follows her out—RALEIGH takes up a book.

*Doctor Hall (returning).* Your pardon, sir, for leaving you without company.

*Raleigh.* Nay, I had the best of company—even fancies about the great one that solately dwelt here. Was this book his?

*Doctor Hall.* Yea, and one of the last he read in.

*Raleigh.* Right glad am I to hear it—and right proud will my father be to know that the book he wrote in his captivity was of the last studied by the man he hath ever esteemed the most illustrious of this age.

*Doctor Hall.* Thy father! the History of the World! you are then the son of Sir Walter Raleigh.

*Raleigh.* Ay, sir, I am but too forward to own that kinship.

*Doctor Hall.* Sir Walter's health must needs have suffered much wrong from his long imprisonment. I have heard that he hath been mightily shaken of an ague.

*Raleigh.* Ay, sir, one contracted years ago in the service of our king's famous predecessor.

*Doctor Hall.* Well is it said, put not your trust in princes. I may tell you, sir,

that I do strongly desire to see that time when none shall be so great as to o'ertop the law, and do think it better that the claws of kings should be pared, than that in their breath should lie the liberties of men. But I pray you, sir, hath Sir Walter made trial of the decoction of dittany, or of fumitorie, to correct the malice of this ague? I have made essay of the root satyrion, in like cases, and found his effects to be good.

*Raleigh.* I doubt not, sir, that all approved remedies have been used by his physicians.—Did Master Shakespeare suffer much pain?

*Doctor Hall.* His malady was wasting rather than painful, save that toward the last he was oft seized with a panting and passion of the heart which left him very nigh to death, for the which I found the syrup of gilliflower, and flour of marigold, in wine, of much avail; the juice of roses also doth greatly comfort the heart. But of your father. I have ever heard Sir Walter reputed for a gentleman of qualities the most diverse, as skill in war by sea and land, courtiership, and statesmanship, the poet's and the chronicler's art, and in all a master—some of which concern not greatly an obscure physician; but I have also heard that he hath a pretty knowledge of pharmacy.

*Raleigh.* He hath some skill in simples. But I pray you, tell me somewhat of Master Shakespeare, the hope of seeing whom fetched me hither, and next to that lost contentment, will be the hearing of him from those he loved. Was not a play called the "Tempest" (which I have not yet seen imprinted) one of the latest of his works for the theatre?

*Doctor Hall.* I believe it was. It hath been told me that the famous cordial which bears Sir Walter's name\* was administered both to the Queen and Prince Henry. I have the recipe writ down, but I doubt me whether I have the ingredients in just quantities. Can you advise me of this?

*Raleigh.* I think my memory may serve me so far. But, sir, 'tis Master Drayton's opinion, as he said but now, that such expeditions by sea as my father hath adventured may have caused conception, in the poet's fancy, of the story of that play.

*Doctor Hall.* It may be so: 'tis of shipwreck and an enchanted isle, as I remember me to have heard; good sooth, Master Raleigh, there be so many evils

\* A specific, or panacea, well known in that age as *Sir Walter's Cordial*, the ingredients of which are given in the text.



in this world crying for redress, that I bestow not much thought on enchantments, and love-tales, and bygone histories. (*Takes out a memorandum-book.*) First, there be, in the cordial, of zedoary and saffron each half a pound.

*Raleigh.* True, sir. But talked Master Shakespeare greatly of his plays while he was busied in inditing them?

*Doctor Hall.* Perchance, to others who were poets; but, indeed, my business in life hath so little relation with what he writ that I did not greatly seek his confidence at such times. Now, regarding this recipe—as to the powder of crab's claws, I have it set down at fourteen ounces.

*Raleigh.* It should be sixteen, sir.

*Doctor Hall.* Why, there now, see, good youth, what a service you have done me; for just proportion is of the essence of a prescript, and I have hitherto compounded this rare remedy but imperfectly. Of cinnamon and nutmegs, two ounces,—cloves, one,—cardamoms, half an ounce,—sugar, two ounces.

*Raleigh.* All these be right.

*Doctor Hall.* I thank you heartily for your correction in the matter of the crab's claws. I will note it. (*Goes to write at a table.*)

*Raleigh (to Elizabeth).* Come hither, pretty one, and tell me thy name.

*Elizabeth (whispering).* My grandfather called me his Queen Bess; and said he would liefer be ruled by me than the older one. (*Aloud.*) Didst thou not say, sir, thou wouldst like to hear of him from those he loved?

*Raleigh.* Ay, little maid.

*Elizabeth.* Then thou must talk of him to me, for he hath oft said 'twas me he loved best, and (*weeping*) I shall ne'er be tired talking of him.

*Raleigh.* Didst often bear him company, Bess?

*Elizabeth.* Ay, for my father goeth much from home, and when my mother was in her store-closet, or visiting the sick, my grandfather and I kept together, we and our two friends.

*Raleigh.* Who be they?

*Elizabeth.* Mopsa is one—this, look you, is Mopsa (*fetching a cat from the hearth*). When I would do her pleasure; I scratch her behind the ear, but my grandfather would always tickle her under the chin. Her father and mother were fairies.

*Raleigh.* How cam'st thou to know that, Bessie?

*Elizabeth.* She was left by them one

night in the snow, where my grandfather found her, and brought her hither, wrapped in his cloak; and he told me all the tale of how she left fairyland—when there is time I'll tell it thee. And our other friend is Bobadil.

*Raleigh.* Is Bobadil a man?

*Elizabeth.* Nay, surely you know he is a dog; kind and civil to us, but with other dogs he quarrelleth and growleth, and then flieth from them in fear, loving not to fight. And I have a little horse which grandfather did buy for me, and a riding-coat like the Queen's maids, and, so long as he could, we did ride together.

*Raleigh.* Well, Elizabeth, I am going presently to the wars, and when I come again thou and I shall be married, shall we not?

*Elizabeth.* Ay, if my mother will let me, for thou art handsome and kind.

*Raleigh.* Seest thou this chain round my hat, with the pearl clasp? well, I have kept it for my lady-love, when I should have one—so 'tis yours—look, I clasp it on your neck for a token, and when we are wedded you shall tell me the story of Mopsa.

*Elizabeth.* Sure, 'tis the prettiest chain. I give thee for't these four kisses. I will go show it my grandmother.\*

[*She goes out.*]

*Raleigh.* Methinks, Master Hall, that Elizabeth might serve at a pinch for her grandfather's very faithful chronicler.

*Doctor Hall.* Ay, sir, better than most; she bore him company ever when he was inditing, and oft at other seasons. For me, I did greatly love and esteem my good father-in-law, and we lived together in pleasant communion; but for the works which, as I have heard, those that make a play-place of this world find such content in, he ever knew that ceaseless warring with the diseases of the bodies, and (what is more) of the souls of my neighbours, and care for those public matters in which I discern a way to a better condition of the world's affairs, have left me small leisure for fancies to which I am, good sooth, noways affected; therefore he spake not to me of them. But there is one sweet piece of work, of which (not to speak profanely) he was author, that I daily study with reverence and love—and hither it comes.

*Re-enter MISTRESS HALL and DRAYTON.*

*Drayton.* I am like the man in the

\* Elizabeth married, at eighteen, Mr. Thomas Nash, and, secondly, Sir John Barnard, leaving no children by either.

fable who was privileged to look in the cave where a wizard had collected the treasures of the earth, and was so dazed that he could neither pouch any, nor even take account of what he saw. Only I know there be there, beside plays already acted though never imprinted, and others of which only false copies have gone abroad, a multitude of uncoined ingots and uncut jewels of thought, which that matchless mind hath thrown off as if in mere exercise and at breathing-time. What measureless delight will these bestow on the world!\*

*Mistress Hall.* But I know not, sir, if the world shall ever see them. My father gave me no command in the matter, and it may be that I shall serve his memory better, with pious men, by keeping them private.

*Drayton.* Trust me, Mistress Hall, the holder of these shall owe a heavy debt to thy father's fame.

*Mistress Hall.* Nay, sir, what is fame that it must needs be satisfied at all hazards? the bandying of a name from one idle mouth to another!—praise as hollow and unavailing as the night wind sighing o'er an epitaph!—what profit or comfort is in such for the departed?

*Raleigh.* By heaven, madam, not so!—rather is fame the linking of far-off generations by the common bond of one great name: for the dead, it is a second life among men, in which earthiness is purged away, and what is imperishable tarries—and, for the living, their just inheritance; so, to defeat Fame is to commit a double, nay a tenfold wrong. Her trumpet sounds no empty strain; 'tis the appeal against our baser promptings, the summons to action, the meed of achievement, the celebration on earth of the spirit's triumph over the grave: thus it maketh the music to which mankind do march, and which, silent, would leave them slaves.

*Mistress Hall.* Your words, young sir, are manly, but I know not if they be godly. Of what avail that men should march, if not heavenward? How poor be centuries of this fame of yours to one hour of that other life we look for! Think not, Master Drayton, that I am dull to the spell of my father's verse; as a maiden it enthralled my fancy and charmed mine ear; even now could I

taste the delights of it; but I have come to know that in such enchantments lies deadly peril, and I must pass on with my fingers in mine ears. Feeling thus, I know not if, in conscience, I may give what he hath left a voice, in books.

*Drayton.* I will not do battle with these scruples in the hour of your grief, but will trust to the future for overcoming them. Even if no new matter go forth, it were grievous to withhold the true versions of his plays.\* Methinks I espy, in the depths of time, his image veiled, and mark the generations of men toiling to unravel his meanings, and piecing out his maimed verses, and clipt fancies, with guess-work; collecting the while, in pain and doubt, what unthreaded memories tradition may preserve of him. And I do fear me that if some disciple be not found elsewhere, more devoted than any his birthplace affords, to tell posterity what manner of man he was, there may, in a brief space, and ere his fame hath reached its zenith, remain of this chief of English poets nothing but a wondrous name.

[DRAYTON and RALEIGH take their leave, and quit New Place.

SCENE VII.—*The Dolphin Chamber in the Falcon Tavern.* DRAYTON and RALEIGH. *Through the open door, those who were Bearers at the Funeral are seen drinking in the Tap-room.*

*Enter HOSTESS with a bottle of sack, glasses, small loaves in a basket, and a plate of anchovies.*

*Drayton.* This small refection will bring us handsomely to supper with Sir Thomas. So, hostess, now fill to Master Raleigh—and to each a crust. What do these roysterers without?

*Hostess.* Sir, Master Shakespeare, who was ever full of kind thoughts and malficence, left it in 's testament that the bearers should be entertained at the Falcon with cakes and ale after the burial; and, in truth, sirs, they have borne themselves like men this hour past; they drink rarely.

*Drayton.* What a coil the varlets keep! Let us listen to them.

*Sly.* Well, a health, boys, to Master Shakespeare, wheresome'er he be.

—(Sings) *And we'll trowl the brown bowl  
To the health of his—*

*Bardolph.* Nay, no singing, except any man knoweth a virtuous psalm-tune.

\* The corrected plays were first published seven years after, in the well-known Folio of 1623.

\* Halliwell says, "According to Roberts, two large chests full of Shakespeare's loose papers and manuscripts" (belonging to a baker who had married one of his descendants) "were destroyed in the great fire at Warwick." Falstaff's speech, "I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made boulders of them," seems almost prophetic of this.



*Nym.* The fitting humour is — melancholy, and pass the ale.

*Sly.* Are we to be mute, then, in our drink, like fish?

*Bottom.* Let us discourse, but no revelry. Let us suit our matter to the occasion, and enjoy the good liquor sadly. Yet, methinks, I could sing something to the purpose.

— (*Sings*)      *Out fieth breath,  
In cometh Death  
With his candle, bell, and book — a,  
With his prayer so loud  
And his woollen shroud,  
And his cell in the churchyard-nook — a.*

*Sly.* A less comfortable song I ne'er listened to. I am of the party of silence rather than this.

*Bottom.* I can be silent, too, an it comes to that, as well as e'er a man of you.

*Bardolph.* More ale, hostess. What, must I take to my old trade again, and turn tapster?

*Wart.* Canst thou mind, Rugby, when the play was held in John-a-Combe's great barn at the end of Chapel-lane, many years ago?

*Rugby.* Ay.

*Wart.* There was somewhat played then, writ, 'twas said by Master Shakespeare, that would have served our turn now; something of ghosts and a burial.

*Rugby.* Was't not the play of *King Hamlet*?

*Bottom.* Ay, that or else the goodly tragedy of *Makebate*.

*Bardolph.* To see Master Shakespeare sitting there on the bench highest to the stage with his daughter, Mistress Quiney that now is, beside him, and to think the play he looked-on at was writ by himself — by heaven! 'twas as a man should say — wonderful.

*Wart.* I ne'er saw *Makebate*, but I saw another. I was lingering by the play-house door, with Margery my wife one night, thinking to peep at the stage through a chink in the boards, when Master Shakespeare comes me down the lane. "Art for the play, Wart?" quo' he. "Nay, sir," quo' I; "no pay no play, and my pockets are e'en like Skinflint's pot." "Never stay for that," quo' he; "thou shalt pass, and Margery too, as freely as coined silver — and I hope, Margery, thou'lt lay the play to heart, for they tell me thou lead'st Wart a terrible life of it." Now, the play, sirs, was of a masterful woman whose Goodman got the better of her. Marry, 'twas named — let me see — by the mass, 'twas —

*Rugby.* Was't not named the *Turning of the Screw*, or some such?

*Several.* Ay, 'twas so, indeed.

*Bottom.* Nay, if you are for remembering names, my masters, I am he that can serve your turn. 'Twas named the *Quelling of the Scold* — 'twas, as Wart truly said, the history of a crowing hen that had her comb cut, as all such should.

*Sly.* When wilt cut Goodwife Bottom's, Nick? Folk say she playeth Chanticleer to thy Partlet.

*Bottom.* Folk say much, neighbour, that it besemeth not a man of sense to hearken to. But touching these plays — I am all for the love-passages; it giveth one, as 'twere, a yearning; it maketh one feel young again — the billing, now — and the sighing. I have played the lover, neighbours, both on the stage and off it, when my sweetheart hath borne her most tenderly.

*Wart.* I also was loved in my youth.

*Sly.* Thou loved! was there ne'er a scarecrow in the parish, then, to set heart on?

*Hostess (entering with fresh ale).* Nay, fub not the Goodman so, Christopher — thou art ever girding. I warrant me, neighbour Wart hath had his cooings and his wooings like the rest, and could tickle a maiden's ear as well as another. What! have we not all been young!

*Nym.* Well, for me, I care not for the love-humours — there is a mawkishness and a queasiness in overmuch ogling and lipping. I am for your deadlier humours; give me a murder, now, — or the witches.

*Wart.* I love the witches, too.

*Bardolph.* Since ye talk of witches, saw ye Goody Broom at the burial to-day, hanging on the skirts of the crowd, and lurking behind a gravestone, wiping the while, her old red eyes with the corner of her ragged cloak? I am well persuaded that Master Shakespeare had no truer mourner than that same ancient leman of Lucifer.

*Hostess.* And well she may, poor soul! Between water and fire there was like to have been soon an end of her, but for Master Shakespeare.

*Wart.* Well, I was one of those that ducked her 'i' the pond; and I ran a needle, too, into a mole she had, and she winced not — a sure sign of a witch; but when Master Shakespeare stepped forth and bespoke us, I felt I know not how at his words, and made home an 'twere a dog that hath been caught in the larder.

*Snug.* And when they haled her before the justices, Sir Thomas was for burning

her, had not Master Shakespeare o'erpersuaded him.

*Sly.* Well, he saved her then, but she may chance have her whiskers singed yet. I am not one that favours witches, any more than our good King, and I shall keep eye on her.

*Hostess (entering the Dolphin chamber).* Sirs, here be Sir Thomas's men, and the horses, awaiting you in the yard.

*Drayton.* Thanks, hostess — our score. Now, Walter, set on.

*Raleigh (passing into the taproom).* Good friends —

*Bottom.* Hear him ! hear him !

*Raleigh.* Good friends, all simple as ye sit here, ye have this day done an office that the foremost nobles of England might envy you, and that might make their children's children proud to say — our forefather was one of those who bore Shakespeare to the grave.

*Bottom.* Sir, we did it passing well, and becomingly, but we boast not of it.

*Bardolph.* 'Sblood, sir, to be a bearer is no such great matter — and for nobles, why, we have been paid with one each, and are content.

*Raleigh.* Ay, ye have had greatness so near ye that ye saw it not — ye are as daws that build in a cathedral and take it for an old wall. But I blame ye not — your betters have seen no clearer. And now, to show my goodwill for ye, as those whom Shakespeare hath sometimes honoured with a word, or look, I will entreat Master Drayton to lodge for me a sum with his friend Master Quiney, which shall suffice to let ye all meet and carouse here once a-month, for a year to come — and each year that I live \* will I do likewise — and ye shall call it Shakespeare's Holiday.

*Bardolph.* By heaven ! a most noble gentleman, and of a choice conception.

*Nym.* This humour likes me passing well.

*Sly.* I would there were more of your kind in Stratford.

*Bottom.* I will invent a new speech every year in your lordship's honour, and every year it shall be better than the last. My masters, let us, all that can stand, attend these gentles to the door.

*All.* Farewell, gallant sirs.

*Raleigh and Drayton.* Good friends, farewell.

\* At the close of the following year he was slain, sword in hand, gallantly fighting the Spaniards, on the banks of the Orinoco.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE Marquis de Rochebriant is no longer domiciled in an attic in the gloomy faubourg. See him now in a charming *appartement de garçon au premier* in the Rue du Helder, close by the promenades and haunts of the *mode*. It had been furnished and inhabited by a brilliant young provincial from Bordeaux, who, coming into an inheritance of 100,000 francs, had rushed up to Paris to enjoy himself, and make his million at the Bourse. He *had* enjoyed himself thoroughly — he had been a darling of the *demi monde*. He had been a successful and an inconstant gallant. Zélie had listened to his vows of eternal love, and his offers of unlimited *cachemires*. Desirée, succeeding Zélie, had assigned to him her whole heart, or all that was left of it, in gratitude for the ardour of his passion, and the diamonds and *coupé* which accompanied and attested the ardour. The superb Hortense, supplanting Desirée, received his visits in the charming apartment he furnished for her, and entertained him and his friends at the most delicate little suppers, for the moderate sum of 4000 francs a month. Yes, he had enjoyed himself thoroughly, but he had not made a million at the Bourse. Before the year was out, the 100,000 francs were gone. Compelled to return to his province, and by his hard-hearted relations ordained, on penalty of starvation, to marry the daughter of an *avoué*, for the sake of her *dot* and a share in the hated drudgery of the *avoué's* business, — his apartment was to be had for a tenth part of the original cost of its furniture. A certain Chevalier de Finisterre, to whom Louvier had introduced the Marquis as a useful fellow, who knew Paris, and would save him from being cheated, had secured this *bijou* of an apartment for Alain, and concluded the bargain for the *bagatelle* of £500. The Chevalier took the same advantageous occasion to purchase the English well-bred hack, and the neat *coupé* and horses which the Bordelais was also necessitated to dispose of. These purchases made, the Marquis had some 5000 francs (£200) left out of Louvier's premium of £1000. The Marquis, however, did not seem alarmed or dejected by the sudden diminution of capital so expeditiously effected. The easy life thus commenced seemed to him too natural to be



fraught with danger; and easy though it was, it was a very simple and modest sort of life compared with that of many other men of his age to whom Enguerrand had introduced him, though most of them had an income less than his, and few, indeed, of them were his equals in dignity of birth. Could a Marquis de Rochebriant, if he lived at Paris at all, give less than 3000 francs a year for his apartment, or mount a more humble establishment than that confined to a valet and a tiger, two horses for his *coupé* and one for the saddle? "Impossible," said the Chevalier de Finisterre, decidedly; and the Marquis bowed to so high an authority. He thought within himself, "If I find in a few months that I am exceeding my means, I can but dispose of my rooms and my horses, and return to Rochebriant a richer man by far than I left it."

To say truth, the brilliant seductions of Paris had already produced their effect, not only on the habits, but on the character and cast of thought, which the young noble had brought with him from the feudal and melancholy Bretagne.

Warmed by the kindness with which, once introduced by his popular kinsmen, he was everywhere received, the reserve or shyness which is the compromise between the haughtiness of self-esteem and the painful doubt of appreciation by others, rapidly melted away. He caught insensibly the polished tone, at once so light and so cordial, of his new-made friends. With all the efforts of the democrats to establish equality and fraternity, it is among the aristocrats that equality and fraternity are most to be found. All *gentilshommes* in the best society are equals; and whether they embrace or fight each other, they embrace or fight as brothers of the same family. But with the tone of manners, Alain de Rochebriant imbibed still more insensibly the lore of that philosophy which young idlers in pursuit of pleasure teach to each other. Probably in all civilized and luxurious capitals that philosophy is very much the same among the same class of idlers at the same age; probably it flourishes in Pekin not less than at Paris. If Paris has the credit, or discredit, of it more than any other capital, it is because in Paris more than in any other capital it charms the eye by grace and amuses the ear by wit. A philosophy which takes the things of this life very easily—which has a smile and a shrug of the shoulders for any pretender to the Heroic—which subdivides the wealth of passion into the pocket-money

of caprices—is always in or out of love, ankle-deep, never venturing a plunge—which, light of heart as of tongue, turns "the solemn plausibilities" of earth into subjects for epigrams and *bon mots*,—it jests at loyalty to kings, and turns up its nose at enthusiasm for commonwealths—it abjures all grave studies—it shuns all profound emotions. We have crowds of such philosophers in London; but there they are less noticed, because the agreeable attributes of the sect are there dimmed and obfuscated. It is not a philosophy that flowers richly in the reek of fogs, and in the teeth of east winds; it wants for full development the light atmosphere of Paris. Now this philosophy began rapidly to exercise its charms upon Alain de Rochebriant. Even in the society of professed Legitimists, he felt that faith had deserted the Legitimist creed, or taken refuge only as a companion of religion in the hearts of high-born women and a small minority of priests. His chivalrous loyalty still struggled to keep its ground, but its roots were very much loosened. He saw—for his natural intellect was keen—that the cause of the Bourbon was hopeless, at least for the present, because it had ceased, at least for the present, to be a cause. His political creed thus shaken, with it was shaken also that adherence to the past which had stifled his ambition of a future. That ambition began to breathe and to stir, though he owned it not to others—though, as yet, he scarce distinguished its whispers, much less directed its movements towards any definite object. Meanwhile, all that he knew of his ambition was the new-born desire for social success.

We see him, then, under the quick operation of this change in sentiments and habits reclined on the *fauteuil* before his fireside, and listening to his college friend, of whom we have so long lost sight, Frederic Lemercier. Frederic had breakfasted with Alain—a breakfast such as might have contented the author of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, and provided from the *Café Anglais*. Frederic has just thrown aside his regalia.

"*Pardieu!* my dear Alain. If Louvier has no sinister object in the generosity of his dealings with you, he will have raised himself prodigiously in my estimation. I shall forsake, in his favour, my allegiance to Duplessis, though that clever fellow has just made a wondrous *coup* in the Egyptians, and I gain 40,000 francs by having followed his advice. But if Du-

plessis has a head as long as Louvier's, he certainly has not an equal greatness of soul. Still, my dear friend, will you pardon me if I speak frankly, and in the way of a warning homily?"

"Speak; you cannot oblige me more."

"Well, then, I know that you can no more live at Paris in the way you are doing, or mean to do, without some fresh addition to your income, than a lion could live in the Jardin des Plantes upon an allowance of two mice a-week."

"I don't see that. Deducting what I pay to my aunt—and I cannot get her to take more than 6000 francs a-year—I have 700 napoleons left, net and clear. My rooms and stables are equipped, and I have 2500 francs in hand. On 700 napoleons a-year, I calculate that I can very easily live as I do; and if I fail—well, I must return to Rochebriant. Seven hundred napoleons a-year will be a magnificent rental there."

Frederic shook his head.

"You do not know how one expense leads to another. Above all, you do not calculate the chief part of one's expenditure—the unforeseen. You will play at the Jockey Club and lose half your income in a night."

"I shall never touch a card."

"So you say now, innocent as a lamb of the force of example. At all events, *beau seigneur*, I presume you are not going to resuscitate the part of the *Ermité de la Chaussée d'Antin*; and the fair *Parisiennes* are demons of extravagance."

"Demons whom I shall not court."

"Did I say you would? They will court you. Before another month has flown, you will be inundated with *billet-doux*."

"It is not a shower that will devastate my humble harvest. But, *mon cher*, we are falling upon very gloomy topics. *Laissez-moi tranquille* in my illusions, if illusions they be. Ah, you cannot conceive what a new life opens to the man who, like myself, has passed the dawn of his youth in privation and fear, when he suddenly acquires competence and hope. If it last only a year, it will be something to say 'Vixi.'"

"Alain," said Frederic, very earnestly, "believe me, I should not have assumed the ungracious and inappropriate task of Mentor, if it were only a year's experience at stake, or if you were in the position of men like myself—free from the encumbrance of a great name and heavily-mortgaged lands. Should you fail

to pay regularly the interest due to Louvier, he has the power to put up at public auction, and there to buy in for himself your *château* and domain."

"I am aware that in strict law he would have such power, though I doubt if he would use it. Louvier is certainly a much better and more generous fellow than I could have expected; and if I believe De Finisterre, he has taken a sincere liking to me, on account of affection to my poor father. But why should not the interest be paid regularly? The revenues from Rochebriant are not likely to decrease, and the charge on them is lightened by the contract with Louvier. And I will confide to you a hope I entertain of a very large addition to my rental."

"How?"

"A chief part of my rental is derived from forests, and De Finisterre has heard of a capitalist who is disposed to make a contract for their sale at the fall this year, and may probably extend it to future years, at a price far exceeding that which I have hitherto obtained."

"Pray be cautious. De Finisterre is not a man I should implicitly trust in such matters."

"Why? do you know anything against him? He is in the best society—perfect *gentilhomme*—and, as his name may tell you, a fellow-Breton. You yourself allow, and so does Enguerrand, that the purchases he made for me—in this apartment, my horses, &c.—are singularly advantageous."

"Quite true; the Chevalier is reputed sharp and clever, is said to be very amusing, and a first rate *piquet*-player. I don't know him personally. I am not in his set. I have no valid reason to disparage his character, nor do I conjecture any motive he could have to injure or mislead you. Still, I say, be cautious how far you trust to his advice or recommendation."

"Again I ask why?"

"He is unlucky to his friends. He attaches himself much to men younger than himself; and somehow or other I have observed that most of them have come to grief. Besides, a person in whose sagacity I have great confidence warned me against making the Chevalier's acquaintance, and said to me, in his blunt way, 'De Finisterre came to Paris with nothing; he has succeeded to nothing; he belongs to no ostensible profession by which anything can be made. But evidently now he has picked up a good deal; and in proportion as any young as-



sociate of his becomes poorer, De Finisterre seems mysteriously to become richer. Shun that sort of acquaintance."

"Who is your sagacious adviser?"

"Duplessis."

"Ah, I thought so. That bird of prey fancies every other bird looking out for pigeons. I fancy that Duplessis is, like all those money-getters, a seeker after fashion, and De Finisterre has not returned his bow."

"My dear Alain, I am to blame; nothing is so irritating as a dispute about the worth of the men we like. I began it, now let it be dropped; only make me one promise, that if you should be in arrear, or if need presses, you will come at once to me. It was very well to be absurdly proud in an attic, but that pride will be out of place in your *appartement au premier*."

"You are the best fellow in the world, Frederic, and I make you the promise you ask," said Alain, cheerfully, but yet with a secret emotion of tenderness and gratitude. "And now, *mon cher*, what day will you dine with me to meet Raoul, and Enguerrand, and some others whom you would like to know?"

"Thanks, and hearty ones, but we move now in different spheres, and I shall not trespass on yours. *Je suis trop bourgeois* to incur the ridicule of *le bourgeois gentilhomme*."

"Frederic, how dare you speak thus? My dear fellow, my friends shall honour you as I do."

"But that will be on your account, not mine. No; honestly, that kind of society neither tempts nor suits me. I am a sort of king in my own walk; and I prefer my Bohemian royalty to vassalage in higher regions. Say no more of it. It will flatter my vanity enough if you will now and then descend to my coteries, and allow me to parade a Rochebriant as my familiar crony, slap him on the shoulder, and call him Alain."

"Fie! you who stopped me and the English aristocrat in the Champs Elysées, to humble us with your boast of having fascinated *une grande dame*—I think you said a *duchesse*."

"Oh," said Lemer cier, conceitedly, and passing his hand through his scented locks, "women are different; love levels all ranks. I don't blame Ruy Blas for accepting the love of the queen, but I do blame him for passing himself off as a noble—a plagiarism, by the by, from an English play. I do not love the English enough to copy them. *A propos*, what

has become of *ce beau Garm Varn*? I have not seen him of late."

"Neither have I."

"Nor the *belle Italienne*?"

"Nor her," said Alain, slightly blushing.

At this moment Enguerrand lounged into the room. Alain stopped Lemer cier to introduce him to his kinsman. "Enguerrand, I present to you M. Lemer cier, my earliest and one of my dearest friends."

The young noble held out his hand with the bright and joyous grace which accompanied all his movements, and expressed in cordial words his delight to make M. Lemer cier's acquaintance. Bold and assured as Frederic was in his own circles, he was more discomposed than set at ease by the gracious accost of a *lion* whom he felt at once to be of a breed superior to his own. He muttered some confused phrases, in which *ravi* and *flatte* were alone audible, and vanished.

"I know M. Lemer cier by sight very well," said Enguerrand, seating himself. "One sees him very often in the Bois; and I have met him in the *Coulisses* and the *Bal Mabille*. I think, too, that he plays at the Bourse, and is *lié* with M. Duplessis, who bids fair to rival Louvier one of these days. Is Duplessis also one of your dearest friends?"

"No, indeed. I once met him, and was not prepossessed in his favour."

"Nevertheless, he is a man much to be admired and respected."

"Why so?"

"Because he understands so well the art of making what we all covet—money. I will introduce you to him."

"I have been already introduced."

"Then I will reintroduce you. He is much courted in a society which I have been recently permitted by my father to frequent—the society of the Imperial Court."

"You frequent that society, and the Count permits it?"

"Yes; better the Imperialists than the Republicans; and my father begins to own that truth, though he is too old or too indolent to act on it."

"And Raoul?"

"Oh, Raoul, the melancholy and philosophic Raoul, has no ambition of any kind, so long as—thanks somewhat to me—his purse is always replenished for the wants of his stately existence, among the foremost of which wants are the means to supply the wants of others. That is the true reason why he consents to our

glove-shop. Raoul belongs, with some other young men of the faubourg, to a society enrolled under the name of Saint François de Sales, for the relief of the poor. He visits their houses, and is at home by their sickbeds as at their stunted boards. Nor does he confine his visitations to the limits of our faubourg; he extends his travels to Montmartre and Belleville. As to our upper world, he does not concern himself much with its changes. He says that 'we have destroyed too much ever to rebuild solidly; and that whatever we do build could be upset any day by a Paris mob, which he declares to be the only institution we have left.' A wonderful fellow is Raoul; full of mind, though he does little with it; full of heart, which he devotes to suffering humanity, and to a poetic, knightly reverence (not to be confounded with earthly love, and not to be degraded into that sickly sentiment called Platonic affection) for the Countess di Rimini, who is six years older than himself, and who is very faithfully attached to her husband, Raoul's intimate friend, whose honour he would guard as his own. It is an episode in the drama of Parisian life, and one not so uncommon as the malignant may suppose. Di Rimini knows and approves of his veneration; my mother, the best of women, sanctions it, and deems truly that it preserves Raoul safe from all the temptations to which ignobler youth is exposed. I mention this lest you should imagine there was anything in Raoul's worship of his star less pure than it is. For the rest, Raoul, to the grief and amazement of that disciple of Voltaire, my respected father, is one of the very few men I know in our circles who is sincerely religious—an orthodox Catholic—and the only man I know who practises the religion he professes; charitable, chaste, benevolent; and no bigot, no intolerant ascetic. His only weakness is his entire submission to the worldly common-sense of his good-for-nothing, covetous, ambitious brother Enguerrand. I cannot say how I love him for that. If he had not such a weakness, his excellence would gall me, and I believe I should hate him."

Alain bowed his head at this eulogium. Such had been the character that, a few months ago, he would have sought as example and model. He seemed to gaze upon a flattered portrait of himself as he had been.

"But," said Enguerrand, "I have not come here to indulge in the overflow of

brotherly affection. I come to take you to your relation the Duchess of Tarascon. I have pledged myself to her to bring you, and she is at home on purpose to receive you."

"In that case I cannot be such a churl as to refuse. And, indeed, I no longer feel quite the same prejudices against her and the Imperialists as I brought from Bretagne. Shall I order my carriage?"

"No; mine is at the door. Yours can meet you where you will, later. *Allons.*"

### CHAPTER III.

THE Duchesse de Tarascon occupied a vast apartment in the Rue Royale, close to the Tuileries. She held a high post among the ladies who graced the brilliant Court of the Empress. She had survived her second husband the Duc, who left no issue, and the title died with him. Alain and Enguerrand were ushered up the grand staircase, lined with tiers of costly exotics as if for a *fête*; but in that and in all kinds of female luxury, the Duchesse lived in a state of *fête perpétuelle*. The doors on the landing-place were screened by heavy *portières* of Genoa velvet, richly embroidered in gold with the ducal crown and cipher. The two *salons* through which the visitors passed to the private cabinet or boudoir were decorated with Gobelin tapestries, fresh, with a mixture of roseate hues, and depicting incidents in the career of the first Emperor; while the effigies of the late Duc's father—the gallant founder of a short-lived race—figured modestly in the background. On a table of Russian malachite within the recess of the central window lay, preserved in glass cases, the baton and the sword, the epaulettes, and the decorations of the brave Marshal. On the *consoles* and the mantelpieces stood clocks and vases of Sèvres that could scarcely be eclipsed by those in the Imperial palaces. Entering the cabinet, they found the Duchesse seated at her writing-table, with a small Skye terrier, hideous in the beauty of the purest breed, nestled at her feet. This room was an exquisite combination of costliness and comfort—Luxury at home. The hangings were of geranium-coloured silk, with double curtains of white satin; near to the writing-table a conservatory, with a white marble fountain at play in the centre, and a trellised aviary at the back. The walls were covered with small pictures—chiefly portraits and miniatures of the members of the Imperial family, of the late Duc, of his father the Marshal



and Madame la Maréchale, of the present Duchesse herself, and of some of the principal ladies of the Court.

The Duchesse was still in the prime of life. She had passed her fortieth year, but was so well "conserved" that you might have guessed her to be ten years younger. She was tall; not large—but with rounded figure inclined to *en bon point*; with dark hair and eyes, but fair complexion, injured in effect rather than improved by pearl-powder, and that atrocious barbarism of a dark stain on the eyelids which has of late years been a baneful fashion; dressed—I am a man, and cannot describe her dress—all I know is, that she had the acknowledged fame of the best-dressed *subject* of France. As she rose from her seat, there was in her look and air the unmistakable evidence of *grande dame*; a family likeness in feature to Alain himself, a stronger likeness to the picture of her first cousin—his mother—which was preserved at Rochebriant. Her descent was indeed from ancient and noble houses. But to the distinction of race she added that of fashion; crowning both with a tranquil consciousness of lofty position and unblemished reputation.

"Unnatural cousin," she said to Alain, offering her hand to him, with a gracious smile; "all this age in Paris, and I see you for the first time. But there is joy on earth as in heaven over sinners who truly repent. You repent truly—*n'est ce pas?*"

It is impossible to describe the caressing charm which the Duchesse threw into her words, voice, and look. Alain was fascinated and subdued.

"Ah, Madame la Duchesse," said he, bowing over the fair hand he lightly held, "it was not sin, unless modesty be a sin, which made a rustic hesitate long before he dared to offer his homage to the queen of the graces."

"Not badly said for a rustic," cried Enguerrand; "eh, Madame?"

"My cousin, you are pardoned," said the Duchesse. "Compliment is the perfume of *gentilhomme*. And if you brought enough of that perfume from the flowers of Rochebriant to distribute among the ladies at Court, you will be terribly the *mode* there. Seducer!"—here she gave the Marquis a playful tap on the cheek, not in a coquettish but in a mother-like familiarity, and looking at him attentively, said: "Why you are even handsomer than your father. I shall be proud to present to their Imperial Majes-

ties so becoming a cousin. But seat yourselves here, Messieurs, close to my arm-chair, *causons*."

The Duchesse then took up the ball of the conversation. She talked without any apparent artifice, but with admirable tact; put just the questions about Rochebriant most calculated to please Alain, shunning all that might have pained him; asking him for descriptions of the surrounding scenery—the Breton legends; hoping that the old castle would never be spoiled by modernizing restorations; inquiring tenderly after his aunt, whom she had in her childhood once seen, and still remembered with her sweet, grave face; paused little for replies; then turned to Enguerrand with sprightly small-talk on the topics of the day, and every now and then bringing Alain into the pale of the talk, leading on insensibly until she got Enguerrand himself to introduce the subject of the Emperor, and the political troubles which were darkening a reign heretofore so prosperous and splendid.

Her countenance then changed; it became serious, and even grave in its expression.

"It is true," she said, "that the times grow menacing—menacing not only to the throne, but to order and property and France. One by one they are removing all the breakwaters which the Empire had constructed between the executive and the most fickle and impulsive population that ever shouted 'long live' one day to the man whom they would send to the guillotine the next. They are denouncing what they call personal government—grant that it has its evils; but what would they substitute?—a constitutional monarchy like the English? That is impossible with universal suffrage and without an hereditary chamber. The nearest approach to it was the monarchy of Louis Philippe—we know how sick they became of that. A republic? *mon Dieu!* composed of republicans terrified out of their wits at each other. The moderate men, mimics of the Girondins, with the Reds, and the Socialists, and the Communists, ready to tear them to pieces. And then—what then?—the commercialists, the agriculturists, the middle class combining to elect some dictator who will cannonade the mob, and become a mimic Napoléon, grafted on a mimic Necker or a mimic Danton. Oh, Messieurs, I am French to the core! You inheritors of such names must be as French as I am; and yet you men insist on remaining more useless to France in

the midst of her need than I am,—I, a woman who can but talk and weep.”

The Duchesse spoke with a warmth of emotion which startled and profoundly affected Alain. He remained silent, leaving it to Enguerrand to answer.

“Dear Madame,” said the latter, “I do not see how either myself or our kinsman can merit your reproach. We are not legislators. I doubt if there is a single department in France that would elect us, if we offered ourselves. It is not our fault if the various floods of revolution leave men of our birth and opinions stranded wrecks of a perished world. The Emperor chooses his own advisers, and if they are bad ones, his Majesty certainly will not ask Alain and me to replace them.”

“You do not answer—you evade me,” said the Duchesse, with a mournful smile. “You are too skilled a man of the world, M. Enguerrand, not to know that it is not only legislators and ministers that are necessary to the support of a throne, and the safeguard of a nation. Do you not see how great a help it is to both throne and nation, when that section of public opinion which is represented by names illustrious in history, identified with records of chivalrous deeds and loyal devotion, rallies round the order established? Let that section of public opinion stand aloof, soured and discontented, excluded from active life, lending no counterbalance to the perilous oscillations of democratic passion, and tell me if it is not an enemy to itself as well as a traitor to the principles it embodies?”

“The principles it embodies, Madame,” said Alain, “are those of fidelity to a race of kings unjustly set aside, less for the vices than the virtues of ancestors. Louis XV. was the worst of the Bourbons,—he was the *bien aimé*,—he escapes; Louis XVI. was in moral attributes the best of the Bourbons,—he dies the death of a felon; Louis XVIII., against whom much may be said, restored to the throne by foreign bayonets, reigning as a disciple of Voltaire might reign, secretly scoffing alike at the royalty and the religion which were crowned in his person, dies peacefully in his bed; Charles X., redeeming the errors of his youth by a reign untarnished by a vice, by a religion earnest and sincere, is sent into exile for defending established order from the very inroads which you lament. He leaves an heir against whom calumny cannot invent a tale, and that heir remains an outlaw simply because he descends from Henry

IV., and has a right to reign. Madame, you appeal to us as among the representatives of the chivalrous deeds and loyal devotion which characterized the old nobility of France. Should we deserve that character if we forsook the unfortunate, and gained wealth and honour in forsaking?”

“Your words endear you to me. I am proud to call you cousin,” said the Duchesse. “But do you, or does any man in his senses believe that if you upset the Empire you could get back the Bourbons? that you would not be in imminent danger of a Government infinitely more opposed to the theories on which rests the creed of Legitimists than that of Louis Napoléon? After all, what is there in the loyalty of you Bourbonites that has in it the solid worth of an argument which can appeal to the comprehension of mankind, except it be the principle of a hereditary monarchy? Nobody nowadays can maintain the right divine of a single regal family to impose itself upon a nation. That dogma has ceased to be a living principle; it is only a dead reminiscence. But the institution of monarchy is a principle strong and vital, and appealing to the practical interests of vast sections of society. Would you sacrifice the principle which concerns the welfare of millions, because you cannot embody it in the person of an individual utterly insignificant in himself? In a word, if you prefer monarchy to the hazard of republicanism for such a country as France, accept the monarchy you find, since it is quite clear you cannot rebuild the monarchy you would prefer. Does it not embrace all the great objects for which you call yourself Legitimist? Under it religion is honoured, a national Church secured, in reality if not in name; under it you have united the votes of millions to the establishment of the throne; under it all the material interests of the country, commercial, agricultural, have advanced with an unequalled rapidity of progress; under it Paris has become the wonder of the world for riches, for splendour, for grace and beauty; under it the old traditional enemies of France have been humbled and rendered impotent. The policy of Richelieu has been achieved in the abasement of Austria; the policy of Napoléon I. has been consummated in the salvation of Europe from the semi-barbarous ambition of Russia. England no longer casts her trident in the opposite scale of the balance of European power. Satisfied with the hon-



our of our alliance, she has lost every other ally ; and her forces neglected, her spirit enervated, her statesmen dreaming believers in the safety of their island, provided they withdraw from the affairs of Europe, may sometimes scold us, but will certainly not dare to fight. With France she is but an inferior satellite,—without France she is—nothing. Add to all this a Court more brilliant than that of Louis XIV., a sovereign not indeed without faults and errors, but singularly mild in his nature, warm-hearted to friends, forgiving to foes, whom personally no one could familiarly know and not be charmed with a *bonté* of character lovable as that of Henri IV.,—and tell me what more than all this could you expect from the reign of a Bourbon ?”

“With such results,” said Alain, “from the monarchy you so eloquently praise, I fail to discover what the Emperor’s throne could possibly gain by a few powerless converts from an unpopular, and you say, no doubt truly, from a hopeless cause.”

“I say monarchy gains much by the loyal adhesion of any man of courage, ability, and honour. Every new monarchy gains much by conversions from the ranks by which the older monarchies were strengthened and adorned. But I do not here invoke your aid merely to this monarchy, my cousin ; I demand your devotion to the interests of France ; I demand that you should not rest an outlaw from her service. Ah, you think that France is in no danger—that you may desert or oppose the Empire as you list, and that society will remain safe ! You are mistaken. Ask Enguerrand.”

“Madame,” said Enguerrand, “you overrate my political knowledge in that appeal ; but, honestly speaking, I subscribe to your reasonings. I agree with you that the Empire sorely needs the support of men of honour : it has one cause of rot which now undermines it—dishonest jobbery in its administrative departments ; even in that of the army, which apparently is so heeded and cared for. I agree with you that France is in danger, and may need the swords of all her better sons, whether against the foreigner or against her worst enemies—the mobs of her great towns. I myself received a military education, and but for my reluctance to separate myself from my father and Raoul, I should be a candidate for employments more congenial to me than those of the Bourse and my trade in the glove-shop. But Alain is happily free from all family ties, and Alain knows that my

advice to him is not hostile to your exhortations.”

“I am glad to think he is under so salutary an influence,” said the Duchesse ; and seeing that Alain remained silent and thoughtful, she wisely changed the subject, and shortly afterwards the two friends took leave.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THREE days elapsed before Graham again saw M. Lebeau. The letter-writer did not show himself at the *café*, and was not to be found at his office, the ordinary business of which was transacted by his clerk, saying that his master was much engaged on important matters that took him from home.

Graham naturally thought that these matters concerned the discovery of Louise Duval, and was reconciled to suspense. At the *café*, awaiting Lebeau, he had slid into some acquaintance with the *ouvrier* Armand Monnier, whose face and talk had before excited his interest. Indeed, the acquaintance had been commenced by the *ouvrier*, who seated himself at a table near to Graham’s, and after looking at him earnestly for some minutes said, “You are waiting for your antagonist at dominoes, M. Lebeau—a very remarkable man.”

“So he seems. I know, however, but little of him. You, perhaps, have known him longer ?”

“Several months. Many of your countrymen frequent this *café*, but you do not seem to care to associate with the *blouses*.”

“It is not that ; but we islanders are shy, and don’t make acquaintance with each other readily. By the way, since you so courteously accost me, I may take the liberty of saying that I overheard you defend the other night, against one of my countrymen, who seemed to me to talk great nonsense, the existence of *le Bon Dieu*. You had much the best of it. I rather gathered from your argument that you went somewhat farther, and were not too enlightened to admit of Christianity.”

Armand Monnier looked pleased—he liked praise ; and he liked to hear himself talk, and he plunged at once into a very complicated sort of Christianity—partly Arian, partly St. Simonian, with a little of Rousseau and a great deal of Armand Monnier. Into this we need not follow him ; but in sum it was a sort of Christianity, the main heads of which consisted in the removal of your neighbour’s land-

marks — in the right of the poor to appropriate the property of the rich — in the right of love to dispense with marriage, and the duty of the State to provide for any children that might result from such union, the parents being incapacitated to do so, as whatever they might leave was due to the treasury in common. Graham listened to these doctrines with melancholy not unmixed with contempt. "Are these opinions of yours," he asked, "derived from reading or your own reflection?"

"Well, from both, but from circumstances in life that induced me to read and reflect. I am one of the many victims of the tyrannical law of marriage. When very young I married a woman who made me miserable, and then forsook me. Morally, she has ceased to be my wife — legally, she is. I then met with another woman who suits me, who loves me. She lives with me; I cannot marry her; she has to submit to humiliations, to be called contemptuously an *ouvrier's* mistress. Then, though before I was only a Republican, I felt there was something wrong in society which needed a greater change than that of a merely political government; and then, too, when I was all troubled and sore, I chanced to read one of Madame de Grantmesnil's books. A glorious genius that woman's!"

"She has genius, certainly," said Graham, with a keen pang at his heart; Madame de Grantmesnil, the dearest friend of Isaura! "But," he added, "though I believe that eloquent author has indirectly assailed certain social institutions, including that of marriage, I am perfectly persuaded that she never designed to effect such complete overthrow of the system which all civilized communities have hitherto held in reverence, as your doctrines would attempt; and after all, she but expresses her ideas through the medium of fabulous incidents and characters. And men of your sense should not look for a creed in the fictions of poets and romance-writers."

"Ah," said Monnier, "I daresay neither Madame de Grantmesnil nor even Rousseau ever even guessed the ideas they awoke in their readers; but one idea leads on to another. And genuine poetry and romance touch the heart so much more than dry treatises. In a word, Madame de Grantmesnil's book set me thinking; and then I read other books, and talked with clever men, and educated myself. And so I became the man I am." Here, with a self-satisfied air, Monnier bowed

to the Englishman and joined a group at the other end of the room.

The next evening, just before dusk, Graham Vane was seated musingly in his own apartment in the Faubourg Montmartre, when there came a slight knock at his door. He was so wrapt in thought that he did not hear the sound, though twice repeated. The door opened gently, and M. Lebeau appeared on the threshold. The room was lighted only by the gas-lamp from the street without.

Lebeau advanced through the gloom, and quietly seated himself in the corner of the fireplace opposite to Graham before he spoke. "A thousand pardons for disturbing your slumbers, M. Lamb."

Startled then by the voice so near him, Graham raised his head, looked round, and beheld very indistinctly the person seated so near him.

"M. Lebeau?"

"At your service. I promised to give an answer to your question: accept my apologies that it has been deferred so long. I shall not this evening go to our *café*; I took the liberty of calling —"

"M. Lebeau, you are a brick."

"A what, Monsieur! — a *brigue*?"

"I forgot — you are not up to our fashionable London idioms. A brick means a jolly fellow, and it is very kind in you to call. What is your decision?"

"Monsieur, I can give you some information, but it is so slight that I offer it gratis, and forego all thought of undertaking farther inquiries. They could only be prosecuted in another country, and it would not be worth my while to leave Paris on the chance of gaining so trifling a reward as you propose. Judge for yourself. In the year 1849, and in the month of July, Louise Duval left Paris for Aix-la-Chapelle. There she remained some weeks, and then left it. I can learn no farther traces of her movements."

"Aix-la-Chapelle! — what could she do there?"

"It is a Spa in great request; crowded during the summer season with visitors from all countries. She might have gone there for health or for pleasure."

"Do you think that one could learn more at the Spa itself if one went there?"

"Possibly. But it is so long — twenty years ago."

"She might have revisited the place."

"Certainly; but I know no more."

"Was she there under the same name — Duval?"

"I am sure of that."

"Do you think she left it alone, or with



others? You tell me she was awfully *belle*—she might have attracted admirers.”

“If,” answered Lebeau, reluctantly, “I could believe the report of my informant, Louise Duval left Aix not alone, but with some gallant—not an Englishman. They are said to have parted soon, and the man is now dead. But, speaking frankly, I do not think Mademoiselle Duval would have thus compromised her honour and sacrificed her future. I believe she would have scorned all proposals that were not those of marriage. But all I can say for certainty is, that nothing is known to me of her fate since she quitted Aix-la-Chapelle.”

“In 1849—she had then a child living?”

“A child? I never heard that she had any child; and I do not believe she could have had any child in 1849.”

Graham mused. Somewhat less than five years after 1849 Louise Duval had been seen at Aix-la-Chapelle. Possibly she found some attraction at that place, and might yet be discovered there. “Monsieur Lebeau,” said Graham, “you know this lady by sight; you would recognize her in spite of the lapse of years. Will you go to Aix and find out there what you can? Of course, expenses will be paid, and the reward will be given if you succeed.”

“I cannot oblige you. My interest in this poor lady is not very strong, though I should be willing to serve her, and glad to know she were alive. I have now business on hand which interests me much more, and which will take me from Paris, but not in the direction of Aix.”

“If I wrote to my employer, and got him to raise the reward to some higher amount that might make it worth your while?”

“I should still answer that my affairs will not permit such a journey. But if there be any chance of tracing Louise Duval at Aix—and there may be—you would succeed quite as well as I should. You must judge for yourself if it be worth your trouble to attempt such a task; and if you do attempt it, and do succeed, pray let me know. A line to my office will reach me for some little time, even if I am absent from Paris. Adieu, M. Lamb.”

Here M. Lebeau rose and departed.

Graham relapsed into thought; but a train of thought much more active, much more concentrated than before. “No,”—thus ran his meditations; “no, it would not be safe to employ that man further. The

reasons that forbid me to offer any very high reward for the discovery of this woman operate still more strongly against tendering to her own relation a sum that might indeed secure his aid, but would unquestionably arouse his suspicions, and perhaps drag into light all that must be concealed. Oh this cruel mission! I am, indeed an impostor to myself till it be fulfilled. I will go to Aix, and take Renard with me. I am impatient till I set out, but I cannot quit Paris without once more seeing Isaura. She consents to relinquish the stage; surely I could wean her too from intimate friendship with a woman whose genius has so fatal an effect upon enthusiastic minds. And then—and then?”

He fell into a delightful reverie; and contemplating Isaura as his future wife, he surrounded her sweet image with all those attributes of dignity and respect with which an Englishman is accustomed to invest the destined bearer of his name, the gentle sovereign of his household, the sacred mother of his children. In this picture the more brilliant qualities of Isaura found, perhaps, but faint presentation. Her glow of sentiment, her play of fancy, her artistic yearnings for truths remote, for the invisible fairyland of beautiful romance, receded into the background of the picture. It was all these, no doubt, that had so strengthened and enriched the love at first sight, which had shaken the equilibrium of his positive existence; and yet he now viewed all these as subordinate to the one image of mild decorous matronage into which wedlock was to transform the child of genius, longing for angel wings and unlimited space.

#### CHAPTER V.

ON quitting the sorry apartment of the false M. Lamb, Lebeau walked on with slow steps and bended head, like a man absorbed in thought. He threaded a labyrinth of obscure streets, no longer in the Faubourg Montmartre, and dived at last into one of the few courts which preserve the *cachet* of the *moyen âge* untouched by the ruthless spirit of improvement which, during the Second Empire, has so altered the face of Paris. At the bottom of the Court stood a large house, much dilapidated, but bearing the trace of former grandeur in pilasters and fretwork in the style of the *Renaissance*, and a defaced coat of arms, surmounted with a ducal coronet, over the doorway. The house had the aspect of desertion: many of the windows were broken; others were

jealously closed with mouldering shutters. The door stood ajar; Lebeau pushed it open, and the action set in movement a bell within a porter's lodge. The house, then, was not uninhabited; it retained the dignity of a *concierge*. A man with a large grizzled beard cut square, and holding a journal in his hand, emerged from the lodge, and moved his cap with a certain bluff and surly reverence on recognizing Lebeau.

"What! so early, citizen?"

"Is it too early?" said Lebeau, glancing at his watch. "So it is. I was not aware of the time; but I am tired with waiting. Let me into the *salon*. I will wait for the rest; I shall not be sorry for a little repose."

"*Bon*," said the porter, sententially; "while man reposes *men* advance."

"A profound truth, citizen Le Roux; though, if they advance on a reposing foe, they have blundering leaders unless they march through unguarded by-paths and with noiseless tread."

Following the porter up a dingy broad staircase, Lebeau was admitted into a large room, void of all other furniture than a table, two benches at its sides, and a *fauteuil* at its head. On the mantelpiece there was a huge clock, and some iron sconces were fixed on the panelled walls.

Lebeau flung himself, with a wearied air into the *fauteuil*. The porter looked at him with a kindly expression. He had a liking to Lebeau, whom he had served in his proper profession of messenger or *commissionnaire* before being placed by that courteous employer in the easy post he now held. Lebeau, indeed, had the art, when he pleased, of charming inferiors; his knowledge of mankind allowed him to distinguish peculiarities in each individual, and flatter the *amour propre* by deference to such eccentricities. Marc le Roux, the roughest of "red caps," had a wife of whom he was very proud. He would have called the Empress *Citoyenne Eugénie*, but he always spoke of his wife as Madame. Lebeau won his heart by always asking after Madame.

"You look tired, citizen," said the porter; "let me bring you a glass of wine."

"Thank you, *mon ami*, no. Perhaps later, if I have time, after we break up, to pay my respects to Madame."

The porter smiled, bowed, and retired, muttering, "*Nom d'un petit bonhomme — il n'y a rien de tel que les belles manières.*"

Left alone, Lebeau leaned his elbow on the table, resting his chin on his hand, and gazing into the dim space—for it was now, indeed, night, and little light came through the grim panes of the one window left unclosed by shutters. He was musing deeply. This man was, in much, an enigma to himself. Was he seeking to unriddle it? A strange compound of contradictory elements. In his stormy youth there had been lightning-like flashes of good instincts, of irregular honour, of inconsistent generosity—a puissant wild nature—with strong passions of love and of hate, without fear, but not without shame. In other forms of society that love of applause which had made him seek and exult in the notoriety which he mistook for fame, might have settled down into some solid and useful ambition. He might have become great in the world's eye, for at the service of his desires there were no ordinary talents. Though too true a Parisian to be a severe student, still, on the whole, he had acquired much general information, partly from books, partly from varied commerce with mankind. He had the gift, both by tongue and by pen, of expressing himself with force and warmth—time and necessity had improved that gift. Coveting, during his brief career of fashion, the distinctions which necessitate lavish expenditure, he had been the most reckless of spendthrifts, but the neediness which follows waste had never destroyed his original sense of personal honour. Certainly Victor de Mauléon was not, at the date of his fall, a man to whom the thought of accepting, much less of stealing the jewels of a woman who loved him, could have occurred as a possible question of casuistry between honour and temptation. Nor could that sort of question have, throughout the sternest trials, or the humblest callings to which his after life had been subjected, forced admission into his brain. He was one of those men, perhaps the most terrible though unconscious criminals, who are the offsprings produced by intellectual power and egotistical ambition. If you had offered to Victor de Mauléon the crown of the Cæsars, on condition of his doing one of those base things which "a gentleman" cannot do—pick a pocket, cheat at cards—Victor de Mauléon would have refused the crown. He would not have refused on account of any laws of morality affecting the foundations of the social system, but from the pride of his own personality. "I, Victor de Mauléon!



I pick a pocket ! I cheat at cards ! I !” But when something incalculably worse for the interests of society than picking a pocket or cheating at cards was concerned ;—when, for the sake either of private ambition, or political experiment hitherto untested, and therefore very doubtful, the peace and order and happiness of millions might be exposed to the release of the most savage passions—rushing on revolutionary madness or civil massacre—then this French dare-devil would have been just as unscrupulous as any English philosopher whom a metropolitan borough might elect as its representative. The system of the Empire was in the way of Victor de Mauléon—in the way of his private ambition, in the way of his political dogmas—and therefore it must be destroyed, no matter what nor whom it crushed beneath its ruins. He was one of those plotters of revolutions not uncommon in democracies, ancient and modern, who invoke popular agencies with the less scruple because they have a supreme contempt for the populace. A man with mental powers equal to De Mauléon’s, and who sincerely loves the people and respects the grandeur of aspiration with which, in the great upheaving of their masses, they so often contrast the irrational credulities of their ignorance and the blind fury of their wrath, is always exceedingly loath to pass the terrible gulf that divides reform from revolution. He knows how rarely it happens that genuine liberty is not disarmed in the passage, and what sufferings must be undergone by those who live by their labour during the dismal intervals between the sudden destruction of one form of society and the gradual settlement of another. Such a man, however, has no type in a Victor de Mauléon. The circumstances of his life had placed this strong nature at war with society, and corrupted into misanthropy affections that had once been ardent. That misanthropy made his ambition more intense, because it increased his scorn for the human instruments it employed.

Victor de Mauléon knew that, however innocent of the charges that had so long darkened his name, and however—thanks to his rank, his manners, his *savoir vivre*—the aid of Louvier’s countenance, and the support of his own high-born connections—he might restore himself to his rightful grade in private life, the higher prizes in public life would scarcely be within reach, to a man of his antecedents and stunted means, in the existent form

and conditions of established political order. Perforce, the aristocrat must make himself democrat if he would become a political chief. Could he assist in turning upside down the actual state of things, he trusted to his individual force of character to find himself among the uppermost in the general *bouleversement*. And in the first stage of popular revolution the mob has no greater darling than the noble who deserts his order, though in the second stage it may guillotine him at the denunciation of his cobbler. A mind so sanguine and so audacious as that of Victor de Mauléon never thinks of the second step if it sees a way to the first.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE room was in complete darkness, save where a ray from a gas-lamp at the mouth of the court came aslant through the window, when citizen Le Roux entered, closed the window, lighted two of the sconces, and drew forth from a drawer in the table implements of writing, which he placed thereon noiselessly, as if he feared to disturb M. Lebeau, whose head, buried in his hands, rested on the table. He seemed in a profound sleep. At last the porter gently touched the arm of the slumberer, and whispered in his ear, “It is on the stroke of ten, citizen ; they will be here in a minute or so.” Lebeau lifted his head drowsily.

“Eh,” said he—“what?”

“You have been asleep.”

“I suppose so, for I have been dreaming. Ha ! I hear the doorbell. I am wide awake now.”

The porter left him, and in a few minutes conducted into the *salon* two men wrapped in cloaks, despite the warmth of the summer night. Lebeau shook hands with them silently, not less silently they laid aside their cloaks and seated themselves. Both these men appeared to belong to the upper section of the middle class. One, strongly built, with a keen expression of countenance, was a surgeon considered able in his profession, but with limited practice, owing to a current suspicion against his honour in connection with a forged will. The other, tall, meagre, with long grizzled hair and a wild unsettled look about the eyes, was a man of science ; had written works well esteemed upon mathematics and electricity, also against the existence of any other creative power than that which he called “nebulosity,” and defined to be the combination of heat and moisture. The sur-

geon was about the age of forty, the atheist a few years older. In another minute or so, a knock was heard against the wall. One of the men rose and touched a spring in the panel, which then flew back, and showed an opening upon a narrow stair, by which, one after the other, entered three other members of the society. Evidently there was more than one mode of ingress and exit.

The three new-comers were not Frenchmen—one might see that at a glance; probably they had reasons for greater precaution than those who entered by the front door. One, a tall, powerfully-built man, with fair hair and beard, dressed with a certain pretension to elegance—faded threadbare elegance—exhibiting no appearance of linen, was a Pole. One—a slight bald man, very dark and sal-low—was an Italian. The third, who seemed like an *ouvrier* in his holiday clothes, was a Belgian.

Lebeau greeted them all with an equal courtesy, and each with an equal silence took his seat at the table.

Lebeau glanced at the clock. "*Confrères*," he said, "our number, as fixed for this *séance*, still needs two to be complete, and doubtless they will arrive in a few minutes. Till they come, we can but talk upon trifles. Permit me to offer you my cigar-case." And so saying, he who professed to be no smoker, handed his next neighbour, who was the Pole, a large cigar-case amply furnished; and the Pole, helping himself to two cigars, handed the case to the man next him—two only declining the luxury, the Italian and the Belgian. But the Pole was the only man who took two cigars.

Steps were now heard on the stairs, the door opened, and citizen Le Roux ushered in, one after the other, two men, this time unmistakably French—to an experienced eye unmistakably Parisians: the one a young beardless man, who seemed almost boyish, with a beautiful face, and a stunted, meagre frame; the other, a stalwart man of about eight-and-twenty, dressed partly as an *ouvrier*, not in his Sunday clothes, rather affecting the *blouse*,—not that he wore that antique garment, but that he was in rough costume unbrushed and stained, with thick shoes and coarse stockings, and a workman's cap. But of all who gathered round the table at which M. Lebeau presided, he had the most distinguished exterior. A virile honest exterior, a massive open forehead, intelligent eyes, a handsome clear-cut incisive profile, and solid jaw. The expression of

the face was stern, but not mean—an expression which might have become an ancient baron as well as a modern workman—in it plenty of haughtiness and of will, and still more of self-esteem.

"*Confrères*," said Lebeau, rising, and every eye turned to him, "our number for the present *séance* is complete. To business. Since we last met, our cause has advanced with rapid and not with noiseless stride. I need not tell you that Louis Bonaparte has virtually abnegated *Les idées Napoléoniennes*—a fatal mistake for him, a glorious advance for us. The liberty of the press must very shortly be achieved, and with it personal government must end. When the autocrat once is compelled to go by the advice of his Ministers, look for sudden changes. His Ministers will be but weathercocks, turned hither and thither according as the wind chops at Paris; and Paris is the temple of the winds. The new revolution is almost at hand." (Murmurs of applause.) "It would move the laughter of the Tuileries and its Ministers, of the Bourse and of its gamblers, of every dainty *salon* of this silken city of would-be philosophers and wits, if they were told that here within this mouldering *baraque*, eight men, so little blest by fortune, so little known to fame as ourselves, met to concert the fall of an empire. The Government would not deem us important enough to notice our existence."

"I know not that," interrupted the Pole.

"Ah, pardon," resumed the orator; "I should have confined my remark to the *five* of us who are French. I did injustice to the illustrious antecedents of our foreign allies. I know that you, Thaddeus Loubisky—that you, Leonardo Raskell—have been too eminent for hands hostile to tyrants not to be marked with a black cross in the books of the police. I know that you, Jan Vanderstegen, if hitherto unscarred by those wounds in defence of freedom which despots and cowards would fain miscall the brands of the felon, still owe it to your special fraternity to keep your movements rigidly concealed. The tyrant would suppress the International Society, and forbids it the liberty of congress. To you three is granted the secret entrance to our council-hall. But we Frenchmen are as yet safe in our supposed insignificance. *Confrères*, permit me to impress on you the causes why, insignificant as we seem, we are really formidable. In the first place, we are few: the great mistake in



most secret associations has been to admit many councillors; and disunion enters wherever many tongues can wrangle. In the next place, though so few in council, we are legion when the time comes for action; because we are representative men, each of his own section, and each section is capable of an indefinite expansion.

"You, valiant Pole—you, politic Italian—enjoy the confidence of thousands now latent in unwatched homes and harmless callings, but who, when you lift a finger, will, like the buried dragon's teeth, spring up into armed men. You, Jan Vanderstegen, the trusted delegate from Verviers, that swarming camp of wronged labour in its revolt from the iniquities of capital—you, when the hour arrives, can touch the wire that flashes the telegram 'Arise' through all the lands in which workmen combine against their oppressors.

"Of us five Frenchmen, let me speak more modestly. You—sage and scholar—Felix Ruvinny, honoured alike for the profundity of your science and the probity of your manners, induced to join us by your abhorrence of priestcraft and superstition—you have a wide connection among all the enlightened reasoners who would emancipate the mind of man from the trammels of Church-born fable—and when the hour arrives in which it is safe to say, '*Delenda est Roma*,' you know where to find the pens that are more victorious than swords against a Church and a Creed. You" (turning to the surgeon)—"you, Gaspard le Noy, whom a vile calumny has robbed of the throne in your profession, so justly due to your skill—you, nobly scorning the rich and great, have devoted yourself to tend and heal the humble and the penniless, so that you have won the popular title of the '*Médecin des Pauvres*,'—when the time comes wherein soldiers shall fly before the *sans-culottes*, and the mob shall begin the work which they who move mobs will complete, the clients of Gaspard le Noy will be the avengers of his wrongs.

"You, Armand Monnier, simple *ouvrier*, but of illustrious parentage, for your grandsire was the beloved friend of the virtuous Robespierre, your father perished a hero and a martyr in the massacre of the *coup d'état*; you, cultured in the eloquence of Robespierre himself, and in the persuasive philosophy of Robespierre's teacher, Rousseau—you, the idolized orator of the Red Republicans—you will be indeed a chief of daunt-

less bands when the trumpet sounds for battle. Young publicist and poet, Gustave Rameau—I care not which you are at present, I know what you will be soon—you need nothing for the development of your powers over the many but an organ for their manifestation. Of that anon. I now descend into the bathos of egotism. I am compelled lastly to speak of myself. It was at Marseilles and Lyons, as you already know, that I first conceived the plan of this representative association. For years before I had been in familiar intercourse with the friends of freedom—that is, with the foes of the Empire. They are not all poor. Some few are rich and generous. I do not say these rich and few concur in the ultimate objects of the poor and many. But they concur in the first object, the demolition of that which exists—the Empire. In the course of my special calling of negotiator or agent in the towns of the *Midi*, I formed friendships with some of these prosperous malcontents. And out of these friendships I conceived the idea which is embodied in this council.

"According to that conception, while the council may communicate as it will with all societies, secret or open, having revolution for their object, the council refuses to merge itself in any other confederation: it stands aloof and independent; it declines to admit into its code any special articles of faith in a future beyond the bounds to which it limits its design and its force. That design unites us; to go beyond would divide. We all agree to destroy the Napoleonic dynasty; none of us might agree as to what we should place in its stead. All of us here present might say, 'A republic.' Ay, but of what kind? Vanderstegen would have it socialistic; Monnier goes further, and would have it communistic, on the principles of Fourier; Le Noy adheres to the policy of Danton, and would commence the republic by a reign of terror; our Italian ally abhors the notion of general massacre, and advocates individual assassination. Ruvinny would annihilate the worship of a Deity; Monnier holds, with Voltaire and Robespierre, that 'if there were no Deity, it would be necessary to Man to create one.' *Brof*, we could not agree upon any plan for the new edifice, and therefore we refuse to discuss one till the ploughshare has gone over the ruins of the old. But I have another and more practical reason for keeping our council distinct from all societies with professed objects beyond that of demolition.

We need a certain command of money. It is I who bring to you that, and—how? Not from my own resources; they but suffice to support myself. Not by contributions from *ouvriers*, who, as you well know, will subscribe only for their own ends in the victory of workmen over masters. I bring money to you from the coffers of the rich malcontents. Their politics are not those of most present; their politics are what they term moderate. Some are indeed for a republic, but for a republic strong in defence of order, in support of property; others—and they are the more numerous and the more rich—for a constitutional monarchy, and, if possible, for the abridgement of universal suffrage, which, in their eyes, tends only to anarchy in the towns and arbitrary rule under priestly influence in the rural districts. They would not subscribe a *sou* if they thought it went to further the designs whether of Ruvigny the atheist, or of Monnier, who would enlist the Deity of Rousseau on the side of the *drabeau rouge*—not a *sou* if they knew I had the honour to boast such *confrères* as I see around me. They subscribe, as we concert, for the fall of Bonaparte. The policy I adopt I borrow from the policy of the English Liberals. In England, potent *millionnaires*, high-born dukes, devoted Churchmen, belonging to the Liberal party, accept the services of men who look forward to measures which would ruin capital, eradicate aristocracy, and destroy the Church, provided these men combine with them in some immediate step onward against the Tories. They have a proverb which I thus adapt to French localities: If a train passes Fontainebleau on its way to Marseilles, why should I not take it to Fontainebleau because other passengers are going on to Marseilles?

"*Confrères*, it seems to me the moment has come when we may venture some of the fund placed at my disposal to other purposes than those to which it has been hitherto devoted. I propose, therefore, to set up a journal under the auspices of Gustave Rameau as editor-in-chief—a journal which, if he listen to my advice, will create no small sensation. It will begin with a tone of impartiality: it will refrain from all violence of invective; it will have wit, it will have sentiment, and eloquence; it will win its way into the *salons* and *cafés* of educated men; and then, and then, when it does change from polished satire into fierce denunciation and sides with the *blouses*, its effect will

be startling and terrific. Of this I will say more to Citizen Rameau in private. To you I need not enlarge upon the fact that, at Paris, a combination of men, though immeasurably superior to us in status or influence, without a journal at command, is nowhere; with such a journal, written not to alarm but to seduce fluctuating opinions, a combination of men immeasurably inferior to us may be anywhere.

"*Confrères*, this affair settled, I proceed to distribute amongst you sums of which each who receives will render me an account, except our valued *Confrère* the Pole. All that we can subscribe to the cause of humanity, a representative of Poland requires for himself." (A suppressed laugh among all but the Pole, who looked round with a grave, imposing air, as much as to say, "What is there to laugh at?—a simple truth.")

M. Lebeau then presented to each of his *confrères* a sealed envelope, containing no doubt a bank-note, and perhaps also private instructions as to its disposal. It was one of his rules to make the amount of any sum granted to an individual member of the society from the fund at his disposal a confidential secret between himself and the recipient. Thus jealousy was avoided if the sums were unequal; and unequal they generally were. In the present instance the two largest sums were given to the *Médecin des Pauvres* and to the delegate from Verviers. Both were no doubt to be distributed among "the poor," at the discretion of the trustee appointed.

Whatever rules with regard to the distribution of money M. Lebeau laid down were acquiesced in without demur, for the money was found exclusively by himself, and furnished without the pale of the Secret Council, of which he had made himself founder and dictator. Some other business was then discussed, sealed reports from each member were handed to the president, who placed them unopened in his pocket, and resumed—

"*Confrères*, our *séance* is now concluded. The period for our next meeting must remain indefinite, for I myself shall leave Paris as soon as I have set on foot the journal on the details of which I will confer with Citizen Rameau. I am not satisfied with the progress made by the two travelling missionaries who complete our Council of Ten; and though I do not question their zeal, I think my experience may guide it if I take a journey to the towns of Bordeaux and Marseilles,



where they now are. But should circumstances demanding concert or action arise, you may be sure that I will either summon a meeting or transmit instructions to such of our members as may be most usefully employed. For the present, *confrères*, you are relieved. Remain only you, dear young author."

#### CHAPTER VII.

LEFT alone with Gustave Rameau, the President of the Secret Council remained silently musing for some moments; but his countenance was no longer moody and overcast—his nostrils were dilated, as in triumph—there was a half-smile of pride on his lips. Rameau watched him curiously and admiringly. The young man had the impressionable, excitable temperament common to Parisian genius—especially when it nourishes itself on abstinence. He enjoyed the romance of belonging to a secret society; he was acute enough to recognize the sagacity by which this small conclave was kept out of those crazed combinations for impracticable theories more likely to lead adventurers to the Tarpeian Rock than to the Capitol; while yet those crazed combinations might, in some critical moment, become strong instruments in the hands of practical ambition. Lebeau fascinated him, and took colossal proportions in his intoxicated vision—vision indeed intoxicated at this moment, for before it floated the realized image of his aspirations,—a journal of which he was to be the editor-in-chief—in which his poetry, his prose, should occupy space as large as he pleased—through which his name, hitherto scarce known beyond a literary clique, would resound in *salon* and club and *café*, and become a familiar music on the lips of fashion. And he owed this to the man seated there,—a prodigious man!

"*Cher poète*," said Lebeau, breaking silence, "it gives me no mean pleasure to think I am opening a career to one whose talents fit him for those goals on which they who reach write names that posterity shall read. Struck with certain articles of yours in the journal made celebrated by the wit and gaiety of Savarin, I took pains privately to inquire into your birth, your history, connections, antecedents. All confirmed my first impression, that you were exactly the writer I wish to secure to our cause. I therefore sought you in your rooms, unintroduced and a stranger, in order to express my admiration of your compositions. *Bref*,

we soon became friends; and after comparing minds, I admitted you at your request, into this Secret Council. Now, in proposing to you the conduct of the journal I would establish, for which I am prepared to find all necessary funds, I am compelled to make imperative conditions. Nominally you will be editor-in-chief: that station, if the journal succeeds, will secure you position and fortune; if it fail, you fail with it. But we will not speak of failure; I must have it succeed. Our interest, then, is the same. Before that interest all puerile vanities fade away. Nominally, I say, you are editor-in-chief; but all the real work of editing will, at first, be done by others."

"Ah!" exclaimed Rameau, aghast and stunned. Lebeau resumed—

"To establish the journal I propose needs more than the genius of youth; it needs the tact and experience of mature years."

Rameau sank back on his chair with a sullen sneer on his pale lips. Decidedly Lebeau was not so great a man as he had thought.

"A certain portion of the journal," continued Lebeau, "will be exclusively appropriated to your pen."

Rameau's lip lost the sneer.

"But your pen must be therein restricted to compositions of pure fancy, disporting in a world that does not exist; or, if on graver themes connected with the beings of the world that does exist, the subjects will be dictated to you and revised. Yet even in the higher departments of a journal intended to make way at its first start, we need the aid, not indeed of men who write better than you, but of men whose fame is established—whose writings, good or bad, the public run to read, and will find good even if they are bad. You must consign one column to the playful comments and witticisms of Savarin."

"Savarin? But he has a journal of his own. He will not, as an author, condescend to write in one just set up by me. And as a politician, he as certainly will not aid in an ultra-democratic revolution. If he care for politics at all, he is a constitutionalist, an Orleanist."

"*Enfant!* as an author Savarin will condescend to contribute to your journal, 1stly, because it in no way attempts to interfere with his own; 2ndly—I can tell you a secret—Savarin's journal no longer suffices for his existence; he has sold more than two-thirds of its property;

he is in debt, and his creditor is urgent ; and to-morrow you will offer Savarin 30,000 francs for one column from his pen, and signed by his name, for two months from the day the journal starts. He will accept, partly because the sum will clear off the debt that hampers him, partly because he will take care that the amount becomes known ; and that will help him to command higher terms for the sale of the remaining shares in the journal he now edits, for the new book which you told me he intended to write, and for the new journal which he will be sure to set up as soon as he has disposed of the old one. You say that, as a politician, Savarin, an Orleanist, will not aid in an ultra-democratic revolution. Who asks him to do so ? Did I not imply at the meeting that we commence our journal with politics the mildest ? Though revolutions are not made with rose-water, it is rose-water that nourishes their roots. The polite cynicism of authors, read by those who float on the surface of society, prepares the way for the social ferment in its depths. Had there been no Voltaire there would have been no Camille Desmoulins. Had there been no Diderot, there would have been no Marat. We start as polite cynics. Of all cynics Savarin is the politest. But when I bid high for him, it is his clique that I bid for. Without his clique he is but a wit ; with his clique, a power. Partly out of that clique, partly out of a circle beyond it, which Savarin can more or less influence, I select ten. Here is the list of them ; study it. *Entre nous*, I esteem their writings as little as I do artificial flies ; but they are the artificial flies at which, in this particular season of the year, the public rise. You must procure at least five of the ten ; and I leave you *carte blanche* as to the terms. Savarin gained, the best of them will be proud of being his associates. Observe, none of these *messieurs* of brilliant imagination are to write political articles ; those will be furnished to you anonymously, and inserted without erasure or omission. When you have secured Savarin, and five at least of the *collaborateurs* in the list, write me at my office. I give you four days to do this ; and the day the journal starts you enter into the income of 15,000 francs a-year, with a rise in salary proportioned to profits. Are you contented with the terms ? ”

“ Of course I am ; but supposing I do not gain the aid of Savarin, or five at least of the list you give, which I see at a glance contains names the most *à la mode*

in this kind of writing, more than one of them of high social rank, whom it is difficult for me even to approach — if, I say, I fail ? ”

“ What ! with a *carte blanche* of terms ? fie ! Are you a Parisian ? Well, to answer you frankly, if you fail in so easy a task, you are not the man to edit our journal, and I shall find another. *Allez, courage !* Take my advice ; see Savarin the first thing to-morrow morning. Of course my name and calling you will keep a profound secret from him as from all. Say as mysteriously as you can that parties you are forbidden to name instruct you to treat with M. Savarin, and offer him the terms I have specified, the 30,000 francs paid to him in advance the moment he signs the simple memorandum of agreement. The more mysterious you are, the more you will impose — that is, wherever you offer money and don’t ask for it.”

Here Lebeau took up his hat, and, with a courteous nod of adieu, lightly descended the gloomy stairs.

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BYZANTINE ANATOLIA.

SOMEBODY once said, and probably thought himself uncommonly clever for saying it, that broken bottles — empty soda-water bottles is a popular, but I do not know if a correct, version — will one day be the only abiding memorial of British rule in India. Like most of these extremely smart epigrams, the remark combined a small amount of superficial truth with a much larger quantity of real misstatement. But when the long predicted day arrives for the Osmanlee to strike the tent he has for so many centuries pitched over some of the very fairest portions of God’s earth, I wonder what except broken bottles will remain behind to denote the spot of his protracted encampment. Not literal but metaphorical bottles, of course, for neither beer nor wine nor even soda-water are — the more’s the pity — common enough articles of consumption in the lands of the Crescent to furnish any large amount of vitreous relics ; when Osmanlees do violate the anti-alcoholic precepts of their law, it is ordinarily with the vilest rakee ; and that unwholesome fluid is wont to be dispensed, not in bottles, but in misshapen jars of congenial ugliness and coarseness. No ; breakages in plenty he will have, only they will not be of glass,



but of far more precious things ; and not of what he imported with him, like the English ware in the hypothesis, but of what he found more or less entire when he came, and afterwards broke on his own account.

This, where I am now writing, is the Osmanlee's own proper land, this his camping-ground of predilection — Anatolia, the birthplace of his wide-extended empire, its cradle, its stronghold, its reserve hope. And here all around me I see Pontine breakages, Greek breakages, Roman breakages, Byzantine breakages, Armenian breakages, Seljook breakages, not to mention some minor breakages of less world-spread fame, such as Turkoman, Mingrelian and Georgian ; all these there are and will mostly be still remaining too, no doubt, when reckoning-day comes. Nor do I say that they may not, each in its kind, be regarded as Osmanlee breakages after a sort ; since they are of things which either he found whole and broke them, or found them broken, and broke them still more. Only of what he has himself brought, himself made, there will be left after the first ten years next to nothing, and after fifty absolutely nothing at all. Relics of Osmanlee labour, of Osmanlee magnificence, of Osmanlee science, art, skill, learning, industry, there will be hardly any, or none — for the simple reason that he will leave none which can, even at the most liberal computation, outlast half a century. True ; the lively author of *Morning Land* claims an exception in favour of "heaps of broken grave-stones." But even this, if we embrace half a century in our prospective view, cannot be admitted ; for the tombstones are scratched rather than carved ; the feeble and exceptional attempts at a mausoleum are as flimsy as the other constructions ; and the vestiges of the dead Osmanlee are evidently fated to not less speedy obliteration than those of the living.

Even at the capital, where the Osmanlee has concentrated his whole energy in an effort not over-successful there, and most ruinous to his dominions elsewhere, at the expense of which that capital has been patched up, these remarks are correct in the main ; in the provinces they are absolutely so. And certainly in the frontier corner of the empire, east of Trebizond, where the *Classic Atlas* marks the uncertain limits of Pontus and Colchis, and where myself and my companions — the usual eastern medley of colour and race — have now been for ten weeks wan-

dering — zig-zagging I might call it, were not the word inadmissible from its affected uncouthness — among the mountains, dolomitic or otherwise, of that wild region, we have seen, broadly speaking, only one clear and strongly marked sign of Osmanlee rule — that is, ruin.

Needless to say, our journeyings have been all on horseback, except indeed where the unmanageable steepness or dangerous narrowness of the path compelled us to dismount even from those surest-footed of all known quadrupeds, Anatolian nags ; for in these favoured regions of countless railroad concessions and projected lines, the most primitive waggon-road that ever led from an English "-ham" to a "-bro" is an unknown luxury. That highways will be constructed throughout the Ottoman dominions, are constructed, are daily traversed by whole processions of wheeled conveyances, are delusions which Mr. Farley of Bristol and his disciples may possibly entertain, but in which a traveller through his Sultanic Majesty's dominions will hardly share. Horses, mules, camels, asses, even the classical caravan is still, as in the days of Mahomet II. or Marco Polo, the picturesque but clumsy and costly means of transport for the merchandise of the gorgeous East. Here they come — now hidden, now re-appearing between the deep-wooded windings of the mountain side ; one can hear their jangling bells at a mile's distance. An endless file of raw-boned sinewy beasts, each with its crimson tassel, or glittering brass star, or some other gewgaw charm against the evil eye, at its collar, and a couple of more or less evenly balanced packages, secured by a more complicated tackle of rope than ever Ulysses tied round his sea-chest, dangling at its sides ; all crowding, pushing, jostling, stumbling over the rock steps of the narrow pathway ; not unfrequently, too, hustling each other right off the edge to a fall of many hundred feet into the ravine below, where, with a crash or two on the stones, the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest — that is, so far as the mule's future is concerned ; unless some lucky shrub intervenes to stay the over-rapid descent. Alongside, behind them, trudge on foot the grey-coated, sheep-skin-capped, heavy-limbed, heavy-featured, pale-eyed Turkoman drivers, who with thong and cry have brought them from the great plains across the Persian frontier. Or it is a string of huge woolly camels, most powerful and ungainliest of

their kind, swaying along beneath their loads as they thrust out their shaggy snaky necks in an aimless fashion from side to side, and frightening our nags into a desperate scramble to get out of the way up the mountain slope; for the secular terror of the horse at sight or even at smell of the camel is not in the least diminished since the days of Herodotus; though how it originated, or why it is kept up, seeing that the camel for his part manifests no disposition except that of the most absolute indifference towards the horse, is a problem which might tax the ingenuity of a Darwin himself to solve. Grazing and loitering as it goes, accomplishing barely twelve or fourteen miles a day, and taking a month to get over ground which, with decent roads and proper conveyances, might easily be traversed, and at one-fourth of the cost, too, in a week, the caravan, like the Ten Thousand of old, salutes the sea at Trebizond. There on the appropriate resting-place of "Giaour Meidan," or "Unbelievers' Square," a large open space at the entry of the town, in the Perso-European or "unbelieving" quarter—for in Turkish opinion a Persian's creed is hardly more orthodox than a Christian's, if at all—it deposits the products of Central Asia; and then, laden in exchange with European merchandise, winds slowly back, as it came, to Persia.

But whoever would witness at Trebizond this not uninteresting spectacle, as characteristic of the Ottoman East as the stage coach and the lumbering van once were of England, must hasten his visit to these shores, whence caravans and caravan drivers are fast passing away. Not, however, owing to any more expeditious substitute introduced by the Osmanlee, who, content with levying absurd transit-dues, and harassing merchants and muleteers alike by custom-house vexations and frontier annoyances, leaves the rest to circumstance and chance; but by the competitive energy of the Russians, masters of the long-disused but rival Caucasian route. Caravans are soon distanced by steam-engines; and the railroad that has this very year connected Tiflis with the Black Sea coast, and promises soon to reach the frontiers of Persia itself, has already appropriated to itself more than half the traffic that formerly cumbered the "Unbelievers' Square," or crammed the massive warehouses—the largest is Byzantine in construction and date—of Trebizond.

However, the seriousness of the im-

pending loss—for Trebizond, in spite of its almost pre-historical memories and high-sounding name, would, if deprived of its intercourse with Persia, soon sink into a mere coast village, remarkable for nothing but its ruined Comnenian castle—roused at last even Ottoman apathy into something of an effort. A real road, a carriage road, from Trebizond to Persia, was resolved on, was begun, and even, after a fashion, was completed.

Now, so it is that Turks—modern Turks, I mean—very slow hands at commencing any work, public or private, of real utility, are slower still at finishing it; while as to keeping it up, or repairing it, that is what they never think of at all. From a mosque to a sentry-box, from a palace to a policeman's jacket, so soon as the object—no matter how costly at first or how necessary—has once begun to go to wrack, it may follow on in the same direction as long as it pleases, even to the "bitter end." A new article of the same sort may perhaps, regardless of expense, be provided; but as to the old one, not a brick will be replaced, not a tile re-arranged, not a board nailed up, not a stitch bestowed in time or out of it. Were I general family tutor, or governor, or something of the kind to the "young idea" of the Turkish generation, "For want of a nail," with the rest of that rhythmical nursery wisdom, should be the Alpha and the Omega of my daily lessons. Unfortunately, that lesson, so far as the Osmanlee is concerned, is still to learn; and experience, say what the wise ones may, is for human beings in general, not for Stuarts and Bourbons alone, the least effective of teachers.

Let us judge for ourselves. So we leave behind the brown Byzantine walls of volcanic stone, tower and battlement, and the card-paper lath-and-plaster houses clustered beneath their shadow, among black cypress-spears, and glistening orchard foliage—in a word, Trebizond generally, ancient and modern, lazily basking in the hot mid-day July sun; and winding our way past the harbour cliffs, enter on the broad Pyxites valley, the Persian winter route, which it is our programme to follow for some distance. And behold, our horses canter side by side with tolerable ease and freedom along a macadamized road. But, alas! not for long. This fair portion of the highway, which is only five or six miles in length, is that completed some years since by some French engineers, who,



after laying down the general line of route, and getting through with the more serious difficulties of the work, were rather unceremoniously dismissed to make room for a fat Osmanlee head-engineer with a Turkish staff. Forced labour—that curse of the East—was now brought into play; and after the road had been patched up in an incomplete fashion, it was pronounced finished, and has since then been left to take care of itself, amid the rains, storms, snows, and other vagaries of the Pontic climate.

It is now, of course, in full progress through the three phases common to everything at the mercy of Osmanlee administration—slovenliness, dilapidation, and, lastly, disappearance. The macadam broken up into pits and hollows that would upset a Devonshire cart; the side-cuttings slipping down in huge shell-like masses which already encroach on half the breadth of the way, and threaten soon to bury it altogether; embankments which, in obedience to the laws of gravity, are fast enticing the entire road to join them company at the bottom of the ravines below; watercourses that, disdaining restraint, wander fancy-free over the path, and furnish the unexpected variety of quagmires in the driest weather; in short, I fear that for the few miles that we availed ourselves of this master-specimen of Ottoman industry, it hardly conveyed either to the hoofs of the horses, or the minds of their riders, those impressions of unqualified admiration with which the constructors themselves regard the result of their engineering skill.

“Have you any such roads in Europe?” enquires of me, in the tone of conscious triumph, a red-capped, black-coated, shirt-collarless official, who has ridden thus far, *honoris causâ*, at my side. With becoming gravity I reply, that for Europe in general I could not adequately answer, but that in England, to the best of my recollections, we certainly had not.

Such, however, as the road is, our, or rather our horses', enjoyment of it is brief; for our route soon ceases to coincide with its direction, and strikes off by a narrow transverse horse-track, that is generally adopted by summer travellers; for in winter the Khazeklee Pass, as it is called, 8,600 feet above the sea, and up which we have to scramble, is a hopeless waste of deep snow. So turning up a wild wooded gorge we begin the ascent; and from henceforth till we reach the town of Beyboort, in what once was Armenia, after a ride of about eighty

miles across the entire mountain tract intervening between the Black Sea and the central highlands of Anatolia, we bid farewell, not to Osmanlee public works only, but also to almost every trace of Osmanlee rule and nationality whatever.

“Government extends as far as the town gates,” says an Arab proverb, relative to Turkish rule in Syria; and no one who has passed some time in that country can have failed to remark that, once beyond city limits, impoverishment and ruin are in fact almost the only indications that the Osmanlee is lord of the land. It is the same here, with this difference only, that instead of being Arab, the population, customs, buildings, all things, whether of the present or the past, are in the main Greek.

Not “Greek” in the “Hellene” sense of the word, for, search as I might, I could discover no facts to warrant the pleasing belief entertained by some, that genuine unchanged relics of the classic colonies once planted along these shores are still to be found here, guarded from foreign admixture by the triple defence of precipitous mountain, dense forest, and stormy sea. Such vestiges may indeed have lingered long, but they have now entirely disappeared under two thousand years of climatic influence, intermarriage, and the many wars and changes that have passed over the region. The “Greek” here does not bear the title of “Hellenos,” but “Room,” i.e. Byzantine; and it is to Byzantine colonization, settled here during the first ages of the empire, and afterwards largely re-inforced by the immigrants who fled from the barbarity of the Latin captors of Constantinople to the refuge offered by the Comnenian sceptre, that the inhabitants of these mountains, whether Christian or Mahometan, alike owe their language and their descent.

From the sea-shore up to a height of about five thousand feet, these Greek, or Byzantine, villages are tolerably numerous, and have all much the same character. We clamber up by what would elsewhere be called a mere goat track, but here is dignified by the title of a road, amid the incomparably lovely scenery of these mountain sides, beneath the green lights and green shades of beech, alder, walnut, maple, chestnut, and ash overhead, by fantastic jutting masses of volcanic rock; while deep below the foaming torrent of the Aschyros, or the Kalopotamos, or the Sâleros, rushes and raves with ceaseless roar through the black gorge; then sud-

denly we emerge on patches of luxuriant maize and hemp, clinging at what one might have thought an impossible angle to the mountain side; the ledge broadens out somewhat, and we find ourselves at the little Greek-named village Stauros, or Aghalos, or the like, where we intend to draw bridle for a noonday halt. Along the wayside are half-a-dozen open shops, where muleteers' gear, straps, nosebags, saddlebags, and similar articles, all of the gayest colours and the clumsiest forms, along with horse-shoes — if the rough iron plates with a small hole in the middle that are here fastened on the hoof deserve the name — coarse tobacco, cigarette paper, sour apples — all fruit here is eaten sour — a few dirty eggs, soapy-looking clots of cheese, and so forth. Not far off is a little building: if it happens to be oblong in form and points eastward, you recognize it for a church; if square, and with its entrance to the north, it is a mosque — in either case it is totally devoid of outside ornament, except the invariable whitewash of the country. As to the peasants' houses, wooden frameworks filled up with rubble, scattered as at random up and down the slopes, each in its own field, with its own little gourd-growing garden, suggesting the idea — a not improbable one, in fact — that everybody has quarrelled with his neighbour, and wishes to live as far away from him as possible; the inmates may be Christian or Mahometan equally for anything that the external architecture declares. Poverty is a great leveller of creeds as of everything else; and a separate harem accomodation supposes an amount of wealth and ease which is far from being realized by any Pontic peasant of our day. Besides, the whole of the house-work, and a good half of the field-work too, is performed by the women; a state of things which naturally renders impossible that absolute seclusion — or, one might more justly say, elimination — of the fair sex in which the town-living Mahometan delights.

Nor does the unwelcome fact that every female form in view, after stopping an instant to get a preliminary peep at the travellers, draws her blue wrapper close over her lovely face, and even with discourteous shyness turns her broad back upon you, do much to decide in what religion the hamlet delights; for, in the semi-barbarism of Anatolia, Greek and Armenian ladies hardly enjoy wider freedom of seeing and being seen than Mahometan. But I remark that every

male head is invested with a turban, or with something that does duty for one, from the yellow flowered rag, bound wisp-like round the cap of the lad who holds my horse as I dismount, to the more voluminous white foldings that give a sort of dignity to the hard, weather-worn faces of the elders of the village, who have come up to welcome and to stare at the new arrival. Hence I know them to be Mahometans, for the Christian head, if adorned by anything in addition to the universal red scull-cap of the East, would have a dark-coloured handkerchief tied round it; nor would its fold imitate the distinctive turban, but rather resemble that adopted by an invalid suffering from facile neuralgia. Another indication of the Mahometan is the clipped and shorn look; the hair cut close, the beard and mustachios trimmed — this was a special recommendation of the Prophet's — while the Christian peasant revels in a profusion of lank, depending hair, and sidelocks that might do honour to a Lithuanian Jew; and his beard, if not shaved about a fortnight ago — I have never had the good luck of meeting one whose toilet day could have been much within that period — is, like his mustachios, left to the irregular luxuriance of nature. Not only in person, too, but in clothes, the Mahometan is generally the cleaner of the two. What, however, most distinguishes him from his Christian fellow-peasant is his hospitality.

Two classes are in general eminently hospitable throughout the East: one, the old-established — not the modern — Levantine; the other, the Mahometan. Of the former I have not here room to speak; their *habitat* is not within my present beat, nor, indeed — the *Egean* coast excepted — in any part of Asia Minor. But the Mahometan, whatever his nationality, is in this respect much the same everywhere; it is a part of the Arab tradition of his code; and even extreme poverty and a far-distant latitude do not render the peasants of Pontus an exception to the rule. Hence I should strongly advise travellers in Anatolia to avail themselves of the creature comforts which Mahometan lodgings provide, rather than of the religious sympathies which make up the staple of Greek or Armenian hospitality. In other respects there is little difference. Whatever its creed, each village manages its own affairs, chooses, by an irregular sort of election, its own "Mukhtar," or headman; repairs or neglects its own paths and watercourses, builds or deco-



rates its own church or mosque, supports its own Imam or priest, as the case may be, and sometimes manages to keep up a kind of primary school, in which reading and writing are sufficiently taught to be, in nineteen cases out of twenty, wholly forgotten as life goes on. With Government they rarely have anything to do, except when reminded of its existence by a visit from the tax-collector; or a summons to supply forced and unpaid labour for some object in which they have about as much interest as the inhabitants of Japan. On these occasions the headman is considered a responsible party, and is often made the scapegoat for the shortcomings of the community; for everything else he is left to exercise over his neighbours an authority of which the more or the less is chiefly determined by his own personal aptness for the position which he holds.

Greek is the language spoken by all, exclusively indeed by some, though in the Mahometan day schools, where they exist, a little Turkish is sometimes taught; and those among the men who more frequently go down to the coast for the sale of their village produce and the like, pick up the latter idiom. The women, more stay-at-home than the men, know only Greek; but such as Pericles or Xenophon himself, though he did once visit these mountains, would have considerable difficulty in understanding, so mixed is it with Sclavonian and other dialects, including, I think, the aboriginal Pontic. Still the groundwork is Greek—*ποταμός* is a river, *γάλα* milk, *κρέας* meat, *φῶς*, fire, and so on. The features of both sexes too, in spite of a certain serious and independent air which Mahometanism appears generally to confer on its followers, are distinctly Byzantine: long, sallow, high nosed, with hair and eyes, mostly of a dark brown, occasionally lighter, and even auburn; the mouth usually well shaped, the expression by no means unintelligent, but often cunning, even sinister. Their stature is middling, their limbs slender, but active and strong.

Here and there, however, especially among the Mahometans, a different type crops up, tall, well built, with light grey eyes, auburn hair, and a certain clearness of complexion alien from the muddy skin of Byzantine Greek, Turkish, Turkoman, or Armenian, fairer too than the Kurde, or any of the southern races. I am inclined to think that the individuals of this description represent the aboriginal Pontic stock, which seems to have been akin to the neighbouring Caucasian families

—Georgian, Mingrelian, Abaze, and the rest. Lastly, the relics of the old autocratic "Dereh-Begs," or hereditary landowners, still linger here, but shorn of their semi-feudal power and state. Their title and parentage derive in most instances from some Janissary or "Sipahi" of the sixteenth or seventeenth century: Greek, Albanian, Servian, Croat. Who can now tell which of the "tribute children," or of the many renegades of those times, was their father? these Japhets are not much in the habit of searching after theirs.

But the "trail of the serpent," the Byzantine character, is over all; and it remains unfortunately much the same as it appears to have been in the days of the Comneni and Palæologi; it has not perhaps deteriorated; indeed of that there was hardly a possibility, but it certainly has not improved. Perhaps, under the circumstances, that was not much to be expected. Certainly as we now know them, they are versatile rather than clever, cunning rather than intelligent, and quarrelsome rather than brave. Each village has at least one feud on hand; the ordinary cause being either "lovely woman," or the disputed limits of some pasture range in the grazing grounds that extend upward from the forest belt almost to the summit of the granite mountain crest. These feuds are often bloody; but there is little fair fighting. A long shot from the shelter of a boulder, or a hatchet-cut from behind in a narrow path, exemplify the ordinary procedures. Sometimes a field of standing harvest is hacked and wasted in the night, or ricks and cowsheds burned, or a well choked up—all cowardly doings, that have a strong flavour of the lower Greek empire in them. Domestic virtue too is at a low ebb. The hamlet of these regions is in this respect scarcely better off than the town.

Of superstition there is plenty. The "Greeks" perch a little cell-like chapel on the top of every hill, with most uncouth saints of genuine Byzantine stiffness daubed on its walls, and a rough altar stone, black with oil from the lamp beside it, where mass is said once a year. Their Mahometan brethren, not to be behindhand with them, hang up some equivocal relic—a hair of the Prophet's beard it may be, or a rag which has touched some like holy thing—in the prayer-niche of the mosque, and cover the wall with unartistic drawings, highly coloured, of the Meccan or other shrines. In big-

otry there is little to choose between them: the monks of the many mountain convents hereabouts, and the "Mollas" and "Imams" of the neighbourhood, enjoy an equal reputation in this respect. But, besides what may be considered as the special property of either sect, the Crescent and the Cross have here many observances in common. Among these the means taken to avert the influence of the evil eye are curious enough. I had often noticed in the fields a tall pole, with wicker circle balanced atop, the circumference being hung round with bones, feathers, and gaudy rags. At first I supposed it to be a scarecrow against the innumerable birds of the country, but was soon informed that it was there for the more practical purpose of guarding against the evil eye. An ox's or buffalo's skull is still more generally employed; and the withered chaplets suspended from the horns remind one of a favourite ornament of the Greek metope, with which this very ancient superstition may perhaps be indirectly connected.

Or it is a little dome-like construction, roughly put together and often in ruins, which bears the name of some legendary half-hero, half-saint, claimed alike by Islam and Christianity, and visited by turbaned and unturbaned pilgrims on the same anniversary. If a bush happen to be near at hand, it is sure to be decorated all over with little rags knotted to the twigs. Each rag mystically contains some evil from which the person who tied it desires to be freed by this act and by the intercession of the saint. To untie it would be the extreme of rashness, as it would infallibly bring the unloosened evil on the intruder's head. Even touching it might, I am informed, have the same effect.

These sanctuaries are almost invariably situated either near some springhead, particularly if a mineral one, or on the top of an isolated height. The superstition which placed them there is probably in many instances much older than any creed now professed in the land. One such building, conspicuous on a conical peak nearly three thousand feet above the sea, and dedicated to the mythical Elias of the East, attracted my special notice; and after a climb which led me to admire rather than to envy the devout up-hill labours of the yearly pilgrims, I reached the summit—a weather-beaten pinnacle of black volcanic rock. There by the side of a ruined Byzantine chapel, open to the sky, I found what interested me much more; namely, the distinct re-

mains of a small pagan shrine, not Greek but Pontic in construction: the lower part, of four basement walls inclosing a square of about twelve feet each way, was cut out of the rock itself to a height of nearly five feet. This had been originally raised further by rows of huge oblong blocks, each several feet in length. On two sides they still retained their places; on the other two they, like the roof, if there ever was one, had disappeared. In the southern wall—for the building faced the compass—was a small square peep-hole of a window cut in the rock. The whole reminded me closely of some idol shrines I have seen in the Tamil villages of Southern India. But besides this, in the foundation rock of the temple, and hewn also on its southerly aspect, I found two small sepulchral caves, containing each a recess for a single corpse. In both niches the place for the head and the feet were indicated in the hollowed stone: the length was in each much the same, a little under six feet. The heads of the corpses were to the west, their feet to the east, and their right sides to the south. The face of the cliff bore traces too of other tombs, but now almost shapeless from the crumbling of the turf beneath the storms and winters of more than two thousand years.

Not far from Trebizond is another of these sepulchral caves. I visited it, and found it about eleven feet from the floor to the highest part of the vault-like roof, and sixteen feet broad by twelve deep, thus much resembling in form a huge oven; the rock here too was volcanic tuff, and still bore marks of the chisel. At the further end and, on either side, were deep coffin-like recesses for the dead, who must here, as in the tombs described above, have been laid recumbent at full length, but each in a different direction. The wide entrance of the cave had once been closed by a door, as appeared by the holes for the door-posts bored in the rock above and below; and in the inner right hand wall was a small niche, apparently for a lamp. The cavern had at a later period been converted into a Greek chapel, and vestiges of barbarous Byzantine daubings still appeared on the walls. But at present it is visited by Mahometans and Christians alike, under the ambiguous title of the prophet Elias.

There are countless caves of this sort along the coast slope of the mountain range, but I have never found any far inland, except at Amasia and Kastemouni.



This last belongs to Paphlagonia, however, not to Pontus; and up the valley of the Halys, or Kizil-Irmak, as it is now called. But in that region the rock monuments bear traces of much greater skill and workmanship than appears in the rough-hewn memorials about Trebizond. But in no case have I been able to discover either inscription or date.

The other "breakages" of this district are either Byzantine, or purely local. To the former class belong the numerous bridges, of coarse but very massive construction, which once spanned and now half choke with their ruins the many torrent rivers. The traveller here in winter and spring finds good reason to regret their loss. Byzantine, too, are the picturesque relics of battlemented walls and towers, "bosomed high" in the madly luxuriant vegetation of the coast, which give some of the small towns hereabouts a diminutive resemblance to old Constantinople. One town in particular, Rizeh — the Rhizœum of Strabo, and where, by the way, almost all the inhabitants are Greek-speaking Mahometans, and are simply the most disagreeable, quarrelsome, bigoted, narrow-minded set I have ever had to deal with — still retains about half of a mural circuit, which, when complete, cannot have been much under two miles in extent. The towers are about forty feet high, round, and placed at close intervals along the wall: one only has its upper part shaped into a not ungraceful octagon. The thickness of the walls is everywhere enormous; the materials rough-hewn, or mere irregular stones, copiously cemented with indifferent plaster. A couple of small vaulted chapels, each with its three lancet windows looking east — a favourite Tritheistic symbol — would alone suffice to determine the architects, were they not otherwise clearly indicated by the style of the fortifications themselves. As I clambered about them I might almost have fancied myself at Constantinople, near the Seven Towers. But here, too, was neither inscription or date, though architectural comparison would seem to indicate the eighth or ninth century as the epoch of building.

Lastly, to the same class belong the numerous monasteries and nunneries of the land, some of them growing out like excrescences at the mouth of an old Pontic cave, now modified into a chapel. There are five large ones, all Greek, within a thirty miles' radius from Trebizond, and smaller ones are scattered else-

where; but they would require a separate description to themselves.

The latter, or local, class of ruins includes those from the sixteenth to the close of the eighteenth century. To this period belong the numerous paved horseways, solidly constructed, and extending in a complicated network for scores and scores of miles up valleys, across mountains, through forests, from the sea-shore to the upper range. They were the work of the much-maligned Dereh-Begs, the landed proprietors swept away by the pseudo-reforms of Sultan Mahmood and Abd-el-Mejed; and were kept in order by village labour, freely given, because profitable. In the present poverty of the country, these roads are left unrepaired and untended, till many are now absolutely impassable; nor are new ones ever provided, or old ones mended by a Government which has taken to itself the wealth, but omitted the responsibilities of the land it governs. So too for the many road-side fountains, each with its pretty little ogee arch, and arabesque inscription commemorating the munificence of the builder, some wealthy villager: these, too, now abandoned, choked, and fallen into ruin. So also the dreary walls, and long ranges of windows open to the sky, that once were the abodes of the "Begs" or "Aghas," semi-feudal landlords, turbulent enough in their day, but good masters, hospitable, and spending in the land itself what they took from it; not, like the modern Stamboulee leeches, disgorging elsewhere the life-blood sucked from the province.

That the epochs, Pontic, Roman, Byzantine, and, so to speak, self-governing, were one and all "better times" than the present, the relics I have described or alluded to, with many other indications of bygone populousness and prosperity, seem sufficiently to establish; and the peasants with one voice declare that their condition was much more favourable, not only in the centuries preceding the Turkish conquest, of which they have long since lost every memory, but even after that event, under the almost independent rule of their own landowners and headmen, when the Osmanlee Government was hardly more to them than a distant and respected name; not, as now, a daily and burdensome interference. Certainly a serious diminution in the number of the inhabitants is attested by the frequency of shrunk or deserted villages; and the diminution of life indicates a corresponding diminution in the means of life.

They are, with hardly an exception, wretchedly poor. The plot of ground on which each man cultivates his maize, hemp, and garden stuff, yields little more than enough for his own personal uses and those of his family; the maize-field and garden supply their staple food, and the hemp their clothing: this last coarse and ragged beyond belief. And no wonder, where a single suit has to do duty alike for summer and winter, day and night. Whatever truth there may be in the philosophical "man wants but little here below"—an assertion I hold more than questionable for man, and utterly false for woman—he certainly gets uncommonly little in this region. For anything like gain, he has to depend on a scanty allowance of eggs furnished by a few diminutive hens, or the butter derived from a meagre cow or two; perhaps a few basketsful of orchard fruit; or, the best resource, a dozen loads of charcoal, which he has prepared in the forest. These he takes down on a donkey, or not rarely on his own or his wife's back, to the nearest market-town, say Trebizond, and there sells for what they may fetch. But here the Government, which never provided him directly or indirectly with a path to go by, or a plank to cross a torrent; which affords him no security against violence, no education in youth, no assistance or refuge in difficulty, sickness, or old age, is beforehand with him; and under title of road-dues, town-dues, market-dues, etc., secures from five to ten per cent. of whatever profit his wares may realize. Out of the remainder he has to pay agricultural tithes, property-tax—a very heavy one—sheep or cattle-tax, and yearly recurring requisitions for nominal public works, seldom executed, and, if executed, of no good to him, and very little to any one else. What is left goes to buy whatever household articles or agricultural implements the produce of his own ground cannot furnish. As to the maize, it is so unremunerative a crop, and the quantity which each individual peasant can obtain, owing to the infinitesimal subdivision of property, so small, that it is practically of no account for gain. When to all this we add frequent requisitions of unpaid labour, military service, and the like, can we wonder that the Pontic peasant lives, or rather starves, in debt, dies in debt, and leaves debt and starvation as the only heritage to his children?

The fact is that the Osmanlee Government never considers, or wishes to con-

sider, that it has any duty towards those it governs, except that of getting as much money as possible out of them. Moreover, the quantity of what it squeezes, or tries to squeeze, out of any given district is proportioned, not on the means and wealth of those squeezed, but on their moral compressibility and yieldingness. Hence, as a rule, Christian populations, which have, so to speak, a court of appeal in European opinion, are much less hard pressed now-a-days than Mohometan; not to mention the conscription, which falls wholly on the latter, and equals in theory about one fifth, in practice fortunately not more than one eighth or so, of the adult male census. It is true that the Christians pay for their exemption from this "blood-tax," but they have, on the whole, a cheap bargain.

Unhappily the spirit of servile, unconditional obedience, which from an early date characterized the subjects of the Byzantine Empire, has rested in a double portion on their descendants. "We are born to be fleeced, and fleeced we will be, and take it quietly," is their view of the matter. This spirit of miscalled loyalty, and real slavishness, is strongest among the Mahometan population, which change of religion has, so far at least, not benefited but injured. Man must have an idol of some kind—figure, picture, book or idea—to bow down to and worship; and as figures and pictures are forbidden to the Muslim, while of the book, the Koran, the idol of his Arab brethren, he, for ignorance of its language, cannot make much, the once Byzantine Mahometan has set up for his idol the idea of Islam, and worships it with a devotion which the "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him" of Job could scarcely parallel. But Islam is, moreover, in his mind identified with what is for him its visible and chiefest avatar, the Empire of the house of Othman, the waning Crescent of the crimson flag. And thus, in spite of the new and hated regulations of latter-day Sultans, of Janissaries butchered, grants revoked, institutions destroyed, and burdens bound on by a bureaucracy the little finger of which is thicker than the loins of a Suleyman or a Murad; in spite of the still deeper and more searching change that has come over the spirit of the Ottoman dream, transforming the terror of the nations into a feeble parody of that most portentous of all failures, the Second French Empire—the Mahometan of Anatolia continues, passively at least, true to his old



love, invests it with the inviolability of the Islam he worships; and while acknowledging it in detail to be an ogre, reveres it in the whole as a God.

Still the field of patience has not only extent but limits; and from time to time even the Mahometan "Koilee," or "Fellah," or Peasant, of Pontus is fairly driven beyond them. He then takes to the mountains: and as law, in the only sense he knows it, has been his enemy, he becomes in his turn an enemy to law. Band after band of such half fugitives, half outlaws, has sprung up within the last few years among these forests; and did a provincial newspaper exist, its "sensation" columns would seldom need a topic. To-day it is a house broken into, and one or more of the inmates mangled by a hatchet; to-morrow some corn stacks burnt, or the standing crops wantonly cut, trampled down, and destroyed in the dark; or a wayfarer has been found robbed and murdered, or a woman brutally ravished, or what not. It would be a painful, often a revolting, task to chronicle the crimes committed in these lovely glens.

And the Government?

Well; the Government, so long as individuals only, especially if of the poorer sort, are concerned, does simply nothing. But at last some person of consequence has, perhaps, been the sufferer; or a whole village or district has been injured; and a formal complaint and demand of redress, backed, of course, by a pre-payment of costs and good-will, not less necessary in a criminal than in a civil case before an Osmanlee tribunal, has been lodged at the official residence, where money received may have created a reasonable hope that more may be obtained from the same sources. A party of armed police, or, in extreme instances, of soldiers, are then sent at once to investigate and to punish; on whose approach, announced several days beforehand, the real criminals prudently make off. In their place, however, a few ready-to-hand persons are easily apprehended, and triumphantly carried off to be shut up in a jail, the like of which Mrs. Fry's worst nightmare never imaged; there to remain two, three, or more months, even years, their guilt or innocence being never examined into, till either death, or the presents thrown by their friends into the insatiate jaws of authority, procures them release. I have known as many as eighty thus dragged off to prison in a batch. By the end of four months several of them were dead and others like to die of jail-

fever; and during all that time not a single man or lad of the number had been brought before any kind of tribunal whatever, whether for investigation or trial. Meanwhile, God help their families. These were one and all Mahometans, from a Byzantine village about fifty miles distant from Trebizond.

Others again—and their number is large, much larger than the Osmanlee Government suspects—quit the country; some for the Russian Caucasus or Georgia, some for Constantinople, some for the larger towns of Syria or Egypt, there to pick up what living they may. Few of them ever return. The emigration is secret, for a reason little known, I believe, beyond the limits of the Ottoman Empire, but which ought to be taken into account in forming an estimate of the vaunted "progress" of its rulers. The Turkish peasant is, on a principle which, so far as I can discover, dates its origin from the semi-feudal times of military tenure, but which has assumed its actual and much more galling form in the present century, considered as serf of the soil he tills, or *ascriptus glebæ* in old phrase: and this principle is at once exemplified and enforced by a regulation forbidding him to quit his native village and district, except for a stated time, and then only after procuring an official "pass," for which a high fee has to be paid. The place too whither he intends going must be specified in the "pass;" and on any change of destination, a fresh one must be taken. For a "pass" to quit the country altogether, or for life, it would be vain to ask, as it would certainly be refused. Indeed, the bare appearance of a peasant at the "pass" office, asking for leave to emigrate to Russia, would be enough to make the clerk faint from the very impudence of the demand. But where a reasonable and advantageous thing is refused by authority, it is tolerably sure to be taken without authority; and every year the underhand emigration draws off larger and still larger numbers from this region.

Much more, however, is this the case with the "Greek" peasants; that is, with those who, in addition to their Byzantine descent, have maintained the Byzantine religion and social system. Sheltered under the protection liberally afforded by Russian consulates, they emigrate, not by individuals, or even families, but by whole bands. I have known as many as a hundred Pontic "Greeks" at a time, after receiving in the morning a flat refusal of the "passes" requested from the Otto-

man authorities, together with a threat that if they did not at once abandon their migratory intentions and return to their mountain villages, they should be packed off, not to Russia, but to prison, embark comfortably the same evening after dark on board the Russian steamer lying at their service in the harbour, and transfer themselves and theirs to the Muscovite allegiance. It would be hard to blame either the emigrants or those who helped them; it might be harder to defend those who maintain the *status quo* of Osmanlee rule.

Ruins of nations, ruins of empires, uncemented fragments, built up into an empire itself already a crumbling ruin. Yet the land is still the same as when the Argonauts first gazed on it from the sea, and the Ten Thousand from the overtopping mountains: the same snow-flecked heights, green pastures, luxuriant forests, full torrents, fertile soil; the very yellow blaze of wild flowers whence the bees in Xenophon's time drew their intoxicating honey, unchanged to this day, is still the same; — it is the old sad story of the East —

Art, glory, freedom fail; but Nature still is fair.

But if better days be yet in store for Pontus, they certainly will not dawn till the last rays of the Crescent have set from the verge of her western horizon, the seven hills of Stamboul.

Meanwhile we have emerged from the forest-gorge, left beneath us the wave-like billows of rolling mist, traversed the wide pasture slopes, crossed the bare jagged crest, whence, from a height of nearly nine thousand feet we have given a last backward look at the far-off dream-like sketch of bay, headland, and sea; and have now by long windings descended into the great inland valley of the Chork, the Harpasus of Xenophon, where, with the limits of Anatolian Gurgistan, begins another region and a different and better race.

W. G. PALGRAVE.

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"THE PINE." — The fine sonnet, entitled "The Pine," which appeared in No. 1502 of THE LIVING AGE, was written several years ago by Alfred B. Street of Albany, N. Y. (By the way, the word "shine," in the fourth line of the sonnet, was originally written "gleam." The change, copied from the *Dublin University Magazine*, destroys the rhyme.) — ED.

From The Graphic.

INNOCENT:

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "SALEM CHAPEL,"  
"THE MINISTER'S WIFE," "SQUIRE ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PALAZZO SCARAMUCCI.

A LONG bare room, the walls painted in distemper, with a running border of leaves and flowers, and the same design running across the rafters overhead; three huge windows, with small panes, draped with old brocaded hangings round the top, but without either blinds or curtains to shut out the cloudy glimpses of the sky; very sparsely furnished; some old cabinets and rococo tables by the walls, some old settees and chairs, which had once been handsome; the floor tiled with red triangular tiles, with pieces of carpet before the sofas. At one end a stove, which opened to show the little fire, erected upon a stone slab like a door-step, and with an ugly piece of black tube going almost horizontally into the wall, had been added for the advantage of the English Forestieri, who insisted — benighted northern people — upon such accessories of what they called comfort. Another old rug, faded out of its natural brightness into sweet secondary tints of colour, had been laid before this impromptu fireplace; but the aspect of the place was cold, chilling the spectator to the bone. One or two dark portraits, painted on panels, hung on the walls; they were very grim and very old; for this was the *terzo piano*, let at a cheap rate, and with few elegancies to boast of. Near the stove, on a little marble-topped table stood the tall lamp, with its two unshaded wicks blazing somewhat wildly, for it had not been trimmed for some time. The oil in it, however, one good, cheap luxury, which even the poor may have in Italy, was so sweet and pure that the air was quite untainted. On a little tray was a long loaf of the brown, very dry bread of the country, a plate of green salad, and a thin flask of common red wine — a pretty supper to look at, but scarcely appetizing fare for a delicate appetite. At the first glance there seemed to be no one in the room to benefit by these preparations, but after a while you could perceive in the recess of one of the windows a shadowy figure, leaning up in a corner, with its head against the pane looking out. All that could be seen from that window was the cloudy sky, and some occasional gleams



of moonlight, which threw silver lines upon the dark floor, and — when you looked down, as into a well — the Arno, flowing far below, with the stars, and clouds, and fitful moon, all reflected in it; and on its very edge the little Church of St. Maria della Spina, with all its tiny pinnacles tipped with silver. She who looked out from this high window could not be looking for any one; the people below were as specks hurrying along in the cold, with cloaks twisted over their shoulders. The watcher was nearer to the heavens than the earth. She stood there so long, and was so motionless, that gradually the blazing light, blown about softly by some draught from door or window, the little table with the salad and the wine-flask, became the centre of the still life, and the human shadow in the window counted for nothing. No breath or sound betrayed that something was there more alive than the light of the lamp or the glimmer of the wood embers, which, indeed, fell now and then in white ashes, and broke the utter silence of the place.

This silence, however, was much more effectually broken by the entrance of a stout, middle-aged Italian, with a cloak over one of his shoulders, and the *cache-nez* in his hand in which he was about to muffle his features when he went out. He looked round and round the large room, apparently unable to see the figure in the window, and then, with an impatient exclamation, went to the table, and snuffed the blazing wicks and trimmed the lamp. "Just like her, just like her," he said to himself, "gazing somewhere; never eating, never considering that one must live. If I were to add a slice of Salami — though the child is fastidious, she does not eat salami —"

"I am here, Niccolo," said a voice from the window.

"So I supposed, Signorina; I knew you must be in some corner. May I be permitted to remark that life is not supported by the eyes, but by the mouth? If you will not eat the *cena* I have prepared for you, what can I do? I cannot take you on my knees and feed you like a baby. Oh, I have done it; I have been obliged to do it, when I had the poor padrone's authority to sustain me, before now."

"Niccolo," said the voice, "I shall not want anything more to-night. If you are ready you may go."

"Oh, yes, I may go," said Niccolo fretfully, "not knowing whether I may not

find you a little heap of cinders in the morning, or fallen down in the window and frozen to death, Madonna Santissima! without the power to raise yourself up. If you would but have Philomena to stay with you, at least, in case you should want anything."

"I want nothing," said the girl. She came out of the window, advancing a few steps, but still keeping quite out of the cheerful circle of the light.

"No, the Signorina wants nothing, the Signorina will soon not want anything but a hole in the heretic cemetery beside her father; and when one goes sinfully out of the world by one's own wickedness, besides being a Protestant and believing nothing, what can one look for? If I were the Signorina I should take very good care as long as I could, not to die, and put myself in the power of those beings with the prongs that you see in the Campo Santo. I should take very great trouble for my part not to die."

Upon this she came out altogether out of the darkness, and approached the fire. "Do you think that not eating kills people?" she asked. "I cannot eat, I have no appetite, but I do not wish to die."

"At least, under any circumstances one can drink a little wine," said Niccolo, with disapproving dignity; "no effort is necessary to swallow a little wine. Signorina, I have put everything in order. I will leave the key with Luigi downstairs, that Philomena may enter in the morning without disturbing you. I now only wait to bid you a *felicitissima notte*. *Buona notte*, my little mistress — sleep well; and the Madonna and the saints take care of you, poor child!"

This little outburst was not unusual. The girl extended her hand to him with a smile, and Niccolo kissed it. Then throwing his cloak over his other shoulder, and wrapping it round him, he left her in her solitude. The guests at the Casa Piccolomini were dispersing at the same time, escorting each other, and escorted by their servants, through the still streets. As Niccolo closed the great door after him, the sound seemed to reverberate through the blackness of the great staircase, down which he plunged, darkling, groping his way by the wall. Mr. Worsley, who lived on the first floor, had a coil of green wax-taper in his pocket, which he lighted, to guide himself and his daughter to the door. They were a little afraid when they heard the footsteps stumbling down, not having been able to divest themselves of the idea that stiletto-

thrusts were the natural accompaniments of a dark staircase. And with his cloak over his left shoulder and his red *cache-nez* hiding his countenance, Niccolo looked dangerous, more like killing his man in a corner than watching with the tenderness of a woman over the wayward child whom he had just left with an ache in his honest heart.

All alone in the house! The *appartamento* was not so large as that of Mr. Worsley downstairs, for it was divided into two, as being adapted for cheaper lodgers. Besides this large *salone*, however, there was an ante-chamber, of which while Mr. Vane was alive he made a dining-room; and then a long lone passage, echoing and dreary, through which the solitary girl had to pass to her bedroom, another terrible stone room, floored with tiles, at the other end of the house. She had to pass her father's room by the way, and another gaping empty chamber, full of the furniture which, with Italian superstition, had been turned out of the chamber of death. She was not afraid. She had been used to such constant solitude that it seemed natural to her. While her father was alive she had been as solitary as she was now, and it did not seem to her, as it did to everybody else, that his mere presence in the house made so much difference. She had been brought up in a Spartan Italian fashion, to bear the cold and heat as things inevitable. She put her feet upon the stone slab, which did duty as a hearth, more from custom than for the warmth, which she scarcely thought of. A small scaldino stood under the table, full of fresh embers, which Niccolo had brought with him from the kitchen; but though she was cold she did not take it up and warm her hands over it as a thorough Italian would have done. She was half Italian only, and half English, rejecting many habits of both nations. She had a small cloak of faded velvet drawn round her shoulders, old and cut after no fashion that had prevailed within the memory of man. It had come, I believe, originally from a painter's studio, but it was warm and kept her alive in the penetrating cold. Kind Mrs. Eastwood, in her luxurious chamber, was wondering at that moment how the poor child would brave an English winter, and if "the little room" would be warm enough, with its soft carpets and close drawn curtains, and cheery fire. If she could have seen the Italian girl with her old mantle on her shoulders, and the scaldino at the foot of her chair!

I am afraid I am describing too much, which is a fatal weakness for a historian to fall into; but yet, of course, the gentle reader who does not scorn that delightful title would prefer to hear what this solitary girl was like. She had a straight, slim figure, too slim for beauty, though that defect of youth is one which it is easy to forgive. Her hair was dark and soft, and hung about her face, framing it with a soft fold, very slightly undulating at the ends, though not in any thing that could be called a curl. I must warn my dear friend and gentleman auditor, that this sounds a great deal better in words, and looks a great deal better in a picture, than it does in reality; for a girl of sixteen with hair thus hanging about her, neither curled nor dressed, is apt to be an objectionable young person, inclining to untidiness, and to look like a colt, unkempt and untrimmed. But Innocent was a neglected girl, who had never known any better. She did not strike you at the first glance as beautiful. She had no colour, and even had been called sallow by some observers. The chief beauty that struck the beholder was the perfect shape of her face, a pure oval, with the chin somewhat accentuated, as in the pictures of Leonardo da Vinci, and the eyes somewhat long in shape. Miss Bolding was right when she called the girl a Leonardo. She wanted the crisped hair, and that subtle sidelong sweetness in the eyes, which is so characteristic of that great master; but otherwise the character of her face was the same—somewhat long, and with all the softness of youth in the prolonged and perfect curve of the colourless cheek. The eyes were heavy-lidded; they were not "well-opened eyes." Only in moments of emotion did she raise the heavy lids freely, and flash the full light of her look upon you. At the present moment these lids were doubly heavy with dreams. The lips, which were thin, and rather straight, without curves, were closed upon each other with the closeness of meditation; her hair fell into the hollow of her neck on either side, and lay in a half ring and careless twist upon her shoulders. A very simple black dress, without trimmings, appeared under the velvet cloak; these were the days before the Watteau fashion became popular, when dresses were made with but one skirt, and long, sweeping over the wearer's feet. Such was her costume and her appearance. She took a little of the wine from the flask, and a morsel of the dry



brown bread, and swallowed them as it seemed with great difficulty, bending over the fire in the stove, which began to sink in white ashes. Silence, cold, solitude, all around; and here in the empty house, in the empty world, this solitary creature, so young and forlorn. But she was not afraid. After a while she rose quite calmly, and lifted the long stalk of the lamp, and went away through the long echoing ghostly passage. She saw nothing, feared nothing; her imagination was not at liberty, it was absorbed about other things.

Next morning it was more cheerful in the great *salone*; there was light, at least, which was much, and I think there was sunshine; but the gentle reader will forgive me if I confess that I have forgotten whether the Palazzo Scaramucci was on the sunny or the shady side. At all events, there was daylight, and a blue, clear, shining sky, and the sight of sunshine outside, if not actual presence. When Mrs. Drainham, who was really concerned about the girl, came to see her before twelve next morning, she found her seated by the same little table which had held her lamp on the previous night, with a little dish of polenta before her, and again the dry brown bread and the small flask of wine. It seemed the strangest, most distasteful breakfast to the Englishwoman. "Oh, my dear," she cried, "do send away that mess, and have a nice cup of tea. Wouldn't you enjoy a nice cup of tea? If you will come with me, my maid will make you one directly—and perhaps an egg and a little delicate bread and butter. I don't wonder that you have no appetite, my poor child."

"I like polenta," said Innocent, playing with her spoon, "and I don't like tea."

This seemed immoral to Mrs. Drainham. "If you go to England, my dear, you must not say you have been in the habit of having wine for breakfast," she said. "It would be thought so very strange for a young girl."

Innocent made no immediate answer. With a perverse impulse she poured out a little of the nostrale wine, the commonest and cheapest, and diluted it with water. I do not, I confess, think it was an attractive beverage. "Probably I shall never be in England," she said in a very low tone.

"Oh you must go to England; that is one thing there can be no doubt of. What are you to do here, poor child? Friends have been raised up to you here, but it is

not likely that people who are not connected with you would continue—and the apartment, you know," continued Mrs. Drainham, in her eagerness to prove what was self-apparent, "must be let. The Marchese is very poor, and he could not be expected to lie out of his money, and Niccolo must find another situation. Everything, in short, is at a standstill until you go away."

Something hot rushed to the girl's eyes—but if they were tears it was so unusual to shed them, that they rushed back again after an ineffectual effort to get forth. She made no answer. She had learned ere now, young as she was, the benefit of taking refuge in silence. Mrs. Drainham had drawn a chair near her, and sat looking at her, with eyes full of a curiosity not unmixed with disapproval. Mrs. Drainham, in short, disapproved of everything about her, her loose hair, her odd dress, her old velvet cloak, even the polenta on the tray before her, and the coloured water she was drinking. "What will they do with her in England?" she asked herself in dismay; but then *her* responsibility, at least, would be over, and her mind relieved.

"You have never been at school, my dear, I suppose?"

"No."

"Nor learned anything? But you must have had some resources; you must be able to do something? Needlework at least, or tapestry, or something to amuse yourself with? You must have been very lonely in your papa's time, as I hear he never saw any one. And you could not sit all the day with your hands before you; you must have been able to do something?" Mrs. Drainham cried, impressed almost against her will by the silence of her companion.

"I can read," said Innocent.

"And no more? I hope your aunt, Mrs. Eastwood, is well off. It would be dreadful indeed if your relations were not well off. Girls in your position frequently have to go out as governesses. I don't want to be unkind; but, my dear, it is for your advantage that you should look your circumstances in the face. Most girls of your age (you are past sixteen?) would have thought of that already. Suppose, for instance, that you were compelled to try and work for your own living. Now, what would you do?"

The suggestion was so strange that Innocent lifted her eyelids, and turned a wondering look upon her questioner; but apparently perceiving that nothing was to

be made of it, cast them down again with a slight shrug of her shoulders, and made no reply. "Why should I take the trouble to talk?" she seemed to say, which was not very civil to Mrs. Drainham, nor encouraging to that lady's benevolence, it must be allowed.

"You never thought of that view of the matter?" said the persevering woman. "But you ought to think of it. Few people, unless they are very rich, are disposed to take all the responsibility of a girl like you. They might help you, and be kind to you; but they would most likely think it was right and best that you should contribute at least to your own support."

"I do not know what you mean," said Innocent, looking at her with mingled wonder and resentment. She pushed away her little tray from her, and in sheer bewilderment took up the scaldino, putting it in her lap, and holding her hands over it. This was another thing upon which the doctor's wife, as she herself avowed, could not look with any toleration. She made a little gesture of distress, as if she would have put it away.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, my dear, don't let me see you with that odious thing on your knee! An English girl keeps her hands warm with doing something or other. You will find nothing of that sort in England. There your time will be all filled up in a rational way. There is always something going on, and you will find no time to nurse your hands in your lap. Of course, there is a great deal that will be very novel. Put down that scaldino, dear. I can't bear to see you with it. It is such an odd thing for an English girl to do."

"Am I an English girl?" said Innocent, dreamily. She did not respond to what was said to her. "She never gives you a reasonable answer," Mrs. Drainham said afterwards, with an impatience for which it was not difficult to account.

It was just then that the tinkling bell at the door pealed, and Niccolo after some parley admitted a stranger. Niccolo recognized the name at once, though no English visitor could have recognized it had he heard it from Niccolo's lips. "Signor Estvode," he said, looking in at the door, and pausing, with the true instinct of an Italian servant, to watch the effect of the announcement. Innocent started to her feet, in her haste dropping instinctively from her shoulders her old velvet mantle, and Mrs. Drainham sat and stared with genuine British com-

posure without any thought of politeness. Frederick came in looking (as he was) something of an invalid still. He was pale; he had that look of convalescence we have already referred to on his interesting countenance. He came forward, holding out both his hands to the girl, who stood devouring him with her eyes, which for once were fully opened. She could not say anything; she could scarcely breathe. Many speculations had crossed her mind as to the kind of messenger who might arrive. This young man, looking not unlike one of the heroes of her dreams, pale, melancholy, yet smiling, holding out his hands to her, made such a sudden lodgment in the girl's inexperienced heart as I can neither define nor account for. The chances are that his mother, who was much kinder than Frederick, would have made no impression at all upon Innocent. She looked at him with her eyes all aglow and shining, with a sudden glad contraction and then expansion of her heart. She put down the scaldino, and went a step forward. "You are my little cousin," said Frederick, in a voice which the natural impulse of kindness and the pleasant sense of beneficence made melodious. He looked at her with no criticism in his eyes, rather with admiration and pleasure. The girl paused all aglow, on tip-toe, her sudden impulse betraying itself in every line of her slim figure. Then she obeyed that impulse, poor, forlorn child. She threw herself forward, took the outstretched hands, and bent down and kissed them in her pretty Italian way. "Yes, I am Innocent," she said; "oh, take me away! take me away!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE COUSINS.

THIS little scene was odd and somewhat embarrassing to a young Englishman utterly unaccustomed to have his hand kissed; but I think it highly probable that Frederick would have felt much less objection to it had it not been for the presence of that Gorgon of British propriety, which kept staring at him with an expression of shocked and suspicious watchfulness from the other side of the stove. He laughed with the embarrassment common to his nation under the circumstances. There is nothing so awkward, so unhappy, and unready, as an Englishman who is called upon to show any natural feeling of the softer kind before strangers. Why we all, and we alone,



should feel that we are ridiculous when our hearts are touched, I cannot tell ; but so it is. Frederick Eastwood was affected by the eager passion of his welcome ; but with Mrs. Drainham's eyes upon him, he could do nothing but laugh. The primitive-minded girl, who was not aware of this tacit necessity, shrunk back into herself when, as she thought, he laughed at her. But the spectator felt that it was the right thing to do, and her disapproval softened. She indicated a chair to the new comer with a little wave of her hand.

"Dear child," she said in a caressing tone, "you must moderate your feelings. We all understand you ; we all excuse you ; but these are not English ways. Sit down a little, while I talk to you and to this gentlemen. Mr. Eastwood, I think ? — so far as one can understand an Italian's version of the name we were expecting to hear —"

"Yes," said Frederick, "I should have arrived a week ago, but for — indisposition. I am glad to find my cousin in such good hands."

Here they paused, and looked at each other, with sentiments which were not unfriendly, but a certain English community of feeling that made them sensible of the necessity of some sort of preliminary antagonism before the one agreed to accept the other as the person he claimed to be. Mrs. Drainham was a pretty woman, though it was appointed to her at this moment to act the Gorgon's part. And Frederick, with his peaked beard and melancholy eyes, was a handsome young man. The tone of the British matron perceptibly softened, as she took in at a glance the various evidences before her that the new comer was "a gentleman" — all-expressive and all-embracing phrase. She even laughed a little in her turn, and coloured very becomingly as she executed the sterner part of her duty.

"I am afraid you will think me impertinent," she said ; "and I feel ridiculous ; but as my husband and I have taken a great interest in Miss Vane, would you pardon me for asking if you have — any credentials — or authority ? I am sure I beg your pardon. You will understand what I mean —"

Then they both laughed together which advanced matters still farther.

"I have a letter from my mother to my cousin," he said. "I might have got a certificate of identity, had I thought she was so well guarded. And here is my card," he added, taking it out smilingly.

It was the card Batty had found in the

Paris hotel, which was the first one that came to his hand. He knew it by a crease in the corner, and pushed it back again with a little shudder which he could not account for : for indeed the Batty episode had faded into unimportance already. The card, however, was given and accepted with a gracious smile and bow. That celestial address, the "Junior Minerva" impressed Mrs. Drainham, as it had impressed Frederick's less desirable acquaintance. A little conversation of the most amicable character ensued, winding up by an invitation to dinner for that evening.

"And you will come too, my dear," said the doctor's wife ; "though it is a thing you could not do in ordinary circumstances. Nobody could reflect upon you for departing from the usual rules in your position. I will ask no one to meet you. Mr. Eastwood will bring you to us at seven o'clock."

Innocent had listened to this conversation vaguely, in a kind of stupor, feeling as if they spoke a language of which she had never before heard a word. Greek would have been as intelligible to her. It even hurt her vaguely that they seemed to understand each other in the language which she could not understand. She had been thrust back upon herself, which is always painful — thrust back after, as she thought, a gleam of new life and a new world, into the old dreary world, much drearier than ever by the contrast though it was but momentary. The visionary intensity of a mind living in its own sensations almost annihilates space and time ; and though it was but half an hour since Frederick Eastwood came upon the scene at all, there was room enough in that half hour to make the girl feel the force of two revolutions — the one from her dreary solitude into a new sphere of brightness, tenderness, companionship which was a revelation of Heaven to her ; and the other, a dreary circle back again, out of the light, out of the society, out of the strange delightful newness which seemed to have changed her being all in a moment. The one was a sudden sun-rising, the other an equally sudden eclipse. She had been raised up to heaven and then suddenly tossed down again. The amount of emotion involved was quite excessive and extravagant, out of all keeping with the momentary character of the incidents ; but Innocent was not aware of this, nor could have believed how utterly unimportant to the others was the half-hour which subjected her to such vicissitudes of feeling

as she had never before felt in her life. She made no reply to Mrs. Drainham's invitation, which, indeed, she scarcely comprehended. She did not understand the civilities with which her two companions parted, Frederick accompanying Mrs. Drainham to the door. What she imagined was that he had thus gone away without taking any further notice of her, and that all was over, and the new hope to which she seemed to have a right, taken from her. She sat in a stupor watching them go away, fingering the folds of the old velvet cloak, which she had picked up mechanically from the floor, and feeling a mingled chill — of her shoulders from the want of her mantle, and of her heart from this strange desertion — which made her shiver all over, and gave her that nervous and passionate impulse to cry, which children and women are so seldom able to resist, but which poor Innocent had been victorious over often, tears being among the things which her father turned into highest ridicule. She had ceased almost to be able to weep — forgotten the way; the natural emotions had been frozen in their fountains. But the thrill of new existence of which she had been conscious had broken those frozen chains, and she began to struggle with a hysterical passion which roused all her pride and all her spirit to conquer it. No doubt, she thought, this new cousin, like her father, would despise the weakness which women indulged in. Innocent despised herself for being a woman, and she would have died sooner than yield to what she supposed to be a purely feminine impulse. She was struggling thus with herself, fighting the hardest battle she had fought since the time when goaded by his ridicule she had rushed upon her father like a little tiger, beating him with her baby fist, choking with suppressed passion, when the door opened again, and Frederick came in once more. She gazed at him with her breast heaving, and her eyes dilated in the fierceness of her struggle to keep off the tears. And if he had laughed, or treated her emotion lightly, Innocent would have conquered. But Frederick's heart was really touched. He felt benevolent, paternal, full of patronage and kindness. He went up to her, and laid his hand caressingly on her head.

"My little cousin, we must make friends now that woman is gone," he said, smiling upon her.

Poor child, she knew nothing of self-control, scarcely anything of right and

wrong. She threw out her arms and clung to him, in a simple effort of nature to grasp at something; and fell into such a passion of sobs and cries on his bosom as frightened him. But yet what was more natural? She had just lost her father; she had no one in the world to turn to, except this new relation who belonged to her. She had been undergoing an unnatural repression, concealing her feelings in that stupor which grief so often brings. Frederick thought he understood it all, and it affected him, though he was glad there was no one else in the room. He put his arm round her, and even kissed the cheek which was partially visible, and said all the kind things he could think of. It lasted so long that, not being very strong himself, he began to totter a little under the unexpected burden, and would gladly have freed himself and sat down by her. But Innocent had been carried away by the tide, and could not stop herself. This was the beginning of their acquaintance. There were no preliminaries. She had never "given way" in her life before, except on the occasion we have already referred to — and heaven knows what a strange processes were going on in the girl's half-developed, much-suppressed nature, as for the first time she gave her tears and emotion way.

When the hysterical sobbing came to an end, Innocent lifted her head from his breast and looked at him, still holding him by the arms. She looked up suddenly, half beseeching him not to despise her, half daring him to do so; but there was no scorn in Frederick's eyes. He was very sorry for her.

"My poor child!" he said, smoothing the ruffled hair upon her forehead.

Then a sudden flush came to her face, and light to her eyes. She released him as suddenly as she had clutched him. She sank back gently into her chair with a shy deprecating smile.

"I could not help it," she said, putting out her hand. She wanted to retain some hold of him, to be sure that he would not melt quite away like one of the dreams.

As for Frederick, though his first feeling, I confess, was great thankfulness at being permitted to sit down, he had no objection to have his hand held by those soft, long fingers, or to bear the eager look of eyes which shone upon him with a kind of worship. He told her how he had been coming to her for a long time, but had been detained — how he had come to take her home — how they must start next day if possible, and travel as



quickly as possible ; and how his mother and sister were awaiting her anxiously, hoping to make her happy, and to comfort her in her trouble. Innocent leant back in her chair, and smiled and listened. She made no reply. It did not seem necessary to make any reply. She held his hand fast and let him talk to her, not caring much what he said. I don't know if her intelligence was much developed at this period of her life. She understood what he was saying, but it was as a song to her, or a story that he was telling. She did not mind how long she listened, but it required no personal response—took no personal hold of her. The picture he made of The Elms, and his mother and sister, produced no sort of effect upon her mind. She was satisfied. Everything was unreal and vague except the one tangible fact, that he was sitting beside her, and that she was holding his hand. It was not love at first sight. The child did not know, and never inquired what it was. She had got some one—some one belonging to her like other people, some one who did not sneer or ridicule, but smiled at her : who called her name softly : who found no fault. She was altogether transported by this wonderful sensation. She wanted no more ; no mothers nor sisters, no change, no conditions such as make life possible. She knew nothing about all that. Her understanding had nothing to do with the question. It was barely developed, not equal to any strain ; and in this matter it seemed quite possible to do without it ; whether she understood or not did not matter. She was happy ; she wanted nothing more.

"Must you go away?" she cried with a start, holding his hand closer, as he moved.

"Not to leave you," he said ; "but if we go away to-morrow—Can you go to-morrow, Innocent?"

"I will go when you go," she said.

"My dear cousin, you must be less vague. Can you be ready? Can you have your packing done, and all your little affairs settled? Where is your maid? She will know best."

"I have no maid. I have nothing to pack. I am ready now whenever you please ; only you must not leave me. You must never leave me," she cried, clasping her hands round his arm.

"I have no intention of leaving you," he said, half flattered, half embarrassed, "till I have taken you to my mother. It is my mother whom you are going to—

my mother—I told you—and Ellenor—"

"Will you leave me when we get there?" the girl asked eagerly, still holding him. Yes, it was flattering ; but possibly it might become a bore.

"No, no," he said, "I live there too. I am not going to leave you. But my mother will be the chief person then—my mother and Nelly, not me. They will be your chief friends and companions—"

"I would rather have you ; I know you ; and I don't like women," said the girl. "Listen ! Could not we live somewhere without letting them know? I can cook some dishes—very good *maccaroni* ; and I can cook birds. I could do what you wanted, and make your *spese*. This would be far better than going to live with your mother. I do not like women."

She warmed as she spoke, turning to face him, with her hand still clasping his arm.

"You must not say such things," he said.

"Why? This is the first time you have said 'you must not.' My father says women are all bad—not some here and there like men. I am one, but I cannot help it. I always try to be different. I would not do the things they do—nor look like them if I could help it. Are you rich?"

"No," said Frederick, becoming bewildered. He had risen up, but she detained him with her two hands holding his arm.

"That is a pity. We were never rich. If you had been rich we might have taken Niccolo, who could have done everything—he is so clever. We might have stayed here. Stop!" she said, suddenly, "there is a little cloud coming up over your face. Do not let it. Smile. You smiled when you came in first, and I knew that it was you, and was so happy."

"My poor child ! Why were you happy?"

"Because I knew it was you," she said, vehemently. "And now you talk of your mother. I do not want to go to your mother. Let me stay with you."

"Listen, Innocent," he said, with a shade of impatience stealing over him. "There is no possibility of questioning where you are to go. You must go to my mother. I live there, too. I cannot afford to have a house for myself. You must learn to be fond of my mother, and do whatever she wishes. Now let me go, please. I am going out to see the place.

If we leave to-morrow, I may not have another opportunity. Come, come, you must let me go."

She was looking up into his face, studying it intently, as if it were a book, a close, penetrating gaze, before which his eyes somewhat wavered, hesitating to meet hers. An idea that she would find him out if she gazed thus into the depths of his soul, crossed his mind, and made him half angry, half afraid. Perhaps she divined this feeling; for she let his arm go, slowly, sliding her hands away from it, with a half caressing, half apologetic motion. She smiled as she thus released him, but said nothing. There was something pretty in the act by which she set him free—a mingling of resignation and entreaty that at once amused and touched him. Go, if you will—it seemed to say—but yet stay with me! It was hard to resist the moral restraint after the physical was withdrawn. But Frederick reflected that to spend this, his only day in a strange new place—in Italy—shut up *tête-à-tête* with a girl who was a stranger to him, though she was his cousin, would be extremely ridiculous. Yet he could not leave her abruptly. He stroked her soft hair once more paternally as he stood by her.

"I will come back in time to take you out to this lady's to dinner," he said. "I suppose they have been kind to you? And in the meantime you must see after your packing. I have no doubt you will find a great many things to do. I am sorry you have not a maid to help you. Have you wraps for the journey? You will want something warm."

She took up her old velvet mantle with a startled look, and turned it round in her hands, looking at it. It was a garment to delight the very soul of a painter; but, alas! it was not such a garment as Frederick Eastwood, who was not a painter, could walk about by the side of, or travel with.

"Is that all you have?" he asked, with a little dismay.

"I have a shawl," said Innocent, looking at him with astonished eyes.

"Ah! I must speak to Mrs. Drainham about it," he said, with some impatience.

"Good-bye for the moment. Will you dress, and be quite ready when I come back? and then we can have a talk about our start to-morrow, and all our arrangements. I am sure if you are to be ready in time there is not a moment to lose."

Ready in time! The words seemed to echo about poor Innocent's ears when he

was gone. Ready for what? For going out with him in the evening to the house of the lady who found fault with her; who had come to her and talked so much, that the girl neither tried nor wished to understand. Ready! She sat and tried to think what it meant. She had but the black frock she wore—no other—with its little black frill of crape about her neck; no edge of white, such as people wear in England. She could smooth her hair, and put on a locket, or her mother's brooch; but that was all she could do. The packing she never thought of. Niccolo had been nurse and valet combined. He had always arranged everything, and told her what to do. She sat for a long time quite still, pondering over the morning with a strange happiness, and a still stranger poignant pain in her agitated breast. Then she rose, and putting her cloak round her—the poor cloak which she was afraid *he* had despised—she went down the long stairs and across the road to the tiny little church upon the edge of the Arno. Nobody who has been in Pisa will forget Santa Maria della Spina. I do not know whether its tiny size took the girl's fancy, or if the richness of the elaborate architecture pleased her, for she had no such clearly developed ideas about art as her relations in England gave her credit for. Perhaps after all it was but a child's fancy for the dim, decorated religious place, which, notwithstanding its mystery and silence, and the awe which hung about it, was not so big as the great bare *salon* in which she sat at home. She went in, crossing herself according to the custom which she had seen all her life, mechanically, without any thought of the meaning of that sign, and held out her hand to give the holy water to a peasant woman who entered along with her, mechanically too, as she might have offered any habitual courtesy. This poor girl had scarcely been taught anything, except what her eyes taught her. She went in, according to her custom, and knelt for a minute on a chair, and then, turning it round, sat down with her face to the altar. I think what she said under her breath was simply the Lord's Prayer, nothing more. It was very brief and mechanical too, and when she sat down I cannot pretend that her thoughts were of a religious kind. They were possessed by the occurrences of the morning. Her heart was in a tumult, rising and falling like the waves of the sea. The dead stillness with which the day before she had sat in the same



place, full of a certain dumb, wistful quiet — almost stupor of mind, had passed away from her. Life had come along with the new living figure which had placed itself in the foreground of her picture. Her heart beat with the vibration of her first strange childish happiness at the sight of her cousin, but in the very midst of this there came a sting of sharp wonder and pain, that acute surprised disappointment which women are apt to feel when the man whose company they themselves prefer to everything shows himself capable of going away from them, and preferring some kind of pleasure separate from them to that which can be had in their society. "If he was glad to find me, if he came so far for me, why could not he have stayed with me?" Innocent was not sufficiently advanced either in intellectual or emotional life to put such a question into words, but it was vaguely in her mind, filling her in her childish inexperience with a pain almost as great as the new pleasure which had come with her new friend. The morning masses were all over; there was no service going on, no candles lighted upon the altar, which glimmered with all its tall white tapers through the gloom. Everything was silent; now and then a half seen figure stealing in, dropping down to say a prayer or two, and with mysterious genuflection gliding away again. A few people, like Innocent, sat in different corners quite still, with their eyes towards the altar; they were chiefly old people, worn old women and benumbed old men, doing nothing, perhaps thinking nothing, glad only like the forlorn child, of the peacefulness, the stillness, the religiousness about. Here and there was one, who, with clasped hands and rapt face, gazed up at some dark picture on the wall, and "wrestled" like Jacob; but the most part showed little emotion of any kind; they found a shelter perhaps for their confused thoughts, perhaps only for the torpor of their worn-out faculties. But anyhow, they were the better for being there, and so was Innocent. She sat quite still for a long time, rather the subject of her thoughts than exercising any control over them, and then she turned her chair round again and knelt and said the Lord's Prayer, and went away.

She went to Mrs. Drainham's with her cousin as mechanically as she had said her prayers. Her appearance was strange

enough on that strange evening, which she passed as in a dream. With an idea that ornament was necessary, and perhaps not without some pleasure in the novelty of having the little morocco box full of trinkets, which her father had always kept in his own hands, handed over to her keeping, she had put on a trinket which took her fancy, and which was attached to a little chain. It was a very brilliant ornament indeed, set with emeralds and rubies, in a quaint design, the background of which was formed by small diamonds. The effect of this upon her very simple black frock may be conceived. Mrs. Drainham was scandalized, yet impressed. Impossible not to look upon a girl possessed of such a jewel with some additional respect — and yet the impropriety, the unappropriateness of wearing it at such a time was almost "past speaking of," Mrs. Drainham felt.

"You should wear nothing but jet ornaments with such deep mourning," she said. "A plain gold locket might have done if you have no jet; but this, my dear, is quite out of character. You must try and recollect these things when you go among your relations. They will wonder that you know so little. They might perhaps think it heartless of you. Was it your mother's? It is very pretty. You must take great care of such an ornament as this; but you must be sure never to wear it when you are in mourning." This was said when she was alone in the drawing-room with Innocent after dinner. And then she, too, began to inquire into the packing and the wraps for the journey. She gave Innocent a great deal of advice, which I fear was quite lost upon her, and offered to go next day to "see to" her preparations. The girl sat much as she had sat in the Church of the Spina, with her hands crossed on her lap, listening vaguely. She did not know what to say, and her attention wandered often, as the stream of counsel flowed on. She had done no packing still, and had no idea what to do about the wraps; and Frederick scarcely seemed to belong to her, in this strange room, where she sat in a kind of waking dream, ashamed of her poor frock, ashamed of her rich jewel, not knowing what to make of herself. Poor little Innocent! perhaps, on the whole, in this new rush of emotions that filled her, there was rather less pleasure than pain.

From Chambers' Journal.  
SHORT SPEECHES AND CURT CORRESPONDENCE.

WHEN people are driven half distracted with long speeches in and out of Parliament, and sigh for brevity, it is delightful to call up recollections of the possibility of saying much to the point in few words. We sometimes wish that our accomplished legislators would take a lesson from the first speech of the Maori member of the New Zealand General Assembly: "England is a great nation. The Maoris are a great people. The English have called us to this great house. We sit here. They have pounded my cow at Wanganui. I have done." This was sufficiently brief; but perhaps the shortest speech ever delivered in any legislative chamber was that of the member of the United States Congress, who, having got out this sentence: "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general," was pulled down to his seat by a friend, with the remark: "You'd better stop; you are coming out of the same hole you went in at!"

Daniel Webster was apt to over-indulge himself at public dinners, but managed, when called upon, to make a speech—if a brief one. At Rochester, New York, he once delighted the company with the following: "Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. That is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmiest days never had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. Men of Rochester, go on! No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high!" On another occasion Webster finished up with: "Gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid; yes, gentlemen, it should be paid. I'll pay it myself. How much is it?" In a similar strain, Peggy Potts, a fish-dealer, made her début as a public speaker on the opening of a new fish-market at Sunderland, and, considering all things, did not acquit herself badly, for this was her speech: "God bless our fishermen, pilots, and sailors, and when they return from the deep waters may they reach the port in safety. God bless

our working-men, and may they have plenty of work and good wages to buy fish and support their families. God bless the Prince of Wales and all the royal family. God save the Queen!"

Sir Arthur Helps somewhere suggests that clergymen would be more successful in attacking the pockets of their flocks if they sent round the plates before instead of after the sermon, with the understanding that if they gave liberally they should be let off from the sermon altogether. The experiment might be worth trying, although it would be unnecessary if charity sermons were modelled upon Swift's well-known laconic appeal. A more modern instance of the efficacy of brevity in a good cause may be cited. M. Dupanloup, the eloquent Bishop of Orleans, preaching in behalf of the distressed workmen of Rouen, contented himself with saying: "This is no time for long sermons, but for good works. You are all acquainted with the calamities of those whose cause I have come this day to plead. Once upon a time a king, whose name is still cherished by us, said to his companions-in-arms, on whom he thought with reason he could rely: 'My good friends, I am your king; you are Frenchmen. Yonder is the enemy; let us march!' I will not address you in other words to-day than these. I am your bishop; you are Christians. Yonder are, not our enemies, but our brethren who suffer. Let us flee to their succour!" The result was the collection of more than six hundred pounds. Edwin, a once popular English actor, is credited with the authorship of one of the briefest of sermons, his text being: "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards."—"I shall consider this discourse under three heads. First, man's ingress into the world; secondly, man's progress through the world; thirdly, man's egress out of the world; and

First—Man's ingress into the world is naked and bare.

Secondly—His progress through the world is trouble and care.

Lastly—His egress out of the world is nobody knows where.

If we do well here, we shall do well there;

I can tell you no more if I preach for a year."

The last time Justice Foster went the Oxford circuit he dismissed the grandjurymen to their work with: "Gentlemen—the weather is extremely hot; I am very old, and you are well acquainted with your duty—practise it!" Equally curt, if not quite so courteous, was the



Irish judge, who, after his two brethren had delivered opposite judgments at great length, said: "It is now my turn to declare my view of the case, and fortunately I can be brief. I agree with my brother J——, from the irresistible force of my brother B——'s arguments." In an action for slander, Justice Cresswell put the case to the jury in the emphatic words: "Gentlemen—The defendant's a foul-mouthed fellow. What damages?"—an example of judicial brevity only to be matched by Baron Alderson's address to a convicted prisoner who prayed that God might strike him dead where he stood if he were not innocent. After a moment's silence, the judge sternly and coldly said: "Prisoner at the bar, as Providence has not interposed in behalf of society, the sentence of the court is, that you be transported for the term of twenty years." An American judge once intervened in an odd way to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers, and seeing from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hardly contested, he asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money: "call the next case." He had not the patience of taciturn Sir William Grant, who, after listening for a couple of days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an act, quietly observed when they had done: "The act is repealed."

An inquisitive French bishop once caught a Tartar in the Duke de Roquelaire. The latter, passing in haste through Lyon, was hailed by the bishop with: "Hi! hi!" The duke stopped. "Where have you come from?" inquired the prelate. "Paris," said the duke. "What is there fresh in Paris?" "Green pease." "But what were the people saying when you left?" "Vespers." "Goodness, man," broke out the angry questioner, "who are you? What are you called?" "Ignorant people call me Hi! Hi! gentlemen term me the Duke de Roquelaire.—Drive on, postillion!" One morning a woman was shewn into Dr. Abernethy's room; before he could speak, she bared her arm, saying: "Burn." "A poultice," said the doctor. Next day she called again, shewed her arm, and said: "Better." "Continue the poultice." Some days elapsed before Abernethy saw her again; then she said: "Well, your fee?" "Nothing," quoth the great medico: "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw!" Lord

Aberdeen, the premier of the Coalition Ministry, was remarkable for the little use he made of his tongue. When, by way of reconciling him to accompany her on a sea-trip, the Queen smilingly observed: "I believe, my lord, you are not often sea-sick?" "Always, madam," was the brief but significant reply. "But," said her Majesty, "not very sea-sick?" "Very, madam," said the uncompromising minister. Wellington, we need hardly say, was not given to use too many words. One example of his economy this way will suffice. The Duke wrote to Dr. Hutton for information as to the scientific acquirements of a young officer who had been under his instruction. The doctor thought he could not do less than answer the question verbally, and made an appointment accordingly. Directly Wellington saw him, he said: "I am obliged to you, doctor, for the trouble you have taken. Is——fit for the post?" Clearing his throat, Dr. Hutton began: "No man more so, my lord; I can——" "That's quite sufficient," said Wellington: "I know how valuable your time is; mine just now is equally so. I will not detain you any longer. Good-morning!"

Naturally, men of action are generally men of few words. Caesar was not the only commander capable of announcing a victory briefly. Marlborough's Blenheim despatch would not fill a third of a newspaper column. Suvaroff's despatch to the empress was in rhyme, and has been translated: "Glory to God, glory to you. The fortress is taken; I am here." This was excelled in brevity by the Hungarian general's announcement of his defeat of Jellachich, the Ban of the Croats, which, put into English, was simply: "Bem beat Ban." Admiral Walton's famous "per margin" despatch has its pendant in Hawke's "I have given the French a good drubbing;" and Napier's punning "Peccavi," its fellow in Colin Campbell's "I am in luck now!" although we must own to having doubts as to the authenticity of one of these.

Butler pronounced brevity to be good, whether we are or are not understood; a dictum that capital letter-writer Mrs. Ciber, of histrionic fame, did not accept, for writing to Garrick, she excuses her prolixity, saying: "If I attempted to be laconic, I must either omit what I wanted to say, or run the risk of expressing myself so as not to be understood; besides, my mother taught me, when very young, that the farthest way about was the nearest way home, and you see the force of

education!" Some theatrical celebrities managed, nevertheless, to be both brief and intelligible. When Knight, by advice of an admirer, offered his professional services to Tate Wilkinson, the manager replied: "SIR—I am not acquainted with any Mr. Phillips except a Quaker, and he is the last man in the world to recommend an actor to my theatre; I don't want you." Knight retorted: "I should as soon think of applying to a Methodist parson to preach for my benefit, as to a Quaker to recommend me to Mr. Wilkinson; I don't want to come." Twelve months after, the comedian received another epistle: "Mr. Methodist Parson, I have a living that produces twenty-five shillings a week: will you hold forth?—T. W." And the pair made a bargain of it. Some of these epistolary crackers are very amusing. Lord Berkeley wishing to apprise the Duke of Dorset of his changed condition, wrote: "DEAR DORSET—I have just been married, and am the happiest dog alive.—BERKELEY." His interesting news being acknowledged with: "DEAR BERKELEY—Every dog has his day.—DORSET." Mr. Kendall, sometime Uncle Sam's Postmaster-general, wanting some information as to the source of a river, sent the following note to a village postmaster: "SIR—This department desires to know how far the Tombigbee river runs up?—Respectfully yours, &c." By return mail came: "SIR—The Tombigbee does not run up at all; it runs down.—Very respectfully yours, &c." Kendall not appreciating his subordinate's humour, wrote again: "SIR—Your appointment as postmaster is revoked; you will turn over the funds, &c. pertaining to your office to your successor." Not at all disturbed by his summary dismissal, the postmaster replied: "SIR—the revenues for this office for the quarter ending September 30 have been 95 cents; its expenditure, same period, for tallow-candles and twine, 1.05 dollars. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance." His superior officer was probably as much disgusted with his precise correspondent as the American editor who, writing to a Connecticut brother: "Send full particulars of the flood"—meaning an inundation at that place—received for reply: "You will find them in *Genesis*." A good specimen of Yankee brevity is the order received by a commissariat officer named Brown from a Colonel Boyd, which could scarcely have been couched in fewer words than: "Brown—beef—Boyd."

the colonel receiving his supplies with a note running: "Boyd—beef—Brown."

Talleyrand acknowledged a pathetic letter from a lady friend announcing her widowhood, with a note of two words: "Hélas! madame!" And when the easily consoled dame wrote not very long afterwards soliciting his influence on behalf of an officer she was about to marry, he merely replied "Ho! ho! madame!" More satisfactory to the recipient was Lord Eldon's note to his friend Dr. Fisher of the Charterhouse: "DEAR FISHER—I cannot, to-day, give you the preferment for which you ask.—Your sincere friend.—ELDON. (*Turn over*)—I gave it you yesterday." Pleasant to all parties concerned was the correspondence between the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Cork: "DEAR CORK—Please ordain Stanhope.—YORK." "DEAR YORK—Stanhope is ordained.—CORK."

When a member of Lord North's administration, Fox one night took the liberty of walking into one lobby while his chief went into the other. As he sat on the ministerial bench the next evening, one of the door-keepers handed him a note. Upon opening it, the rebellious politician read: "SIR—His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of the Treasury, in which I do not find the name of Charles James Fox.—NORTH." Not more agreeable to the recipient was Henry Drummond's answer to a letter asking him to join the advocates of the Maine Liquor Law: "SIR—I think the Maine Liquor Law perfectly detestable, and will do my best to prevent its being adopted here. Yours, H. DRUMMOND." As a rule, a man with a grievance is too proud of his wrongs to be laconic, but here is an exception to the rule. "SIR—I was a lieutenant with General Stanhope when he took Minorca in 1708, for which he was made a lord. I was a lieutenant with General Blakeney when he lost Minorca in 1756, for which he was made a lord. I am a lieutenant still!" Surely such an appeal ought to have proved resistless, almost as resistless as that of the dying dramatist: "DEAR BOB—I have not anything to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moments of his life thine.—G. FARQUHAR."

Bob Johnson the jockey, noted in turf annals by his connection with the famous mare *Beeswing*, was as chary of his words



as his master was of his money. Having to write to Mr. Ord to let him know how things were going on at home, Bob compressed his information into the smallest possible compass: "SIR—The meer's weel; I'm weel; we're all weel.—ROBERT JOHNSON." A pretty connubial effusion was that of the French lady: "I write to you because I have nothing to do, I end my letter because I have nothing to say." Not so pretty the note chalked upon a tea-tray by a woman who hanged herself after a tiff with her husband: "DEAR JIM—You have driven me to do this little affair. Be good to the dog, and ask Mrs. L. to be kind to the birds."

An American paper, the organ of female rights and free-love, says in one of its issues: "On Monday, April 10, five hundred barrels of Cincinnati whiskey were landed on the levee in Louisville. On Wednesday the 12th, the *Louisville Courier-Journal* appeared without a line of editorial." This suggests a new argument in favour of brevity, for with a little care a man might slander folks to his heart's content with perfect impunity, for such libels by inference would scarcely be actionable. The laconic is just now in favour with transatlantic journalists, who have a knack of making fun out of very serious matters.—A circus-rider in Texas tried to turn three somersaults on horseback; the manager sent to New Orleans the following day for another somersault man.—A man warned his wife in New Orleans not to light the fire with kerosene; her clothes fit his second wife remarkably well.—Few men would attempt to dry gunpowder in the kitchen stove; a man in Canada did. His afflicted family would be glad of any information as to his whereabouts.—A boy in Detroit disregarded his mother's warning not to skate on the river, as the ice was thin; his mother don't have to cook for so many as she did by one.—In Massachusetts, the other day, a man thought he could cross the track in advance of the locomotive: the services at the grave were impressive.

Were this style of reporting to become naturalized here, the penny-a-liner's vocation would be gone. Perhaps we should be none the worse off for that; we might well spare the sickening details of "frightful accidents" and dreadful crimes, and who knows but suicides might cease to be every-day occurrences if they were chronicled thus: "John Smith, of New York, revolver. Annie

Jones, of New Jersey, laudanum. G. Jenkins, of Philadelphia, third-story window."

From The Spectator.

#### LORD LYTTON ON THE AGE OF MURDERERS.

IN Lord Lytton's last novel, he introduces some curious remarks on the age of murderers, *à propos* of the conjecture that Macbeth ought to be imagined as not more than twenty-eight when he murdered Duncan. It belongs to youth, he says, to begin the habit of miscalculating its own power in relation to the society in which you live and this habit unless begun in youth, is rarely begun later. But we will give the whole passage:—

"Do you think Macbeth was young when he murdered Duncan?" "Certainly. No man ever commits a first crime of violent nature, such as murder, after thirty; if he begins before, he may go on up to any age. But youth is the season for commencing those wrong calculations which belong to irrational hope and the sense of physical power. You thus read in the newspapers that the persons who murder their sweethearts are generally from two to six-and-twenty; and persons who murder from other motives than love—that is, from revenge, avarice, or ambition—are generally about twenty-eight—Iago's age. Twenty-eight is the usual close of the active season for getting rid of one's fellow-creatures—a prize-fighter falls off after that age. I take it that Macbeth was about twenty-eight when he murdered Duncan, and from about fifty-four to sixty when he began to whine about missing the comforts of old age. But can any audience understand that difference of years in seeing a three-hours' play; or does any actor ever pretend to impress it on the audience, and appear at twenty-eight in the first act and as a sexagenarian in the fifth?"

We take it that Lord Lytton never made a greater mistake than in the abstract conclusion he thus formed. No doubt it is true that passionate murders, murders of women by their lovers, committed in violent transports of jealousy, are usually committed young; but then that is not due to the miscalculation of individual power as regards the rest of the world, but to absence of all calculation—to the blinding and absorbing heat of a passion that turns the perpetrators of these deeds into something like mere automata worked for the moment by a spasm of jealousy or despair. Far from sharing Lord Lytton's view as to Macbeth, we feel little doubt that Shakespeare

attributed the ambitious crime of Macbeth to a much more mature age than it pleased Lord Lytton to suggest. It is impossible to suppose, if we study the context, that there is any considerable interval of time between the murder of Duncan and that of Banquo. In the scene describing the plot for the murder of Banquo, Macbeth speaks of Duncan's sons as having just reached England and Ireland, whither they fled on the morrow of Duncan's murder, so that a few weeks at most must be supposed to have intervened. Yet it is in the scene in which Banquo's ghost appears that Lady Macbeth excuses her husband to his guests for his delirious talk, as follows :—

Sit, worthy friends; my Lord is often thus,  
*And hath been from his youth.*

—a form of expression certainly not easily implying that Macbeth was still in his youth. Add to this Lady Macbeth's language in encouraging her husband to the murder, and we have additional evidence that the time of a mother's cares was to her imagination in the past :—

I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless  
gums

And dashed his brains out, had I so sworn  
As you have done to this.

A young mother could hardly have spoken in that way. We cannot help thinking, from both Macbeth's and Lady Macbeth's language, that Shakespeare intended to place them in the epoch, not of youthful passion, but of hard ambition,—in middle life. And again, would Lord Lytton have attributed to Shakespeare the intention to make Hamlet's uncle, Claudius, a young man under thirty when he contrived his brother's death? Surely no hypothesis could be less like Shakespeare's picture.

But to leave the world of dramatic fiction, which is important only because Shakespeare's knowledge of men was so marvellous that what he represents is sure to have a basis of fact beneath it, is it true that the more remarkable of real murders,—murders committed not in sudden passion, but from ambitious or other calculations, like those of Macbeth and Hamlet's uncle Claudius,—have been committed by the young? Certainly in the case of women it has almost always been otherwise, though Constance Kent was a remarkable instance to the contrary. Both the women who have attained a horrible notoriety this year for the number

and cold calculation of their poisonings—Lydia Sherman in America, and Mary Anne Cotton in England—were mature women, who did not begin to think of such crimes till near the age of forty, or beyond it. The Countess de Brinvilliers and her accomplice Gaudin de St. Croix were apparently both over thirty-five when they begun their career as poisoners. And a German poisoner as notorious as any of them, Anna Maria Zwanziger, whose strange series of crimes, trial, and confession Lady Duff Gordon narrated in her "Remarkable Criminal Trials," some twenty-seven ago, was nearly fifty when she began to revel in the power which poison gave her over human life. Indeed, if Lord Lytton had had Lady Duff Gordon's volume before him, he would have seen that among the more remarkable murders, murders of calculation like both Macbeth's and that of the King in "Hamlet," it is very rare, instead of very common, to find the murderers young. Anna Maria Zwanziger,—who is sometimes called the German Brinvilliers,—confessed to the Judge that her death was fortunate for mankind, as it would have been impossible for her to discontinue her practice of poisoning, so much did she revel in the power she felt it gave her; and we suspect that Lydia Sherman and Mary Anne Cotton, and probably Catherine Wilson, the poisoner of some ten years or so back, and Christina Edmunds, the Brighton poisoner of last year,—none of them in their youth,—might have said the same; indeed it is hardly possible to conceive that a very young woman could have felt this frightful pleasure in the wielding of an evil power of destruction,—if for no better reason because other and more natural hopes and pleasures would keep their attraction till the season of youth had passed. Then take the more serious murders of deliberation. Certainly Sandt, the German student who murdered Kotzebue, was a lad; and Ravallac, who murdered Henri IV., was only 31, a little over Lord Lytton's age; but Felton, the murderer of Buckingham, seems to have been a mature man; Louvel, the murderer of the Duc de Berri in 1820, was 37; Guy Fawkes was 35; and in our own time, Orsini, who attempted the life of the late Emperor of the French, was 39.

The ages of men who first engage in calculated crimes of violence range, no doubt, lower than that of women, for the obvious reason that women's strongest instrument in working for even the same class of ends is, while young, a different



one, that of persuasion, and that they are only likely to have recourse to violence when their chief engine fails them. But in any case, Lord Lytton's analysis of the reason for the youth of murderers fails, and it is to that we wish to draw attention. It is not the experience of maturity, of the great power of the world and the little power of the individual, which deters from calculated violence, but more often, one might say, the sense of being utterly baffled which that experience engenders in a self-willed mind whereon some one desire has fastened a firm hold, that most often leads to it. It is far less "irrational hope and the sense of physical power," than rational fear and the sense of moral incapacity which precipitate men who have once fixed their desires in a particular groove into this desperate last resource. Scott's Balfour of Burley is an admirable type of the higher kind of murderous resolve of this sort,—the kind due to a grim tenacity of purpose which cannot deny itself the satisfaction of a violent collision with all laws human or divine that seem to balk its purposes. There is an element of desperation, rather than of over-sanguine, over-youthful hope in almost every calculating murder,—though, as in Macbeth's case, there may be a sense of predestination, too. Evidently neither he nor his wife believed that the witches' prophecy could fulfil itself without their own aid. The prophecy suggested to them that the murder of Duncan was the only possible path to the throne, and whetted their ambition for it; but the conviction that it would be quite impossible for the preternatural prediction to be fulfilled without their help, was akin rather to desperation, than to "irrational hope and the sense of physical power." The great calculated murders have far oftener sprung out of the savage and brutal despair of ambitious, but only too much experienced self-will, driven back upon itself, and fully conscious of its want of living resource, than out of the glowing audacity and excessive hopefulness of youth. Count Guido, in Mr. Browning's "Ring and the Book,"—a character painted not from imagination, but from history, and after a most careful study of the real pleadings of a real trial,—is a perfect type of murderers on calculation; and Count Guido is middle-aged, nearly fifty, and his crime is essentially the crime of middle age,—the crime not of flowing but of ebbing life, of resource failing and hate growing at the expense of life. He himself speaks of his

failing sense of life as the warning which first precipitated him into the plot that ended in the murder:—

Brief, one day I felt  
The tick of time inside me, turning-point,  
And slight sense there was now enough of  
this,—  
That I was near my seventh climacteric  
Hard upon, if not over, the middle of life.

And how does the poet describe his murderous temper? In words carefully chosen to express most eloquently not fullness, but starvation of soul; not irrational hope and the sense of physical power, but the very destructiveness of a sort of spiritual death:—

And thus I see him slowly and surely edged  
Off all the table-land whence life upsprings  
Aspiring to be immortality,  
As the snake hatched on hill-top by mischance,  
Despite his wriggling, slips, slides, slidders  
down  
Hill-side, lies low and prostrate on the smooth  
Level of the outer place, lapsed in the vale:  
So I lose Guido in the loneliness,  
Silence and dusk, till at the doleful end,  
At the horizontal line, creation's verge  
From what just is to absolute nothingness,—  
Lo! what is this he meets, strains onward still?  
What other man deep further in the fate,  
Who, turning at the prize of a footfall,  
To flatter him and promise fellowship,  
Discovers in the act a frightful face,—  
Judas made monstrous by much solitude! . . .  
There let them grapple, denizens o' the dark,  
Foes or friends, but indissolubly bound,  
In their one spot out of the ken of God  
Or care of man, for ever and ever more!

That surely is a much truer picture of the typical murderer than any other which modern poetry has given us. And it is a picture which, contrary to Lord Lytton's theory, makes such murder to spring out of the selfish and wilful desperateness which can hardly come till middle-age even to the worst man, and which has no part or share in the sanguine temper and hopeful audacity of youth.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### RELIGIOUS CORPORATIONS IN ROME.

THE Italian Government has now held possession of Rome for two years and a half, and if its new conquest has given it some trouble, it has given it much less trouble than might have been expected. After Sedan and the establishment of the French Republic, there was no difficulty in the way of the occupation of Rome; but it is only because things have gone

smoothly with Italy lately that we conceal from ourselves how many embarrassments the occupation might have entailed. Italy is the luckiest of nations. It has thriven by the blunders and misfortunes of others, as well as by its own audacity and good sense. If a danger threatens it, something is sure to happen, which no one could have expected, to save it. The Pope never lets his quarrel sleep for an instant, and the Pope might have made himself very unpleasant to Italy if he had but had any external support. But while Germany kept down France and Austria so as to make them unable, if they had really been willing, to befriend the Pope, the policy of the Pope suddenly took the form of extreme hostility to Germany. As Prince Bismarck lately said, it formed no part of the Imperial plan that Germany should become the ally of Italy against the Papacy. Italy had not been disposed to court the favour of Germany during the war. The King was desirous of sending his troops to aid the French, and although his Ministers had sense enough to stop the perpetration of so fatal a blunder, they did not, or could not, prevent Garibaldi from going to kill as many Germans as he could lay hands on, in the name of the Universal Republic. The new German Empire cared for nothing except to consolidate its unity; and Prussia had for years been on the best terms with Rome, and had made every possible concession so as to avoid any opposition on the part of its Catholic provinces to the central Government. Prince Bismarck did not want to have the Rhine provinces stirred to disaffection, intrigues revived in Polish districts, and religious differences set blazing to scare Southern from Northern Germany. If the Pope had been willing, he might have had very good friends and protectors at Berlin; and although force of arms would not probably have been used to turn the Italians out of Rome, yet the Pope in all the disputes which the occupation of Rome has excited would have had a backing which the Italians could not have afforded to disregard. Most fortunately for Italy the Pope chose to quarrel with Germany, and the Ultramontane party set itself to revenge 1870 by the disruption of German unity. The consequence has been that Italy has not been hampered in dealing with the Pope by any external difficulties. It has been at liberty to take its own course, and its course has been to treat the Pope respectfully and kindly, to care little for abuse and calumny and

curses, and gradually to establish in the minds of friends and foes the fact that Rome is now a part of Italy, that Italian law must prevail there, and that when the interests of Italy at Rome and the interests of the religious body or hierarchy conflict, the former are to prevail. Whether the decision to make Rome the capital of Italy was wise or not, whether the physical evils of the place and neighbourhood can be surmounted, and whether the population of Rome is suited to form the material in which the centre of Government resides, are questions which cannot properly be answered for years to come. But there can be no doubt that Italy has derived one immediate advantage from the transfer of the capital to Rome. There has been no choice but to fight boldly with the pretensions of the Papacy, and to carry out the doctrines of modern Italian policy to their legitimate conclusions. If Rome had been subjected to the authority of the King, but had been left as a city apart, following its own customs and virtually governed by its own laws, while Florence engrossed the national attention, there would have always been a non-Italian spot in the midst of Italy. Being fixed at Rome, the Legislature has had no option but to resolve that in coming there it shall be found to have brought Italy with it.

Italy has been for centuries the home of ecclesiasticism in all its forms, and religious bodies of many kinds have nestled and flourished there. The statesmen of modern Italy had at an early date after the establishment of the Kingdom to consider how they would deal with these religious bodies, and they gradually worked out three propositions. The first was that the buildings destined for the use of such bodies must be held to be as much liable to be expropriated and applied to purposes of public utility as any other buildings. The second was that religious bodies must not be allowed to hold land, as the resources of the country were wasted, and the population encouraged to live under subjection to masters possessed by a spirit alien to that of modern society. The third was that religious bodies must, in order to be allowed to exist at all, have some recognizable character of practical utility. They must not be merely collections of persons retiring from the world to lead a saintly life. When the Italians got hold of Rome, they naturally found a very vast field for the application of these principles. Rome is ill built, ill drained, very dirty, and very



inconvenient. If it was to be improved, many of the buildings belonging to religious corporations must disappear in order to let in light and air, and to make new streets possible, and to give accommodation to the legion of national officials. A large portion of the district round Rome is held by these corporations, and they possess much urban property. The number of persons leading a purely monastic life is of course considerable in the capital of Catholicism. The Italian Government had, however, no hesitation in applying its principles to all Roman religious corporations that were of a merely local character, assemblages of persons who are now Italians settled on what is now Italian soil. But many of the religious corporations of Rome consisted of foreigners, had been founded by foreigners, and formed the chief machinery by which foreign adherents of the Pope associated themselves with the life and work of the head of their faith. How to treat these foreign corporations was a puzzle which for a year baffled the wits of the Ministry, and at last they could arrive at nothing better, in proposing a Bill to Parliament, than an enactment that during two years the corporations should be at liberty to make proposals to the Government, and, if those proposals were not satisfactory, then that the Government should be at liberty to negotiate on the subject with the foreign Governments interested. A Commission was appointed by the Chamber to consider this Bill, and it is only after the lapse of some months that the Commission has been able to arrive at a conclusion. Those who served on it have had the merit of really thinking over the matter which they had in hand. The Commission could not satisfy itself with the vague and timid proposal of the Government. It asked itself what was the basis on which the Italian Parliament proposed to deal with these corporations at all. This basis was that these corporations were established on Italian soil, possessed Italian lands as their property, and formed part of Italian society. No foreign Government could have a right to say that any of its subjects were entitled to live on Italian soil, hold Italian lands, and form a part of Italian society, if they thereby prejudiced the interests or evaded the law of Italy. The Commission, therefore, decided that the bold line was the only line that could be taken, and that foreign Governments must be held to have no claim to negotiate with Italy as to these corporations. It will be ad-

visible to correspond with the Governments interested in the subject, but this ought to be done unofficially, and merely as an act of courtesy. The corporations are to be dispossessed of their buildings if public utility so requires. Their lands are to be sold, and they are to hold the proceeds invested in the funds; and they are to have two years in which to make proposals to the Government as to the purposes which they are henceforth to serve, and the rules to which they are to be subjected. If these proposals are not satisfactory, the Government will, at the end of two years, have power to make schemes for them.

These recommendations of the Commission are bold and logical, but statesmen have got to think of something else than of being bold and logical. They have to think of safety and prudence, and of not running their country into dangers greater than those from which boldness and logic propose to relieve it. The irresolution of the Italian Government arose, not from their hesitation as to what they would like to do, but from their hesitation as to what they could dare to do. Would foreign Governments be disposed to allow that Rome was merely an Italian city like any other, and that a new body of law should be imposed on their subjects who had for generations been encouraged to hold a position in harmony with a totally different system? It is certain that unconquered France, even if the original ideas of the late Emperor had been carried out, and the Italians had been permitted to occupy Rome, would never have tolerated the treatment which the Commission wishes to see applied to these corporations. Even now it is nothing but the quarrel of the Pope with Prince Bismarck that gives the Italians a chance of uniting safety with boldness and logic. A year ago Italian statesmen might well hesitate, for they could not tell how far this quarrel would proceed. Even a few months or a few weeks ago it was not easy to say whether domestic opposition might not cripple the action of Prince Bismarck. The Commission has the advantage of making its Report at a moment when it is known that the policy of Prince Bismarck has been successful, that he has made the Prussian House of Lords bow before his will, and accept the ecclesiastical changes he has proposed; and that the nature of these changes is such as to make it impossible that there can be a reconciliation between Germany and Rome.

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## THE EXILED MOUNTAINEER.

*(From the French of Châteaubriand.)*

How sweet the memory of that spot of earth,  
The happy fatherland that gave me birth!  
Sister, they never knew, those early days,  
One thrill of dearth.

My France, my country! thy remembrance stays  
By me always!

My sister, can it be thou hast forgot  
The happy fireside of our humble cot;  
And how our aged mother, sitting there  
In that dear spot,  
Embraced us while we kissed her silver hair —  
A reckless pair?

The castle 'neath whose walls, long, long ago,  
The ripples of the river used to flow;  
Or that gray tower where, at early morn,  
In accents low  
The matin-bell the worshippers would warn  
Of day reborn?

Mind'st thou the tranquil lakelet's face so blue,  
O'er which in summer days the swallows flew;  
The breeze which pliant osiers stooped to shun,  
The gorgeous hue  
We saw emblazoning the setting sun  
When day was done?

Ah, who will give my loved ones back to me —  
My forest oaks, my mountain scenery?  
Their recollection chastens all my days,  
And will not flee:  
For still, my fatherland, thy vision stays  
By me always.

Tinsley's Magazine.

## POETRY AND PROPER NAMES.

*(The former assisting you to pronounce the latter.)*

THERE dwelt an old cobbler at Bromley,  
And he had a daughter so comely,  
That, though he was poor,  
And SNOOKS for name bore,  
That name she relinquished for CHOLMONDE-  
LEY.

A small barber shaved for a penny;  
His shop was the pride of Kilkenny.  
He hung out his pole  
Along with a scroll,  
Whereon was inscribed ABERGAVENNY.

A school was for boys kept at E'sham,  
By one who knew not how to teach 'em;  
Yet his line he could trace  
To a generous race.  
This poor pedagogue called himself BEAU-  
CHAMP.

There is choice of a great many large banks,  
For those with their money who charge banks.  
And one I would trust  
With the whole of my "dust,"  
Need I say, it is yours MESSRS. MARJORIBANKS.

A soldier may genius or dunce be;  
But either can slain only once be,  
As one was whose name  
Is worthy of fame;  
That hero of Waterloo, PONSONBY.

Punch.

## NEAR THE END.

O THE wild days of youth! the dear dead days!  
Dark are the lights and all the chorus dumb,  
And cold and faintly through the gath'ring  
haze

Of this sad twilight time thin echoes come,  
And wand'ring voices haunt the glimmering  
ways.

Sitting alone in these last empty years,  
Life, starved and dwindled, tells its old tales  
o'er,

And, like a wind, the Past sings in mine ears,  
And, like a wind, goes by. Alas! no more  
For me the glad green Spring of smiles and  
tears!

Off from the dreamland of the Long Ago,  
Pale faces seek me with their eager eyes,  
And fain I'd follow them, and fain would know,  
How fares it with them 'neath the starless  
skies

That brood above the silent shades below.

Brave souls and beautiful! to what forlorn  
Mute fields of Death's cold kingdom are ye  
passed?

O dreary Death, that hath nowhere forborne,  
To pluck earth's fairest flowers and o'ercast  
Sweet scents and colours with relentless scorn!

Ah me! A little while the evening light  
Shall linger wanly in the western sky:  
A little while before my falt'ring sight  
The pallid day shall glimmer ere it die.  
Then, dumbly-dark, shall fall all-ending night.  
All The Year Round.

## LIFE'S LITTLE DAY.

HOPES, like dew-drops, pearl its morning,  
Airy visions, fancies gay;  
Soon they fade, youth's dreamland scorning,  
Purpose grows as grows the day.

Work and toil come swiftly, aching  
Brows, tired hands, and riven hearts;  
And the soul weds Right, forsaking  
Pleasure's wiles for tears and smarts.

Onwards creep long twilight shadows;  
Fairest suns must seek the West;  
Glories die from flower-bright meadows,  
Then comes night, and with it Rest.

Chambers' Journal.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE STORY OF THE DEATH OF THOMAS, EARL OF STRAFFORD. A.D. 1641.

IT needs some courage to tell again the oft-told story of the death of the Earl of Strafford; by an easy stretch of memory twenty-two narratives describing the closing months of that statesman's life may be reckoned up. And though these many story-tellers vary in ability, from Macaulay to Oldmixon, and though according to some Strafford was both "good and great," and to others "that wicked Earl," still all so far agree, that they ascribe his death to the overpowering authority of Pym and his associates, all ascribe the passage through the House of Lords of the Attainder Bill to threats from a London mob; all aver that Charles I. did what he could to save his minister. Instead, however, of attempting another version of Strafford's trial, and with absolute indifference about his guilt, we propose to show that these two-and-twenty narratives are throughout untrue, that the impeachment of Strafford was a failure, his Attainder Bill a blunder, and that his condemnation by the Upper House was due solely to the King; that he, and he alone, brought death on his faithful servant.

Our story is not a pleasant one; it is not agreeable to an Englishman to tarnish the renown of the "popular party" in the Long Parliament, or to add gloom to the shadows upon the character of Charles I. It is distressing to think that such a man as Strafford fell before the intrigues of those "old subtle foxes" "he justly called "the Court vermin." Still this is the impression forced on us, almost against our will, by a long-continued study of all the authorities at the Rolls Office and in the British Museum, both in MS. and in print, relating to the years 1639-41; and arising especially from the examination of diaries which Sir S. D'Ewes and his brother note-takers in Parliament scribbled on their knees, descriptive of events which took place before their eyes.\*

\* Among these authorities I include "*A Brief and Perfect Relation of the Trial of Thomas, Earl of Strafford.*" Though published in 1647, evidently this

As our story is not based on mere surmise, or on the comparison of one received account with another, but is what may be called "self-contained" and self-supported, we shall not contradict, step by step, the statements of our predecessors, or show how they are misled; nor shall we venture on a minute investigation into the King's motives as regards Strafford. First shall be exhibited — and it must be at some length — the true position occupied by the popular party between November 11, 1640, and May 12, 1641, the dates of Strafford's arrest and execution; then it will be shown that the Attainder Bill but increased the chances of his safety; and then, that the King's actions, dictated by Strafford's enemies, overthrew all prospect of his escape, at the very time when his acquittal was confidently expected.

A false impression has been created about the opening scene of this tragedy. King Charles, it must be remembered, renewed in 1640 his attempt to force the Scottish nation to a conformity in Church government, and the failure of that attempt must be recalled: the royal army being stationed in Yorkshire, and the English frontier wholly unguarded, the Scottish army advanced, defeated a small body of our troops at Newburn, occupied Newcastle, and all the northern counties. This took place in August. September was spent in negotiation; the Long Parliament was summoned; and on the 26th of October a cessation of arms between England and Scotland being agreed to, the final settlement of peace was adjourned to London. During this lull in public events Strafford returned to his Yorkshire home — "Old Wentworth Woodhouse." He was full of general anxiety, he noticed the "rare art and malice" of the Earl of Bristol and his other associates, and their evident

pamphlet was written in 1641, and by one in the Earl's service. This *Relation* is the stock from which the compilers of the *State Trials*, and of Rushworth's and Nalson's *Collections*, drew their narratives: passages from it are inserted in Heylin's *Laud*, and Ratcliffe's *Memoirs of Strafford*; this *Relation* is, in fact, the sole origin of all the descriptions of the closing scenes of that statesman's life. Reference will be made to it as, *Narrative*, 1647.



intention to make him the scapegoat for the wide-spread misery of the year 1640. He also was aware of the fierce malignity of his enemies, and apprehensive about "the great matters" against him they expected to hear "out of Ireland;" and though unwilling to leave Yorkshire, not because he dreaded quitting the shelter of the army, but because he wished to fulfil the duty there entrusted to him; still, according to his own description, he was "hastened up" to London, by fellow-councillors whom he evidently distrusted. But he never, it would seem, shrank from meeting his adversaries; certainly he was not ordered up from Yorkshire by the King. He was sent for to correct a blunder made by the Lord Keeper, told "that there was a great want" of him at Westminster, and that if he "had been there that folly had not been committed." And his last impression was one of cheerfulness, he thought that "to the best of my judgment, we gain much rather than lose."

... The Irish business is past, and better than I expected, their proofs being scant. . . . All will be well, and every hour gives more hope than the other.\*

These are Strafford's words and feelings, expressed in a letter written the very night before he quitted Yorkshire for London, to his intimate friend, Sir. G. Ratcliffe; and they make it impossible to believe the statements of the sham-contemporary chronicler, who asserts that the Earl was forced by the King to place himself within the power of his enemies, and that he journeyed to London expecting certain death, trusting for safety to his monarch's solemn pledge. This gives a far more picturesque idea for an opening chapter in Strafford's impeachment than the reality, which was that he quitted the army reluctantly "but not very unwillingly;" that he came up in good hope, merely on the call of his official colleagues. The object of the invention, however, is plain: it is to create the feeling, that from the very beginning Strafford foresaw the scaffold, and looked to the King alone as his protector.

\* L'etter to Sir G. Ratcliffe, begun November 5, and ended Sunday, November 8, 1640. *Ratcliffe Correspondence*, 214-223.

And so again, to create the impression that unthinking haste and over-masterful power governed Parliament at the very outset of Strafford's trial, we are told that Pym, rising suddenly from his seat in the House of Commons, the doors being locked, drove them, by a long-continued blast of invective directed against the Earl, to accuse him of high treason: and that the Lords were surprised, by equal rapidity of action, into his committal. The Commons, in truth, acted on proceedings extending over four days, and on the report of a select committee.\* They even prefaced the impeachment at the bar of the Upper House by a previous message, "touching things against the Earl of Strafford."† Nor had that charge been justified by an enumeration of his "high and imperious actions in England and Ireland," and his "passionate advices:"‡ that was expressly reserved. The accusation was founded on "my Lord Mountnorris his cause, and papists suffered in England to increase under arms."§ These were the sole charges: the first was an act of severity, perhaps of injustice, committed in 1635 upon a subordinate in the Irish Government; the second, as might be expected from its vague character, was "set aside" in Westminster Hall.

Strafford, then, was, on the 11th of November, 1640, impeached of high treason, on the deliberate verdict of Parliament, for actions which, supposing they were crimes, certainly were not treasons. But these petty charges were only the excuse for his arrest. He was, in truth, placed at the bar that day as the author of the quarrel between the King and his people, of the dissolution of the Short Parliament, the injuries caused by the preparations for war with Scotland, and of the disasters of that war. On him was charged England's disgraceful defeat by

\* So little was secrecy attempted, that Sir W. Pennyman, an intimate friend of Strafford's, was placed upon this Committee, November 7, 1640. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 4.

† Nov. 11. 1640. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), pp. 5, 6.

‡ Clarendon, ed. 1838, p. 73.

§ November 11, 1640. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 4-7.

the Scots, the shame that this disgrace rested unavenged, and the triumphant occupation of our northern counties by a hated and despised invader.

But if Straford came to London trusting that nothing more would be heard from Ireland, not fearing a capital charge, and not relying on any special promise of protection from his master; and if, when he appeared in the House of Lords, he was suddenly arrested on the charge of high treason, a charge based on no proof at all, but entertained because he was odious to the community, then it will be felt, that as time went on, when the tale of all his evil acts and thoughts against our three nations had been told, that the fate of that "wicked Earl" was certain. This is the natural expectation: the contrary, however, was the fact. He was in March "favoured by not a few" among the men who impeached him in November on such trivial charges, and by a "great party in the Upper House;" and he was regarded by a large and influential mass of his fellow countrymen with admiration and regard.\* Such was the power of the man, and the force of circumstances. The attack on him was foiled: the blow directed against him returned upon his accusers. Their strength, and then their weakness, to place this fact before our readers, must be estimated with precision. And this estimate, as it has never been attempted before, must be set out in full.

Strafford's accusers, at the outset of their "great business," derived assistance from that blast of popular wrath which sent him to prison; and then turning to more material aid, they had under their thumb that most important witness, Sir H. Vane, the Secretary of State. In that capacity, obeying the King's commands, immediately after the dissolution of the Short Parliament, he signed warrants, under which messengers searched the rooms, even the coat pockets of Pym and Hampden, and carried off their papers. And though Hampden lost by this

seizure only some letters,\* and Pym a trunk full of parliamentary journals "which can do him little hurt";† still Vane had committed a breach of parliamentary privilege, punishable, perhaps by a fine, certainly by imprisonment. And, "as Mr. Speaker had the warrants,"‡ that punishment might be both swift and heavy. At any moment Vane might be taken from the Treasury Bench in the House, and placed at its Bar; and then where would be the "daily diet" from the Court he drew for his household, as Secretary of State, and his fees and official gains? And hence arose that tenacity of memory, as well may be supposed, which enabled Vane, unlike the rest of his fellow-councillors, to prove at the trial Strafford's suggestion to the King—that by the Irish army England might be reduced to obedience.

Willing helpers, also, to the work in Westminster Hall, were found among Strafford's subordinates in the Irish Government, greedy to profit by his downfall. They furnished, accurately penned, the charge that he quartered soldiers on peaceable subjects, to starve them into submission to his decrees. This offence ultimately secured his conviction; the exulting words of the draftsmen on their completion of that article, "now the bird is our own,"§ were fully justified.

And from some members of the House of Lords co-operation against Strafford might be expected; for their pecuniary interest was bound up with his fate. To stay the advance of the victorious Scots during the last September, an immediate loan from the City of 200,000*l.* had been required; and the Earl of Bristol, and a few other members of the Great Council of Peers, were constrained to give the security of their bonds for repayment of the loan.¶ Whilst Strafford was in prison they were free from anxiety; but he at large, amid the altered circumstances

\* *Earl of Strafford Characterized*. Written during April 1641. Somers' *Tracts*, iv. 231; May's *History of the Parliament*, 62.

\* Lambeth Library was thus enriched by MSS. No. 1030, 108. Bishop William's *Remembrances to Mr. Hampden*.

† *Newsletter*, May 12, 1640. Rolls Office. Clarendon, ed. 1839, 77.

‡ *Com. Journ.*, ii. 26.

§ *Ratcliffe Correspondence*, 232.

¶ *Rushworth*, iii. 1281.



that might arise, those bonds would certainly assume a most unpleasant aspect. And it is a singular conjuncture of events to find that the Commons voted a resolution pledging the State to repay that loan for which the Peers had bound themselves, on the very day which witnessed the passage of the Attainder Bill through the Upper House.\*

For help outside the walls of Parliament, Strafford's opponents would rely on that "sink of all the ill-humour of the kingdom," the City of London. Were it needed, an effectual hold was placed on the then Lord Mayor, because he, as Sheriff, was mixed up in one of the worst cases of oppression committed by the Star Chamber Court; † but the hatred of his community against Strafford needed no stimulus. The bench of aldermen did not forget their appearance before the King's Council during the previous autumn, or who it was that "burst out" with the proposal "to hang up some of them." And the whole City was moved by the alarming change that had come over the Tower of London. Hitherto unarmed: now "sakers and basilisks" pointed from the battlements against London Bridge and Tower Street; case and round shot lay heaped on the batteries; soldiers kept guard behind earth-baskets and planks set with pikes, with "granadoes, dark-fire beacons, spoons, and linstocks," ready to hand.‡ Even while Parliament was sitting, the men were seen "training cannon" and mounting "many other guns" upon the Tower walls.§

These ominous appearances were ascribed to Strafford; and rumour played its part to confirm this impression. Somebody declared that he heard that London would shortly be battered down, and another that his master Strafford "would subdue the City."|| And the City could make its resentment felt; as sole money-holder it was an estate in the realm equal in power to Parliament.

All the helpers on which Pym and his associates could rely have been mentioned save two; the King was one—the other, themselves; they were "the inflexible party," this was the title they

bore then,\* nor will the justice of that name be doubted now, after a description of the forces which opposed them.

As the very groundwork of their policy, they were compelled to draw on themselves odium, to resist popular instincts, even to inflict injury on their countrymen. For they were driven to make common cause with the Scotch invaders; and to procure the postponement of their claims till after Strafford's trial. On these terms alone could be obtained the protection of the Scottish army, and the checkmate which it placed on the royal forces afforded the sole chance of obtaining the offender's trial. But this was a policy offensive to national feeling, and productive both of serious danger, and of positive injury to the country. To keep the Covenanters in England, peace could not be concluded between us and Scotland. We had to endure the sight of a victorious enemy upon our soil, living on us, threatening us, humiliating us, and causing protracted anxiety during a most anxious time. And this debatable time of strife was full of imminent risk; the conquering army had to be opposed by our army, the one stationed over against the other; temptation to outbreak of hostility was constant, a ready field was opened to the intriguer against the State.

Much pecuniary injury, also, was inflicted by that policy upon us. As neither army could be disbanded till Strafford was dispatched, the cost of 80,000*l.* a month † must be incurred for the pay and maintenance of those "foreign condemned" troops and of our own army, hardly less obnoxious; and this, though the king's debts were "huge," the military arrears daily on the increase, and the royal navy absolutely non-existent, though panic of foreign invasion then was rife, even beyond our power of fellow-feeling. These distracted times, also, had paralyzed the industry of England; the condition of the northern counties was pitiable, owing to the brutality and pillage of our troops, and to exactions from the hungry Scot. And the cry of a distressed people naturally provoked the demand to get rid of the invader either in peace or by war; a proposal that destroyed the prospects of the "inflexible party." Nor could they, in place of the tempting hope of seeing "wholesome days again," or of the gratification of re-

\* May 8, 1641. *Com. Journ.* ii. 139; D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (164), 1,003.

† Dr. Leighton's Case, orders for his reparation. *Com. Journ.* ii. 124.

‡ Official Minutes, October 10 and 20, 1640. Rolls Office.

§ November 11, 1640. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 5.

|| Somers' *Tracts*, iv. 210; D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 5.

\* *Strafford Characterized*; Somers' *Tracts*, iv. 232.  
† Clarendon, ed. 1839, 113.

venge, set Strafford at the bar of trial. This they could not do; time every way fought against them.

In the first place, that sight was prevented by the "great concurrence of business" in Parliament, concerning "the very being of three kingdoms." To us, an over-burthened Legislature is an accustomed evil. Not so to Englishmen of 1641. Parliament, then, was a wonder-working machine, able to do everything all at once; and they demanded instant judgment on many an offender besides Strafford, and instant attention to many a matter besides his trial.

Obedient to their command, the Commons called before their bar, one archbishop, and two bishops, one lord-keeper, and six judges, one Secretary of State and many minor officials. That band of human locusts, the "thievish projectors," was dispersed, who withheld from thirsty English souls their wine, blistered women's fingers by execrable soap, and who, by monopolizing the sale of cloth, hides, salt, gold lace, and even pins, had "marked and sealed the people from head to foot." Monstrous inflections, like the Courts of High Commission, and the Star Chamber, were abolished, and reparation made to the victims of those tribunals. The Commons, also, were obliged to meet that ever-growing difficulty, the supply of money, to protect the State by passing the Triennial Parliaments Bill and to conciliate those most importunate suitors, the men of Scotland.

And this mass of business, obstructed by party passion, dead-weighted by formalities, was also delayed by that odd uncertainty of action inherent to any large collection of men. Then, as now, the Commons made holiday when work was most needed; and one day's "discourse" was stopped because "the Earl of Strafford came in his barge to the Upper House from the Tower and divers ran to the east windows of the House, who, with them that sat by, looked out at the said windows, and opened them; and others quitted their seats with noise and tumult;" and another sitting was in like manner broken off, in the very crisis of national anxiety, because "such numbers" preferred "the play-houses and bowling-alleys" to the committee of Supply.\*

Much delay also arose from the very na-

ture of the impeachment. Strafford was accused of high treason, on the ground that he had attempted the overthrow of the Constitution itself; and the proof of this charge lay in showing that his words and actions, during fourteen years of public life, tended to that end. But of the chief portion of his career, his accusers absolutely knew nothing. Nobody could leave Ireland without official license; and so the women his officers maltreated to enforce his system for the manufacture of yarn, the farmers pillaged by his soldiers, and the landowners he had ousted, could not make heard their wrongs till the ports were opened. And consequently the articles of impeachment were modelled and re-modelled; and though the draftsman met early, and sat up late,\* the book of 200 sheets of paper containing a catalogue of Strafford's crimes was not delivered to the House of Lords until January 30. And even then, eight weeks passed away before the trial began. The defendant's replies were received and considered; repeated conferences took place to settle both the essentials and formalities of procedure, such as the legal aid allowed to the accused, an important question whether or no the Commons might wear their hats, or be uncovered, and the time and place for the tribunal.

Before the trial began, delay — and the irritation and anxiety it provoked — soured the minds of men. "Impatient people" were turned against Parliament, and the House of Commons against the Lords; whilst Strafford's friends became "insolently confident."† This discontent was the more bitter because that delay had not been anticipated. Dispatch was to the interest of the nation, therefore the dispatch of Strafford, the dispersion of the armies, and the pacification of the Scots, were events expected in quick succession. Baillie, their Commissioner, at the close of February hoped to see Kilwinning "in a little time"; and Uvedale expected a relief from the unpleasant post of Army Treasurer to a bankrupt Treasury, at the very beginning of that month.‡

And so reasonable a hope was hard to extinguish. When the trial at last began, "some thought that the process would be short,"§ but the mere hearing of evidence

\* Mr. Pym's Statement. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 178.

† Baillie's *Letters*, i. 309; May's History, 64.

‡ Baillie's *Letters*, i. 300; Uvedale to Bradley, February 2, 1641. Rolls Office.

§ Baillie's *Letters*, i. 313.

\* February 17, and April 27, 1641. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (161), 233; (164), 991.



consumed a fortnight : and every day in Westminster Hall revealed more clearly the disposition of the Lords to protract the proceedings. On the fourth sitting of the impeachment, D'Ewes was "astonished at the many delays of this day," and urged that Strafford should be compelled to "avoid impertinences"; indignation, also, was expressed at the readiness the Lords showed to discuss every point of order he raised, adjourning for that purpose, from the hall to their own chamber.\*

And as the trial began, so it went on : an article expected to take half an hour, occupied the whole day ; another sitting was cut short by one of those unseasonable adjournments ; another appeal for delay, though negatived, consumed an hour and a half ; and Strafford came late,† and then, evidently a pre-arranged step, he did not come at all, sending only his "foot-boy" to give notice that his master was sick in bed.‡

The day of this occurrence, Friday, April 9, is a turning point in the story of Strafford's death. The "inflexible party" that afternoon reviewed their position ; and it looked most hopeless. All the evidence they dared to use was exhausted ; they had prosecuted or abandoned all their charges : every possible method had been sought to exhibit Strafford as an oppressor, and as the man who worked the ruin of his fellow-countrymen by the dissolution of Parliaments, by inciting the King to war, and by his evil advice. But all in vain. Strafford's insolent non-appearance in Westminster Hall proved his strong reliance on friendship from the House of Lords and on public favour : reliance justly placed. The majority of the Peers, his judges, were on his side : § so was the outside world : the general opinion of the criminal by "art and time" was converted from hostility to pity, even to admiration. Curses attended Strafford through Palace Yard in February ; in March he received respectful salutations ; and the "Black Tom Tyrant" of Ireland, the "grand apostate," was "cried up as an accomplished instrument of State."||

\* March 25, 1641. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 359.

† D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 362, 368 ; Husband's *Diurnal*, April 8, p. 74 ; Bailie, i. 319, 328.

‡ April 9, 1641. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 416.

§ "Sir B. Rudyard : that he thinketh the Lords, by the notes they have taken, will not judge it treason in my Lord of Strafford." April 12, 1641 ; Gaudy's notes, Add. MSS. 14,827, Brit. Mus. ; Clarendon, ed. 1839, 96 ; Heylin's *Laud*, 449.

|| *Strafford Characterized* ; Somers' *Tracts*, iv. 231 ; May's *History*, 62 ; Clarendon, ed. 1839, 96.

The longer the impeachment lasted, the more this popularity increased : the odiousness of ransacking a man's life to find cause to put him to death, was enhanced by Strafford's heroic power both of endurance and resistance. To use Denham's words, the trial was a scene where

Private pity strove with public hate,  
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate;

and to all appearance pity, reason, and eloquence were victorious. It was also thought, at that moment, that confidence might be placed in the King, and even in the Queen. On two occasions, thanks from the House of Commons were proposed to her for "furthering the call of the Parliament, and the passing the Triennial Bill ;" \* proposals that signify much to those acquainted with the English mind of 1641.

And this altered state of public opinion affected the position of parties in Parliament to a degree that must have troubled Pym and his associates. The continuance of the Treaty with Scotland was their mainstay—that abruptly closed, and the trial would be closed also—yet on that very day, Friday, April 9, defeat on that vital question was but narrowly avoided. Appeals to national and pecuniary interests must have influenced the debate : the "cessation of arms" was held up as both dishonourable to the Commons, and costly to the Nation, and the prolongation of the truce, so naturally "disliked and opposed by many," was only carried by a majority of thirty-nine.

The inflexibility of Strafford's opponents was now tested. Ill-will and odium fell, not on him, but on them : they were held responsible for the cost of the trial, 600,000*l.*—according to the popular estimate ‡—for the precious time it had wasted, and for the discontent aroused against Parliament ; and, after all, they had not brought high treason home to the criminal ; they had not proved "the hinge upon which that charge was principally to hang." § namely Strafford's suggestion to the King in Council that England might be brought to obedience by the Irish army.

One proof, however, of that "passionate advice" for long had been in their pos-

\* February 17, March 15, 1641 ; D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 230 ; (164), 939.

† N. Tompkins to Sir J. Lambe, April 12, 1641, Rolls Office ; *Com. Journ.* ii. 118.

‡ *Fairfax Correspondence*, ii. 105.

§ Clarendon, ed. 1839, 95.

session, the transcript of the notes which Vane took down of the deliberations of the Council meeting, when that suggestion was made. That "fatal scrip of paper" proved Strafford's very words, that "loose and absolved from all rules of Government," the King might "employ here" that army in Ireland to "reduce this Kingdom." It also proved the time, place, and manner of these "wicked counsels," that they had provoked discussion, and that the politic forgetfulness of Vane's fellow-councillors must be near akin to perjury.\*

Such a disclosure, affecting both king and council, obviously was a last resource, not to be used save upon "a case of necessity." That case now they "conceived was clear": † "Vane's notes" must be exhibited in Westminster Hall. Accordingly the managers of the trial, when the next day (Saturday, April 10) brought the tribunal again together, claimed liberty to examine one or two witnesses respecting "the main article of their charge touching the Earl of Strafford's advices to his Majesty after the dissolution of the last Parliament." He, of course, resisted the proposal, and urged, if it were granted, "that the Lords would also show so much favour to him, being a Peer of the realm," as to allow him to adduce evidence on some articles which he had omitted.‡ And a claim, urged on grounds so offensive to the Lower House, in itself most objectionable, was granted. Naturally enough "this the Commons stormed at;" the proceedings closed in tumult; "the King laughed," and Strafford was "so well pleased that he could not hide his joy."§

Good cause he had for joy. If the trial proceeded, though that seemed most unlikely, delay almost to any extent was by that decision placed in his power: the growing ill-will between the two Houses was now at a head; and every expression of that ill-will drove the Lords more and more to adopt Strafford's cause as their cause. This "feeding storm" of discord spread over the Commons; his friends there could trust to assured support from the other House; his opponents also became divided: anyhow the publication of that "fatal scrip of paper" was prevented. The Peers remained firm: the power they had given Strafford to re-

open the impeachment rendered public use of that document impossible. So Pym turned "Vane's notes" to the best account he could: on the afternoon of that Saturday he read them aloud to the Commons, then they were sent to the Lords "for their consideration."\*

Such evidence naturally produced a strong impression; but the result was not a unanimity of feeling about Strafford's guilt, but the division of the "inflexible party" and an aggravation of the quarrel between the two Houses by the introduction of the Attainder Bill. For the chief object of that measure apparently was to retort upon the Lords for their adoption of Strafford's cause, and to assert that though he was a Peer the Commons might be his judges. Even to make it clear that Parliament was "severed" upon the question whether or no a Peer was guilty of high treason, it was intended, if the Bill was rejected, to make public protestation against the House of Lords for their denial of justice. It was for this very reason that Pym so earnestly resisted the step.† And the wording of the Bill reveals that this was its object; it is not based on the inherent right of Parliament to pass an Act of Attainder, but is framed as a statutory conclusion to the impeachment. It begins with a recital of the proceedings at the trial, then follows a declaration that Strafford's crimes were proved by the evidence, and an enactment that he is therefore guilty of High Treason. The Bill thus, from its very form, was an intrusion into the province solely reserved to the Peers, of sitting in judgment on an impeachment, and especially on the trial of one of their own order. The measure also amounted to a declaration, that as they had, whilst they sat as judges, indirectly protected Strafford, the Commons took upon themselves to give their verdict.

This course had its strong points: but if on the 27th of February, when it was open to the Commons to select their method of procedure, "we all declined a bill,"‡ it was far more imperative on them to do the like in April, when they had so fully committed themselves to an impeachment. And as might be expected, the progress of the measure and the con-

\* This document is among the Archives of the House of Lords, Hist. MSS. Commission, 3rd Report.

† Baillie, i. 345.

‡ D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (163), 420-422.

§ Mr. Tomkins' Letter, April 12, 1641. Rolls Office.

\* *Com. Journ.*, ii. 118, 119.

† *Earl of Strafford Characterized*; Somers' *Tracts*, iv. 232; Baillie, i. 346; Sanford's *Great Rebellion*, 337.

‡ Though this is the only reference to this work, a warm acknowledgment must be made of its great value.

§ D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (162), 268.



clusion of the trial came into constant collision. The Bill itself also involved the House in ceaseless complication. The debate on Monday, April 12, was ominous to all who desired Strafford's speedy execution: twelve hours passed by before the Bill was read a second time; the main question having been kept from solution, by suggestions that now the impeachment was superseded, by proposals to lay the Bill aside and to return to the trial, and by formal doubts whether or no the clauses should be considered either by a select committee, or a committee of the whole House. So irritated did the Commons become, that when a member desired "to know, Mr. Speaker, whether I have spoken to-day, or not," "the House taketh that for a jeer, and cry to the bar."\*

The Attainder Bill at last committed, fresh difficulty sprang up; it was the first contested piece of legislation ever referred to a committee of the whole House; and so novel was this mode of procedure, that questions arose, whether during this stage, "a man might speak against the body of the Bill, or no?" or whether the committee could add to, take from, or "destroy" the Bill;† and such was their uncertainty, that it was deemed expedient to re-vote in the House, before the final report, one of the leading clauses of the Bill.‡ How zealously a member now-a-days, anxious to effect delay, would have improved so fair an occasion: nor were his predecessors in the Long Parliament by any means remiss.

A "talk out," however, cannot be esteemed a "witty invention;" and though the debates between the 12th and the 21st of April, 1641, are curious as the first example of the kind, they reveal traces of the same dull absurdity too often exhibited in the present parliament. Then, as now, from pretended zealots for rapid progress, came the suggestion of impossibilities, such as the report of the Attainder Bill piece-meal to the House; the ingenuous seeker after truth meets a proposal to vote that Strafford sought the overthrow of our "ancient and fundamental laws," by the question, "what is a fundamental law?"§ — a truly conscientious soul cannot rest till the depositions used at the trial are read aloud to the House; and, of course, adjournments

are often demanded, "because morning thoughts are best," or that "we might have time to study these points." D'Ewes, acting the part of indignant chorus, is amazed that "on the debate of so few lines we had lost so many hours," at the trifling objections raised, and the art with which "divers lawyers of the House" re-thrashed out every question, from a legal point of view.\*

The Attainder Bill was not then received by the House of Commons with "wonderful alacrity,"† and indeed it seems surprising that it passed at all. A majority of 39 on the last critical vote showed that the popular party had no surplus strength; and the long continuance of a Parliamentary contest unmarked by a division, is a sure sign that opposing parties are very even. This was the case with the Attainder Bill; though in length only about a couple of pages, ten sitting days elapsed between the first and the third readings. And then, at last, the Speaker's decision was challenged, and the Bill passed, on April 21, by a majority of 143 votes. But this was no triumphant majority; only 263 were mustered to the division, out of a House composed nominally of 510 members.‡ The success of Strafford's enemies resulted from the defection of his friends. The probable cause of that defection will be hereafter explained.§

The delay and difficulty caused by the Attainder Bill have been exhibited; even as a question of policy it was open to serious objection. The Bill of necessity, assumed the aspect of a retrospective law, an aspect naturally revolting; and as it had been the ill-luck of the "inflexible party" to offend the instincts of human nature by their attempt to ensnare a man by the review of his whole life, so now an odious character was again stamped upon their efforts. And if regarded from a technical point of view, supposing, as was urged during the progress of the measure, the Lords gave immediate judgment on the impeachment, which was quite in their power, what then would be the position of the Bill? Or if they chose the safer course of amending, not rejecting it altogether; Strafford's punishment, short of death, would have been accept-

\* April 12-21, 1641. D'Ewes. Harl. MSS. (163), 437-446; (164), 966-975.

† Clarendon, ed. 1839, 96.

‡ This was the smallest house collected since the beginning of the Parliament to vote on an important occasion; the largest took place on March 1, Dr. Chaffin's case, when 379 were collected together.

§ See p. 15.

\* Gaudy's Notes, April 12, 1641. Add. MSS. 14,827.

† More's Journal, April 14, 1641. Harl. MSS. 476.

‡ April 16, 1641. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (163), 446.

§ The poet Waller, April 1641. More's MSS. Journal.

able to many. What, then, would be the effect of that threatened appeal to the country against the Upper House? The Bishops also might vote upon the Bill; here was another risk.

Above all, it was dangerous to widen the breach between Lords and Commons, and to convert the question of Strafford's guilt into a class question between rival branches of the Legislature. And this took place. A Bill offered by the Commons as the conclusion of an impeachment, instead of a demand for judgment, enabled the Lords to challenge their right to pass sentence on a Peer. They could also argue that as the verdict of the Lower House was "guilty of high treason," the Lords being precluded from considering what lesser crime had been committed, must reject the Bill, on the technical point that Strafford, though perhaps an offender, was not a traitor against the State; and to the end the Peers were "resolute, because they find that they have no authority to declare a treason in a fact already past."\* The presumption, also, of the Lower House deeply moved the whole House of Lords. Strafford knew well when he addressed them for the last time, the force of these words, "You, and you only, are my judges; under favour, none of the Commons are my Peers, nor can they be my judges."†

The Lords, thus tempted to link the life of Strafford with the life of their order, "some went so high in their heat as to tell the Commons, that it was an unnatural motion for the head to be governed by the tail;" and they declared on another occasion, "that they themselves, as competent judges, would by themselves only give sentence" upon Strafford.‡ During moments the most tranquil, open collision between the estates of the realm is a disquieting event: how deeply so when all were distracted by every species of anxiety. And the alarm this civil war in Parliament then provoked, is best illustrated by words then used. It is stated in a news-letter, that at a conference Mr. Hollis addressed to the Lords "a terrible speech, wishing the curse of God might light upon all those which sought to divide the Houses."§

What more could Strafford desire? regarded with a favour that spread even to the army, that formerly detested him,|| his

cause united with the existence of the nobility, and his opponents weakened by a "great defection of their party,"\* disunited, and committed to a line of action beset with danger, not only from the very nature of the Attainder Bill, but from the delay it caused. And this delay added "fear upon fear;" the world outside Parliament was perplexed, the Commons were "misrepresented,"† mistrusted even by the Londoners. This soon was proved; a formidable deputation came to their House door, crowds of citizens bearing a petition signed "by many thousands," demanding instant justice upon Strafford.‡ Even "that worthy man Mr. Pym" fell into disgrace. Heated by fierce anxiety, provoked by the state of the unpaid armies, he threatened in most Straffordian language, that "Parliament might compel the Londoners to lend money," much to the offence and "marveil" of his hearers.§ Even his honesty of purpose became open to suspicion, and Lord Digby could venture to hint, that the transmission of documents affecting Strafford into the hands of his partisans, was the act of "some unworthy man who had his eye upon place and preferments, wherein he was supposed to allude to Mr. Pym himself."||

And these were days when offences needs must come; the men who formed the main support of the "inflexible party" became discredited; the months they spent in London gave the Scottish Commissioners an opportunity of giving offence, and they offended everybody. First they were suspected "to be so far broken by the King, that they were willing to pass from pursuit" of Strafford and Episcopacy; ¶ then they irritated the whole nation by an attack on the English Church — then they fell into "a new pickle" by a supposed recantation of that attack. And no diversion could be more happy to enemies of Pym and his fellow workers, than a shake given to

\* *Narrative*, 1647, 67.

† April 16, 1641. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (163), 446.

‡ April 23, 1641. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (164), 985.

§ It suited the chronicler's purpose to pass over examples of popular pressure put on the Lower as well as the Upper House. This turn for omission has kept out of sight the fact that public anger was excited, not only against the "Straffordians," who voted for him, but that a "catalogue" was placarded on the walls of London containing the names of "divers" who voted against Strafford, under the title of "The Jews, Anabaptists, and Brownists of the House of Commons." Mr. Tomkins' Letter, April 26, 1641. Rolls Office.

¶ February 20, 1641. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (162), 245.

|| Mr. Tomkins to Sir J. Lamb, April 26, 1641. Rolls Office.

¶ Baillie, i. 305.

\* *Narrative*, 1647, p. 77.

† *Ib.*, 1647, p. 59.

‡ *Narrative*, 1641, 69.

§ May 4, 1641. Add. MSS. Brit. Mus. 1467.

|| *Fairfax Correspondence*, ii. 65.



our social fabric, such as the threatened demolition of Episcopacy by the hands of the Scottish Covenanters. Even the London citizens were "troubled" by their anti-prelatic pamphlet.\*

Time also revealed the Scotchmen in the light of sturdy beggars. To the never-ending demands for paying their soldiers, to restitution money claimed for ships taken by our cruisers, they added "the pretty sum" of 300,000*l.*—as a "brotherly gift" from England to her conquerors. The "discord" the King hoped that "vast proposition" would excite, did not arise. Although the Commons were reminded "what a dishonour it was to our ancient and renowned nation," and although Speaker Lenthall, the House being in Committee, "spake as any other member" in opposition to the grant,† the grant was made. But when the vote had passed, speedy national tranquillity was expected: that now seemed further off than ever; in April "Gracery" could hardly be felt towards the "good Scot," who during that season of "horrible confusion" urged constant demands for a "brotherly gift" of 300,000*l.*

Amidst this clash of interests, one cause alone seemed to prosper, and that was Strafford's. The confidence of his friends, strong in March, was in April still stronger. The news from Yorkshire ran, that there "they were all hopeful;" that according to the "general opinion, he will escape the censure of treason."‡ A well-wisher from Paris, wrote, "I am very glad to hear that my Lord of Strafford is like to speed so well;" the Court whisper was, "that the King will not let him go, and that the Parliament is not likely to be long-lived."§

That rumour about Parliament contains the secret of Strafford's death. That month of April that seemed to promise to him so well, in truth revealed indications of his fate. Two important appointments were made during that month; in each case his enemies were favoured. Oliver St. John, the ablest, certainly his bitterest legal opponent in Parliament, received from the King the post of Solicitor-General;|| and to the Earl of Holland, who for years hated Strafford, and was hated in return, at Court his most

successful rival, and among the Scots "our good friend,"\* was given chief command over the Royal army; and this appointment, made at a time when it was essential for Strafford's sake that King and people should be on good accord, created alarm and distrust both among the Scotch and English.†

Whatever was Strafford's suspicion, when power was thus bestowed upon his enemies, that suspicion was soon converted into certainty. On the 23rd of April he received by letter an explanation from the King himself. With fervent expressions of regret, he forewarned his minister, that owing to the "strange mistaking and conjuncture of the times . . . I must lay by the thought of employing you hereafter in my affairs."‡ That letter seemed an act of tender care: but the true meaning was, that Charles was not able to act with the House of Lords; they were resolute to acquit Strafford: the King was about to condemn him, though not to death. And he did so. Acting on the advice of Lord Savile and the Earl of Bristol,§ he went on Saturday, the 1st of May, to the throne in the Upper House, summoned before him the House of Commons, and assuming throughout his speech that the Lords were prepared to pass the Attainder Bill, he pleaded guilty in behalf of Strafford, not indeed of high treason, but of a misdemeanor.

Like all acts of double dealing, this speech was capable of most contradictory interpretations, all mysterious. To those who knew that the Bill, coldly received by the Lords, had lain four days untouched upon their table, and therefore expected its rejection, an expectation justified by the practice of that time, and to those who knew "that it was both possible and probable" that the "declaration" of the Upper House would be given in Strafford's favour,|| it seemed as if Charles, braving the anger of Parliament, had illegally interfered in its proceedings, to bring punishment on a criminal the Lords were disposed to acquit.

But the Peers were, on the contrary, addressed by the King as if they were all about to vote Strafford guilty of High Treason, though it was notorious that "of the four-score present at the trial, not

\* February 27, 1641. Gaudy's *Notes*, Brit. Mus.

† D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (162), 140, 149.

‡ April 10, and 30, 1641. *Fairfax Correspondence*, ii. 104.

§ Mr. Read's and Mr. Tomkins' Letters, April 26, 1641. Rolls Office.

|| D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (164), 993. "Mr. O. St. John, lately made the King's solicitor," April 29, 1641.

\* Baillie, i. 306.

† April 2, 1641. Dalrymple's *Memorials of State*, 118; Clarendon, ed. 1839, 116.

‡ *Strafford Letters*, ii. 416.

§ Letter from Father Phillips, read to the Commons by Pym, June 25, 1641. Rushworth, iv. 257.

|| *Narrative*, 1647, 82.

above twenty" held that opinion, and as if they were ready to agree to the Attainder Bill, although then "there was little suspicion that it would pass."\* Nor was that address to them only an offensive proof that Charles "feared their inconstancy,"† or a breach of privilege: it interrupted the quarrel between the two Houses, and spoilt the fight the Lords hoped to wage. They saw that they now must retract the haughty tone they had assumed towards the Lower House: that as Charles himself had declared Strafford to be a criminal, certainly deserving civil death, they were driven from the technical legal question of high treason, into the moral bearing of his offences. And if compelled so far to accept the decision of the Commons, what course was open but to pass the Attainder Bill?

The effect of that speech does not end here: the Lords and Commons and all classes in society were deeply moved by this perplexing feature in the King's conduct: it exhibited those terrors of a stricken conscience which make "the wicked flee when no man pursueth." The whole tenor of his speech to the House of Lords implied that there was extreme danger, even in saving alive, though stripped of honour and estate, the man whom the Peers were prepared to set free; and in the assumed character of intercessor with judges resolved on their victim's death, he begs them "to find out a way to satisfy justice, and their own fears." And the same strain of argument runs through the letter to Strafford; Charles ascribes his inability to employ him hereafter, to the "strange conjuncture of the times." Yet neither on the 23rd of April or on the 1st of May, had any special crisis, either in Strafford's fate, or in public affairs, taken place: the times were stormy; but no storm had broken forth: without thought of "fears," it seemed "very likely," even then, that he "might have passed free by the voices"‡ of the Upper House.

No wonder that the King's use of such unaccountable words made all men suspect that something even more alarming was behind. For weeks vague rumours of designs against the State had floated through London; § and now, warned from the throne itself, it became known that there was a plot. And so there was: Charles had sanctioned and promoted,

from the beginning of April, the project of bringing the royal army from Yorkshire to London, to overawe both City and Parliament; and it was evidently for that purpose that he placed it under the charge of Strafford's enemy, the Earl of Holland. The King also knew that the project had been betrayed.\* When he wrote that letter to Strafford, on the 23rd of April, Parliament had acted on that information; on the 19th of April, the Commons made an order, staying the officers who were Members of the House, from obeying the command of their General, the Earl of Holland, "to go down to their charges in the army very suddenly;" † one of the leaders in the conspiracy being by name connected with that order. And forty-eight hours after the King's speech in the House of Lords, the Army Plot was fully revealed to Parliament. Then it became clear what "fears" might justly arise if Strafford was not sent out of this world, and what was the source of that undercurrent of alarm which drove Charles to use that word.

The disclosure of the Army Plot was fatal to Strafford; yet the immediate cause of his death was the King's visit to Parliament on the first of May. For, to quote a very good authority, that speech "put the Lords to such a stand, who were before inclinable enough to that unfortunate gentleman (Strafford), that a multitude of rabble ‡ beset the doors of Parliament, demanding his execution. They apparently were not acquainted with the language the King had used from the throne, and that he had made an appeal for his servant's life. On the contrary, they supposed, not that he deemed the Lords to be too ready to condemn Strafford, but not ready enough; and they thought that they must imitate the King and show themselves before the Upper House to prevent their acquittal of the criminal. And so, "inflamed by the King's speech," § early in the morning of Monday, 3rd of May, before any revelation of the Army Plot had been made, a crowd of citizens filled Palace Yard, and saluted the Peers as they arrived there with cries demanding Strafford's execution.

Historians give a most exaggerated account of this event, and ascribe the consent of the Lords to the Attainder Bill to panic terror, and the dictation of a

\* Clarendon, ed. 1839, 96, 108.

† *Ibid.* 79.

‡ *Narrative*, 1647, 82.

§ Dalrymple's *Memorials of State*, March 3, and April 2, 1641, 114, 117.

\* *Narrative* by Queen Henrietta Maria, M<sup>de</sup> de Motteville's *Anne of Austria*, Vol. i. 207.

† *Com. Journ.* ii. 123.

‡ Heylin's *Life of Laud*, 449.

§ *Narrative*, 1647, 84.



mob. This was not the case. The crowd was not composed of rabble, but of wealthy merchants: their threats were only, "that to-morrow they will send their servants, if the Lords did not expedite justice speedily." \* This they did not do. The rumour that an escape of the prisoner from the Tower was imminent, brought next day another, but a smaller gathering to Palace Yard, which soon dispersed; † the demonstration of Monday was not repeated. And the Attainder Bill certainly did not pass under the immediate threat of mob violence; not touched by the Lords on that Monday, though undiscussed since the 27th of April, its third reading only took place on the 8th of May, after seven stages of debate.

And a contemporary authority confirms our assertion. At the very moment of the event, the demonstration of the 3rd of May, was not regarded as a spontaneous expression of public feeling, but as an organized affair, arranged by the same agency which had urged the King to make his address to Parliament. Both events are ascribed to the working of Strafford's "seeming friends," but "real enemies," who "put the King upon this way, hoping thereby that the Lords should find occasion to pretend necessity of doing that which, perhaps, in regard of common equity, or the King's displeasure, they could not durst have done." And apparently that pretended necessity was furnished by the crowd in Palace Yard; for we are told by the same authority, that on the final stage of the Bill, "the greatest part of Strafford's friends absented themselves, upon pretence (whether true or supposititious) that they feared the multitude." ‡ It was not, however, to the third reading of the bill, that Strafford attributed his death, but because, to use his own words, by that "declaration" of the King's, "on Saturday," "the minds of men were more incensed against him," and because Charles had not "intirely left him to the judgment of their lordships." §

The motives that prompted that untoward act, we do not attempt to fathom: but that ideal being, the historic Charles I., must part with an invented justification of his conduct. It has been assumed that the Army Plot was designed for Strafford's release from prison, and that his friend Lord Say misled the King into

making that "declaration." \* But supposing that Charles could be ignorant of the intentions of the Upper House, and blind to the effect of his interference, he must have known the dispositions of his advisers, that Savile had "particular malice to Strafford, which he had sucked in with his milk," † and that the Earl of Bristol was foremost in that group of Peers, who by giving security for the loan of 200,000*l.*, had given security against Strafford's acquittal, and that he had been throughout the "Mercury" of the Scottish Commissioners. ‡

But there is no doubt whatever about the Army Plot: the King set that on foot with the full knowledge of the risk it caused his prisoner, and that it was a design of his enemies to profit by his ruin. Nor was Charles tempted by the proffer of a hopeful project fully matured without his consent; he caught at the hasty tender of an obviously desperate attempt. One, wiser than he, gave him ample warning: it was the Queen. At first "overjoyed" with him at the prospect thus opened out, reflection told her that jealousy among the conspirators would provoke disclosure of the plot: and as, "if the secret was once blown," Strafford would be destroyed, she decided "not to do it"; but the King resisted the Queen's playful reiterations of "No, no, no, — it shall not be," and her more serious persuasions; he initiated the plot, and at once it was revealed to Pym and his associates. § Nor could he have supposed that Strafford's welfare formed any portion of that design: the object of the conspirators, Wilmot and Goring, was to obtain the post Strafford filled of Lieutenant-General of the English Army: nor could they be his "good-willers," as they were among the "merry lads," who depended on the Earl of Holland. ||

And one final blow must be given to that false image of Charles I. that historians have set up. It is represented that when "wrestled breathless" into giving his consent, the King signed the Commission to pass the Attainder Bill, "comforted even with that assurance, that his hand was not in" the document itself. If so, it is strange, that not using a com-

\* Clarendon, ed. 1839, 108. It seems, from a passage in Father Philips' Letter, that, at the time of the event, Lord Say was supposed, though wrongly, to have given that advice.

† Clarendon, ed. 1839, 396.

‡ Strafford's own expression. *Ratcliffe Corr.* 216.

§ *Narrative* by Queen Henrietta Maria. Vol. i., 202.

Goring's depositions, *Archives, House of Lords.*

|| *Warwick's Memoirs*, 147.

\* Uvedale to Bradley, May 3, 1641. Rolls Office.

† *Narrative*, 1647, 89.

‡ *Narrative*, 1647, 82, 89.

§ Strafford's Letter to Charles I. May 4, 1641.

mon form appropriate to the occasion, the Lord Privy Seal, acting under the authority of that Commission, should have declared to both Houses of Parliament, "that his Majesty had an intent to have come himself this day, and given his Royal Assent to these two Bills," of which one was Strafford's Attainder.\*

Speculation whether or no King Charles deliberately intended by his speech of the first of May to sacrifice his minister in order to avert the consequences of the disclosure of the Army Plot, is not within our province. Clarendon admits that those events alike were fatal to Strafford: our argument is fulfilled by an explanation of the true meaning of the royal interference with Parliament, by showing that the Earl's enemies were leading spirits in those transactions, and that the King could not have supposed that Strafford's benefit was designed, either by the speech or by the plot. So completely, indeed, did that conspiracy play into the hands of the "inflexible party," and justify their unpopular policy, that Sir P. Warwick suggests that the "leading men in Parliament" were the secret authors of the scheme.† And without laying too much stress on a surmise, it is to the information that must have influenced the Commons to make that order, staying the officers from obeying their general's commands to repair immediately to the army, that we attribute the defection of Strafford's friends on the third reading of the Attainder Bill; that proceeding, at least, took place two days after the order was voted, and it is evident that up to that time the popular party had, during a protracted contest, shrunk from testing their numbers by the criterion of a division.

Yet, though a positive judgment on the motives that guided the King in his conduct towards Strafford is not to our taste, and though we have refrained from reference to those repeated actions — such as the refusal to disband that very Irish army that had threatened, and still threatened, England — by which Charles indirectly, yet most effectively, prejudiced Strafford's cause, still, if it be the case that through all the many days which held his fate in suspense the utmost disregard of his safety was exhibited by the King, who certainly hated Parliament more than he loved the servant in jeop-

ardy for his sake, it is well that this should be known. For it is but just that "the vile person be no more called liberal," and that King Charles be no longer credited with efforts that he did not make, and with tenderness he did not show towards his poor prisoner in the Tower. It is there that the "bountiful man," the truly royal man, was to be found, and not at Whitehall. Our story of Strafford's death enhances the majestic compassion he extended to his master: with the language of a humble suppliant he besought that the Attainder Bill might be passed, that "a blessed agreement" might be established in the realm; and then, "as a king gives unto the king," Strafford gave to Charles "the life of this world, with all the cheerfulness imaginable."\*

REGINALD F. D. PALGRAVE.

\* Strafford's Letter to Charles I., May 4, 1641.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

AT night, after this final interview with Lebeau, Graham took leave for good of his lodgings in Montmartre, and returned to his apartment in the Rue d'Anjou. He spent several hours of the next morning in answering numerous letters, accumulated during his absence. Late in the afternoon he had an interview with M. Renard, who, as at that season of the year he was not overbusied with other affairs, engaged to obtain leave to place his services at Graham's command during the time requisite for inquiries at Aix, and to be in readiness to start the next day. Graham then went forth to pay one or two farewell visits; and these over, bent his way through the Champs Élysées towards Isaura's villa, when he suddenly encountered Rochebriant on horseback. The Marquis courteously dismounted, committing his horse to the care of the groom, and linking his arm in Graham's, expressed his pleasure at seeing him again; then, with some visible hesitation and embarrassment, he turned the conversation towards the political aspects of France.

"There was," he said, "much in certain words of yours, when we last walked together in this very path, that sank deeply into my mind at the time, and over

\* May 10, 1641. *Journal House of Lords*, vi. 243. These words were not used on the previous Commission, July 11, 1625, or on the next, January 15, 1642.

† *Warwick Memoirs*, 179.



which I have of late still more earnestly reflected. You spoke of the duties a Frenchman owed to France, and the 'impolicy' of remaining aloof from all public employment on the part of those attached to the Legitimist cause."

"True, it cannot be the policy of any party to forget that between the irrevocable past and the uncertain future there intervenes the action of the present time."

"Should you, as an impartial bystander, consider it dishonourable in me if I entered the military service under the ruling sovereign?"

"Certainly not, if your country needed you."

"And it may, may it not? I hear vague rumours of coming war in almost every *salon* I frequent. There has been gunpowder in the atmosphere we breathe ever since the battle of Sadowa. What think you of German arrogance and ambition? Will they suffer the swords of France to rust in their scabbards?"

"My dear Marquis, I should incline to put the question otherwise. Will the jealous *amour propre* of France permit the swords of Germany to remain sheathed? But in either case, no politician can see without grave apprehension two nations so warlike, close to each other, divided by a border-land that one covets and the other will not yield, each armed to the teeth; the one resolved to brook no rival, the other equally determined to resist all aggression. And therefore, as you say, war is in the atmosphere; and we may also hear, in the clouds that give no sign of dispersion, the growl of the gathering thunder. War may come any day; and if France be not at once the victor —"

"France not at once the victor!" interrupted Alain passionately; "and against a Prussian! Permit me to say no Frenchman can believe that."

"Let no man despise a foe," said Graham, smiling half sadly. "However, I must not incur the danger of wounding your national susceptibilities. To return to the point you raise. If France needed the aid of her best and bravest, a true descendant of Henri Quatre ought to blush for his ancient *noblesse* were a Rochebriant to say, 'But I don't like the colour of the flag.'"

"Thank you," said Alain, simply; "that is enough." There was a pause, the young men walking on slowly, arm in arm. And then there flashed across Graham's mind the recollection of talk on

another subject in that very path. Here he had spoken to Alain in deprecation of any possible alliance with Isaura Cicogna, the destined actress and public singer. His cheek flushed; his heart smote him. What! had he spoken slightly of her — of *her*! What — if she became his own wife? What! had he himself failed in the respect which he would demand as her right from the loftiest of his high-born kindred? What, too, would this man, of fairer youth than himself, think of that disparaging counsel, when he heard that the monitor had won the prize from which he had warned another? Would it not seem that he had but spoken in the mean cunning dictated by the fear of a worthier rival? Stung by these thoughts, he arrested his steps, and, looking the Marquis full in the face, said, "You remind me of one subject in our talk many weeks since, it is my duty to remind you of another. At that time you, and, speaking frankly, I myself, acknowledged the charm in the face of a young Italian lady. I told you then that, on learning she was intended for the stage, the charm for me had vanished. I said, bluntly, that it should vanish perhaps still more utterly for a noble of your illustrious name; you remember?"

"Yes," answered Alain, hesitatingly, and with a look of surprise.

"I wish now to retract all I said thereon. Mademoiselle Cicogna is not bent on the profession for which she was educated. She would willingly renounce all idea of entering it. The only counterweight which, viewed whether by my reason or my prejudices, could be placed in the opposite scale to that of the excellences which might make any man proud to win her, is withdrawn. I have become acquainted with her since the date of our conversation. Hers is a mind which harmonizes with the loveliness of her face. In one word, Marquis, I should deem myself honoured, as well as blest, by such a bride. It was due to her that I should say this; it was due also to you, in case you retain the impression I sought in ignorance to efface. And I am bound, as a gentleman, to obey this twofold duty, even though in so doing I bring upon myself the affliction of a candidate for the hand to which I would fain myself aspire — a candidate with pretensions in every way far superior to my own."

An older or a more cynical man than Alain de Rochebriant might well have found something suspicious in a confession thus singularly volunteered; but the

Marquis was himself so loyal that he had no doubt of the loyalty of Graham.

"I reply to you," he said, "with a frankness which finds an example in your own. The first fair face which attracted my fancy since my arrival at Paris was that of the Italian *demoiselle* of whom you speak in terms of such respect. I do think if I had then been thrown into her society, and found her to be such as you no doubt truthfully describe, that fancy might have become a very grave emotion. I was then so poor, so friendless, so despondent. Your words of warning impressed me at the time, but less durably than you might suppose; for that very night as I sat in my solitary attic I said to myself, 'Why should I shrink, with an obsolete old-world prejudice, from what my forefathers would have termed a *mésalliance*? What is the value of my birth-right now? None — worse than none. It excludes me from all careers; my name is but a load that weighs me down. Why should I make that name a curse as well as a burden? Nothing is left to me but that which is permitted to all men — wedded and holy love. Could I win to my heart the smile of a woman who brings me that dower, the home of my fathers would lose its gloom.' And therefore, if at that time I had become familiarly acquainted with her who had thus attracted my eye and engaged my thoughts, she might have become my destiny; but now!"

"But now?"

"Things have changed. I am no longer poor, friendless, solitary. I have entered the world of my equals as a Rochebriant; I have made myself responsible for the dignity of my name. I could not give that name to one, however peerless in herself, of whom the world would say, 'But for her marriage she would have been a singer on the stage!' I will own more: the fancy I conceived for the first fair face, other fair faces have dispelled. At this moment, however, I have no thought of marriage; and having known the anguish of struggle, the privations of poverty, I would ask no woman to share the hazard of my return to them. You might present me, then, safely to this beautiful Italian — certain, indeed, that I should be her admirer; equally certain that I could not become your rival."

There was something in this speech that jarred upon Graham's sensitive pride. But, on the whole, he felt relieved, both in honour and in heart. After a few more words, the two young men shook

hands and parted. Alain remounted his horse. The day was now declining, Graham hailed a vacant *fiacre*, and directed the driver to Isaura's villa.

## CHAPTER IX.

### ISAURA.

THE sun was sinking slowly as Isaura sat at her window, gazing dreamily on the rose-hued clouds that made the western border-land between earth and heaven. On the table before her lay a few sheets of MS. hastily written, not yet reperused. That restless mind of hers had left its trace on the MS.

It is characteristic perhaps of the different genius of the sexes, that woman takes to written composition more impulsively, more intuitively, than man — letter-writing, to him a task-work is to her a recreation. Between the age of sixteen and the date of marriage, six well-educated clever girls out of ten keep a journal; not one well-educated man in ten thousand does. So, without serious and settled intention of becoming an author, how naturally a girl of ardent feeling and vivid fancy seeks in poetry or romance a confessional — an outpouring of thought and sentiment, which are mysteries to herself till she has given them words — and which, frankly revealed on the page, she would not, perhaps could not, utter orally to a living ear.

During the last few days, the desire to create in the realm of fable beings constructed by her own breath, spiritualized by her own soul, had grown irresistibly upon this fair child of song. In fact, when Graham's words had decided the renunciation of her destined career, her instinctive yearnings for the utterance of those sentiments or thoughts which can only find expression in some form of art, denied the one vent, irresistibly impelled her to the other. And in this impulse she was confirmed by the thought that here at least there was nothing which her English friend could disapprove — none of the perils that beset the actress. Here it seemed as if, could she but succeed, her fame would be grateful to the pride of all who loved her. Here was a career ennobled by many a woman, and side by side in rivalry with renowned men. To her it seemed that, could she in this achieve an honoured name, that name took its place at once amid the higher ranks of the social world, and in itself brought a priceless dowry and a starry crown. It was, however, not till after the



visit to Enghien that this ambition took practical life and form.

One evening after her return to Paris, by an effort so involuntary that it seemed to her *no* effort she had commenced a tale — without plan — without method — without knowing in one page what would fill the next. Her slight fingers hurried on as if, like the pretended spirit manifestations, impelled by an invisible agency without the pale of the world. She was intoxicated by the mere joy of inventing ideal images. In her own special art an elaborate artist, here she had no thought of art; if art was in her work, it sprang unconsciously from the harmony between herself and her subject — as it is, perhaps, with the early soarings of the genuine lyric poets, in contrast to the dramatic. For the true lyric poet is intensely personal, intensely subjective. It is himself that he expresses — that he represents — and he almost ceases to be lyrical when he seeks to go out of his own existence into that of others with whom he has no sympathy, no *rapprochement*. This tale was vivid with genius as yet untutored — genius in its morning freshness, full of beauties, full of faults. Isaura distinguished not the faults from the beauties. She felt only a vague persuasion that there was a something higher and brighter — a something more true to her own idiosyncrasy — than could be achieved by the art that “sings other people’s words to other people’s music.” From the work thus commenced she had now paused. And it seemed to her fancies that between her inner self and the scene without, whether in the skies and air and sunset, or in the abodes of men stretching far and near, till lost amid the roofs and domes of the great city, she had fixed and riveted the link of a sympathy hitherto fluctuating, unsubstantial, evanescent, undefined. Absorbed in her reverie, she did not notice the deepening of the short twilight, till the servant entering drew the curtains between her and the world without, and placed the lamp on the table beside her. Then she turned away with a restless sigh, her eyes fell on the MS., but the charm of it was gone. A sentiment of distrust in its worth had crept into her thoughts, unconsciously to herself, and the page open before her at an uncompleted sentence seemed unwelcome and wearisome as a copy-book is to a child condemned to relinquish a fairy tale half told, and apply himself to a task half done. She fell again into a reverie, when,

starting as from a dream, she heard herself addressed by name, and turning round saw Savarin and Gustave Rameau in the room.

“We are come, Signorina,” said Savarin, “to announce to you a piece of news, and to hazard a petition. The news is this: my young friend here has found a Mæcenas who has the good taste so to admire his lucubrations under the *nom de plume* of Alphonse de Valcour as to volunteer the expenses for starting a new journal, of which Gustave Rameau is to be editor-in-chief; and I have promised to assist him as contributor for the first two months. I have given him notes of introduction to certain other *feuilletonistes* and critics whom he has on his list. But all put together would not serve to float the journal like a short *roman* from Madame de Grantmesnil. Knowing your intimacy with that eminent artist, I venture to back Rameau’s supplication that you would exert your influence on his behalf. As to the *honoraires*, she has but to name them.”

“*Carte blanche*,” cried Rameau, eagerly. “You know Eulalie too well, M. Savarin,” answered Isaura, with a smile half reproachful, “to suppose that she is a mercenary in letters, and sells her services to the best bidder.”

“Bah, *belle enfant*!” said Savarin, with his gay light laugh. “Business is business, and books as well as razors are made to sell. But, of course, a proper prospectus of the journal must accompany your request to write in it. Meanwhile, Rameau will explain to you, as he has done to me, that the journal in question is designed for circulation among readers of *haute classe*: it is to be pleasant and airy, full of *bons mots* and anecdote; witty, but not ill-natured. Politics to be liberal, of course, but of elegant admixture — champagne and seltzer-water. In fact, however, I suspect that the politics will be a very inconsiderable feature in this organ of fine arts and manners; some amateur scribbler in the ‘*beau monde*’ will supply them. For the rest, if my introductory letters are successful, Madame de Grantmesnil will not be in bad company.”

“You will write to Madame de Grantmesnil?” asked Rameau, pleadingly.

“Certainly I will, as soon —”

“As soon as you have the prospectus, and the names of the *collaborateurs*,” interrupted Rameau. “I hope to send you these in a very few days.”

While Rameau was thus speaking, Sa-

varin had seated himself by the table, and his eye mechanically resting on the open MS. lighted by chance upon a sentence—an aphorism—embodying a very delicate sentiment in very felicitous diction. One of those choice condensations of thought, suggesting so much more than is said, which are never found in mediocre writers, and, rare even in the best, come upon us like truths seized by surprise.

“*Parbleu!*” exclaimed Savarin, in the impulse of genuine admiration, “but this is beautiful; what is more, it is original,”—and he read the words aloud. Blushing with shame and resentment, Isaura turned and hastily placed her hand on the MS.

“Pardon,” said Savarin, humbly; “I confess my sin, but it was so unpremeditated that it does not merit a severe penance. Do not look at me so reproachfully. We all know that young ladies keep commonplace books in which they enter passages that strike them in the works they read. And you have but shown an exquisite taste in selecting this gem. Do tell me where you found it. Is it somewhere in Lamartine?”

“No,” answered Isaura, half inaudibly, and with an effort to withdraw the paper. Savarin gently detained her hand, and looking earnestly into her tell-tale face, divined her secret.

“It is your own, Signorina! Accept the congratulations of a very practised and somewhat fastidious critic. If the rest of what you write resembles this sentence, contribute to Rameau’s journal, and I answer for its success.”

Rameau approached half incredulous, half envious.

“My dear child,” resumed Savarin, drawing away the MS. from Isaura’s coy, reluctant clasp, “do permit me to cast a glance over these papers. For what I yet know, there may be here more promise of fame than even you could gain as a singer.”

The electric chord in Isaura’s heart was touched. Who cannot conceive what the young writer feels, especially the young woman-writer, when hearing the first cheery note of praise from the lips of a writer of established fame?

“Nay, this cannot be worth your reading,” said Isaura, falteringly; “I have never written anything of the kind before, and this is a riddle to me. I know not,” she added, with a sweet low laugh, “why I began, nor how I should end it.”

“So much the better,” said Savarin;

and he took the MS., withdrew to a recess by the further window, and seated himself there, reading silently and quickly, but now and then with a brief pause of reflection.

Rameau placed himself beside Isaura on the divan, and began talking to her earnestly—earnestly, for it was about himself and his aspiring hopes. Isaura, on the other hand, more woman-like than author-like, ashamed even to seem absorbed in herself and her hopes, and with her back turned, in the instinct of that shame, against the reader of her MS.,—Isaura listened and sought to interest herself solely in the young fellow-author. Seeking to do so, she succeeded genuinely, for ready sympathy was a prevalent characteristic of her nature.

“Oh,” said Rameau, “I am at the turning-point of my life. Ever since boyhood I have been haunted with the words of André Chénier on the morning he was led to the scaffold: ‘And yet there was something here,’ striking his forehead. Yes, I, poor, low-born, launching myself headlong in the chase of a name; I, underrated, uncomprehended, indebted even for a hearing to the patronage of an amiable trifler like Savarin, ranked by petty rivals in a grade below themselves,—I now see before me, suddenly, abruptly presented, the expanding gates into fame and fortune. Assist me, you!”

“But how?” said Isaura, already forgetting her MS.; and certainly Rameau did not refer to that.

“How!” echoed Rameau. “How! But do you not see—or, at least, do you not conjecture—this journal of which Savarin speaks contains my present and my future? Present independence, opening to fortune and renown. Ay,—and who shall say? renown beyond that of the mere writer. Behind the gaudy scaffolding of this rickety Empire, a new social edifice unperceived arises; and in that edifice the halls of State shall be given to the men who helped obscurely to build it—to men like me.” Here, drawing her hand into his own, fixing on her the most imploring gaze of his dark persuasive eyes, and utterly unconscious of bathos in his adjuration, he added—“Plead for me with your whole mind and heart; use your uttermost influence with the illustrious writer, whose pen can assure the fates of my journal.”

Here the door suddenly opened, and following the servant, who announced unintelligibly his name, there entered Graham Vane.



## CHAPTER X.

THE Englishman halted at the threshold. His eye passing rapidly over the figure of Savarin reading in the window-niche, rested upon Rameau and Isaura seated on the same divan, he with her hand clasped in both his own, and bending his face towards hers so closely that a loose tress of her hair seemed to touch his forehead.

The Englishman halted, and no revolution which changes the habitudes and forms of States was ever so sudden as that, which passed without a word in the depths of his un conjectured heart. The heart has no history which philosophers can recognize. An ordinary political observer, contemplating the condition of a nation, may very safely tell us what effects must follow the causes patent to his eyes. But the wisest and most far-seeing sage, looking at a man at one o'clock, cannot tell us what revulsions of his whole being may be made ere the clock strike two.

As Isaura rose to greet her visitor, Savarin came from the window-niche, the MS. in his hand.

"Son of perfidious Albion," said Savarin, gaily, "we feared you had deserted the French alliance. Welcome back to Paris, and the *entente cordiale*."

"Would I could stay to enjoy such welcome. But I must again quit Paris."

"Soon to return, *n'est ce pas?*" Paris is an irresistible magnet to *les beaux esprits*. *A propos* of *beaux esprits*, be sure to leave orders with your bookseller, if you have one, to enter your name as subscriber to a new journal."

"Certainly, if M. Savarin recommends it."

"He recommends it as a matter of course; he writes in it," said Rameau.

"A sufficient guarantee for its excellence. What is the name of the journal?"

"Not yet thought of," answered Savarin. "Babes must be born before they are christened; but it will be instruction enough to your bookseller to order the new journal to be edited by Gustave Rameau."

Bowing ceremoniously to the editor in prospect, Graham said, half ironically, "May I hope that in the department of criticism you will not be too hard upon poor Tasso?"

"Never fear; the Signorina, who adores Tasso, will take him under her special protection," said Savarin, inter-

rupting Rameau's sullen and embarrassed reply.

Graham's brow slightly contracted. "Mademoiselle," he said, "is then to be united in the conduct of this journal with M. Gustave Rameau?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Isaura, somewhat frightened at the idea.

"But I hope," said Savarin, "that the Signorina may become a contributor too important for an editor to offend by insulting her favourites, Tasso included. Rameau and I came hither to entreat her influence with her intimate and illustrious friend, Madame de Grantmesnil, to insure the success of our undertaking by sanctioning the announcement of her name as a contributor."

"Upon social questions — such as the laws of marriage?" said Graham, with a sarcastic smile, which concealed the quiver of his lip and the pain in his voice.

"Nay," answered Savarin, "our journal will be too sportive, I hope, for matters so profound. We would rather have Madame de Grantmesnil's aid in some short *roman*, which will charm the fancy of all and offend the opinions of none. But since I came into the room, I care less for the Signorina's influence with the great authoress," and he glanced significantly at the MS.

"How so?" asked Graham, his eye following the glance.

"If the writer of this MS. will conclude what she has begun, we shall be independent of Madame de Grantmesnil."

"Fie!" cried Isaura, impulsively, her face and neck bathed in blushes — "fie! such words are a mockery."

Graham gazed at her intently, and then turned his eyes on Savarin. He guessed aright the truth. "Mademoiselle then is an author? — In the style of her friend, Madame de Grantmesnil?"

"Bah!" said Savarin, "I should indeed be guilty of mockery if I paid the Signorina so false a compliment as to say that in a first effort she attained to the style of one of the most finished sovereigns of language that has ever swayed the literature of France. When I say, 'Give us this tale completed, and I shall be consoled if the journal does not gain the aid of Madame de Grantmesnil,' I mean that in these pages there is that nameless charm of freshness and novelty which compensates for many faults never committed by a practised pen like Madame de Grantmesnil's. My dear young lady, go on with this story — finish it. When finished, do not disdain any sug-

gestions I may offer in the way of correction. And I will venture to predict to you so brilliant a career as author, that you will not regret should you resign for that career the bravos you could command as actress and singer." The Englishman pressed his hand convulsively to his heart, as if smitten by a sudden spasm. But as his eyes rested on Isaura's face, which had become radiant with the enthusiastic delight of genius when the path it would select opens before it as if by a flash from heaven, whatever of jealous irritation, whatever of selfish pain he might before have felt, was gone, merged in a sentiment of unutterable sadness and compassion. Practical man as he was, he knew so well all the dangers, all the snares, all the sorrows, all the scandals menacing name and fame, that in the world of Paris must beset the fatherless girl who, not less in authorship than on the stage, leaves the safeguard of private life for ever behind her,—who becomes a prey to the tongues of the public. At Paris, how slender is the line that divides the authoress from the *Bohémienne*! He sank into his chair silently, and passed his hand over his eyes, as if to shut out a vision of the future.

Isaura in her excitement did not notice the effect on her English visitor. She could not have divined such an effect as possible. On the contrary, even subordinate to her joy at the thought that she had not mistaken the instincts which led her to a nobler vocation than that of the singer, that the cage-bar was opened, and space bathed in sunshine was inviting the new-felt wings,—subordinate even to that joy was a joy more wholly, more simply, woman's. "If," thought she in this joy, "if this be true, my proud ambition is realized; all disparities of worth and fortune are annulled between me and him to whom I would bring no shame of *mésalliance*!" Poor dreamer, poor child!

"You will let me see what you have written," said Rameau, somewhat imperiously, in the sharp voice habitual to him, and which pierced Graham's ear like a splinter of glass.

"No—not now; when finished."

"You *will* finish it?"

"Oh yes; how can I help it after such encouragement?" She held out her hand to Savarin, who kissed it gallantly; then her eyes intuitively sought Graham's. By that time he had recovered his self-possession: he met her look tranquilly

and with a smile; but the smile chilled her—she knew not why.

The conversation then passed upon books and authors of the day, and was chiefly supported by the satirical pleasantries of Savarin, who was in high good spirits.

Graham, who, as we know, had come with the hope of seeing Isaura alone, and with the intention of uttering words which, however guarded, might yet in absence serve as links of union, now no longer coveted that interview, no longer meditated those words. He soon rose to depart.

"Will you dine with me to-morrow?" asked Savarin. "Perhaps I may induce the Signorina and Rameau to offer you the temptation of meeting them."

"By to-morrow I shall be leagues away."

Isaura's heart sank. This time the MS. was fairly forgotten.

"You never said you were going so soon," cried Savarin. "When do you come back, vile deserter?"

"I cannot even guess. Monsieur Rameau, count me among your subscribers. Mademoiselle, my best regards to Signora Venosta. When I see you again, no doubt you will have become famous."

Isaura here could not control herself. She rose impulsively, and approached him, holding out her hand, and attempting a smile.

"But not famous in the way that you warned me from," she said in whispered tones. "You are friends with me still?" It was like the piteous wail of a child seeking to make it up with one who wants to quarrel, the child knows not why.

Graham was moved, but what could he say? Could he have the right to warn her from this profession also; forbid all desires, all roads of fame to this brilliant aspirant? Even a declared and accepted lover might well have deemed that that would be to ask too much. He replied, "Yes, always a friend, if you could ever need one." Her hand slid from his, and she turned away, wounded to the quick.

"Have you your *coupé* at the door?" asked Savarin.

"Simply a *fiacre*."

"And are going back at once to Paris?"

"Yes."

"Will you kindly drop me in the Rue de Rivoli?"

"Charmed to be of use."



## CHAPTER XI.

As the *fiacre* bore to Paris Savarin and Graham, the former said, "I cannot conceive what rich simpleton could entertain so high an opinion of Gustave Rameau as to select a man so young, and of reputation, though promising, so undecided for an enterprise which requires such a degree of tact and judgment as the conduct of a new journal; and a journal, too, which is to address itself to the *beau monde*. However, it is not for me to criticise a selection which brings a god-send to myself."

"To yourself? You jest; you have a journal of your own. It can only be through an excess of good-nature that you lend your name and pen to the service of M. Gustave Rameau."

"My good-nature does not go to that extent. It is Rameau who confers a service upon me. *Peste! mon cher*, we French authors have not the rents of your rich English milords. And though I am the most economical of our tribe, yet that journal of mine has failed me of late; and this morning I did not exactly see how I was to repay a sum I had been obliged to borrow of a money-lender—for I am too proud to borrow of friends, and too sagacious to borrow of publishers—when in walks *ce cher petit* Gustave with an offer for a few trifles toward starting this newborn journal, which makes a new man of me. Now I am in the undertaking, my *amour propre* and my reputation are concerned in its success; and I shall take care that *collaborateurs* of whose company I am not ashamed are in the same boat. But that charming girl, Isaura! What an enigma the gift of the pen is! No one can ever guess who has it until tried."

"The young lady's MS., then, really merits the praise you bestowed on it?"

"Much more praise, though a great deal of blame, which I did not bestow. For in a first work faults insure success as much as beauties. Anything better than tame correctness. Yes, her first work, to judge by what is written, must make a hit—a great hit. And that will decide her career—a singer, an actress, may retire, often does when she marries an author. But once an author always an author."

"Ah! is it so? If you had a beloved daughter, Savarin, would you encourage her to be an author?"

"Frankly, no—principally because in that case the chances are that she would

marry an author; and French authors, at least in the imaginative school, make very uncomfortable husbands."

"Ah, you think the Signorina will marry one of those uncomfortable husbands—M. Rameau, perhaps?"

"Rameau! *Hein!* nothing more likely. That beautiful face of his has its fascination. And to tell you the truth, my wife, who is a striking illustration of the truth that what woman wills heaven wills, is bent upon that improvement in Gustave's moral life which she thinks a union with Mademoiselle Cicogna would achieve. At all events, the fair Italian would have in Rameau a husband who would not suffer her to bury her talents under a bushel. If she succeeds as a writer (by succeeding I mean making money), he will see that her ink-bottle is never empty; and if she don't succeed as a writer, he will take care that the world shall gain an actress or a singer. For Gustave Rameau has a great taste for luxury and show; and whatever his wife can make, I will venture to say that he will manage to spend."

"I thought you had an esteem and regard for Mademoiselle Cicogna. It is Madame your wife, I suppose, who has a grudge against her?"

"On the contrary, my wife idolizes her."

"Savages sacrifice to their idols the things they deem of value. Civilized Parisians sacrifice their idols themselves,—and to a thing that is worthless."

"Rameau is not worthless; he has beauty, and youth, and talent. My wife thinks more highly of him than I do; but I must respect a man who has found admirers so sincere as to set him up in a journal, and give him *carte blanche* for terms to contributors. I know of no man in Paris more valuable to me. His worth to me this morning is 30,000 francs. I own I do not think him likely to be a very safe husband; but then French female authors and artists seldom take any husbands except upon short leases. There are no vulgar connubial prejudices in the pure atmosphere of art. Women of genius, like Madame de Grantmesnil, and perhaps like our charming young friend, resemble canary-birds—to sing their best you must separate them from their mates."

The Englishman suppressed a groan, and turned the conversation.

When he had set down his lively companion, Vane dismissed his *fiacre*, and walked to his lodgings musingly.

"No," he said inly, "I must wrench myself from the very memory of that haunting face,—the friend and pupil of Madame de Grantmesnil, the associate of Gustave Rameau, the rival of Julie Caumartin, the aspirant to that pure atmosphere of art in which there are no vulgar connubial prejudices! Could I—whether I be rich or poor—see in *her* the ideal of an English wife? As it is—as it is—with this mystery which oppresses me, which, till solved, leaves my own career insoluble,—as it is, how fortunate that I did not find her alone—did not utter the words that would fain have leapt from my heart—did not say, 'I may not be the rich man I seem, but in that case I shall be yet more ambitious, because struggle and labour are the sinews of ambition! Should I be rich, will you adorn my station? should I be poor, will you enrich poverty with your smile? And can you, in either case, forego—really, painlessly forego, as you led me to hope—the pride in your own art?' My ambition were killed did I marry an actress, a singer. Better than the hungerer after excitements which are never allayed, the struggler in a career which admits of no retirement—the woman to whom marriage is no goal—who remains to the last the property of the public, and glories to dwell in a house of glass into which every bystander has a right to peer. Is this the ideal of an Englishman's wife and home? No—no!—woe is me, no!"

## BOOK SIXTH.

## CHAPTER I.

A FEW weeks after the date of the preceding chapter, a gay party of men were assembled at supper in one of the private *salons* of the *Maison Dorée*. The supper was given by Frederic Lemercier, and the guests were, though in various ways, more or less distinguished. Rank and fashion were not unworthily represented by Alain de Rochebriant and Enguerrand de Vandemar, by whose supremacy as "lion" Frederick still felt rather humbled, though Alain had contrived to bring them familiarly together. Art, Literature, and the Bourse had also their representatives—in Henri Bernard, a rising young portrait-painter whom the Emperor honoured with his patronage; the Vicomte de Brézé, and M. Savarin. Science was not altogether forgotten, but contributed its agreeable delegate in the person of the eminent physician to whom we have been before introduced—Dr. Bacourt. Doctors in

Paris are not so serious as they mostly are in London; and Bacourt, a pleasant philosopher of the school of Aristippus, was no unfrequent nor ungenial guest at any banquet in which the Graces relaxed their zones. Martial glory was also represented at that social gathering by a warrior, bronzed and decorated, lately arrived from Algiers, on which arid soil he had achieved many laurels and the rank of Colonel. Finance contributed Duplessis. Well it might; for Duplessis had just assisted the host to a splendid *coup* at the Bourse.

"Ah, *cher* M. Savarin," says Enguerrand de Vandemar, whose patrician blood is so pure from revolutionary taint that he is always instinctively polite, "what a masterpiece in its way is that little paper of yours in the '*Sens Commun*,' upon the connection between the national character and the national diet, so genuinely witty! for wit is but truth made amusing."

"You flatter me," replied Savarin, modestly; "but I own I do think there is a smattering of philosophy in that trifle. Perhaps, however, the character of a people depends more on its drinks than its food. The wines of Italy—heavy, irritable, ruinous to the digestion—contribute to the character which belongs to active brains and disordered livers. The Italians conceive great plans, but they cannot digest them. The English common people drink beer, and the beerish character is stolid, rude, but stubborn and enduring. The English middle class imbibe port and sherry; and with these strong potations their ideas become obfuscated. Their character has no liveliness; amusement is not one of their wants; they sit at home after dinner and doze away the fumes of their beverage in the dullness of domesticity. If the English aristocracy is more vivacious and cosmopolitan, it is thanks to the wines of France, which it is the *mode* with them to prefer; but still, like all plagiarists, they are imitators, not inventors—they borrow our wines and copy our manners. The Germans—"

"Insolent barbarians!" growled the French Colonel, twirling his moustache; "if the Emperor were not in his dotage, their Sadowa would ere this have cost them their Rhine."

"The Germans," resumed Savarin, unheeding the interruption, "drink acrid wines, varied with beer, to which last their commonalty owes a *quasi* resemblance in stupidity and endurance to the English masses. Acrid wines rot the teeth: Germans are afflicted with toothache from in-



fancy. All people subject to toothache are sentimental. Goethe was a martyr to toothache. Werter was written in one of those paroxysms which predispose genius to suicide. But the German character is not all toothache; beer and tobacco step in to the relief of Rhenish acridities, blend philosophy with sentiment, and give that patience in detail which distinguishes their professors and their generals. Besides, the German wines in themselves have other qualities than that of acidity. Taken with sour kroust and stewed prunes, they produce fumes of self-conceit. A German has little of French vanity; he has German self-esteem. He extends the esteem of self to those around him; his home, his village, his city, his country—all belong to him. It is a duty he owes to himself to defend them. Give him his pipe and his sabre—and, M. le Colonel, believe me, you will never take the Rhine from him."

"P-r-r," cried the Colonel; "but we have had the Rhine."

"We did not keep it. And I should not say I had a franc-piece if I borrowed it from your purse and had to give it back the next day."

Here there arose a very general hubbub of voices, all raised against M. Savarin. Enguerrand, like a man of good *ton*, hastened to change the conversation.

"Let us leave these poor wretches to their sour wines and toothaches. We drinkers of the champagne, all our own, have only pity for the rest of the human race. This new journal '*Le Sens Commun*' has a strange title, M. Savarin."

"Yes; '*Le Sens Commun*' is not common in Paris, where we all have too much genius for a thing so vulgar."

"Pray," said the young painter, "tell me what you mean by the title—'*Le Sens Commun*.' It is mysterious."

"True," said Savarin; "it may mean the *Sensus communis* of the Latins, or the Good Sense of the English. The Latin phrase signifies the sense of the common interest; the English phrase, the sense which persons of understanding have in common. I suppose the inventor of our title meant the latter signification."

"And who was the inventor?" asked Bacourt.

"That is a secret which I do not know myself," answered Savarin.

"I guess," said Enguerrand, "that it must be the same person who writes the political leaders. They are most remarkable; for they are so unlike the articles in other journals, whether those journals

be the best or the worst. For my own part, I trouble my head very little about politics, and shrug my shoulders at essays which reduce the government of flesh and blood into mathematical problems. But these articles seem to be written by a man of the world, and, as a man of the world myself, I read them."

"But," said the Vicomte de Brézé, who piqued himself on the polish of his style, "they are certainly not the composition of any eminent writer. No eloquence, no sentiment; though I ought not to speak disparagingly of a fellow-contributor."

"All that may be very true," said Savarin, "but M. Enguerrand is right. The papers are evidently the work of a man of the world, and it is for that reason that they have startled the public, and established the success of '*Le Sens Commun*.' But wait a week or two longer, Messieurs, and then tell me what you think of a new *roman* by a new writer, which we shall announce in our impression to-morrow. I shall be disappointed, indeed, if that does not charm you. No lack of eloquence and sentiment there."

"I am rather tired of eloquence and sentiment," said Enguerrand. "Your editor, Gustave Rameau, sickens me of them with his 'Starlit Meditations in the Streets of Paris,' morbid imitations of Heine's enigmatical 'Evening Songs.' Your journal would be perfect if you could suppress the editor."

"Suppress Gustave Rameau!" cried Bernard the painter; "I adore his poems, full of heart for poor suffering humanity."

"Suffering humanity so far as it is packed up in himself," said the physician, dryly, "and a great deal of the suffering is bile. But *à propos* of your new journal, Savarin, there is a paragraph in it to-day which excites my curiosity. It says that the Vicomte de Mauléon has arrived in Paris, after many years of foreign travel; and then, referring modestly enough to the reputation for talent which he had acquired in early youth, proceeds to indulge in a prophecy of the future political career of a man who, if he have a grain of *sens commun*, must think that the less said about him the better. I remember him well; a terrible *mauvais sujet*, but superbly handsome. There was a shocking story about the jewels of a foreign duchess, which obliged him to leave Paris."

"But," said Savarin, "the paragraph you refer to hints that that story is a groundless calumny, and that the true

reason for De Mauléon's voluntary self-exile was a very common one among young Parisians — he had lavished away his fortune. He returns when, either by heritage or his own exertions, he has secured elsewhere a competence."

"Nevertheless I cannot think that society will receive him," said Bacourt. "When he left Paris, there was one joyous sigh of relief among all men who wished to avoid duels, and keep their wives out of temptation. Society may welcome back a lost sheep, but not a re-invigorated wolf."

"I beg your pardon, *mon cher*," said Enguerrand; "society has already opened its fold to this poor ill-treated wolf. Two days ago Louvier summoned to his house the surviving relations or connections of De Mauléon — among whom are the Marquis de Rochebriant, the Counts De Passy, De Beauvilliers, De Chavigny, my father, and of course his two sons — and submitted to us the proofs which completely clear the Vicomte de Mauléon of even a suspicion of fraud or dishonour in the affair of the jewels. The proofs include the written attestation of the Duke himself, and letters from that nobleman after De Mauléon's disappearance from Paris, expressive of great esteem, and, indeed, of great admiration for the Vicomte's sense of honour and generosity of character. The result of this family council was, that we all went in a body to call on De Mauléon. And he dined with my father that same day. You know enough of the Count de Vandemar, and, I may add, of my mother, to be sure that they are both, in their several ways, too regardful of social conventions to lend their countenance even to a relation without well weighing the *pros* and *cons*. And as for Raoul, Bayard himself could not be a greater stickler on the point of honour."

This declaration was followed by a silence that had the character of stupor.

At last Duplessis said, "But what has Louvier to do in this *galère*? Louvier is no relation of that well-born *vaurien*; why should he summon your family council?"

"Louvier excused his interference on the ground of early and intimate friendship with De Mauléon, who, he said, came to consult him on arriving at Paris, and who felt too proud or too timid to address relations with whom he had long dropped all intercourse. An intermediary was required, and Louvier volunteered to take that part on himself; nothing

more natural, nor more simple. By the way, Alain, you dine with Louvier to-morrow, do you not? — a dinner in honour of our rehabilitated kinsman. I and Raoul go."

"Yes, I shall be charmed to meet again a man who, whatever might be his errors in youth, on which," added Alain, slightly colouring, "it certainly does not become me to be severe, must have suffered the most poignant anguish a man of honour can undergo — viz., honour suspected; and who now, whether by years or sorrow, is so changed that I cannot recognize a likeness to the character I have just heard given to him as *mauvais sujet* and *vaurien*."

"Bravo!" cried Enguerrand; "all honour to courage — and at Paris it requires great courage to defend the absent."

"Nay," answered Alain, in a low voice. "The *gentilhomme* who will not defend another *gentilhomme* traduced, would, as a soldier, betray a citadel and desert a flag."

"You say M. de Mauléon is changed," said De Brézé; "yes, he must be growing old. No trace left of his good looks?"

"Pardon me," said Enguerrand, "he is *bien conservé*, and has still a very handsome head and an imposing presence. But one cannot help doubting whether he deserved the formidable reputation he acquired in youth; his manner is so singularly mild and gentle, his conversation so winningly modest, so void of pretence, and his mode of life is as simple as that of a Spanish hidalgo."

"He does not, then, affect the rôle of Monte Christo," said Duplessis, "and buy himself into notice like that hero of romance?"

"Certainly not: he says very frankly that he has but a very small income, but more than enough for his wants — richer than in his youth; for he has learned content. We may dismiss the hint in '*Le Sens Commun*' about his future political career: at least he evinces no such ambition."

"How could he as a Legitimist?" said Alain, bitterly. "What department would elect him?"

"But is he a Legitimist?" asked De Brézé.

"I take it for granted that he must be that," answered Alain, haughtily, "for he is a De Mauléon."

"His father was as good a De Mauléon as himself, I presume," rejoined De



Brézé, dryly; "and he enjoyed a place at the Court of Louis Philippe, which a Legitimist could scarcely accept. Victor did not, I fancy, trouble his head about politics at all, at the time I remember him; but to judge by his chief associates, and the notice he received from the Princes of the House of Orleans, I should guess that he had no predilections in favour of Henri V."

"I should regret to think so," said Alain, yet more haughtily, "since the De Mauléons acknowledge the head of their house in the representative of the Rochebriants."

"At all events," said Duplessis, "M. de Mauléon appears to be a philosopher of rare stamp. A Parisian who has known riches and is contented to be poor, is a phenomenon I should like to study."

"You have that chance to-morrow evening, M. Duplessis," said Enguerand.

"What! at M. Louvier's dinner? Nay, I have no other acquaintance with M. Louvier than that of the Bourse, and the acquaintance is not cordial."

"I did not mean at M. Louvier's dinner, but at the Duchesse de Tarascon's ball. You, as one of her special favourites, will doubtless honour her *réunion*."

"Yes; I have promised my daughter to go to the ball. But the Duchesse is Imperialist. M. de Mauléon seems to be either a Legitimist, according to M. le Marquis, or an Orleanist, according to our friend De Brézé."

"What of that? Can there be a more loyal Bourbonite than De Rochebriant? and *he* goes to the ball. It is given out of the season, in celebration of a family marriage. And the Duchesse de Tarascon is connected with Alain, and therefore with De Mauléon, though but distantly."

"Ah! excuse my ignorance of genealogy."

"As if the genealogy of noble names were not the history of France," muttered Alain, indignantly.

#### CHAPTER II.

YES, the "*Sens Commun*" was a success; it had made a sensation at starting; the sensation was on the increase. It is difficult for an Englishman to comprehend the full influence of a successful journal at Paris; the station—political, literary, social—which it confers on the contributors who effect the success. M. Lebeau had shown much more sagacity in selecting Gustave Rameau for the

nominal editor than Savarin supposed or my reader might detect. In the first place, Gustave himself, with all his defects of information and solidity of intellect, was not without real genius; and a sort of genius that when kept in restraint, and its field confined to sentiment or sarcasm, was in unison with the temper of the day: in the second place, it was only through Gustave that Lebeau could have got at Savarin; and the names which that brilliant writer had secured at the outset, would have sufficed to draw attention to the earliest numbers of the "*Sens Commun*," despite a title which did not seem alluring. But these names alone could not have sufficed to circulate the new journal to the extent it had already reached. This was due to the curiosity excited by leading articles of a style new to the Parisian public, and of which the authorship defied conjecture. They were signed Pierre Firmin—supposed to be a *nom de plume*, as that name was utterly unknown in the world of letters. They affected the tone of an impartial observer; they neither espoused nor attacked any particular party; they laid down no abstract doctrines of government. But somehow or other, in language terse yet familiar, sometimes careless yet never vulgar, they expressed a prevailing sentiment of uneasy discontent, a foreboding of some destined change in things established, without defining the nature of such change, without saying whether it would be for good or for evil. In his criticisms upon individuals, the writer was guarded and moderate—the keenest-eyed censor of the press could not have found a pretext for interference with expression of opinions so polite. Of the Emperor, these articles spoke little, but that little was not disrespectful; yet, day after day, the articles contributed to sap the Empire. All malcontents of every shade comprehended, as by a secret of freemasonry, that in this journal they had an ally. Against religion not a word was uttered, yet the enemies of religion bought that journal; still, the friends of religion bought it too, for those articles treated with irony the philosophers on paper who thought that their contradictory crotchets could fuse themselves into any single Utopia, or that any social edifice, hurriedly run up by the crazy few, could become a permanent habitation for the turbulent many, without the clamps of a creed.

The tone of these articles always corresponded with the title of the journal—

"Common-sense." It was to common-sense that it appealed—appealed in the utterance of a man who disdained the subtle theories, the vehement declamation, the credulous beliefs, or the inflated bombast, which constitute so large a portion of the Parisian press. The articles rather resembled certain organs of the English press, which profess to be blinded by no enthusiasm for anybody or anything, which find their sale in that sympathy with ill-nature to which Huet ascribes the popularity of Tacitus, and, always quietly undermining institutions with a covert sneer, never pretend to a spirit of imagination so at variance with common-sense as a conjecture how the institutions should be rebuilt or replaced.

Well, somehow or other the journal, as I was saying, hit the taste of the Parisian public. It intimated, with the easy grace of an unpremeditated agreeable talker, that French society in all its classes was rotten, and each class was willing to believe that all the others were rotten, and agreed that unless the others were reformed, there was something very unsound in itself.

The ball at the Duchesse de Tarascon's was a brilliant event. The summer was far advanced; many of the Parisian holiday-makers had returned to the capital, but the season had not commenced, and a ball at that time of year was a very unwonted event. But there was a special occasion for this *fête*—a marriage between a niece of the Duchesse and the son of a great official in high favour at the Imperial Court.

The dinner at Louvier's broke up early, and the music for the second waltz was sounding when Enguerrand, Alain, and the Vicomte de Mauléon ascended the stairs. Raoul did not accompany them; he went very rarely to any balls—never to one given by an Imperialist, however nearly related to him the Imperialist might be. But, in the sweet indulgence of his good-nature, he had no blame for those who did go—not for Enguerrand, still less, of course, for Alain.

Something, too, might well here be said as to his feeling towards Victor de Mauléon. He had joined in the family acquittal of that kinsman as to the grave charge of the jewels; the proofs of innocence thereon seemed to him unequivocal and decisive, therefore he had called on the Vicomte and acquiesced in all formal civilities shown to him. But, such acts of justice to a fellow-*gentilhomme* and a kinsman duly performed, he desired to

see as little as possible of the Vicomte de Mauléon. He reasoned thus:—"Of every charge which society made against this man he is guiltless. But of all the claims to admiration which society accorded to him, before it erroneously condemned, there are none which make me covet his friendship, or suffice to dispel doubts as to what he may be when society once more receives him. And the man is so captivating that I should dread his influence over myself did I see much of him."

Raoul kept his reasonings to himself, for he had that sort of charity which indisposes an amiable man to be severe on bygone offences. In the eyes of Enguerrand and Alain, and such young votaries of the *mode* as they could influence, Victor de Mauléon assumed almost heroic proportions. In the affair which had inflicted on him a calumny so odious, it was clear that he had acted with chivalrous delicacy of honour. And the turbulence and recklessness of his earlier years, redeemed as they were, in the traditions of his contemporaries, by courage and generosity, were not offences to which young Frenchmen are inclined to be harsh. All question as to the mode in which his life might have been passed during his long absence from the capital, was merged in the respect due to the only facts known, and these were clearly proved in his *pièces justificatives*. 1st, That he had served under another name in the ranks of the army in Algiers; had distinguished himself there for signal valour, and received, with promotion, the decoration of the cross. His real name was known only to his Colonel, and on quitting the service, the Colonel placed in his hands a letter of warm eulogy on his conduct, and identifying him as Victor de Mauléon. 2dly, That in California he had saved a wealthy family from midnight murder, fighting single-handed against and overcoming three ruffians, and declining all other reward from those he had preserved than a written attestation of their gratitude. In all countries, valour ranks high in the list of virtues; in no country does it so absolve from vices as it does in France.

But as yet Victor de Mauléon's vindication was only known by a few, and those belonging to the gayer circles of life. How he might be judged by the sober middle class, which constitutes the most important section of public opinion to a candidate for political trusts and distinctions, was another question.



The Duchesse stood at the door to receive her visitors. Duplessis was seated near the entrance, by the side of a distinguished member of the Imperial Government, with whom he was carrying on a whispered conversation. The eye of the financier, however, turned towards the doorway as Alain and Enguerand entered, and, passing over their familiar faces, fixed itself attentively on that of a much older man whom Enguerand was presenting to the Duchesse, and in whom Duplessis rightly divined the Vicomte de Mauléon. Certainly if no one could have recognized M. Lebeau in the stately personage who had visited Louvier, still less could one who had heard of the wild feats of the *roi des viveurs* in his youth reconcile belief in such tales with the quiet modesty of mien which distinguished the cavalier now replying, with bended head and subdued accents, to the courteous welcome of the brilliant hostess. But for such difference in attributes between the past and the present De Mauléon, Duplessis had been prepared by the conversation at the *Maison Dorée*. And now, as the Vicomte, yielding his place by the Duchesse to some new-comer, glided on, and, leaning against a column, contemplated the gay scene before him with that expression of countenance, half sarcastic, half mournful, with which men regard, after long estrangement, the scenes of departed joys, Duplessis felt that no change in that man had impaired the force of character which had made him the hero of reckless coevals. Though wearing no beard, not even a moustache, there was something emphatically masculine in the contour of the close-shaven cheek and resolute jaw, in a forehead broad at the temples, and protuberant in those organs over the eyebrows which are said to be significant of quick perception and ready action; in the lips, when in repose compressed, perhaps somewhat stern in their expression, but pliant and mobile when speaking, and wonderfully fascinating when they smiled. Altogether, about this Victor de Mauléon there was a nameless distinction, apart from that of conventional elegance. You would have said, "That is a man of some marked individuality, an eminence of some kind in himself." You would not be surprised to hear that he was a party-leader, a skilled diplomatist, a daring soldier, an adventurous traveller, but you would not guess him to be a student, an author, an artist.

While Duplessis thus observed the Vi-

comte de Mauléon, all the while seeming to lend an attentive ear to the whispered voice of the Minister by his side, Alain passed on into the ball-room. He was fresh enough to feel the exhilaration of the dance. Enguerand (who had survived that excitement, and who habitually deserted any assembly at an early hour for the cigar and whist of his club) had made his way to De Mauléon, and there stationed himself. The lion of one generation has always a mixed feeling of curiosity and respect for the lion of a generation before him, and the young Vandemar had conceived a strong and almost an affectionate interest in this dis-crowned king of that realm in fashion which, when once it is lost, is never to be regained; for it is only youth that can hold its sceptre and command its subjects.

"In this crowd, Vicomte," said Enguerand, "there must be many old acquaintances of yours?"

"Perhaps so; but as yet I have only seen new faces."

As he thus spoke, a middle-aged man, decorated with the grand cross of the Legion and half-a-dozen foreign orders, lending his arm to a lady of the same age radiant in diamonds, passed by towards the ball-room, and in some sudden swerve of his person, occasioned by a pause of his companion to adjust her train, he accidentally brushed against De Mauléon, whom he had not before noticed. Turning round to apologize for his awkwardness, he encountered the full gaze of the Vicomte, started, changed countenance, and hurried on his companion.

"Do you not recognize his Excellency?" said Enguerand, smiling. "His cannot be a new face to you."

"Is it the Baron de Lacy?" asked De Mauléon.

"The Baron de Lacy, now Count d'Epinau, ambassador at the court of —, and, if report speak true, likely soon to exchange that post for the *portefeuille* of Minister."

"He has got on in life since I saw him last, the little Baron. He was then my devoted imitator, and I was not proud of the imitation."

"He has got on by always clinging to the skirts of some one stronger than himself — to yours, I daresay, when, being a *parvenu* despite his usurped title of Baron, he aspired to the *entrée* into clubs and *salons*. The *entrée* thus obtained, the rest followed easily: he became a *millionnaire* through a wife's *dot*, and an am-

bassador through the wife's lover, who is a power in the state."

"But he must have substance in himself. Empty bags cannot be made to stand upright. Ah! unless I mistake, I see some one I knew better. You pale, thin man, also with the grand cross,—surely that is Alfred Hennequin. Is he too a decorated Imperialist? I left him a socialistic republican."

"But I presume, even then an eloquent *avocat*. He got into the Chamber, spoke well, defended the *coup-d'état*. He has just been made *Préfet* of the great department of the —, a popular appointment. He bears a high character. Pray renew your acquaintance with him; he is coming this way."

"Will so grave a dignitary renew acquaintance with me? I doubt it."

But as De Mauléon said this, he moved from the column and advanced towards the *Préfet*. Enguerrand followed him, and saw the Vicomte extend his hand to his old acquaintance. The *Préfet* stared, and said, with frigid courtesy, "Pardon me,—some mistake."

"Allow me, M. Hennequin," said Enguerrand, interposing, and wishing good-naturedly to save De Mauléon the awkwardness of introducing himself,— "allow me to re-introduce you to my kinsman, whom the lapse of years may well excuse you for forgetting, the Vicomte de Mauléon."

Still the *Préfet* did not accept the hand. He bowed with formal ceremony, said, "I was not aware that M. le Vicomte had returned to Paris," and, moving to the doorway, made his salutation to the hostess and disappeared.

"The insolent!" muttered Enguerrand.

"Hush!" said De Mauléon, quietly; "I can fight no more duels—especially with a *Préfet*. But I own I am weak enough to feel hurt at such a reception from Hennequin, for he owed me some obligations—small, perhaps, but still they were such as might have made me select him, rather than Louvier, as the vindicator of my name, had I known him to be so high placed. But a man who has raised himself into an authority may well be excused for forgetting a friend whose character needs defence. I forgive him."

There was something pathetic in the Vicomte's tone which touched Euguerrand's warm if light heart. But De Mauléon did not allow him time to answer. He went on quickly through an opening

in the gay crowd, which immediately closed behind him, and Enguerrand saw him no more that evening.

Duplessis ere this has quitted his seat by the Minister, drawn thence by a young and very pretty girl resigned to his charge by a cavalier with whom she had been dancing. She was the only daughter of Duplessis, and he valued her even more than the millions he had made at the Bourse. "The Princess," she said, "has been swept off in the train of some German Royalty; so, *petit père*, I must impose myself on thee."

The Princess, a Russian of high rank, was the *chaperon* that evening of Made-moiselle Valérie Duplessis.

"And I suppose I must take thee back into the ball-room," said the financier, smiling proudly, "and find thee partners."

"I don't want your aid for that, Monsieur; except this quadrille, my list is pretty well filled up."

"And I hope the partners will be pleasant. Let me know who they are," he whispered, as they threaded their way into the ball-room.

The girl glanced at her tablet.

"Well, the first on the list is milord somebody, with an unpronounceable English name."

"Beau cavalier?"

"No; ugly, old too—thirty at least."

Duplessis felt relieved. He did not wish his daughter to fall in love with an Englishman.

"And the next?"

"The next," she said, hesitatingly, and he observed that a soft blush accompanied the hesitation.

"Yes, the next. Not English too?"

"Oh no; the Marquis de Rochebriant."

"Ah! who presented him to thee?"

"Thy friend, *petit père*, M. de Brézé."

Duplessis again glanced at his daughter's face; it was bent over her bouquet.

"Is he ugly also?"

"Ugly!" exclaimed the girl, indignantly; "why, he is —" she checked herself and turned away her head.

Duplessis became thoughtful. He was glad that he had accompanied his child into the ball-room; he would stay there and keep watch on her and Rochebriant also.

Up to that moment he had felt a dislike to Rochebriant. That young noble's too obvious pride of race had nettled him, not the less that the financier himself was vain of his ancestry. Perhaps he still disliked Alain, but the dislike was now accompanied with a certain, not hostile,



interest; and if he became connected with the race, the pride in it might grow contagious.

They had not been long in the ball-room before Alain came up to claim his promised partner. In saluting Duplessis, his manner was the same as usual—not more cordial, not less ceremoniously distant. A man so able as the financier cannot be without quick knowledge of the human heart.

"If disposed to fall in love with Valérie," thought Duplessis, "he would have taken more pains to please her father. Well, thank heaven, there are better matches to be found for her than a noble without fortune, and a Legitimist without career."

In fact, Alain felt no more for Valérie than for any other pretty girl in the room. In talking with the Vicomte de Brézé in the intervals of the dance, he had made some passing remark on her beauty; De Brézé had said, "Yes, she is charming; I will present you," and hastened to do so before Rochebriant even learned her name. So introduced, he could but invite her to give him her first disengaged dance; and when that was fixed, he had retired, without entering into conversation.

Now, as they took their places in the quadrille, he felt that effort of speech had become a duty, if not a pleasure; and, of course, he began with the first commonplace which presented itself to his mind.

"Do you not think it a very pleasant ball, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes," dropped, in almost inaudible reply, from Valérie's rosy lips.

"And not over-crowded, as most balls are."

Valérie's lips again moved, but this time quite inaudibly.

The obligations of the figure now caused a pause. Alain racked his brains, and began again—

"They tell me the last season was more than usually gay; of that I cannot judge, for it was well nigh over when I came to Paris for the first time."

Valérie looked up with a more animated expression than her childlike face had yet shown, and said, this time distinctly, "This is my first ball, Monsieur le Marquis."

"One has only to look at Mademoiselle to divine that fact," replied Alain, gallantly.

Again the conversation was interrupted by the dance, but the ice between the two was now broken. And when the quadrille was concluded, and Rochebri-

ant led the fair Valérie back to her father's side, she felt as if she had been listening to the music of the spheres, and that the music had now suddenly stopped. Alain, alas for her! was under no such pleasing illusion. Her talk had seemed to him artless indeed, but very insipid, compared with the brilliant conversation of the wedded *Parisiennes* with whom he more habitually danced; and it was with rather a sensation of relief that he made his parting bow, and receded into the crowd of bystanders.

Meanwhile De Mauléon had quitted the assemblage, walking slowly through the deserted street towards his apartment. The civilities he had met at Louvier's dinner-party, and the marked distinction paid to him by kinsmen of rank and position so unequivocal as Alain and Enguerrand, had softened his mood and cheered his spirits. He had begun to question himself whether a fair opening to his political ambition was really forbidden to him under the existent order of things, whether it necessitated the employment of such dangerous tools as those to which anger and despair had reconciled his intellect. But the pointed way in which he had been shunned or slighted by the two men who belonged to political life—to men who in youth had looked up to himself, and whose dazzling career of honours was identified with the Imperial system—re-animating his fiercer passions and his more perilous designs. The frigid accost of Hennequin more especially galled him; it wounded not only his pride but his heart; it had the venom of ingratitude, and it is the peculiar privilege of ingratitude to wound hearts that have learned to harden themselves to the hate or contempt of men to whom no services have been rendered. In some private affair concerning his property, De Mauléon had had occasion to consult Hennequin, then a rising young *avocat*. Out of that consultation a friendship had sprung up, despite the differing habits and social grades of the two men. One day, calling on Hennequin, he found him in a state of great nervous excitement. The *avocat* had received a public insult in the *salon* of a noble, to whom De Mauléon had introduced him from a man who pretended to the hand of a young lady to whom Hennequin was attached, and indeed almost affianced. The man was a notorious *spadassin*—a duellist little less renowned for skill in all weapons than De Mauléon himself. The affair had been such, that Hennequin's friends assured him he had no choice but

to challenge this bravo. Hennequin, brave enough at the bar, was no hero before sword-point or pistol. He was utterly ignorant of the use of either weapon; his death in the encounter with an antagonist so formidable seemed to him certain, and life was so precious; an honourable and distinguished career opening before him, marriage with the woman he loved; still he had the Frenchman's point of honour. He had been told that he must fight; well, then, he must. He asked De Mauléon to be one of his seconds, and in asking him, sank in his chair, covered his face with his hands and burst into tears.

"Wait till to-morrow," said De Mauléon; "take no step till then. Meanwhile you are in my hands, and I answer for your honour."

On leaving Hennequin, Victor sought the *spadassin* at the club of which they were both members, and contrived, without reference to Hennequin, to pick a quarrel with him. A challenge ensued; a duel with swords took place the next morning. De Mauléon disarmed and wounded his antagonist, not gravely, but sufficiently to terminate the encounter. He assisted to convey the wounded man to his apartment, and planted himself by his bedside, as if he were a friend.

"Why on earth did you fasten a quarrel on me?" asked the *spadassin*; "and why, having done so, did you spare my life; for your sword was at my heart when you shifted its point, and pierced my shoulder?"

"I will tell you, and in so doing, beg you to accept my friendship hereafter, on one condition. In the course of the day, write or dictate a few civil words of apology to M. Hennequin. *Ma foi!* every one will praise you for a generosity so becoming in a man who has given such proofs of courage and skill, to an *avocat* who has never handled a sword nor fired a pistol."

That same day De Mauléon remitted to Hennequin an apology for heated words freely retracted, which satisfied all his friends. For the service thus rendered by De Mauléon, Hennequin declared himself everlastingly indebted. In fact, he entirely owed to that friend his life, his marriage, his honour, his career.

"And now," thought De Mauléon, "now, when he could so easily requite me,—now he will not even take my hand. Is human nature itself at war with me?"

From Fraser's Magazine.

# ON SOME GRADATIONS IN THE FORMS OF ANIMAL LIFE.

IN one of her many entertaining novels, Mrs. Trollope introduces an old lady describing the theory of La Marck on the Origin of Species. In the course of her description, the old lady exclaims, with not unnatural astonishment, "But the most extraordinary thing (excepting one) is, that when the fishes married, they had rats for children; and when the rats married, they had birds; or else the birds came first, and they were confined with rats; and then the rats had cats, I believe, and the cats had dogs, and the dogs monkeys, and the monkeys men and women."\* A year or two ago, the eloquent and estimable Bishop of Peterborough won a ready laugh from his audience at Carlisle by the following observation: "There is now a theory in fashion that religion is a development of clime and race, just as men were originally developed from oysters and so forth."† Another clerical orator, at the Nottingham Church Congress held in October of last year, pointed out the inherent fallacy of Darwinism by asking, "Who nursed the first child?"‡ Great laughter followed the question; but whether his brethren were laughing with the speaker, or at him, it would be invidious to surmise.

Thousands of religious teachers in this country believe, or permit their hearers and disciples to believe, that some sixty centuries ago there was a special sudden creation of living organisms answering to the unnumbered species which still occupy the surface of our globe. The arguments which prove this opinion to be utterly untenable, have been stated over and over again by men of genius, in language that even children can understand. The very stones cry out, the rocks and hollow mountains proclaim the truth. Beyond all dispute the stratified masses of the earth's crust have been produced by the slow deposition in water of the successive layers. From beneath the ocean enormous areas of these deposits have been lifted mile upon mile above the ocean level. Will any man in his senses dare to stake his religion upon the hypothesis that six thousand years ago the tops of the Himalayan mountains were under the waters of the sea? At a height of eighteen thousand feet fossil shells have been found which must once have

\* *The Attractive Man*, chap. xxxiv.

† *Church Bells*, September 16, 1871.

‡ *Church Bells*, October 14, 1871.



lived in salt water.\* Let no one flatter himself that they could have been carried to their tomb in the mountain by the Noachian deluge. The deluge could not have dropped Oolitic shells on one mountain and Silurian shells on another. It could not have inserted organisms of the carboniferous period into the middle of a hill, neither could it have laid them on the top, and then neatly covered them up with another thousand feet of stratification. If the deluge sprinkled shells and other remains on the hill surfaces, what sprinkled them below the surfaces, what kept up the sprinkling till the thickness of whole mountains became penetrated with the relics of life? No sane person, when brought face to face with the actual fossils, will believe that the Creator of the universe made figures by original creation, of plants and animals, both terrestrial and marine, and shut them up in rocks of clay and flint and marble. Still less will any one believe Him to have originally created in stone the images of dismembered bodies and fragmentary limbs, in every degree of distortion and decay; down to the merest trace of organic structure. Yet what do we find among the sculptures of the rocks? Here the skeleton of a whale, there a grasshopper's wing, tree trunks, and fronds of ferns, gnawed bones and sharp teeth, bits of lobster, shells of turtle, rats' tails and tigers' skulls, the burrow of the sea-worm, the foot-mark of the wader, and the very ripple of the tide. We find in the chalk the palatal teeth of shark with the crowns worn as though by long usage; we find "tests" of the sea-urchin denuded of their spines and covered with cranial valves and serpulæ and polyzoa. The catalogue of similar facts might be continued without end. The conclusion is inevitable that the formation of the earth's crust has been the slow work of countless ages. The fossil ripple mark was no miraculous effect of sudden creation, but produced by a rippling wave. The fossil zoophyte-case must once have been tenanted by a living zoophyte as the fossil integument of the sea-urchin by a living sea-urchin, and both must have lived in the waters of the ocean at periods of incalculable antiquity, before they were found fossil in the quarries of an inland range of hills.

Persons who well knew, and were forced to admit, the succession of life during the formation of the vast series of

fossiliferous strata, have sometimes had recourse to supposing that there have been a large number of successive creations of plants and animals, and that the earth was cleared and made void of one, before another was introduced.

The very evidence, however, which has led to this supposition unmistakably proves its futility. Examine the fossils of geological eras far distant from one another, and the earth will seem, to be sure, at the first glance to have changed the character of its population in the successive intervals. Forms familiar at one epoch, later on will have disappeared, and forms not to be found in the earlier periods will present themselves abundantly in the later. But examine the fossils of geological periods immediately succeeding one another, and it at once becomes apparent that there is no point whatever in the world's history of which you can say, Here the old forms seem to have been swept off, and a new set introduced. There is not the slightest evidence of the sudden extinction of species or genera; *à fortiori*, none of the extinction of groups or whole creations. The disappearances are gradual; there is no concurrent disappearance of a large number of species. The new forms are gradually introduced; there is no simultaneous introduction of a large number. Between the organic structures of one age and those of an age directly subsequent, even where there are considerable differences, there is in every case also strong general resemblance. Descent with variation exactly explains this phenomenon. The doctrine of successive annihilations and creations leaves it unexplained and inexplicable. Would any wise master builder, who wished to make some slight improvement in the structure of his house, pull down the whole fabric and rebuild it from the foundations almost a counterpart of what it was before, and do this not once only, nor twice, but again and again, times without number? Yet men are not ashamed to attribute to the supremacy of the Divine wisdom a course of conduct which in any one of their own fellows they would recognize as extravagantly foolish. Adopt for one moment the favourite theory of special creative interpositions, and apply it to the history of the genus *Lingula*. The *Lingula* is a brachiopod with a horny shell of two nearly equal valves. Between the beaks of the two valves passes a long fleshy peduncle or foot stalk, by means of which the animal attaches itself to submarine bodies. Mus-

\* Lyell's *Manual*, p. 5.

cles for various purposes are attached to the shell, upon the interior of which their impressions are left, long after the death and decay of the animal, so as to be found even in fossils of great antiquity. In the Lower Silurian period was created *Lingula Lesueuri*, besides a great many other species of *Lingula*. *Lesueuri* perishes, and in the Devonian period a new form is created, remarkably like the old one, and known among men as *Lingula squamiformis*. *Squamiformis* comes to a bad end, and the carboniferous era is ushered in. "But here a wonder came to light." *Squamiformis* reappears, or something so like it as to baffle the discriminating powers of the very best conchologists. The same thing happens with *Lingula mytiloides*, another carboniferous species, which is repeated in the Permian age. These forms cease to exist, and *Lingula Beanii* is presented to us in the Fauna of the Oolite; and successively *Lingula truncata* in the lower Greensand, *subovalis* in the upper Greensand, *Lingula tenuis* in the Eocene London Clay, *Dumortieri* in the Coralline crag of the Pleiocene era. All these, and a great many more, presenting in many cases differences that can scarcely be called distinctions, proved unsatisfactory to their Creator and were ruthlessly abolished. But a *Lingula* the world must have. Creation would be incomplete without a *Lingula*. And, consequently, about twenty-four hours before the creation of Adam, *Lingula anatina* suddenly made its appearance, and still flourishes in the shallow waters of tropical seas.

Mr. Davidson, in his admirable monograph of the Brachiopoda, tells us that not only *Lingula*, but also "*Discina*, *Crania*, and *Rhynchonella*, appear to have traversed the whole geological, vertical range; they appear in the older Silurian deposits, and with similar or but slight modifications in character, are still represented in our seas by a limited number of species."\* The supply of parallel facts is almost inexhaustible. Take any age of the world you will: the fauna of that age, that is, the whole group of animals then existing on the globe, is inextricably interwoven with the fauna of the age that precedes, and the fauna of the age that follows it. That at any recent date, or at any date whatever, from the Silurian period to our own times, the earth has been swept clean of its inhabitants and re-peo-

pled, is a belief that can only be held in most glaring defiance of scientific evidence. As a clever writer recently observed, "There are some things which you cannot really believe unless all your neighbours keep you in countenance."† This is one of them. The thing is credible on one condition, and on one condition alone, namely, that human reason and the facts of external nature have been so ingeniously adapted to one another by the Author of both, that a man cannot honestly employ his reason in the observation of nature without being mocked and cheated, and impelled to believe what is false. It comes, in short, to this, that, far up to where the Himalayan summits smile proudly above the clouds, far down to the deepest gloom that the miner's lamp has ever penetrated, the Maker of the world must have stored the ground with an endless variety of forms, arranged in orderly sequence, so as irresistibly to teach certain lessons to the human mind, and that then He wrote a few lines on a scrap of papyrus to intimate that the lessons were untrue, and that all the vast apparatus for teaching them meant nothing at all.

There is another hypothesis which needs to be disposed of. Everyone will admit that since the beginning of the creation, some species have died out and become extinct. The *cyrtoceras* is no more. The trilobite is wanting. Drop a tear over the ashes of the *ichthyosaurus*; we shall not see his like again. Never more shall *archæopteryx macrura* waggle his flexible tail.‡ As thousands of species have disappeared from the living world, it has seemed reasonable to many persons to admit, what the evidence of geology very plainly declares, that while some species have been dying out, others have from time to time been introduced. But the question is, how were they introduced? And the popular answer to this question, an answer upon which some persons think that all religion depends, is, that they were introduced in each case by original creation. As the extinction of species is still going on, and yet the world seems to present as great a variety as ever, the introduction of species, even in the present day, is admitted as possible or probable. And if the introduction must take place by original creation, it has been well put by a distinguished man of science, that any morning you might

\* Pal. Soc. 1853. *Fossil Brachiopoda of Great Britain*, part iv. p. 60.

\* *Pall Mall Gazette*, November 15, 1871.

† Lyell's *Elements of Geology*, p. 394.



find an elephant standing on your lawn, just created. But such a thing no one would believe possible, unless all his neighbours kept him in countenance. No one can listen to such an expectation without ridiculing its absurd improbability, although many calmly enough suppose that there was once a day when not only the elephant suddenly made its astonished and astonishing appearance, but when every other creature that breathes made its appearance in like manner. It has been argued that new species may in fact be introduced into the world from time to time suddenly, and by original creation, but that these occurrences, either accidentally, because they are so rare, or through the purposely secret working of the Creator, taking place in ocean depths or deserts where no men abide, have ever escaped the gaze of human curiosity. All other suppositions on the question have some sanction in analogy, in observation, or in the reputed authority of Scripture. This last supposition has none of these sanctions. Its chief and only merit is that there is no direct way of testing the truth of it. It gives a mean and inconsistent idea of the Creator, as planting in men's breasts a spirit of enquiry, and then dodging them like a Will-o'-the-wisp, in their eager but necessarily fruitless pursuit.

The animal kingdom has been divided by authors of repute into seven sub-kingdoms.\* The lowest place is occupied by the Protozoa, to which sponges and infusorial animals belong; the highest is assigned by common consent to the Vertebrata, comprising in their ranks sprats and men, baboons and skylarks, the cobra and the frog. Between these two extremes must be ranged the other five sub-kingdoms. The relative rank of these is less easy to determine. They are by name—the Mollusca, among which are found the oyster and the sea-squirt; the Arthropoda, comprehending butterflies, spiders, and crabs; the Vermes, or worms; the Echinodermata, containing the sea-urchin and the star-fish; and, lastly the Coelenterata, lowest of the five in organization, but comprehending corals and corallines, which the higher divisions cannot surpass, if even they can rival them, in beauty.

For purposes of classification these seven sub-kingdoms are again sub-divided into classes, orders, families, genera, spe-

cies, varieties, with their several sub-orders, sub-genera, and sub-varieties, till you come to the division into individuals, and the interesting question, far less easy to solve than to propose, What is an individual?

The first sub-kingdom comprises five classes, in the following order—mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibia, and fishes. The second sub-kingdom comprises—what shall we say? We cannot tell what to say until we know which is the second sub-kingdom. By affinity of structure the Mollusca come nearest to the Vertebrates, but the sagacious ant and brave industrious bee seem to plead for the claims of the Arthropoda as far superior to those of "oysters and so forth." It appears that whatever characters of importance we choose upon which to base our classification, confusion invariably arises in some quarter or another from conflicting claims. This appears in arranging even the classes of the vertebrates. The mammals take an indisputable precedence, because man is a mammal. But, not to speak of birds, many reptiles surpass many mammals in size, strength, and beauty, in adaptation of structure to a great variety of circumstances, and even in intelligence. Man himself is prone to claim an unlimited superiority over all other animals by virtue of his reason; and because of this possession, which he often fancies to be exclusively his own, he disdains the notion of an origin, however remote, from any creature unlike, or unequal to the present magnificence of humanity. He would do well to consider the recent date of his supremacy, and how far from universal still it remains. Measured by the general estimate of man's unbounded lordship, the tribute which is annually paid in India to poisonous snakes and ravening tigers seems rather a large one. Of parasites unwillingly entertained in the very throne of reason, the brain itself, it would be unpleasant to speak more particularly; but why, I wonder, if we are so indisputably supreme, do we not abolish rats and earwigs? It would be interesting to know whether more sharks are slain by men or more men slain by sharks in the course of a year. Our superiority looks rather small when examined in detail. The eagle and the lynx have keener sight, the hound an acuter sense of smell. We cry in vain for the wings of a dove. We tax our ingenuity to build ocean-traversing steamers with high-pressure engines, and when these vehicles put forth their

\* *Forms of Animal Life.* By G. Rolleston, D.M., F.R.S. Introduction, p. xxvi.

best speed little birds fly easily round them. Hundreds of animals can mock the efforts of the swiftest human pursuer. The elephant and many other creatures surpass us in size and strength, the cat and others in agility. In love we are less constant than the pigeon. In war, how noble a picture we present! how lofty an example we set before the hawk and the tiger of mild good faith, serene benevolence, abstemious self-restraint, and tender pity for our fellow-creatures! Of personal beauty it is needless to speak; on that point one half of the human race, negresses and Esquimaux squaws included, must of course be supreme, in spite of all the gazelles, and zoophytes, and peacocks, and birds-of-paradise in the world.

A remark has been made that "if man had not been his own classifier, he would never have thought," as many naturalists have done, "of founding a separate order for his own reception."\* It is retorted that man establishes his right to the exclusive position by exclusively possessing the power to classify. In *Æsop's* fables a man debates this very question with a lion, and points out that in all pictures of contests between them, the lion is vanquished and the man prevails; to which the king of the forest makes reply, that if lions were the painters, men would be represented as the victims, and with much more fidelity to the facts of the case. It is indeed, not easy to see how the facts of the case can be in any way altered by the circumstance that men can paint and lions cannot. Men can classify; so, in a minor degree, can other animals. Dogs can distinguish strangers and acquaintances, well-dressed persons from persons in rags; the canine species from all other species. They cannot carry their classifications far, not from want of memory and intelligence, but from want of a well-devised language and printed books.

Men can classify, but can they classify correctly? We are all agreed that the earth and the human race upon it are at least five or six thousand years old; and yet within the last hundred and twenty years parts of the very same structure, the so-called medusæ of the hydroid Zoophytes, and the stationary polypes from which the medusæ come, were classified, not in two different species or genera merely, but in two different classes. Among the fishes, among the crustaceans,

down to our own times, husbands and wives, fathers and children, have been separated and assigned to different groups and genera. We say proudly that man is his own classifier; but which man, if you please? Let the most intelligent of my candid readers answer for themselves how much they have had to do with the classification of the animal kingdom. The best naturalists are still disputing whether men, the bimana, should be an order by themselves, or ranged alongside of the quadrumana as a section of the order Primates. The majority of mankind, even in these days of enlightenment, are content to follow, on one side or the other, the few leaders of opinion. In regard to facts discovered and arguments founded upon the discoveries, most of us are but too happy if we can do a little gleaning after the reapers, a little picking up of crumbs from beneath the tables of the rich. When we say "most of us," when we speak of "the majority of mankind," we refer only to those who give the subject a thought, for, compared with the whole mass of human beings on the globe, it is pretty certain that those who think or know anything about the classification of the animal kingdom are only a handful. The grasp of the subject obtained by a few industrious students, and the progress made in it by men of exceptional genius, are both of them largely due to the accumulation of experience and diffusion of knowledge made possible by the invention of printing. Printing itself was man's invention; but surely an animal cannot be transferred from one order to another by means of an invention. The art of printing, like many other contrivances evolved from the human mind, quite consistently with the law of natural selection though not precisely by that law, confirmed and carried forward man's general superiority over the other animals. In the same way tigers confirmed their general superiority over Indian villages when they invented the plan of hunting in couples, so that while one is being driven off by the wretched men at one end of the village, its companion carries off the still more wretched babies at the other.

One thing in mental development is to be noticed, that the improvement is not transmitted only, perhaps we should add, not chiefly, by inheritance in the direct line of its first possessor. A mind exalted and refined becomes, as it were, the food and sustenance of other minds,

\* *Descent of Man*. Darwin. Vol. i. p. 191.



whereby they also are refined and exalted, so that the refinement and exaltation are in the end transmitted, not through one only, but through many channels of inheritance. When we say that such and such a man was in advance of his time, we mean that other minds had not at that epoch so far beneficially varied as to be even capable of receiving the better food which he had become capable of supplying. Thus it is that with the mind as with the body, nature cannot, and obviously does not, select the absolute best; but only the best under the circumstances.

It was long a favourite explanation of the similarities between animals in some respects extremely unlike, that they had all been created upon the same general type. That sounds very philosophical and satisfactory; let us examine it a little. The vertebrate type contains mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibia and fishes. Here we have grouped together men, monkeys, and whales, the eagle, the ostrich, and the apteryx, the crocodile, tortoise, and adder, the frog and the axolotl, the sturgeon, the flounder, and the lancelet. By the theory we have mentioned, the Creator is regarded as an artist having an idea in his mind which he chose to work out in various ways, just as an architect might employ Gothic architecture in building a palace or a hovel, a church or a linendraper's shop. It would be a strange vagary in a human artist, when rearing a grand cathedral, to build by its side a beer-shop in the very same style, but hideously caricatured; or, having on one day designed a vile grotesque tenement, on the next day to choose that pattern, of all others, for the noblest of his works. Yet this is what the Divine artist is charged with having done in regard to man and the baboon. With infinite variety at His command He is supposed to have employed one idea for a thousand different purposes—now and then, as in the lancelet, almost losing sight of it altogether; at other times carrying it a little too far, as in giving man the rudiment of a useless tail; just as if man could not have been a vertebrate without that rudiment. Why should a type, an abstract idea, an ideal plan, or whatever else you are pleased to call it, have been worked out into useless details? And if creation according to ideal types cannot explain these rudimentary structures, what can it explain? Why is the eye of a cuttle-fish so like the eye of a man? You cannot answer that it is "because the cuttle-fish is a vertebrate."

Why do insects rank so high in the animal kingdom for ingenuity and perseverance? Insects are not vertebrates. Among the vertebrata themselves, why can the parrot imitate articulate language, while the clever faithful dog can only whine and bark? Why is man, the highest of the highest class, inferior to the gudgeon in swimming, to the rabbit in running, to the squirrel in climbing, to the flea in jumping, to the snake in wriggling, and unable to fly at all?

In entering now upon a more detailed enquiry into the gradations observable among the forms of organic life, it will be convenient to begin with the lowest, the simplest, and most remote from ourselves. Many persons think it inconceivable that a sponge and a man could have had a common origin, however far back that origin might be placed. Let such persons imagine themselves, if they can, brought suddenly face to face with the various specimens of humanity under its various conditions. They would see a little pink baby and a great black-bearded man, the fair Saxon beauty, and the swarthy she-savage too hideous to describe, the lady in court-dress and the Indian in his war-paint, the stripling in his jacket and the aged councillor in his flowing robe; there would be "the heathen Chinee," and the Turk, and the Swiss peasant-girl, soldiers and sailors, blacksmiths and bakers, boys bathing and climbing trees, babies in long clothes, and babies in short clothes, lawyers pleading in wigs and gowns, coal-miners burrowing underground, tailors sitting cross-legged, and a thousand other varieties, in age, costume, complexion, tools and occupations. In grades and diversities of intellect there would be, besides the idiot and the maniac, the infant unable to speak or to reason, the booby school-boy, the man of common sense, the genius without it, the girl sweetly illogical, the prudent dame. In the manner of feeding, how great a variety would appear among these animals! Some would be seen parasitical at the breast, others dipping their fingers in common in the dish, some conveying food to their mouths with chop-sticks, others delicately handling silver forks and the best Sheffield cutlery. In weapons of war the differences would be found still more numerous, intricate and surprising, from chips of flint and stakes hardened in the fire up to the very latest refinements of civilized humanity. To complete the parallel, along with the other representative persons there should be

shown the faces and costumes of past ages as well as of the present, and the mimicry of both in the stage-player and the masquerader.

At the first view of all this medley of animals some so sweet in tone, so noble in aspect, so wise in action, others so unlovely in all things, or so mean and trivial, how difficult would it be for an intelligent being, previously unacquainted with animal nature and the nature of man, to conceive or believe that all these, in spite of appearances, were of one species, of one common origin and descent! Yet most of my readers would find it difficult to believe the reverse, because they *do* know something of the nature of man, they are not puzzled by the thin disguises of costume, they understand something of the development of arts, of the progress of fashions, they know the gradations through which the helpless and speechless infant may be elevated into the hero and the orator. When an equally intimate knowledge of all animated nature has become common among men, one may be permitted at least to anticipate that the mention of man's affinity to "oysters and so forth," will be thought less witty as a joke than heretofore, and the joke less forcible as an argument.

When we look at the beginnings of life, we find none of that enormous disparity between living creatures which confronts us in the later stages of growth and development. "All mammals," says De Quatrefages, "and even man himself, as well as birds and reptiles, proceed from actual eggs."\* "Up to a certain point," Professor Owen tells us, "the vertebrate germ resembles in form, structure, and behaviour, the infusorial monad and the germ-stage of invertebrates."† And again De Quatrefages says, "All vegetable and animal germs, seeds, buds, bulbs, and eggs, have their origin in a few granules, scarcely visible under the highest magnifying power or even in a single vesicle, smaller than the point of the finest needle. Thus commence alike the elephant and the oak, the moss and the earth-worm, and such is really the first appearance of what at a later period, will become a man."‡ Nay, more ignominious still, "all vertebrates," says Owen, § "during more or less of their developmental life-period, float in a liquid of similar specific

gravity to themselves." Henceforth, therefore, be a little more respectful to sponges and gregarines, considering their likeness to your former selves. Be pleased to remember, that whatever may have been the origin of the first man and the first woman, the origin of every one of you is perfectly well known; for notwithstanding the many virtues and graces you now can boast of, the most muscular Christian among you could once have passed easily through the eye of a needle, was once a little floating parasitic animal.

The sponges and gregarines just mentioned belong to the Protozoa or lowest forms of animal life. A vast branch of the present subject, relating to the forms of vegetable life, must be dismissed for this time with only a passing reference. So difficult to distinguish are the confines of the two kingdoms, the animal and the vegetable, that a proposal has been made to establish a sort of neutral ground or third intermediate kingdom, the *Regnum Protisticum* of Haeckel. The necessity for this is disallowed by Dr. Carpenter and Professor Rolleston and by most other naturalists. But it is interesting to observe that in discriminating the two acknowledged kingdoms, we are in the last resort driven back upon a single character, not irritability, or contractibility, or locomotion, or circulation of absorbed and assimilated nutritive matters, for all these "phenomena universal in the animal" are "occasionally observable in the vegetable kingdom;" not the secretion of chlorophyll, and of cellulose, and the power of regenerating an entire compound organism from a more or less fragmentary portion, for all these properties almost universal among vegetables, are also "occasionally noticeable among animals."\* The nature of the food they are respectively capable of assimilating, constitutes the only ultimate line of demarcation between the two great divisions of physical life.† And in spite of this, Professor Rolleston, in his valuable work on *The Forms of Animal Life*, declares that "there are organisms which, at one period of their life, exhibit an aggregate of phenomena such as to justify us in speaking of them as animals, whilst at another they appear to be as distinctly vegetable."‡

"Have you no brains?" is a question we sometimes put to those who disagree with us in opinion, or who do not readily understand our explanations. We imply

\* *Metamorphoses of Man and the Lower Animals*, ch. ii.

† *Anatomy of Vertebrates*, vol. i. p. 2.

‡ *Metamorphoses of Man and the Lower Animals*, ch. ii.

§ *Anatomy of Vertebrates*, vol. i. p. 4.

\* Rolleston, *Forms of Animal Life*, p. clxiii.

† Carpenter, *The Microscope*, p. 240, § 180.

‡ Rolleston, *Op. cit.*, p. clxiii.



that even the meanest animal must have brains. But we are very far out in our implication. Not only may brains be wanting, but a mouth and a stomach. In the lowest amœban forms of life one should perhaps say that the creature is all mouth and all stomach. As we pass to the higher forms of life, we find the apparatus becoming gradually specialized for the enjoyment of various kinds of food. Yet even among the crustacea there are some which are miserably deficient in the power of dining, and it is a shocking but truthful statement that in some of the ento-parasitic vermes there is absolutely no digestive system present.\* This is explicable on the Darwinian theory as the adaptation of creatures by variation and natural selection to the circumstances with which they have come to be surrounded; while surely it is absurd to speak of crustacea and vermes as all created on an ideal plan, when some of them are entirely destitute of stomachs. Surely the theory of creation by special design becomes something worse than absurd, when charging itself to explain the existence of creatures which cannot flourish and abound, which cannot even live, except in the tissues, in the vitals, in the heart and brain of other animals. Do those who advocate this and kindred theories ever trouble themselves to confront the consequences of what they say? According to them, all these internal parasites, the cause of so much pain, disease and death, must have been created from the first in the bodies they were destined to haunt, in the innocent sheep, in the — as yet not guilty — man. This in the age of innocence! this before pain and death had been introduced into the world! this by exquisite benevolence, this by glorious design! You cannot believe it, unless all your neighbours are willing to help you, and they are *not* willing.

Time fails for showing in all the subkingdoms of the animal world, or even in a single division of any one of them, the gradations by which different forms are closely united. For the connection between the various groups of the Protozoa, Carpenter *On the Microscope* will be a useful guide to the student. For the Polycistina, one of those groups, we may take the opinion of Mr. Mungo Ponton. He is an anti-Darwinian. He has written a curious book with a curious title, *The Beginning: its When, and its How*. In

it he says, "Doubtless had we at once placed before us the entire series of forms assumed by the Polycistina, we should be enabled to discover that they are all linked together by transitional types."

Between these and the Sponges Dr. Carpenter points out the little intermediate group of the Acanthometrina, extremely minute balls of jelly upon a framework of spicules which radiate in all directions from a common centre.

Between the Spongiadæ of the lowest sub-kingdom and the Cœlenterata, the sub-kingdom immediately above them, those who have studied the Devonian fossils of Devonshire will know how close and how puzzlingly close is often the general similarity of appearance. Especially the Milleporidæ and the Favositidæ affect a spongiouse structure. The modern *Alcyonium digitatum* (vulgarly known as "Dead man's toes") and *Millepora tuberculosa* are both very sponge-like masses. We do not for a moment wish to affiliate particular corals to particular sponges on the strength of any superficial resemblance; but we maintain that when striking similarities present themselves between different classes or different subkingdoms, they are much more likely to be due to development from a common origin than to creation upon separate types. The habit of living in colonies, in which the different members of the society are as closely united as a man's body and limbs, is common both to sponges and corals. Besides the ordinary method of reproduction, these creatures and some others have another method called fissiparity, the method of reproduction by splitting. When a creature splits itself almost in half and each fragment rounds itself off into a new individual, the distinction between parent and child must be reduced to a minimum, and when gemmiparity, or production by budding, is added to production by self-splitting, a perfect tangle of relationships must be the result. However, be that as it may, we have here three methods of reproduction, only one of which pervades the whole animal kingdom, reproduction by the union of two distinct elements. Not either of the methods favourable to the stability of species, but the method favourable to variation, since the product of two things unlike each other cannot be exactly like them both. Why was this method selected by nature, in spite of the faults found with it by Milton's genius? \* May we not say that it deter-

\* Rolleston, *Op. cit.*, p. cxxiii.

\* *Paradise Lost*, book x. ver. 883.

mined its own selection by giving rise to useful variations, in which the other methods were unfruitful? From the cumulative inheritance of many advantageous variations creatures would be at length developed too specialized to admit of splitting without injury, or of budding out the entire organism from the foot, or side, or cheek of the parent. Nevertheless the power of budding was not altogether lost, for crabs and star-fish can repair the loss of limbs by budding out fresh ones. The same thing has been observed to take place even in the human embryo, and in human beings of maturer life extra digits have sprouted again after amputation.

Within the boundaries of the Cœlenterata, the stony corals of the Anthozoa show an immense variety of forms linked together by multitudinous minute gradations. In studying what are commonly known as sea-anemones, most persons are at first surprised to find that while some are perfectly soft, others, very like them in general aspect, have a hard stony skeleton. We know well enough that hard-hearted men and soft-hearted women spring from the same parents. We ought not, then, to wonder at a corresponding variation in the structure of a polype. Here, again, we have the requisite gradations from absolute softness through a mere granular hardening to a complete continuous consolidation.\* And if this were not enough to show us how Nature, as De Quatrefages says, had been feeling her way to a conclusion, we have the abiding, continually repeated evidence of the process of development in each individual, for in their youth all the corallaria alike are soft-bodied polypes. By degrees they acquire their appropriate granulations, their solid walls, their cycles of septa, costæ, columella, pali, and synapticulæ, the tabulæ, the vesicular tissue, and the epitheca. By degrees only do they acquire a right in these hard names, nor yet do any ever acquire a right in them all, but some in many, some in a few, and some in only one. Be it granted that while the present argument tends to show that a soft polype was the ancestor of all the corallaria, we are confronted with the circumstances that all the soft polypes are modern, and that the most complicated stony corals range back through millions of years to the Silurian period. It looks, at the first glance, as if the an-

cestor only began to live a great while after the death of his descendants. But a single observation clears up the mystery. The soft polypes won't fossilize. Few would care to deny the existence of such creatures contemporary with the Silurian Acervularia luxurians, and thenceforward down to our own times. But, if so, what a multitude of forms has been lost to human recognition, how vast a slice has been cut out of the genealogical history of the Cœlenterata! There still remains the apparent difficulty that we should find almost at the beginning of fossil records corals so highly developed as the Acervularia. *It would* be a difficulty, were it in any degree probable that the Silurian period was the true beginning of fossil history. But in the first place, from rocks far older than the Silurian we now have the foraminiferous structure of the Eozoon Canadense; secondly, we know that repeated research has been continually pushing back the zone of primordial life into a more and more distant past; thirdly, we must remember how recently and how gradually the antiquity of the higher organisms has been established, as of man in particular, of the mammals in general, and of birds; fourthly, it is obvious that time has a great effect in obliterating the traces of life, since in the Upper Oolite we can recognize the existence of birds by the bones and feathers they have left, whereas in the far older Trias (Keuper) we have as yet no memorials of them but their foot-prints. And lastly, in the relation of animal to vegetable life we have a conclusive proof that there were living things upon the globe prior to any of which fossil remains have hitherto been found. The oldest known fossil is the fossil of an animal structure. On what did that animal support life? Unless the nature of things has been altered in the meanwhile, which there is not the shadow of a reason for supposing, vegetable life must have preceded animal life upon the globe for the simple reason that animals cannot live upon soups made of stones and water seasoned with sunlight, while vegetables can.

The inference from all these considerations is that there is not the slightest difficulty in believing that a multitude of forms of the fleshy polypes lived in the pre-Silurian age, ancestral to the simple and to the more or less complicated stony corals which have flourished since.

Of persons bearing certain names we are sometimes pleased to say that such

\* M. Edwards and J. Haime, *Histoire naturelle des Corallaires*, c. i. p. 7.



an one is a man of very old family, ignoring the fact that the ragged crossing-sweeper, who has no name to boast of but a nick-name, is a man of a family precisely as old. He has not kept the records of his forefathers, he cannot point to a fossil ancestry enshrined in marble, and we think that he has none. We deem of him as a creature of yesterday, sprung from the mud in which he plies his toil. You will observe how this prejudice affects men's minds on the whole question of genealogical history. Nothing but their own actual presence at each successive birth through thousands or millions of years would suffice to satisfy some of these sceptics as to the connection by descent between two different forms.

Passing from the Anthozoa to the Hydrozoa, we have to observe the points of likeness between the two orders, the Discophora or Medusæ, and the Hydroida. To the Discophores belong the large jelly-fishes, one of which, the *Cyanæa Arctica*, is said to attain a diameter of seven feet and a half. The great Discophores and the tiny hydroids present parallel courses of development. For these and those alike a polypite affixed and stationary buds out a medusa form to swim freely in the waters, which in turn sends forth a brood of ciliated embryos, and these after a while choose some point of attachment, and develop into stationary polypites to bud forth a new generation of medusæ.\*

In some genera of both groups the stationary polypite is wanting. The medusa is developed direct from the egg of the medusa. The suppression of certain stages of development in the life-history of an animal is not uncommon. Its advantage may easily be comprehended. By it a creature attains maturity sooner, and is therefore sooner capable of defending itself against enemies and propagating its species. Such a variation, therefore, natural selection would naturally select, while other theories stammer helplessly in trying to explain it.†

In the Hydroida a chain of resemblances will be found binding together the various genera and species. The chitinous envelope, sometimes wanting, sometimes extremely simple, in other cases becomes a miniature tree, a maze of fairy foliage adorned with exquisite cups or

shining bells, all instinct with life and sometimes with living fire. With the valuable assistance of Mr. Hincks and Professor Allman, the reproductive polypite may be traced through a series of transitional forms in different species from a mere adherent sac to the free medusiform zoid, so surprising in its tiny loveliness as it glides about or sinks or rises in the water like a transparent parachute or crystal vase. Between the free swimming bell polypite devoted to reproduction and the stationary polypite devoted to nutrition, parts, one might almost say, of the same individual, though in former times regarded as quite different animals, there is in fact the closest connection even in form. The swimming bell is but a disguise, a sort of petticoat and crinoline, useful perhaps but not universal—a fashion, one might say, not abruptly introduced, but, like the petticoat, gradually developed, since there are stationary polypites with the beginning of such an expansion, and free polypites without it.

In the sub-kingdom of the Vermes there is the class of the Gephyræa, so called from a Greek word signifying "bridge," because this class bridges over the interval between the Vermes and the Echinodermata.\*

Of the latter sub-kingdom Dr. Thomas Wright, in his Monograph published by the Palæontographical Society for 1856, remarks: "No class of the animal kingdom more clearly exhibits a gradation of structure than the Echinodermata; for while some remain rooted to the sea-bottom, and in this sessile condition and other points of structure resemble the Polypifera, others exhibit the true rayed forms, clothed in prickly armour, which characterize the central groups of this class. These conduct us through a series of beautiful gradations, to soft elongated organisms whose forms mimic the Ascidian Mollusca; whilst others have the long cylindrical body and annulose condition of the skin, with the reptatory habits of the apodous Annelida."

Since this was written, the Sipunculidæ and others after considerable controversy have been removed from the Echinodermata to the Gephyræan class of worms above-mentioned. Considering the astonishing difference between the common earthworm and a sea-urchin, it is surely a circumstance requiring some

\* *The Popular Science Review*, April 1871. Art. "Discophores," by the Rev. Thomas Hincks.

† See *Facts for Darwin*. By Fritz Müller. Chapter on the "Progress of Evolution." Translated by Dallas.

\* See Rolleston, *Forms of Animal Life*, p. cxxxi.; and for the points of resemblance to Echinodermata in the *Platyelminthes* and *Rotifera*, see note pp. 153 &c.

explanation that forms should exist the affinities of which lie doubtfully between the two.

The Echinoderms are divided into four classes, the Crinoidea—Asteroidea, Echinoidea, and Holothurioida. The lowest of these, the Crinoidea, were extremely abundant in the Silurian and Devonian periods. They are now exceedingly rare. It may seem rather damaging to the theory of evolution that thus early among our fossil records we should find the beautiful stone-lilies in high perfection, with their long jointed stems channelled and embossed in various patterns, their cups of ingenious mosaic, their branching arms and delicate filaments. But the existence of these highly organized stone-lilies in the Silurian period is in truth of great importance to the evolution theory. The whole range of fossil records may be said to have established this general law, that in the history of any order or family of animals, the genera and species gradually increase in number till they attain a maximum, and from that maximum gradually decline till they finally die out. Thus the trilobites become most abundant about the middle of the Palæozoic series of rocks, and are almost, if not altogether, extinct at the close of the upper Palæozoic series. Thus oysters, which in the cretaceous period numbered hundreds of species, are every year becoming less considerate of the wants of their human congeners—in other words, are obviously going through the process of gradually dying out. Apply this law to the case of the Crinoids, once so abundant, now so scarce, and the suggestion arises that half their history may be pre-Silurian, buried in an unknown past, during which they were rising from scarcity to abundance, as since then they have been sinking from abundance to scarcity.

In another way the Crinoids furnish remarkable evidence in favour of the evolution theory. The *Antedon*, *alias* Comatula, *alias* Featherstar, is a Crinoid. But the long peduncle or foot-stalk, so characteristic of its class, is wanting. It is free and unattached like the common starfish, which it also resembles in possessing five arms, although these arms bifurcate very close to the base and seem to be ten in number. Now, if anyone supposes it impossible for a free-swimming starfish to have been developed from a pedunculated crinoid, the comatula gives him his answer. In its larval stage, like the offspring of the polype,

like the offspring of the starfish and the echinus, it is a little free-swimming ciliated zooid. From this estate it passes into the condition of a pedunculated crinoid, and finally drops off its stalk and becomes free again. When the life of one small obscure animal presents changes so remarkable, and when in fact the lives of all animals present changes which would be equally remarkable were they less familiar, all idea of improbability or impossibility must surely be discarded as attaching in any degree to the theory of evolution. Mr. Mungo Ponton, to whom we have before referred as an anti-Darwinian witness, makes the following most pertinent remark: "The most striking feature in animal metamorphosis generally is the greatness of the change in both the external and internal character of the organism which it involves. The gradual conversion of one species of animal into another, as of an ass into a horse, or even of one genus into another, as of a hare into a dog, would not involve alterations of structure so great as those which are thus embraced in the life-history of one and the same individual being."\*

The Asteroidea are divided into two sub-classes, the Ophiuridæ and the Astერიადæ, distinguished among other things by the relation of their arms or rays to the central disk. The arms in the Ophiuridæ contain no portion of the digestive and reproductive apparatus as they do in the Astერიადæ. In the Ophiuridæ the genus *Astrophyton* presents us with five rays branching dichotomously from their roots, as the rays branch from their bases in the Comatula. Herein we have a striking link between this class and the Crinoidea. On the other hand, with members of its own sub-class, the Ophiocomas or brittle-stars, *Astrophyton* is said by Forbes to be connected by gradational forms of the genus *Trichaster*.† The Ophiocoma passes easily into the Ophiura. The *Luidia*, famous, like the brittle-stars, for shedding its arms at those who attempt to capture it, itself an Astერიად, links the Astერიადæ with the Ophiuras. On the other side, the genus *Goniaster* connects the Astერიადæ with the Echinidæ or sea-urchins. Among these a multitude of forms, round, oval, heart-shaped, flat, dome-like, conical or undulating, are so interlaced and bound together by resemblances where most they differ, by the slightness of the differences

\* *The Beginning, its When and its How*, p. 241.

† *History of British Star-fishes*, p. 68.



which end in accumulating generic distinction, that anyone who will thoroughly and honestly study all the available forms, fossil and recent, will find it far more difficult to believe them the result of a great many separate acts of creation than to believe them the members of a single family, derived from a common ancestor.

There is a curious organ, known as the madreporiform tubercle, and connected with what is called the water-vascular circulation, existing alike in the Ophiuridæ, the Asteriadæ, and the Echinidæ. Its position is central in the first; lateral on the dorsal surface in the second, being almost marginal in Luidia; and dorsally sub-central in the third of these classes.

The sub-kingdom of the Arthropoda, to which we shall next turn our attention, embraces within its limits the crab and the butterfly. This must seem a most paradoxical caprice in classification, unless some intermediate form presents itself to the mind. The sub-kingdom in question is, in fact, divided into four classes—Insecta, Myriopoda, Arachnida, Crustacea. And when, in addition to the crab and the butterfly, we remark that it includes the caterpillar, the centipede, and the spider, a possibility gradually dawns upon the mind, that among the countless forms which nature provides, here also some may be found to link together the unlike, to supply the requisite fine gradations, to prove in a sense more literal than the poet intended, that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." We can easily accept the butterfly and the spider as belonging to the same sub-kingdom. The spider and the spider-crab are not so unlike when placed together as to revolt our notions of congruity in grouping. As a matter of fact, the nervous system of the crustacea, we are told, resembles in its general principles that of the insects. The visual organ in the crustacea is essentially similar to that of insects. In the crustacea, as in insects, there is a marked division of the body into three regions, the head, the thorax, the abdomen. The throwing off of the old integument, and its replacement by a new one during the growth of the animal, takes place in all the crustacea, says Mr. Bell, as necessarily and as constantly as in insects during their larva condition.\* The very peculiarity of undergoing metamorphoses, which was once thought most decisively to set apart the insect tribe, is now known to belong also

to the crustacea. Creatures so widely apart in construction, that at one time they were placed not only in different genera but in different orders, are now known to be the same individual animal in the changeful guises or disguises of its personal development. The Zœa, the Megalopa, the Mœnas Carcinus, or Shore-crab, are but the baby, the child, the adult forms of a single animal.\* This is most instructive in regard to the abrupt metamorphoses from the caterpillar to the pupa, from the pupa to the imago stages in the Lepidoptera. It has seemed extremely puzzling to reconcile with the theory of evolution the transition of a creeping caterpillar into an inert chrysalis, and of the chrysalis into a bright-winged butterfly, all within the limits of a single lifetime. The puzzle would be equally great with the three forms of Mœnas Carcinus, were the transitions equally abrupt. But they are not so. The process of development has there been proved by Mr. Spence Bate to be perfectly gradual.† In the Lepidoptera the process is no longer gradual, no doubt for the simple reason that many of the intermediate stages have been suppressed, or repressed, and lost to observation. That such suppression may take place is clearly indicated by the example of the West Indian Gecarcinus, or land-crab, which brings forth its young in the likeness of the adult form without the intervention of metaphoric stages. Fritz Müller has pointed out the considerable advantage which this peculiarity would give to the species possessing it in the struggle for existence. And probably the advocates of special creations will regard it as a beautiful adaptation of the land-crabs to the conditions of crab-life upon land. Before these advocates it is necessary to lay another beautiful adaptation of land-crabs to the conditions of continental existence. "Once in the year they migrate in great crowds to the sea, in order to deposit their eggs, and afterwards return much exhausted towards their dwelling-places, which are reached only by a few."‡ On the principles of natural selection we can understand the gradual migration of crabs, which varied so as to be capable of it, farther and farther inland. On the same principles we can understand the preservation of an instinct in these creatures of depositing their eggs in the sea-waves or on the sea-shore, though that instinct proved

\* Bell, *British Stalk-eyed Crustacea*, p. liv.

† Fritz Müller, *Facts for Darwin*, p. 55.

‡ Troschel, quoted by Fritz Müller, p. 48, note.

\* *British Crustacea*, p. xxxiii.

subsequently fatal to the parents themselves. The capacity for land-life being a late acquisition, and therefore not at the outset inherited by their offspring in the earliest stages, the eggs if deposited on dry land would have perished and the race become extinct. Accordingly only those species of land-crabs would be preserved in which the mothers chose, at whatever expense to their own lives, to be delivered of their offspring at the seaside. This result may be beautiful or ugly as you please to regard it; it can at least be seen to be natural. Some minds take a different view. They think it more consonant to piety and religion to believe that by an arrangement of special creation, by the excellent design of supreme wisdom, the parents were fitted only for life upon dry land, the children only for life in sea-water; that the land-crabs of almost every species were specially created with an instinct destructive to their own lives.

We have spoken of land-crabs and shore-crabs; there are also river-crabs and deep-sea crabs. Between the crabs that are constantly in the water, and crabs that are constantly on the land, there are those which are amphibious. Breathing in the air and breathing in the water are two different things. It is only necessary to hold one's head in a bucket of water for a minute and a half to prove this experimentally. This difference alone might seem a satisfactory refutation of the theory of man's origin from a marine animal. But the crab refutes the refutation. And the researches of Fritz Müller have shown by what very simple stages the transition from aquatic to aerial respiration may be effected. Among the Grapsoidæ he observed that the animal opened its bronchial cavity in front or behind, according as it had to breathe water or air.\* In many of the Crustacea there are contrivances by which the animal continues, when upon land, to breathe the water which it retains in its own body; and it seems probable that, in some of the terrestrial Isopoda, the same contrivances which protect the branchiæ, or water-breathing apparatus, and prevent the too rapid escape of moisture, have, beyond this, a pulmonary function—that is, subserve the purpose of aerial respiration.†

There are two main divisions of the Crustacea, the Sessile-eyed and the

Stalk-eyed. The Stalk-eyed Prawn has been traced through its several stages of development—the Nauplius, Zœa Mysis, forms—till it becomes a perfect Palæmon. The two first of these forms correspond with those of the lower Crustacea, and are sessile-eyed, thus remarkably binding together the two great divisions of the class. Mr. Bell, in the Introduction to his History of the British stalk-eyed Crustacea, observes that “the variations which occur in every organ and function, in the different groups belonging to the Crustacean type, are so considerable as to render it almost impossible to include them all within one common and well-defined expression.” He speaks of the typical characters as being “astonishingly modified,” in some cases “totally changed,” “in others, absolutely lost.” In other words, while still apparently a believer in the theory of typical creations, he confesses the fallaciousness of that theory. For how can creatures be created according to a type with the typical characters absolutely lost? But none of the modifications of the twenty-one segments with their appendages which appertain to the Crustacea, be it into eye-stalks or foot-jaws, into ambulatory feet or natatory, be it by soldering and expansion of the plates into a broad carapace, or dwindling of appendages into rudimentary dots upon the tail—none of these changes are in any way alien to the principles of natural selection based on variation. The single eye of the Nauplius, the two sessile eyes of the Zœa, the two stalked eyes of the full-grown Prawn, accord but ill with typical formation. They accord perfectly well with the theory of development; as also does the circumstance that in the young animal the number of facets in the eye is fewer than in the adult state. Thus, according to Spence Bate, “in the genus *Gammarus*, the number of lenses in the young is first eight or ten, whilst in the adult they number from forty to fifty.”\* There are men of science who put forward particular organizations, and capiously enquire how the incipient stages of such structures could have been of any use, so as to be preserved by natural selection. This is what Mr. Mivart has done in reference to the whalebone of the whale's mouth. Surely this is nothing but an appeal to ignorance. To an animal such as the whale is now, very likely rudimentary whalebone would be of

\* Fritz Müller, *Facts for Darwin*, p. 31.

† *British Sessile-eyed Crustacea*, Int. p. xxxvii. Spence Bate, and J. O. Westwood.

\* *Sessile-eyed Crustacea*. Introduction, p. viii.



little service. But who told Mr. Mivart that the whale had acquired all the conditions of its present organization before the whalebone began to sprout? The long fibrous plates which depend from the upper jaw of the Greenland whale serve it, for securing its food, in place of teeth. Doubtless, prior to the development of the whalebone, the ancestral form had teeth, for the rudiments are still to be found in both jaws of the young ones. All other species possess teeth either in one or both jaws, and in these only short fringes of whalebone are found. If the short fringes are useless, why, O teleologists! are they there? If they are not useless, why should they not have been preserved by natural selection? Granted that the incipient structure may not have been a short fringe, but merely a minute gummy exudation on the roof of the mouth, is it impossible to conceive any use and advantage for so slight a variation? Far from it. In a minor degree it would subserve the very purpose fulfilled by the long sieve-like structure in the skull of the Greenland whale—namely, the detention of little Pteropods and Medusæ, on which the huge monster delicately feeds.\*

The sub-kingdom of the Mollusks is divided into two great provinces; one, the Mollusca proper, among which are Cuttle-fish, Slugs, Pteropoda and bivalve oysters; the other, the Molluscoidea, containing the Brachiopoda, Polyzoa and Tunnicata, to which last belong the Ascidians or sea-squirts, the now famous ancestors of mankind. But seeing that the vertebrates go back at least as far as the Old Red Sandstone, so far back at least we have a claim to a vertebrate ancestry. If any man is offended, if any man is wounded in his religious feelings by the affirmation of a probability that his forefather at a time long antecedent to the Old Red Sandstone period had no back-bone, no rudiment of a tail, such a man, I cannot help thinking, must have inherited some of the softness of his Molluscan progenitor. On the affinities between the various classes and orders of this sub-kingdom, we have not time to dwell.† It is the sub-kingdom which upon the whole approach-

es most closely to the sub-kingdom of the vertebrata, although in the present state of knowledge there is still a large interval between them. Even this large interval is partially bridged over by the *Amphioxus lanceolatus*, or Lancelet, the single species which represents the Pharyngobranchial order of fishes. The Lancelet, a little worm-like, semi-transparent fish, two inches in length when full grown, has pulsating vessels instead of a saccular heart, and is without either cranium or brain strictly so called. In the development of this the lowest of the vertebrates correspondences have been noticed with the development of certain Ascidians.\* And here it may be remarked that between a mollusk without a shell and a fish without bones there may have been any number of transitional forms, not one of which would in the ordinary course of events have left a vestige in fossil records.

Passing from the lowest to the highest class of fishes, we come to the Dipnoi or double breathers, fitted both for aquatic and aerial respiration. These mud-fishes link their own class to that of the amphibia. In early life the amphibious frog is in effect a fish. *Archegosaurus minor* joins the Batrachians to the Saurians. The reptiles and birds are united by *Archæopteryx macrura* from Solenhofen, with its long Saurian but feathered tail, and still more closely by *Compsognathus* from Stonesfield.† It is probable that the Amphibia lead by two divergent lines, on the one hand through the reptiles to the birds, and on the other through the lower to the higher orders of mammalia. Apart from external resemblances, the researches of anatomy are continually establishing with more and more certainty the affinity of all mammals, from the fossil mouse, the earliest mammal upon record, down to the living man.

The very learned and worthy Stillingfleet, in the Third Book of his *Origines Sacrae*, remarks that the heathen philosophers were much puzzled through not knowing the doctrine of the Fall of Adam. "It was very strange that since reason ought to have the command of passions, by their (the philosophers') own acknowledgment, the brutish part of the soul should so master and enslave the rational, and the beast should still cast the rider in man! the sensitive appetite should throw off the power of τὸ ἡγεμονικόν, of that faculty of the soul which was de-

\* Carpenter's *Animal Physiology*, § 184. Ed. 1851.

† As an interesting sample of these affinities, we may cite Professor Owen's observation that the respiratory organ in *Lingula* (a brachiopod) may be paralleled with one of the transitory states of that organ in the *Lamelli-branchia*, and that in both *Terebratula* and *Orbicula* it is comparable with a still earlier stage of the respiratory system in the embryo *Lamelli-branchia*. *Palæontological Society's vol.* for 1853.

\* Rolleston, *Forms of Animal Life*, p. lxxxi.

† Lyell's *Student's Elements of Geology*, p. 316.

signed for the government of all the rest." It is strange that so ingenious a writer should have attributed this condition of man's nature to the Fall of Adam, when it is obvious at a glance that the Fall of Adam is itself to be attributed to this condition. The Fall was the consequence, and not the cause. Men's passions do not overmaster their reason because Adam transgressed, but Adam transgressed because he allowed his passions to overmaster his reason.

How, then, are we to explain this heterogeneous compound in our nature of the beast and the rider, in which as Pagan philosopher and Christian divine alike confess, the beast is often the more powerful of the two associates? The theory of Evolution explains it. It explains how it is that the lower faculties inherited from a long line of brute ancestry are sometimes stronger than the nobler and more recently acquired endowments, since by the ordinary laws of inheritance, characters that have been long persistent in a race have a general tendency to prevail over later variations. No other theory explains why it is that we butcher one another for the sake, as we say, of peace; why we spend half our lives in eating, drinking and sleeping, and the other half in acquiring the means to eat and drink and sleep; why we freely praise the highest forms of virtue, and follow with equal freedom the poor selfishnesses of animal life; why we call not the miserable Lazarus to share our feasts; why we, for our personal comfort, jeopardy and sacrifice the lives of men on the ocean, in the mine, in the factory, although in poetry and sermons each of these men, as much as ourselves, is "a paragon of animals," "the image of God," "an immortal soul."

The way in which men treat their fellows in peace as well as in war, points too plainly to an origin not humane for us to deny it on the strength of now being human. But because some human natures, in spite of their low original, are in truth noble, loving, pure, this same theory, which binds them historically to an ignoble past, binds them prophetically, as the hopes and promises of religion bind them, to a far more glorious future.

From Good Words.

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

BY MRS. FARR, AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

## CHAPTER XI.

### A MISUNDERSTANDING.

EARLY in July Leo Despard arrived in Mallett, and took up his abode with Aunt Lydia, whose joy at having him with her was only equalled by Hero's light-hearted happiness. What a summer this promised to be for her!—Leo near, and the prospect of Sir Stephen and Mrs. Prescott's visit to Combe.

"I am so glad you are going to be here, Leo," she said.

"And I am so glad that you told me at once about these forts. I set about getting the appointment that very day."

Hero's face glowed with happiness.

"How good of you! I hope you will not find it very dull. Do you think you will?"

"Well, perhaps away from you, I shall; so you must be very good to me, and let me bother and worry you to my heart's content."

"Only fancy," laughed Hero. "When I told you at first about the forts it was only as news. I never dreamed that you would think of getting charge of them. How long do you say they will take to build?"

"Three or four months at the least; so you see, it would have been very disagreeable to have had one of our fellows poking and prying into everything, and getting to know about everybody's ways and means, which I am not at all anxious should be known. I daresay Staveley Pierpoint might have got it. His people move in high society. It would have been confoundedly awkward."

"Would it?" said Hero; for Leo's words jarred, as they sometimes did, against her frank nature; "I don't know that. I have not met many grand people, certainly; but I rather fancy they are like ourselves, and take very little notice of how people live, as long as they are nice; it was so with Sir Stephen."

"Sir Stephen!" repeated Leo. "Upon my word, I am sick of hearing that man's name. The way you Mallett people have fallen down and worshipped him amuses me immensely. By all I hear of him, he must be a precious snob."

"Indeed, he is nothing of the kind," said Hero warmly. "Nobody could be more unaffected and simple. I suppose it must be our fault that we have given



you such a wrong impression. However," she added cheerfully, "directly you know him it will vanish entirely."

"I am not at all likely to know him. Tuft-hunting is not my forte. If a man needs to be toadied, he had best steer clear of me."

This was one of the sentiments which Leo was in the habit of announcing; for he saw that if a man credits himself with good qualities, but few people ever give themselves the trouble to find out whether or not he really possesses them. In some matters the world is wonderfully credulous, and is seldom opposed to those who carefully contrive that the faults they acknowledge, and the virtues they vaunt shall find no echo in their hearers' nature, and shall bring no blush of accusation to their cheeks.

Rank and wealth had no greater sycophant than Leo Despard, and these two qualities were absolutely necessary in the men whom he intended to make his friends. He was kind and courteous to every one he met; but he seldom took pains to lay himself out to those he was not likely to reap some worldly advantage from. Though, for various small reasons, he had taken a decided dislike to Sir Stephen, and chafed to hear him spoken of in such high terms, he fully intended to make himself agreeable and necessary to a man who, he felt, might in a thousand ways be useful to him. But it would never do to risk his reputation in Mallett by appearing to follow in the general lead. So he affected to laugh over their weakness, their country love of greatness, and their capacity for taking in all that a man said and did, because he happened to be a baronet.

"Good heavens!" he would say, "what an awful nuisance I should become, if I did nothing else but bore you with all the grand people I meet!" apparently forgetting that he did entertain his friends with a continual succession of stories of Lord This and the Countess of That—only the good, simple Mallett folk lent a friendly ear to what they fancied was told to them out of kindness of heart, and a desire that they should hear something of people whom they had no opportunity of seeing.

Fond as Hero was of Leo, she would not allow him to cast these imputations upon Sir Stephen without standing up for her absent friend. It was a part of her nature to side with the weak, or those who could not do battle for themselves; and so well was this known, that

many a transgressor had left some village conclave more cheerfully after Hero appeared among them, thinking, "I know Hero Carthew will stand up for me when I am gone."

Leo, therefore, finding it impossible to bias her opinion, and nettled at what he called her obstinacy, feigned jealousy, and at length accused her of having a more than friendly feeling towards her new acquaintance.

"Remember, you know nothing of such men, Hero," he said severely, "and never dream of the constructions most of them are likely to put on the freedom of manner which, solely from your having lived in an isolated place, you are a little apt at times to give way to."

Hero's face turned scarlet.

"I do not understand you," she stammered. "I am not aware that I make the slightest difference with people."

"That is precisely what I am saying. Of course here you know every one, and every one knows you. But that is not the case in society. There, if you wish to keep up anything like position, you must draw a line. Why, for example," he added, seeing her look puzzled and unconvinced, "if we were married, you don't suppose I could permit you to go running after and helping every soldier's wife whom you chanced to meet, as I saw you doing yesterday?"

"Leo, don't be so absurd. Why, that was old Nanny Triggs carrying home her bread for all those grandchildren of hers. The poor old soul had been dreadfully ill this last winter, and is as weak as she can be. I've known her since I was a baby. She did not see that I was close behind her when she set down her basket to give herself a rest, and it was only fun made me catch it up and run on with it, and when I found it was so heavy, I could not but help her with it up the hill."

"Nonsense; if she could carry it as far as Church Hill she could have carried it home. Suppose she had not met you, what would she have done then?"

Hero shook her head.

"If that is what you mean," she said resolutely, "I am sure I shall never be otherwise, and I do not wish to be, either. I care a great deal more for Mallett and its people than you do, Leo, and I cannot help showing it; so, as we are not likely to agree on that point, it is wisest to make up our minds to differ. But," she added, after a pause, fearing that he was a little vexed with her, "you know, I would do anything I could to please you, and I feel

sure that there is very much in me that needs mending. So please tell me of whatever you see wrong, and I will try and be exactly what you wish me."

Hero's sweet face and pretty pleading manner were generally irresistible; but Leo was put out, and determined to be annoyed. So he answered coldly—

"Oh! I see nothing that I have any right to find fault with, only it is rather hard, after we have been parted so long, that the whole of our time should be spent in discussing the people of Mallett, or singing the praises of a man who seems to have found a great deal more favour in your eyes than it was ever my good fortune to do."

"Now, Leo, that is unjust and very unkind."

"Is it?" he said sulkily; "I don't mean it to be. Of course, I have no right to complain. What chance can a poor beggar like me have against a man credited with every good quality under the sun? What fools men are," he exclaimed, "for the sake of one woman giving up everything, longing for a sight of her, thinking of nobody but her, while she is perfectly happy; more particularly if somebody new is paying her sufficient attention!"

This was rather too much for Hero to bear. Good-tempered as she was, she had plenty of spirit, and this being roused, she drew away her hand from his arm, where she had coaxingly laid it, and said—

"Leo, you know perfectly well that the accusations you are making are quite false. I should never have suspected you of the meanness which gives rise to such charges. I have every right to think and to speak of Sir Stephen Prescott as I do. He was exceedingly kind to me, and to those I am interested in; and I like him, and I always shall like him; but when you speak of such motives, and say that my feelings are more than friendly towards him, you make me very angry with you."

"So it seems; but anger against the accuser does not prove that the accusation is false."

"Leo! you cannot mean seriously to tell me, that you believe I could prefer the attentions of any other man to those I receive from you, or that I could be so engrossed in his society as to make me forget you?" and Hero regarded her lover earnestly.

"I did not say that you could," he answered doggedly. "What I complain of is, your doing nothing but talk about and

praise a man whom I don't know, and don't want to know."

"But you often tell me about people you meet while you are away. I don't know Lady Jane Heathcote, or Miss Majoribanks, and yet I like to hear about them."

"Perhaps if I had chosen to tell you the very great interest they both took in me, you would not have cared about it quite so much," and Leo gave a little laugh. "There was not a man at York but was dying to know Miss Majoribanks. They manoeuvred to meet her, and tried to get invited to the house. Whereas I had *carte blanche* to come whenever I felt inclined, and before she accepted anything, she always contrived to find out from somebody if I was likely to be there. As you know, I am the last man in the world to have any vanity about me; but I sometimes think that in this world-forgotten place you do not understand the temptations we have to go through, and when these are resisted, you must own, it is a trifle hard to find the love which made you do it treated as a matter of course, and a thing of no value."

Hero was silent. She would not trust herself to answer—indeed, words were not forthcoming in which she could express her feelings. There was something despicable in a man hinting at any personal weakness a woman had betrayed towards him. She had always felt certain how much Leo must be admired and sought after, and the assurance that, in spite of all the clever, beautiful girls he saw, he still remained true to his little country love, had been a triumph Hero had hugged to her heart a hundred times.

Was it possible that Leo was not all that she pictured him? Hero had not had very great opportunities of personal judgment. Her knowledge of Leo's character was principally formed from his letters, which were always perfect: for letter-writing was an art upon which he prided himself greatly. Since she had been capable of judging, he had never lived for any time in Mallett, and during the occasional weeks he had spent there, when everything had been given up to his amusement and pleasure, Leo had been charming. He was naturally good-tempered, and, so long as nothing interfered with his personal comfort, vanity, and love of rule, he was a perfect companion, always entertaining, obliging, and delightful. Love of self was his grand passion—a passion rooted in his heart and nature, bearing as fruit those captivating



qualities which gained him the popularity and adulation upon which he lived.

Putting down Hero's silence to jealousy, he considered he had made a successful hit, and thought he — "It is just as well for her to know that it is not every man who would give up the many chances I have had." Often when dunned to death for debts contracted, that he might look like other fellows, Leo had felt tempted to put an end to the engagement. He knew he could not marry until these debts were paid, though when they would be paid he had no idea. However, as Hero was content to wait, he supposed that wait they must.

This was the first positive quarrel he and Hero had ever had, and Leo determined that he would not afford a precedent by seeking forgiveness, or condoning the matter too easily; so looking at his watch, he said —

"I see it is time I was off." Then, taking his hat in one hand, and holding out the other, he went on in the same measured tone — "I hope the next time I have the pleasure of seeing you we may prove more agreeable companions to each other."

"Don't go yet, Leo," Hero said in a low tone, and without raising her eyes to his. "We have never really quarrelled before, and never parted angrily."

"I had no wish to quarrel, neither am I at all angry;" and Leo assumed a most injured air. "But I must say, that the first time I have ever hinted at a fault in you, you have chosen to receive it in a manner that teaches me I must be more cautious for the future, and not quite so candid and plain-spoken as my stupid disposition leads me to be."

"Oh, Leo! why will you misunderstand me?" and Hero looked at him reproachfully. "If I have misunderstood you — and I am sure I must have done so — forgive me. We love each other, Leo, do we not?" and she clasped his hand tightly between both of hers. "Let us forget it all, and part friends, and never allow anything like this to come between us again."

"My dear Hero, will you please to remember that it is you who have been angry, not I. However, I am quite ready to forget it all, only I have no more time to spare now. I promised Aunt Lydia not to be late, and it is already nearly four o'clock; so I must be off at once. Good-bye."

And he stooped, and bestowed a par-

ticularly unloverlike kiss on Hero's upturned face.

Hero let him go as far as the door, then she said —

"Is that your good-bye, Leo?"

"I really have not an idea of what you require of me, Hero. I have told you that I am not angry, agreed to forget our conversation, and already said good-bye. I do not know what more I can do, except I repeat the same all over again, and, as I tell you, I am pressed for time."

"Then pray do not let me detain you;" and, feeling that she had been overbountiful in her concession, Hero turned to the window, and Leo, after a moment's pause and another "Good-bye," which received no answer, went out of the house, and up the walk, without once turning round or looking in the direction where he had left Hero standing.

She watched him out of sight, then sitting down, she burst into a flood of tears.

"How did we drift into this?" she said, as, her fit over, she began to dry her eyes. "I suppose I was partly to blame; but I wish he had not said what he did. I hope no one will call. Anybody could see that I have been crying; indeed, I should begin again if any one spoke to me. I think I'll go and look for Jim, and get him to take me out for an hour."

Putting on her hat, she walked quickly down by one of the most unfrequented paths to the beach below, and, after a few minutes spent in looking about, found the object of her search busily employed at his usual occupation of sail mending.

"Jim, are you very busy?" Hero asked, hardly liking to take him away from his more profitable labour.

"That all depends on who wants me," answered the old man, with a look that told his readiness to do whatever his questioner might require.

"I want you to take me out in the boat for a little while. I don't feel inclined to go for a walk to-day. Can you come?"

"Surely I can," said Jim, rising with alacrity. "I ain't doin' nothin' that can't wait till to-morrow. You sit down, and I'll be ready for 'ee, Miss Hero, in a brace o' shakes."

And certainly an incredibly short time had elapsed when the little boat was ready and off.

It was a lovely afternoon, and as Hero leaned back, hearing no sound but the ripple made by her own hand in the water, she gave a sigh to think how different all would seem if Leo were with her.

Then she began to take herself to task on the subject of their quarrel.

Did she think too much of Sir Stephen? Had she been too open and friendly with him? Something whispered that there had been more than friendliness in his manner.

Never before had she felt the difficulties of her position; for, in spite of the misunderstanding between themselves, and the knowledge all her friends possessed of her preference for Leo, he had not spoken to her father, nor had they entered upon any formal engagement. This was not an unusual state of affairs in Mallett, where mothers and fathers would say they would not hear of anything binding until the promotion was certain. But in this case the objection came not from Captain Carthew, but from Leo, who said he could not endure long engagements, and therefore theirs should not be called an engagement, to be canvassed and talked over by the Mallett gossips; until he was in a position to marry, he would not ask Captain Carthew's formal consent. Under these circumstances, Hero could hardly tell Sir Stephen that she was engaged.

"If he sees us together," she thought, "he will understand, and I feel I can depend upon him afterwards. Suppose there was no Leo?"

After this surmise for a few moments, Hero seemed lost in thought, the chain of which she rudely snapped, and giving a resolute shake of the head, she looked up to find Jim's scrutinizing gaze fixed upon her.

"You'm moody-hearted, Miss Hero," he said sympathetically.

Hero smiled as she nodded in assent—

"The world—at least, my world—is looking rather dark, Jim."

"Well, don't 'ee be cast down at that. If the sun was niver to hide hisself behind a cloud we shouldn't know how to valley his brightness when he bustes out again. Have 'ee heerd anything from Sir Stephen o' late?" he asked, after a pause, during which it had occurred to him that this might be a reason for her low spirits.

"No; but he is coming here this summer."

"Ah!" said Jim, confidentially, in a tone of satisfaction, as he rested on the oar with which he was assisting the small sail, "he warn't much to look upon—not for a Sir, was he? But, mind you, I reckon his heart is in the right place. The talk here is, that he's mazed about

you, Miss Hero; and, by what I've seed, though I don't tell they so, 'tis my belief they baint so far out, neither. Would 'ee hab un, Miss Hero? I wish you would. He's made nearer after your pattern than somebody else I could name."

And he gave a significant glance towards the point where the forts were building.

"It is very odd," thought Hero, "that none of the village people care for Leo; they seem to know that he dislikes them."

"But you must try and like Mr. Despard for my sake, Jim."

Jim shook his head sadly.

"'Tis cos' o' you, Miss Hero, that I turns agin' un. He's no more fitted to be mated with you—why, than I be."

"That is only because he is a soldier, Jim, nothing else."

"No, now that it aint," replied Jim, stoutly. "Why, I never said nothin' agin' Cap'n Ellis, and he a marine too; nor neither that young Crozier, from Dockmouth, as used to be allers a busnacking about 'ee; and that time when you comed to chapel with Betsey, and they two foller'd, didn't I change the hymn, and give out, 'Gird thy loins up, Christian soldier,' a purpose to show to 'em—

The way we preach is free to all,  
And happy they who come.

No, don't 'ee say that, Miss Hero. 'Tis the heart I looks to, not the colour o' the coat that kivers 'im; though, mind you, I niver seed the sodjir yet that, if I was a maid, I'd marry, there now. But you're a young lady, Miss Hero," added Jim apologetically, "and the ways o' simple and gentlefolks, in many respects, is altogether contrarywise."

## CHAPTER XII.

### RAYS OF HOPE.

THAT same evening Captain Carthew told Hero that he had met Mr. Truscott.

"He came over," said the Captain, "to see what more furniture would be wanted to set the place ship-shape. The rooms that look towards the water are to be fitted up for Sir Stephen's mother, he tells me."

"I hope she will be like him, papa."

"I hope so too, for I took an uncommon fancy to him. He's a straightforward, plain-sailing fellow. I shall be very glad to see him again. Here, I say, Hero, we must crowd on all sail in the way of



picnics and tea-fights, so that the time will pass quickly with her ladyship. These fashionable folks are accustomed to plenty of pleasure-taking. Leo will be able to help us there; it is just in his line. I suppose that you and he understand each other, Hero?" he continued, after a little pause; "because Leo has never really asked my consent. He certainly did once say something about expecting his promotion, and then he should have a favour to ask of me; but that is all."

"But you said that he might come here, papa."

"Yes, my dear; and I have no objection to his doing so. Only, as I don't quite know what tack he's upon, I wanted to hear in what light you consider that you two stand towards each other."

"We look upon ourselves as if we were engaged. I thought you understood that, papa."

"Yes, from you, but not from him; and, as he is stationed here, and will want to come philandering about, I thought I'd speak to you, and then to him."

"Not to him, papa."

And Hero went over, and sat on a little stool between her father's knees.

"And why not to him?" asked Captain Carthew, rubbing his hand against his daughter's round, peachy cheek.

"Because I know that Leo thinks that until a man can marry it is best not to enter into an announced engagement."

"In that case, a man is wrong in speaking to the girl herself."

"Well, but he did not—he wouldn't have spoken to me. Oh!" she exclaimed, taking hold of the old man's hands, and hiding her face in then, "I don't know—I can't tell how it all happened; but, in some way or other, I knew that Leo cared for me, and he knew that I cared for him, and that whenever he could afford to marry, he would ask your consent."

"A very pretty state of things!" exclaimed Captain Carthew; "and I'm expected to say yes, am I? Ah, well, I suppose oldsters and youngsters never see alike in these affairs; for, had I the choosing of a husband for you, Hero, Leo Despard would not be the man I should fix upon."

"No, papa? Why not? He is such a favourite; everybody likes Leo."

"Perhaps so; and I don't say I don't like him—only—I—well—

I take him for a thief, you see,  
I know he'd steal ye, Molly darlint."

And the rest of the song was stopped

by the tightness of the hug which Hero bestowed upon her father, whose glistening eyes told what it would cost him to part with his treasure.

To the bluff old sailor Hero was the very apple of his eye, the sunlight of his life. It was not a love shown in much outward demonstration, but in the thorough understanding and companionship which existed between them, and had so existed from the time that his little dark-eyed maiden could toddle after him.

Sir Stephen had gradually taken notice of all the small, silent attentions which Hero paid to her father—services which the mind of a man often unconsciously dwells upon more than on the most elaborate display of accomplishments, or the most studied toilettes. Hero Carthew possessed very few accomplishments. Her dress was simple, and, to the initiated eye, old-fashioned; yet Sir Stephen found himself watching her with admiring gaze as she moved about doing all sorts of homely duties.

Since his return he had seen women more beautiful and fascinating, yet not one had touched his heart, and made it feel fresh and young again as she had. He almost smiled at his own impatience to see her again.

"I must remember the lesson I have been taught," he said, "and not be guilty twice in my life of such folly as I then indulged in. Good Heavens! when I recall the misery a few sharp words or a cold look would give me, I wonder can I be the same man. I shall never love again like that; but I shall love her very dearly, and it shall go hard if I do not make her happy, as one so sweet and fresh deserves to be. She will do me all the good in the world, and bring back a heap of things that of late years seem to have been slipping away from me. I was getting into a state of disbelief in everything; but that queer old Mallett and its people took a sight of nonsense out of me. By the way, I may as well find out when we shall be ready to start, so as to give old Dame Tucker plenty of time."

Accordingly, after dinner he said—

"Mother, when do you think it will suit you to go down to Combe? I should like to give the housekeeper fair notice."

"I am going to Horndean on the 8th, and after that I have promised to pay Julia a visit. Would it suit you if I said the 2nd or 3rd of August?"

"Perfectly. I shall have finished my fishing engagement, and be able to meet you here, and take you down."

There was silence for a few minutes, during which Sir Stephen conjured up the vision of Hero, which he most loved to recall, and which was graven most vividly on his memory. He could bring back the sharp rocks, the green sea glittering in the bright April sun, the little boat, and Hero singing her quaint song to the deaf old boatman.

Mrs. Prescott, on her part, was busy thinking how best she could put the question she was bent on asking, and she suddenly broke the spell by saying —

"Of course, Stephen, you have no objection to Katherine coming with us?"

"Indeed I have — a very great objection."

"Now, my dear, how very inconsistent you are! I told you that I had promised her that we would spend the autumn together."

"Just so. But you added, if it fell in with my plans."

"Most certainly I put in that proviso, as I always do, which meant, unless you wanted me to go to some place where she could not go, or did not wish to go; but I never supposed for an instant that this applied to Combe, a place of all others where I should need her company."

"I do not see why you should need her company. You will have me with you."

"Now do not be unreasonable, Stephen. There is no occasion for me to tell you that your place can never be filled by anybody else; but, when you are at Combe, you will want to enjoy all this boating and shooting you have so dwelt upon, and you certainly do not for one moment suppose that such things can possess any attraction for an old woman like me. Why, my dear, I would not get into a small boat for all that the world could offer me. I could not do it — my nerves would not stand it. Then, what is to be done? Are you to be deprived of all your enjoyment? If not, I must sit in the house, or wander about the grounds alone."

"But, mother dear, you speak as if I proposed taking you into a wilderness. There are plenty of people there for you to know. There is Miss Carthew, whom I spoke to you of. You could not have a nicer girl about you than she is."

Mrs. Prescott felt her back stiffen.

"That she may be," she said; "but you forget, Stephen, that I have passed the age for making new friends. It is a thing quite beyond me now. However, I have no wish to force Katherine upon

you. She would never forgive me if I did such a thing; so I must tell her that I am very sorry that I should have so misled myself and her, but that I find you prefer going to this place alone. It is putting me in rather an awkward position, for I have left so many things for us to do together down there. I fancied that while you were off on your excursions, we should be left to our own devices; so I arranged our little plans accordingly."

Sir Stephen looked as he felt, thoroughly vexed, and out of temper. It had never once entered his mind that his mother would ask Mrs. Labouchere to accompany them. Certainly, she had said something about being engaged to Katherine, but had added that it could all be arranged; and this mode of arrangement he had most assuredly never counted upon. It was now more than ever his wish that his present relations with Katherine should not be disturbed, as when he married it would be a great comfort to leave his mother with her.

He felt certain, from his mother's tone, that she had set her heart upon having her niece with her, and that if her plans were thwarted, she would go to Mallett determined to dislike it, and everybody connected with it. Besides which, he knew that if she were sighing after Katherine, Hero would find no favour in her eyes. What had he best do? He so much wanted her to like Hero; but let her once imagine that it was for Hero's sake that Katherine was kept away, and, though she were an angel, Mrs. Prescott would do nothing but find out her faults and failings. So, disturbing the perusal of a gloomy tome, in which she was pretending to be engrossed, he said —

"Do not say anything to Katherine for a day or two, mother, and I will think the matter over."

Mrs. Prescott's heart sung again at this ray of hope, though she was too true a woman to say, "So be it." She fancied that she saw a safer way of gaining her point than immediate acquiescence; so she answered lugubriously —

"Thank you, my dear; but I think it is best to let your present decision stand. You know that I always wish to act towards others as I should like them to act towards me; so I feel it would not be fair to permit that Katey should be an unintentional intruder. Never mind what I said," she added, smiling faintly as she took his hand, "I shall get on very well alone. I own that for a moment I felt a little hurt on Katherine's account, as



well as my own; for it was very unselfish of her to be ready to give up her tour with the Ingestres to go down to Combe with me. She hesitated at first; but when I said I should be alone, she wrote and put them off directly. I fear it is a little late to renew the arrangement now, but still I can try, and I will write to Mrs. Ingestre, and give her a hint that I find it will not be convenient for me to take Katherine. She never need know about it."

Sir Stephen began to wish that he had never proposed taking his mother down to Combe. It had risen solely out of his love for her, and a desire that she should have an opportunity of seeing and knowing those who had so taken his fancy, and won his good opinion. The expression of his face betrayed his vexation, which, his mother noticing, she said soothingly—

"I see that I have acted foolishly, Stephen; but you must forgive me, my dear, for it is your own thoughtful goodness which has led to it. You have said so frequently, that with regard to Katherine I was only to consult my own pleasure and comfort, that I fear I have got into the habit of so doing, and not studying you sufficiently. I thought you would not care how I settled about her."

"That is just as I have wished you to feel," said Sir Stephen.

"Then, my dear, why this sudden alteration? But there, there, I will not ask. You show too much consideration for me to doubt but you have some sufficient reason for denying me this trifling pleasure. Say no more about it. I will make the best excuse I can to Katherine, and you shall have no reason to complain of the efforts I will make to render myself agreeable to your new friends. I think you said there was a doctor within reach; for that will now be of rather more importance. When I have Katey at hand I feel comparatively easy; for she understands me far better than any strange medical man would. I am always terrified of their experimentalizing upon me."

Mrs. Prescott said this as she was going out of the room, in answer to a summons from her maid to look at some travelling-dresses which had been brought for her inspection, leaving Sir Stephen under the conviction that she was contemplating herself as a positive martyr.

Well, after all, perhaps it was a little inconsistent to want to take her down by herself; if what he hoped really came to pass, she must necessarily be often alone.

Then again, supposing she was taken ill—not at all an improbable event—she would declare that no one understood her, and it simply meant returning home with all speed. Katherine would certainly be a great companion to her, and she need not interfere in any way with him. His desire was that they should all be friendly and nice together, and it was his wish that his cousin should like Hero. "There is no littleness about Katherine," he thought; "and I believe that if I was married she would be kind to my wife; and I daresay there are some small niceties that society requires into which she might initiate Hero, not that she lacks anything in my eyes."

So, waiting for no more reflections, he ran up to his mother's room, and, knocking at the door, said—

"Mother, just speak to me for a moment." Then, lowering his voice, and half shutting the door, he continued—"I have thought the matter over, and I have decided that, upon the whole, it is best that Katherine should go with you."

"Now, my dear——" began Mrs. Prescott; but her son interrupted her by giving her a kiss, saying—

"Don't let us argue the point any more, only let everything be as you had arranged."

Mrs. Prescott shook her head, as if protesting against compliance; but when she turned away, it was with a great inward rejoicing that victory had come so easily, so swiftly, and without more battling and diplomacy; for her mind had been made up that nothing should induce her to go to Combe without Mrs. Labouchere.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A PICNIC.

Now, about the same time that Mrs. Prescott and her son were holding this conversation in London, at Mallett, Hero Carthew, with a somewhat heavy heart, was preparing for a picnic, given by Mrs. James, in honour of her daughter's approaching marriage. It was three days since Hero and Leo Despard had parted, and during that time, she had neither seen nor heard from him. Hero felt that all overtures at reconciliation ought to come from him, and therefore she had avoided going into the village, except when she knew that he was at the forts, or had gone to Dockmouth. Her heart beat very fast as she walked up the lane

to Stubbing's field, the place of rendezvous. She did not believe he would be there; most likely at the last moment he had sent some excuse; but, if not, how would he meet her? She must school herself not to betray any sign of agitation before people, and not to evince emotion at whatever might take place during the day.

A large elm-tree hid the field from view, but no sooner was that passed, than she saw Leo leaning against the gate, and in an instant he was walking rapidly towards her.

"Hero," he exclaimed hurriedly, taking possession of both her hands, "can you forgive me? I have not dared to come and ask, and I was ashamed to write to you. Say yes before we get up to the others, for I am so miserable!" and his handsome face wore an expression of most becoming despondency.

Forgive him! why, in a moment, she felt she had nothing to forgive. All her anger vanished, and she answered, in a quivering voice, while tears of joy trembled in her eyes—

"You must forgive me too, Leo. We ought, both of us, to have known from the first that neither meant what was said."

"You will be quite afraid of me, now that I have betrayed my horrid temper," he went on dolefully. "You never knew before what a jealous beast I am. I feel that you must despise me, Hero?"

"Oh! I do," she replied, looking laughingly into his face; her sweet brown eyes betraying her love and happy trust.

Of course, a great deal of banter was levelled at them from the party assembled in the field.

"Ah, me!" sighed Mrs. Thompson, "what it is to be young. Now, girls, make the most of your time; for, take my word, it won't last for ever. There wasn't a more devoted lover in the world than my Terence. His sighs and groans would have melted an iceberg—and just to look at him now!"

And she turned admiringly round to her little, fat, merry-looking husband, who, in a nankeen costume, much favoured in the West Indies, was standing, breathless from the exertion of stowing the donkey-cart with the necessary baskets and hampers of provisions.

"Sure the women are hard to please now," he got out, after a great effort; "for ain't I still puffing and panting like a grampus, and doesn't that and sighing both come under the same category?"

"Leave room for Betsey, Captain Thompson," called out Hero.

"The Lord preserve me! And will I have to hoist up Betsey? Then it's a fellow-feeling I've got for the donkey, poor animal!"

"No, no; her basket I mean. I fancy I see Betsey mounted up there!" added Hero, laughing.

"Awh, do 'ee?" said Betsey, who, assisted in carrying her burden by her faithful swain, Joe Bunce, had come up at this point, "then you'm keener at picturing than I be. Lor bless the man," she exclaimed suddenly, addressing Joe, "why don't 'ee set the things down, 'stead o' gaping at the dunkey? Folks 'll think you've met with a relation."

This speech having the desired effect of turning the laugh against Joe, Betsey recovered her good temper, and began to take her place as head and chief of the commissariat department.

A picnic, or merry-making of any kind, which entailed a tolerable amount of preparation and bustle, was a source of much gratification to Betsey, who was never more delighted than when pooh-poohing in a triumphant way the eulogiums which her bill of fare, her cookery, and her general arrangements in the substantial matters of comfort, drew forth. Her presence and surveillance were deemed essential to secure a perfect success; and certainly, she contrived in some mysterious way that everything should be remembered. Although she invariably demanded, "Whatever is the use of having that Joe?" she would have been highly offended if he had not been asked to assist her; for it was her boast that she and Joe had "bin on and off for the last twenty years," and it was universally understood that some day when Joe got a coast-guard, and gave up the flesh and the devil in the shape of a weakness for an occasional over-glass of rum and water, Betsey would condescend to take him in hand, and be the saving of him.

Joe was the mildest of giants, as well as the smartest of sailors; as easily pleased and amused as a child, and quite proud of the state of subjection in which his lady-love kept him. His severest trial was that, during his stay on shore, Betsey insisted on his accompanying her each Sunday evening to chapel. Through the whole service she kept an eagle eye on poor Joe, fearing that his attention should wander, or that he might be tempted to doze. During the sermon, each allusion that was made to the especially wicked,



or more than ordinarily miserable sinner, was followed by a significant nod of her head, or a vigorous nudge of her elbow to the unfortunate Joe, who thus became the centre of attraction to both parson and people.

Betsey, in common with most of the Ebenezer brethren, rejoiced in having had a call; one of the privileges of which was, that it enabled her to securely congratulate herself that she was not like other men, "more partickelary they Bunces;" for Joe's family were not shining lights in the village, and it soothed her immensely to listen to the vivid descriptions of the yawning pit, and the gnawing worm—the certain doom of such reprobates as laughed at Mr. Petherwick as a ranter, and called his followers blue lights.

On this especial day the picnic party were bound for the Swallow Sands, which could be reached either by a tolerably good road, along which went the elderly people; or a scrambling rocky path, chosen, of course, by all the younger folk, who soon paired off at a respectable distance apart, so as not to interfere with each other.

The sun shone brightly, the great cliffs afforded shade, the breeze from the sea came cool and pleasant, and Hero Carthew led by Leo Despard, thought what a difference a few hours had made. Instead of feeling sorrowful and downcast, she seemed by contrast to be happier than she had ever been, and certainly Leo had never before been so thoughtful and devoted. He tried by every attention to make amends for his outburst of temper, which he still deplored, although Hero felt she would not mind an occasional quarrel if it entailed such a making up. As for Leo, he was thoroughly disposed to be pleased with himself and everybody around him. He had that morning received an unexpected invitation for the 12th of August; and though he told Hero, with an attempt at dissatisfaction, that it really was too bad of Curzon to accept Lord Shipwith's invitation for him, and so put it out of his power to refuse, in his heart he was jubilant over the distinguished party of which he was to form one, and he repeated for Hero's edification the names of some of the guests.

"Fancy, Leo, his asking you!" exclaimed Hero, quite awed by several grand sounding titles.

"And why not, my dear child? I think myself quite as good as they are."

"And I think you are a great deal bet-

ter," she said, clinging more closely to his arm, and regarding with pretty pride his handsome face; "but still it is very nice of them, and it shows how much they must think of you. Oh, dear me!" she laughed, "what a frustration I should be in if I was asked to meet a lot of grand ladies and a countess! I should think of nothing else but how I should look, and what on earth I could wear."

Leo smiled upon her condescendingly, as if such small anxieties never troubled him, although the first thing he had done was to consider what would be the most effective shooting costume, and he had already written off proposing an arrangement with his tailor, by which means he hoped to obtain what he had decided upon.

"Will any ladies be there?" asked Hero.

"I believe not; why?"

"Because," and here Hero assumed a little make-believe pout, "if so, I think I should be jealous."

"Ah! no you would not," and Leo gave a little sigh, as if to say she did not care enough for him to be that. "I was going to say," he added, "that if I thought so, nothing should induce me to go; yet I hardly know, I should be terribly tempted to try."

"Why, Leo?" said Hero, looking earnestly at him; "and do you think that when I know you are constantly meeting girls who can sing and play, and do everything beautifully, that I never feel jealous of them? I cannot help it, and when you have been telling me about them, sometimes I have hated them; but only for a minute, you know. Then I have felt quite ashamed, and have punished myself by asking you to tell me more."

Leo took her hand, and pressing it in his, said, "You need never be jealous of any one, Hero, for I cannot help loving you. In some way or other you have so completely bewitched me, that I never think of any one else; all I want is to have you and," he added with a hopeless sigh, "money enough to give you all you ought to have."

"That will come in good time, Leo, dear. Why, you are almost certain of your promotion in another year."

Leo shook his head.

"Well, two at the longest."

"No, nor in two; and when it does come, what a beggarly pittance it is, just enough to keep soul and body together."

"Oh, you'll see that we shall manage

very well on it," said Hero cheerfully. "Why, look at the Blakes, they have nothing but his pay."

"Yes, I think I see my wife going about like Mrs. Blake. Why, you little goose, you have no idea how proud I should be of you."

Here their conversation was interrupted by a turn in the path which brought them in front of the Swallow Rock, and within sight of the road party already arrived, and busily engaged in unpacking hampers, and spreading out the dinner on the sands below.

"Why, Betsey!" exclaimed Hero, as they suddenly came upon that notable with her gown tucked up, and her bonnet perched hindside before, "how hot you look!"

"Ah! and you'd look hot, too, I reckon, if you'd had the drivin' o' that dunkey."

"You should have let Joe drive him," said Leo, with a knowing look at the giant.

"Joe!" ejaculated Betsey, with the severest contempt, "beyond rattlin' a tin cup with stones he's a fine help, surely. Besides," she added, decisively, "I can't abide to see a man a larruping a dumb animal,"—although, as the unfortunate beast could have testified, this aversion did not extend to her own free use of the stick.

"Have you got anything for me to do?" asked Leo languidly.

"You, lor no," retorted Betsey, with a snort; "only for 'ee to get out o' my way, for I'm like a toad under a harrow, I don't know whichee corse to steer. Here, come along, Miss Hero, I'll soon put you to work."

"Then I suppose you intend me to stand by and admire you as Joe is doing," said Leo.

"I should like to catch'n at it," and Betsey gave another snort and a defiant look towards Joe, which caused him to hastily wipe away a rising smile with the back of his hand.

"Why now, you know that he does admire you, Betsey," Leo continued, bent upon teasing her. "If not, he would be master of the *Prince William Henry*; for Mrs. Burt says, that until she sees Joe marry you, she'll never marry any one else."

Joe's lips involuntarily formed themselves for a whistle, which all but escaped them in his anxiety to see how his *fiancée* would take this banter, which though not true in detail had a certain amount of foundation in the landlady's acknowledged

partiality towards her late husband's first wife's cousin. But Leo had not in the least miscalculated his effect, and though Betsey gave a toss of her head, by which her bonnet completely lost its balance, she could not conceal her inward satisfaction, as, without turning round, she answered—

"Don't you think, now, Mr. Despard, that I don't know, as well as if I'd spoke the words myself, that you'm only smearing at me? though mind," and here she confronted Joe, "her's fool enough to say that, and more a top o' it, but wishin' her no harm, for she's none o' my acquaintance; all I says is, take'un, and a good riddance of bad rummage 'twould be for me any day."

At which speech Joe went into a burst of exultant merriment, in which, after a momentary struggle Betsey joined, causing the Captain to call out from below—

"Here, what's all that jackacting going on up there?"

"'Tis Maister Despard, sir," Betsey answered, hastily wiping away the tears her laughter had caused her. "There, do 'ee take'n away, for gracious goodness sake, Miss Hero, or nobody 'll have a bit o' dinner. 'Tween he and that Joe, I can't get a minute's peace."

"I thought I should put her into a good temper," laughed Leo, as he followed Hero down to the sands below, where, when the various arrangements were completed, they sat down to dinner, in the middle of which the Captain, who was by this time overflowing with enjoyment, said—

"How much I wish that our good friend Sir Stephen could have been one of us to-day! However we'll drink his health, and as Truscott tells me that they may be expected now very shortly, we'll put off any more junketings until after they arrive, I think."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Randall, "that we must all offer them some kind of entertainment. For my part, I almost wish Sir Stephen was coming by himself; ladies take so much more notice of make-shifts than gentlemen do; but there, they must take us as we are, we'll do our best, and the best can do no more."

"And you'll see they will not want more," said the Captain.

"Do you think they will trouble themselves much about us?" asked Leo, rather amused at this discussion about people who he felt sure would regard Mallett society with the well-bred contempt he secretly held it in. "Don't you think the



Dockmouth great guns and the county people will call upon them?"

"Call! of course they'll call," replied the Captain; "why shouldn't they? The Prescotts are as good a family as any about here. You may depend upon it that every one in the neighbourhood will do what is right, and contrive, I hope, to give them a hearty welcome. Here, Joe," he called out, turning round, "just you pass the word in the village for the place to be kept well holy-stoned, and tell 'em not to be backward with the tar-brush. We'll show the Dockmouthers that when we choose we can stand muster with *them* any day."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Joe.

"And, p'raps too, you'll mind that charity begins at home," sarcastically chimed in Betsey, delighted to get a sly hit at "they Bunces," whose neglect of the scrubbing-brush and dislike to soap and water was one of her favourite topics.

"Come, come, Betsey," said Hero, "keep your proverbs to yourself, or I shall let Joe into a secret, and tell him that we are always in danger of breaking our necks over your brooms, and falling over your buckets."

"Oh, well," retorted Betsey, "if he ain't to die till he kicks the bucket in his own home, you'd better get 'un to lease his life upon your houses, Miss Hero, he'll be a Methusalem that way, anyhow."

"Never mind, Betsey," said Leo, "I'll take your part; what stunning pies you do make!"

"Ah!" laughed the Captain, "Sir Stephen found that out, didn't he, Betsey? Why, he'd never heard of pasties until Betsey made him some; and then, Rule Britannia! didn't he walk into them!"

"Awh, come," said Betsey, modestly refusing to take more than her share of credit, "twarnt all Betsey there. If I made 'em, Miss Hero filled 'em, and pinched 'em fitty, and he knew that fast enough."

"Nonsense, Betsey," Hero exclaimed, "I'm sure he knew no such thing," and she stole a furtive glance to see if Leo had taken notice of the insinuation. Apparently he had not, or if so, he was evidently not annoyed by it, for leaning across he whispered—

"When you are ready, we'll go for a stroll."

SEVENTY-TWO years ago, a lad, only sixteen,—George Jackson,—suddenly left Westminster school, and found himself unpaid *attaché* to the special mission of his brother to Paris, while Lord Cornwallis was at Amiens negotiating the short-lived peace. Mr. Jackson's father was one of the Canons of Westminster Abbey, and an otherwise extremely well-endowed clergyman. George, it was hoped, would imitate his sire in his successes; but the Westminster Canon departed this life, and young George, rapidly adapting himself to altered circumstances, gave up all thoughts of saving souls, and looked for better luck in serving ministers.

Fifty-seven years of diplomatic service at home and abroad earned for him a knighthood and a retiring pension, the latter in 1859. In the way of pension, Sir George did not cost his country much,—he died at Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1861. Last year, Sir George's widow edited two volumes of her husband's diaries and letters, which illustrated his personal services and the life around him, from his boyish start in a manly career to the year 1809. In that work were included the part he took in the mission to Paris, 1801-2; his residence, with similar mission, at Berlin, until 1806; and, subsequently, at the King of Prussia's head-quarters, from the battle of Jena to the Peace of Tilsit; ending with Jackson's correspondence with his family in England while he was engaged as a Secretary of Legation under Mr. Frere, who represented England at the head-quarters of the Spanish Junta, 1808-9.

The volumes, in which so much of public history and of the manners of contemporary life was illustrated, surpassed in interest and in ability most previous works in connection with diplomatic services. Young Jackson, in fact, had an old head on young shoulders, with a heart quite as youthful as his years. He was as much a wit as he was a philosopher; whatever he did he did it heartily, whether he passed the night in copying despatches or in waltzing. He was a young man with the most acute observation, and this was directed to the most opposite subjects; now, measuring the characters

\* *The Bath Archives. A Further Selection from the Diaries and Letters of Sir George Jackson, K.C.H., from 1809 to 1816.* Edited by Lady Jackson. 2 vols. (Bentley & Son.)

of the most astute and exalted of men, anon, dissecting in his own mind the Cynthias of the minute, and, while subdued voluntarily by their magic, keeping himself, by the same impulse of his will, fancy free.

The preliminary volumes left our member of the British Legation in Spain only four-and-twenty years of age. The later two volumes, now before us, relate the incidents of six years more of the diplomatist's busy life. They are, as they might be expected to be, greatly superior to those detailing the earlier passages of Jackson's career. The observation is acuter than ever, the power of expression is heightened, the wit is still more brilliant, the philosophy more profound and more attractively expounded. In a word, the later volumes are more entertaining even than the first; and if Jackson's powers to amuse and interest strengthened with his years, we hope that we have not yet nearly done with him, and that the leave we take of him in 1815 is only temporary.

The first volume of the second series opens at the old Glo'ster Coffee-House, Piccadilly, in December, 1809. Frere's mission to Spain had come to an end. Lord Wellesley was returning to England to receive the Seals of the Foreign Office, and he assured Jackson that he was well disposed to further Jackson's wish to obtain a renewal of the appointment in Spain, in preference to the Secretaryship of Legation at Washington, to which he had been named. George's elder brother Francis was then Mr. Canning's Minister Plenipotentiary to the Government of the United States, with which, since 1807, differences had existed, arising out of the encounter between the Leopard and the Chesapeake. George Jackson, trusting, we are told, in the *belles paroles* of the Foreign Office, tarried in London, and had ample leisure to discover what such ware was worth.

The diplomatist out of place looks very much like the gentleman waiting for an audience in Meissonier's well-known masterpiece. That is to say, hopeful yet disappointed, ready to serve and impatient to be employed; but, after all, with as much relish for the amusements of the day as for the duties of office. Throughout the first volume, George Jackson is chiefly engaged in dancing attendance on ministers or cotillons in ball-rooms; keeping, the while, his diplomatic hand up to its cunning by correspondence with his brother Francis, the Plenipotentiary in the United States. Francis had

landed at Annapolis, "after a pleasant passage of fifty-three days!" Soon after, he was installed at Washington, which, he said, "resembles Hampstead Heath more than any other place I ever saw."

In 1809, Washington consisted of scattered houses, intersected with heath, wood, and gravel-pits. Francis put up a covey of partridges "about three hundred yards from the House of Congress." On his presentation to President Madison, a plain little man, of simple manners, the two had a long conference, "during which a negro servant brought in some glasses of punch and a seedcake." Our minister did not dislike this unceremonious ceremony, although it was in strong contrast with audiences he had had of "most of the sovereigns of Europe." Of Mrs. Madison, then about forty, and growing stout, Francis says,—"She must have been a comely person when she served out the liquor at the bar of her father's tavern, in the State of Virginia." Francis admired the American ladies generally, but he distinguished between the swaggering Yankee and the true American gentleman. His wife lamented that her diplomatic husband, who had been accustomed "to treat with the civilized Governments of Europe," had now the misfortune to have to negotiate "with savage democrats, half of them sold to France." The minister himself wrote to his brother George that "to be upon tolerable terms with the Americans, we must show that it is indifferent to us, whether we are so or not." While the coarseness of Transatlantic legislators was disgusting Mrs. Jackson, an exceptional case in our House of Commons had rather startled the general sense of propriety. A member, Fuller, for using outrageous language, was committed to the custody of "the serjeant-at-arms." By way of farewell, Fuller called the Speaker "a damned puppy," and snapped his fingers in his face.

But we must confine ourselves to the doings and surroundings of George Jackson, who was what is significantly, if roughly, called "kicking his heels," in England. He was ever in the "best company," though that was not always of the purest quality. He had a contempt for the Prince of Wales, and he called Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Princess of Wales his "two wives," which, indeed, they were. The latter, in 1809, was going off. "He need not be so jealous of his wife's popularity" (George wrote to his mother). "She makes herself perfectly ridiculous,



and wherever she goes the chief subject of remark and critique is her lavish display of her protuberant beauties."

Amid the gayeties of London Jackson was anxiously waiting for office of another description. When a rival was more successful than he, Jackson accepted the disappointment with a quiet bit of sarcasm. Mr. Foster was one of those successful competitors; and Jackson wrote of him, in 1811, "Foster is a very gentlemanlike young man, quite equal to doing nothing at his post,—which is now the best possible policy to follow." George's brother, in the same year, enjoined him to get a wife with a good fortune, and with connexions "to push him on in the world"; and George fell in love accordingly, twice or thrice, but without results, till the true lady and the inevitable hour came. Meanwhile, we find him so far advanced that he was summoned to an audience with the Prince Regent; "but there were so many people to be hanged—the Recorder had no less than thirty-two cases to bring forward—the Prince sent out to desire that I would come the next Council day." The disappointed diplomatist had nothing to do but to write long letters to, and receive answers from, his elder brother, and to complain of the postage, when franks were not easily obtained. It is curious to hear Francis, after a reference to franks being sold by the dozen, writing thus: "I often think there is room for some reform in our postal arrangements generally, and that it might combine greater convenience to the public with some advantages also to the Government." When George was subsequently at Court, he who had represented his sovereign abroad, as far as an *attaché* could effect that end, was immensely shocked by a stranger sight than a Recorder with a list of wretches ready for hanging—namely, John Kemble at the palace! Jackson supposed the player (who, it was reported, had accepted an engagement in America, to play twenty-two nights for six thousand pounds, and all expenses paid) was at Court to take leave! This is the characteristic comment on the event. "Neckar said the French Revolution was decidedly begun when one of the ministers of Louis XVI. went to an audience of his Majesty in shoe-strings. The appearance of an actor at Court is, I believe, quite as unprecedented." This dreadful innovation seems to have quite shocked the diplomatist's finer sense. His brother Francis did not think much more favourably

of the class that used to be described as "men who wrote." In a letter descriptive of a tour in Scotland, the elder brother praised Scott's poetry. "But, alas! for the poet," he continues, fastidiously, "he is a mere mortal; a great raw-boned Scotchman, with a lame leg; and, altogether, except in a natural expression of good-nature and intelligence, nothing could be less poetical than his appearance." At the close of 1812 George Jackson showed he had not spent his time in London for nothing. By perseverance he had got something. "Congratulate me, my dear mother," he wrote, "on my accession of a little butter to my bread!" It took the form of a pension of 300*l.* a year. "But," he added, "I have hopes, by a little management in the Office, to get it antedated, for which precedents are by no means wanting." Fresh opportunity, too, seemed to loom upon him. As we close the first volume, news of the Russian successes over the French promised employment for envoys, legates, and ambassadors, ordinary and extraordinary. George Jackson accordingly settled himself near "the Office," and, to use a phrase of his own, took good care to keep his weather-eye open!

The second volume opens, in 1813, with Mr. Jackson at Stevens's Hotel, Bond Street, looking through a dense fog at his possible future prospects. The volume concludes in 1816, with the Duchesse de Berri and her dog dancing together at the Tuileries. Between these two extremes, there lies the most stirring, the most splendid, and the most saddening of histories. The struggle of Napoleon, on a score of battle-fields, to recover from the ruin he had reaped in Russia; his crowning defeat; his re-appearance in arms; his final overthrow; and the second restoration of the Bourbons—these form the subjects of the second volume of the Archives. It is history written by contemporaries and witnesses, to which are added, in the private, gossiping, familiar letters, the commentaries of far-seeing people, the characteristic inquiries of *quidnuncs*, and samples of the silliness of selfish people who, while half the world was in flames, had more thought for the fashion of a button than for the outpouring of blood and the devastation by fire and sword, by which the Continent was then afflicted.

Mr. Jackson was soon in the midst of it. In 1813, he was appointed to a mission at the head-quarters of the allied armies against Napoleon. His best cre-

dentials were the sums of money which served the allies as well as swords, and which they took, without thanks, too, as if they were conferring favours instead of receiving alms. This appointment was looked upon as a stepping-stone to a better, for the readiest way of obtaining which, the elder brother was ever profuse of hint and counsel to the younger. Francis Jackson thought Lord Cathcart, who was then "near the person" of the Czar Alexander, a vain pedant, but he advised George to flatter him to the top of his bent, to praise his diplomacy, and show utter ignorance of his military incapacity. Lord Kinnaird, too, was to be encountered. "I dare say he will give himself airs enough," says the senior brother, "but it is worth while keeping well with him." Similar advice is given with regard to Lord and Lady Burghersh. Two things the fraternal mentor especially enjoined, namely, that his brother should never thrust himself into danger, nor spend his salary in entertaining useless illustrious personages. For his hospitality, he was told he would get no thanks; and should a curiosity to see battles cost George his life, "you will get no honour," said Francis, "and only be laughed at for your pains." George himself had, as he said, his "weather-eye" always open; and when he heard of a member of Parliament getting a larger pension than his own, his reflection thereon was — "It is no bad thing to belong to an opposition leader." To take what he could get, and to get all he could, were not the only things to be considered. "Stick to your post and your cause," wrote Francis, "like a New Forest fly, which nothing but death can detach from the horse's flank."

The royal and imperial personages in these volumes do not impress us favourably. The King of Prussia always "looked as if he were afraid of Boney"; and the Emperor of Austria "sneaked" about, after he had made up his mind to fight his son-in-law, as if he was ashamed of the resolution to which he had come. Some of them were rather rude personages. When the Garter was conferred on Alexander, he and his brother Constantine laughed throughout the ceremony, as if in ridicule of it; and Alexander afterwards exhibited himself with the decoration round his thigh, above his cavalry boots. In absurdity, however, this was outdone by Lady Castlereagh, who at Vienna, wore her husband's order of the Garter round her head, and walked into a ball-room with the legend in diamonds on her brow

of "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" That Alexander was not wanting in sense, is shown by an incident of interest. At his meeting with Napoleon, at Tilsit, the Russ asked the "Corse" to what he attributed his stupendous good fortune. "To perseverance in pursuing it," was the answer. Alexander seemed lost in thought, but he turned the answer to account when he and his allies hammered and pounded at Napoleon, after the fortune of the latter had turned. In spite of successive defeats they won the crowning victory. Napoleon himself gives us the impression that he was a consummate actor, all head and no heart rather than of a true hero. Indeed, his complete contempt for truth deprived him of the real heroic qualities. Pope Pius was right when he called the Emperor of the French, "a great comedian!" He could play his comedy charmingly. Marie Louise, at Mayence, entreated him, "for her sake, for their child's sake, for the welfare of France, to make peace on any terms." His reply was, that he would not make it on dishonourable terms; adding, "*Pourquoi m'as tu appris qu'il y a quelque chose que je puis te refuser?*" embracing her, at the same time, tenderly.

If Napoleon as often uttered pretty sayings to please his wife, he as frequently gave unrestrained expression to the very rudest exclamations; but, arrogant or civil, he was never dull. The King of Saxony became his very humble, yet not very faithful, servant. Nevertheless, his aid and support were of great value on more than one occasion. When they could be no longer given, the great Emperor rudely shrieked at the King's sister, "Your brother is a mean scoundrel!" There was more seeming justification in what he said to a German nobleman before he set out on his fatal Russian expedition. There had been some conversation on antiquity of family. "Ah!" cried Napoleon, "I am considered, I know, to be of no family, but I also know that, whatever my *family* may be, my *dynasty* will soon be the oldest in Europe!"

The royal personage the most out of the way at the head-quarters of the allied armies was the Duke of Cumberland, with Mr. Dawkins almost as close to his side as the Siamese twins to each other. The Duke was not without good qualities, but he was without courtesy in word or deed. Nobody knew what to do with him and Dawkins; but Lord Cathcart, as the simplest thing to do, asked him to din-



ner at Töplitz. The Duke accepted the invitation, and kept the party waiting *six hours!* He had been amusing himself at the outposts, where he had also dined, and when he at last presented himself at Lord Cathcart's house, His Royal Highness graciously desired that the guests should wait no longer; "but," says the diarist, "we had already waited so long that, for the most part, our appetites were as little improved as the dinner by the delay."

Of the men who ranked higher by intellect than by birth, Jackson did not encounter many. The two who had then gained the highest reputation in literature were Goethe and Werner. Jackson was quartered in Goethe's house in Weimar, in 1813, and he had every reason to be grateful to his host. He was, however, not extraordinarily impressed by the universal idol. He found Goethe's charm of conversation marred by an air of pedantry born of the general adulation of which Goethe was the object. The author of "Faust" was regarded as an oracle; it was only natural that he should speak oracularly. "But," said Jackson, "I like Goethe for his good humour and pleasant manners, for I think that a man inferior in genius and of less genial nature would have become insufferable in society if constantly dosed with flattery, as he is; and that much credit is due even to *him* for being so little spoiled by it." While Goethe's reputation has increased and extended, that of Werner, if it has not diminished, has somewhat faded. There is an old-fashioned look about it, whereas Goethe's renown grows and brightens daily with fresh generations of readers. Sixty years ago, however, the name of Werner was on every man's lips—for love or for hate, for homage or for defiance. The admiration and the passion have alike been tamed down, but Werner, then so celebrated, made a great figure at Vienna during the Congress. After being a popular dramatist, he became a Roman Catholic priest, and denounced the stage, as Sheridan Knowles is said to have done, who, after being actor and dramatic poet, turned Baptist preacher. In Vienna, crowds went of a morning to hear Werner, with fiery eloquence or solemn earnestness, decry all plays generally, but his own in particular. As the managers invariably put forward the plays against which he fulminated anathemas, the same crowds who were at church in the morning thronged the theatres in the evening. It gave additional zest to the entertain-

ment to enjoy the fruit that had been prohibited by him who had planted the seeds, and had brought them to perfect maturity, and who now solemnly protested that the fruit was rotten in quality, and that to taste it was sin almost unpardonable.

We must now pass from the personages of the drama to the conclusion of the brilliant tragi-comedy. The last scene brings us with the Allies to Paris. Jackson writes much as others have done of the Parisians and their shattered idol, in 1814:—

6th.—Not a single Frenchman, high or low, that I have talked with, but speaks of Bonaparte and his tyranny in terms of execration. Yet it goes no further, it leads to nothing. From the language these people hold, one would suppose that he had not another week to reign, or even to live; and yet, whether from being really tired out, or from dread of a counter-revolution producing fresh anarchy, not a man has any inclination to stir. It may be, however, that this exaggerated talk, which accords so little with the general inactivity of the talkers, is owing to the natural instability of the French character; and that such a return of success to Bonaparte's Eagles as would drive back the allied armies beyond the frontiers would make the tongues that now abuse him loud in his praise. For it is very certain that the people do not welcome us as deliverers. Perforce, they must tolerate us; and the general feeling, as far as I have been able to observe, seems to be that of intense mortification; of wounded vanity; of disappointment, that their great Emperor—who, as I heard a Frenchman say only yesterday—has so many years been practising the art of war, has not yet learnt enough to enable him to protect France from invasion.

When the allied armies entered Paris, Jackson states that the Parisians forgot everything in their enjoyment of the great spectacle. Their reception of the Czar was marked by an uproarious joy, and Jackson believes that Alexander had never before been greeted with such delight, even in his own capital. The restoration of the Bourbons followed, and soon after, a marriage, which introduces the last illustrious lady named in the bright chapters of these volumes, namely, the Duchesse de Berri, the mother of that Comte de Chambord who claims to be Henri V. by right divine, or to be nobody in particular. The mother was a very extraordinary woman; "not handsome," certainly, as Mr. Jackson writes from Paris, in 1816, "but," he adds, "she is so well made, and looks so young, fair, and innocent, that is impossible not to be pleased with her appearance." To other

From The Academy.

## THE DELUGE.\*

people, she appeared ill-formed, plain, and, if we may use the word, without losing respect for the lady, "*scraggy*." She was always a child, but a child of South Italy, who could be stirred to fierce action. When she was a bride, toys were procured for her amusement. The toilet-chair, glass, and table of her dressing-room were mounted in diamond-cut crystal, and were so many musical boxes, to the airs of which the Duchess could assimilate her graces. Mr. Jackson says, that on the day of the Duchess's marriage, the bride, on returning from the ceremony, was left alone in this room, to rest and compose herself. A considerable time having elapsed, the Duc de Berri entered the room in search of his wife, and to his astonishment, found her in the same grand court costume, her train six yards in length, and heavily embroidered in silver and diamonds, twisted many times round her arm, humming a merry tune and dancing gaily round the chairs and tables with a favourite spaniel, which she was holding up by the forelegs.

With these matters the mission of George Jackson came to an end; and the family was soon busy in looking out for other and more lucrative employment. His kind-hearted and active mother was not idle in her son's behalf. In the very last letter written by her there is a reference to Lord Stewart, in connexion with what her son might possibly make out of him. The discerning old lady saw through the film of his graceful politeness; "but," she says, "I would not have you rely on him for your future advancement, though he spoke of you to me, and has talked much of your merits. His own merits," adds Mrs. Jackson, "are those he probably thinks most of, as he is exceedingly vain, but withal *très agréable*." The character of the late Marquis of Londonderry was never more truly defined. An appointment as Secretary of Embassy at St. Petersburg was accepted by Jackson, for want of something better; and Sir J. M. Riddell, in a letter of advice and information, reminded him that the Russian nobles were capricious, false, and overbearing, and that, at St Petersburg, he would find that "a little impudence goes a great way."

THE discovery of the native Babylonian account of the Deluge, which has rewarded the patience and skill of Mr. G. Smith, is one of the most important and valuable ever made in the province of archæology. The trustworthiness of Berosus has been confirmed in the most decisive way, thus enabling us to rely upon his statements where they are not corroborated by the monuments; and a new light is thrown upon the origin and meaning of Western Asiatic mythology. The story of the Flood, instead of being borrowed by the Chaldean historian from Genesis, must have been derived by the Hebrew writers from Babylonia. There alone is it significant, and a part of a great epic cycle.

The narrative is contained in the eleventh tablet of a series of twelve which record the adventures of a mythical hero who may provisionally be called Gisduhar or Gisdhumas. The British Museum possesses three mutilated copies of these (from the library of Assur-bani-pal). Mr. Smith has found and pieced together about eighty fragments of them. The original text came from Erech, and must have been translated into Semitic at an early period, since the three Assyrian copies present variant readings, have incorporated glosses into the text, and have sometimes retained the original hieratic characters when their modern equivalents were unknown. Mr. Smith's unrivalled powers of deciphering guarantee the substantial correctness of his translation, and those who are able to test it know that his renderings are fully to be depended upon, except of course in the doubtful reading of certain proper names.

Gisduhar and his servant Hea-bani, according to the legend, went to seek the translated son of Ubara-tutu, the Sisuthrus of Berosus, whom Mr. Smith calls "Sisit." After forty-five days the mouth of the Euphrates is reached, where "Sisit" stands on the other side of the waters of death.† He tells Gisduhar the story of the Flood: how on account of his piety the gods of his "ancient city" Surippak

\* On a Cuneiform Inscription describing the Deluge; by G. Smith. Read before the Society of Biblical Archæology, December 3rd, 1872.

Chaldean Account of the Deluge. Photographed by Steph. Thompson, with translation by G. Smith. W. A. Mansell & Co., 1872.

Le Déluge et l'Épopée babylonienne, par Fr. Lenormant. Reprinted from the Correspondant. Paris, 1873.

† Tuoni is the river of death in the Kalewala. The river Datilla is called "the lord of the house of death" in W. A. I. ii. 62, 50, and Tu, "the setting" sun, is given as the god of death (W. A. I. iii. 67, 21).



warned him of a deluge that was about to destroy all mankind for their sins, and how Hea ordered him to build an ark. The height and breadth of this were the same, and it was coated within and without with bitumen. This preserved "Sisit" and his family and pilot, with "all the seed of life," for the seven days during which the deluge (sent by the sun-god) was raging. "All life" was "destroyed," and the ark finally rested on "the mountain Nizir" (*Sad-u-Ni-zir*). After seven more days "Sisit" opened the window and sent forth a dove, which returned, then a swallow, which also returned, and finally a raven (*aribi*). Then he left the ark and built an altar on "the peak of the mountain" (*siggurraṣ sadi*), cutting herbs "by sevens" (*siba' u' siba'*); and the gods smelt the sacrifice, and at Hea's prayer Bel made a covenant with "Sisit" and declared that he would not again destroy man with a flood for his sins. After this "Sisit" was translated.

Mr. Smith adds to his translation a comparison of the cuneiform narrative with the accounts of Berosus and Genesis, but does not attempt any further analysis of the legend. Sir H. Rawlinson, however, in a letter to the *Athenæum* (December 8th, 1872) suggested that Gisdhubar was a solar hero, the twelve tablets recording his labors during the twelve months of the year. The eleventh month was the month "of rain" in Accadian, whence the name of the zodiacal Aquarius; and this would suit the Deluge-myth as perfectly as the conquest of the winged bull by Gisdhubar in the second tablet agrees with the second month "of the favourable bull" (Taurus) or his marriage with Ister in the sixth tablet with the sixth month "of the errand of Ister." The suggestion is borne out by the correspondence of the legend of Bul, a sea-monster which demanded an annual tribute of young girls for its food and was slain by Gisdhubar and his huntsman Tsaid, with the fourth month of "the seizer of seed" (Cancer). The legend is compared by Lenormant with the myth of Persæus and Andromeda, which Eckstein has traced back to Babylonia, where the inhabitants were originally called Kephenees according to Stephanus of Byzantium. I believe that the third tablet, answering to the month of "the twins," or "the bricks," as it is also named, will be found to contain a story not unlike that of Cain and Abel, and of the foundation of the first city, Enoch.

M. Lenormant's pamphlet is an acute

and learned commentary on the inscription. He shows from the traditions given by Berosus, as supported by the evidence of the monuments, that the Accadians possessed a connected epic cycle, like the Kalewala of the Fins or the Kalepoeg of the Esths, which included the episodes of the creation, the ten antediluvian kings, the Tower of Babel, &c., copied by Greek writers from Berosus. This cycle was borrowed by the Assyrians along with the old theology and literature; but I much doubt whether the Assyrians ever had an epic of their own, such as M. Lenormant believes he can recover from the pages of Ktesias, and whether M. Rénan's view that the Semite could never originate an epic is not after all the true one. The descent of Allat of Cutha, another form of Istar, into the land of the dead, which is translated in Lenormant's "Essai de Commentaire des Fragments de Bérose," Frgt. xx., belongs to this epic. After lamenting the premature death of her husband "The Son of Life," Allat passes through the seven gates, at each of which she leaves part of her apparel, down to Hades and the golden throne of the Anunnaci, where she is purified by Mamit, Istar, and Hea, who has been fetched by his son the Sun-god. The story clearly refers on the one side to Tammuz, and on the other attaches itself to the legend of the sixth month. We may compare the legend of Tammuz in Ibn Wahshiya, and the lament of the gods over him in the Temple of the Sun.\* This is noticed by M. Lenormant, who refers to the transformation of the Vedic deities into the Iranian leaders of the first generations of mankind, and then goes on to review the Hindu account of the Deluge. This is first found in the 'Satapatha-Brāhmana; and Eugène Burnouf long ago proved that it had come into India from a foreign source. The fish that aided Manu would be "the saving fish-god" Hea, the earth primarily, and then the deity of the hearth and the river, as the planet Mercury, Merodach, "the eldest son of Hea," was called "the fish of Hea," (*kha-Enu-ci*) in the month of Adar (February); and I would explain the double fish of the modern zodiac by the fact that the last month of the year was a double one through the intercalated Ve-Adar (Accadian *dir-se*). M. Lenormant suggests that, like the legend of the Deluge, the churning of the sea by the help of the serpent Vāsuki also made

\* Tammuz, we are told, belonged to the Janbans or Janbasiyans, the primæval inhabitants of Babylonia.

its way into India from Babylonia; and he reminds us that Tiglath-Pileser II. penetrated as far as the valley of Indus, while Sennacherib speaks of the precious wood of *Sinda*, and Col. Taylor has found pieces of teak at Mugheir. We may add to this the mention of *Mitra* in a mythological tablet as a name of the sun. Von Böhlen long ago ventured on the conjecture that Eden in Gen. iii. was India, and the land of Andiu, which is described by the Assyrian king as "a distant place" (W. A. I. i. 35, 9), may very possibly confirm this, the loss of the initial sibilant shewing that the name had made its way into Assyria through the medium of a Persian population.

The more I investigate the mythology of Accad, the more I am convinced that it is for the most part of solar origin. The larger part of the gods, such as Adar, "the sun of the south," or Rimmon, "the south sun in Elam" resolve themselves into the great luminary of day. Hence it is not surprising that the epic cycle of Babylonia should revolve round the same centre. Gisdhubar, whose ship is called "the ship *gis-tuk*" in W. A. I. ii. 46, 3, may be the god of fire, with *dhu*, "mass," or "body," inserted in the middle of the compound; and the name read "Sisit" by Mr. Smith means "the sun of life," which would be pronounced *Tam-si* in Accadian. It is impossible not to compare this with Tammuz. The character of Tammuz, however, better suits the first husband of Allat-Istar, whose name would be read in Accadian *Dū-zi* (see W. A. I. iii. 70, 120). Now this exactly agrees with *Dūzu*, the Assyrian form of the month Tammuz, and we can only account for the variant Tammuz by a confusion of *Tam-zi* and *Dū-zi*, two several forms of the sun.

*Dū-zi* is associated with *Cittu*, the sun, in W. A. I. ii. 59, and Istar seems there to appear as his mother. The translation of *Tam-zi*, on the other hand, leads us to the Biblical Enoch, whose name (like that of Ἠνώχ in Berossus) may be explained by *kha-Enu-ci*, "the fish of Hea," that is, Merodach at the close of the year. Now Merodach was primarily solar, as is shown by his Accadian name *Amar-ud* or *Amar-utuci*, "the circle of the sun," and he might be described as rising either out of the earth (Hea) or out of the water. The name of *Tam-zi*'s father, again, *Ubara-tutu*, or "the glow of sunset" (see W. A. I. ii. 2, 254) perhaps reminds us of "the setting" sun. How *Tam-zi* comes to be called *Sisuthrus* by Berossus it is not very easy to say; since *Sisuthrus* must be *Susu*, an old Chaldean name of Anu, or Na, "the sky." *Na* or *Nakh*, however, seems to claim kindred with the Biblical Noah, and an ancient Accadian ritual speaks of "the great flood of Anu in the midst of heaven" (W. A. I. ii. 19, 40). It is possible, therefore, that Anu was rather the sky of day, as synonymous with the sun, his mother *Zigara*, or "heaven," being the sky properly so-called; and it is noticeable that Nagidhdha, the wife of Anu, is "the queen-mother, the moon." At the same time a geographical discrepancy has to be admitted: Gutium or Kutu which seems to be the country between the Euphrates and Syria, is called "the fortress of Anu" (W. A. I. ii. 48, 14), while Nizir was the mountainous district to the east of Assyria, which according to Assur-nazir-pal, was called by its inhabitants Lullu of Cini-pa. Still the situation of Gutium is not quite certain; and we find Anu entitled "the lord of the land of the East" (W. A. I. ii. 54, 45).

THE *Gerarchia Cattolica* for 1873, which was published at Rome last week, gives some curious statistics about the cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church. The total number of the existing cardinals is forty-five, but there are twenty-seven vacancies. Twenty-one of the cardinals are upwards of seventy years of age; the youngest cardinal is Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who is forty-five, and was made cardinal at the age of forty. Of the other high functionaries of the Church, including bishops, vicars apostolic, and prefects apostolic, the total number is 975. (This is inclusive of Monsignor Mermillod.) 103 of

these appointments are vacant. Of the present cardinals, eight were appointed by Pope Gregory XVI. and thirty-seven by Pius IX. During the long pontificate of the latter no fewer than ninety-seven cardinals have died, most of whom were appointed by himself. The number of nuncios and internuncios of the Holy See at foreign Courts is eight: one in Austria, one in Bavaria, one in Belgium, one in Brazil, one in France, one in Holland, one in Portugal, and one in Switzerland. Besides these there are three delegates in the South American Republics and the West Indies. The diplomatic corps accredited to the



Holy See consists of representatives of Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil, France, Monaco, Peru, Portugal, and San Salvador. It thus appears that although there is a Papal nuncio at Amsterdam, Holland does not send a diplomatic representative to the Pope. Pall Mall.

A REMARKABLE instance of canine sagacity is reported by the Ellenville (New York) *Press*. About three weeks ago Mr. Enderby, of Napanoch, was engaged in transacting business in that village, and left his horse attached to a chaise tied under a shed. Remaining with the horse was a faithful coach dog, who took advantage of his master's absence to enjoy a hurried nap in the vehicle. In the meantime the horse somehow became untied, and started off at a furious gallop. This awakened the dog, who, at once seeing the state of affairs, attempted to seize the reins with his mouth, but was unable to do so owing to their being covered by a rug and overcoat. Fortunately, however, on reaching Centre-street Bridge, the reins fell from the vehicle on to the ground, when the dog, with singular presence of mind, leaped nimbly after them, caught them in his mouth, reined the horse to a standstill, and held the reins firmly until he delivered them with a graceful wag of the tail to a stranger, whom, under ordinary circumstances, he would not have permitted on any account to approach his master's property.

Pall Mall.

THE Marquis of Salisbury has contributed to the April number of the *Philosophical Magazine*, an original paper "On Spectral Lines of Low Temperature." If a thermometer be fixed on an insulated metal plate connected with one of the secondary poles of a powerful inductorium, the discharge produces a green light in the vacuum above the mercury in the thermometer-tube. This light, though accompanied by only the slightest possible development of heat, is sufficiently strong to admit of spectroscopic study. Different thermometers exhibit considerable differences in their spectra. While instruments by the best makers show only three bright mercury-lines, other thermometers exhibit lines coincident with those given by certain compounds of carbon. These carbon-lines are probably due to small quantities of grease retained in the thermometer-tubes, and as the hydrogen of the grease does not exhibit any of its characteristic lines, it would seem that this element does not become luminous under electric influence at this low temperature. The light examined in these experiments was produced at a temperature below 600 Fahr.

Athenæum.

THE Chinese take a curious method to prevent their pigeons from being attacked by birds of prey while circling over the cities or moving from place to place. This consists in the employment of small, short cylinders of bamboo, arranged so as to form a whistle or reed pipe, in groups of three or four, or more. These are attached to the back of the bird, and so adjusted that as it flies through the air a very sharp sound is produced. Varying lengths of the bamboo give variety of tones to this instrument; and when a large number of birds are flying together in a single flock, as is very frequently the case, the sound produced by them is distinctly audible for a great distance. It is said that rapacious birds are effectively repelled by this precaution, so that the pigeons make their flights with perfect safety from one point to another. Varnish is used for coating these bamboo whistles to protect them from moisture. This practice is said to have been in vogue among the Chinese for a great many years.

Nature.

FOR the preservation of old manuscripts we have chiefly to thank our friends the monks, to whom the book-stealer was an object of horror. "This book belongs to St. Mary of Robertsbridge; is written in Latin in a work in the Bodleian; whoever shall steal it, or sell it, or in any way alienate it from the house, or mutilate it, let him be Anathema-maranatha. Amen." And underneath is written by another hand: "I, John, Bishop of Exeter, know not where the aforesaid house is, nor have I stolen this book, but I have acquired it in a lawful way." "Another of such subscriptions ends thus: 'Whosoever removes this volume from this convent may the anger of the Lord overtake him in this world and in the next to all eternity. Amen.'" Pall Mall.

IT is well known to experimentalists that when a properly shaped piece of heated metal is placed on a cold metallic surface, the hot body is thrown into a state of vibration, and rapidly rocks to and fro on its points of support. Although Sir J. Leslie long ago attributed these effects to the expansion of the cold block by the heat flowing into it from the heated rocker, it has been objected by high authorities that such rapid vibrations could not result from the slow conduction of heat and consequent expansion of the metallic support. Mr. A. S. Davis, of Leeds, has therefore entered into a mathematical investigation of the subject, and has published his work in the *Philosophical Magazine*. The conclusions at which he arrives confirm the truth of Sir J. Leslie's original explanation.

Athenæum.

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## GOLDEN SAILS.

SET TO MUSIC BY HENRY SMART.

I WATCHED the seawinds wake and fill  
 The sails that bare my love from me;  
 I climbed the lofty lighthouse hill  
 To catch them gleaming down the sea.  
 I looked towards my lonely home,  
 I heard the shipmen gaily sing,  
 As swift they swept across the foam,  
 Against the gold red sunset ring.  
 And ever when my lone heart fails,  
 To this sweet comfort shall I hold;  
 — I saw my true love's passing sails,  
 But they were lit with gleams of gold.

In hope I wait; the years go by;  
 I gaze across the cruel tide,  
 The kind-heart gossips draw them nigh,  
 To weep in pity at my side.  
 They tell me of wild stormy skies,  
 Of one that comes no more to me,  
 They whisper how he drowned lies,  
 Ah, dead! my love, far out at sea.  
 But, when my broken spirit fails,  
 A glimpse of 'other worlds is given:  
 The jasper sea, glad Home-set sails,  
 All golden with the lights of Heaven.  
 The Month. F. E. W.

## WILLY.

HE sits upon his mother's knee,  
 Patient, with eyes that cannot see.  
 He hears the sougling of the trees,  
 He hears the booming of the bees  
 Among the myrtles and the thyme.

He knows when one has stayed his boom,  
 In sweeping through the sunny room,  
 Knows that its velvet body lies  
 Drawing the sweetness of its prize  
 Out of the slender lily's chime.

He knows the time for flowers to blow;  
 What time the first red rose should show;  
 When the first nest is lined, to hold  
 Its little eggs; and just how old  
 The starlings are, beneath the thatch.

But if the trees be green or not;  
 Or if the bumble-bee have spot  
 Upon his velvet legs or head;  
 Or if the eggs the sparrow laid  
 Be blue, or brown, or all to match,

He cannot tell you. God has made  
 This Willy blind. He lives in shade  
 Far darker than the yew trees throw  
 Over the garden. Yet there grow  
 Sweet flowers of heaven in his heart.

To us he cannot say, "I see."  
 Much that we know of, knows not he.  
 So Willy in a world alone  
 Keeps 'mid delights that are his own,  
 He has his garden set apart.

He talks to God, in angel's tongue,  
 And in his heart such songs are sung  
 As our dull ears can never hear.  
 He would not have us drop one tear,  
 Since he is happy, having God.

Willy in darkness is not sad.  
 We, who have sight, and all things glad,  
 Are we as patient as is he?  
 Father, oh teach us so to be,  
 And in the end, let Willy see!  
 Good Things. C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

## AN ENGLISH SWALLOW-SONG.

THE Rhodians in their sunny isle  
 Sang swallow-songs to greet  
 Thy sight, where roses ever smile,  
 And all the skies are sweet.

Here, myriad welcomes greet thy wing,  
 That gladsome twitt'ring cry,  
 As down the river, bird of Spring,  
 Thou sweetest glitt'ring by!

A speck that dims the living blue,  
 An instant dost thou gleam,  
 A sudden flash of light through  
 The joys of April's dream.

For many a day beside the flow  
 Of waters may we pass,  
 No blossoms by the current blow,  
 No daisies star the grass;

The sullen streams in eddies curl  
 'Neath clouds piled ridge o'er ridge;  
 O bliss! when first in joyous whirl  
 Thou dashest round the bridge;

For, gleeful creature, on thy flight  
 Perpetual summer tends;  
 Egypt's hot sands thou quitt'st at night,  
 To glad with morn old friends;

To circle o'er the drowsy wood;  
 Beneath my roof to rear  
 In trustful guilelessness thy brood;  
 To skim the lily mere;

Charming me daily with thy wheels  
 Above the murmurous lime,  
 Soothing my fancy till it feels  
 No more the weight of time;

Till hopes long dead and love's sweet pain  
 Revive before thy wing,  
 And youthful longings bud again,  
 As in Life's golden Spring.

A myriad welcomes, then, be thine,  
 Bright bird! for thou hast brought  
 Old memories to me, pleasures fine,  
 And many a precious thought!

Ah! cheer my garden, cheer the land,  
 Where'er thy pinions roam!  
 And round these limes, by zephyrs fanned,  
 Forget the salt sea-foam!

Chambers' Journal.

From The Fortnightly Review.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE MORALITY.

I WAS led lately, in the course of lecturing at the Royal Institution on what I ventured to call Comparative Politics, into a somewhat full examination, and into a still further course of reflexion, as to the different ideas of the State, as entertained in the small commonwealths of old Greece and in the large countries of modern Europe. In what the main difference consists is obvious. In the one case, the State of which a man is a member, and to which his public duties are owing, is conceived as being a city; in the other case it is conceived as being a nation or country of large extent, whether kingdom or commonwealth matters not. The train of thought into which that inquiry led made me think whether it was not closely connected with another which had been for some time in my mind, but which would have been quite unfit for discussion in what was meant to be a scientific comparison of various forms of government and their origin. Many things, both great and small, forcibly bring before the mind the thought that there is a sense in which we who live in the great kingdoms and commonwealths of modern Europe, are less patriotic than the citizens of the ancient city-communities. There are many points in which our political life is far more healthy than theirs was; but it certainly seems that we have not, as a rule, that living feeling of the State, as something ever present to our thoughts, as something demanding of us constant efforts and constant sacrifices, which the loyal citizens of an ancient or mediæval commonwealth certainly had. Modern European nations are certainly not lacking in national feeling, nor are they lacking in readiness to do their duty to their country to the full under the pressure and excitement of actual warfare. The last great war has fully shown this; no one can charge either the French or the German army with any failure either in professional courage or in patriotic feeling of a higher kind. The very cry of "*nous sommes trahis*" on every occasion of defeat, utterly unreasonable as it is, and fatal to all energetic action, is itself a sign

of strong national feeling. Still, the idea of the State as almost a personal being, as a living parent whose welfare should be present to every man's thoughts at every moment of his life, the feeling which reached its height when the personified City of Rome became an object of worship and sacrifice, is certainly felt in Modern Europe in a much lower degree than it was in Athens or Florence. The difference is, I think, one of the unavoidable differences between large and small states; for we must remember that, in contrast to the city-communities of Greece and Italy, the smallest European kingdom must be counted as a large state. Of small states on the ancient or mediæval scale, modern Europe can no longer show any examples. Andorre and San Marino are rather curious survivals of a past state of things than practical members of the European body. The smaller Cantons of Switzerland, the few surviving Free Cities of Germany, still keep much in common with the ancient commonwealths; but the restrictions of the Federal tie hinder them from showing forth their political life in all its fulness. And Switzerland, as a whole, undoubtedly ranks as a large state compared with Athens or Sparta. I insist on this question of size, because I feel sure that the difference of which I speak has more to do with the size of the state than with the form of its government, shutting out, of course, mere anarchy and mere tyranny, as not worthy to be called forms of government at all. In a large state, in our sense, be it of the size of Denmark or of the size of Russia, it is impossible that the existence of the State can be brought home to every man as something in which he is personally and daily concerned, in the same way in which it can in a state composed only of a single city. The average citizen cannot have the same constant personal knowledge of public affairs, the same personal share in them, which he may have in a city-commonwealth. Be the constitution of the State never so free, the ordinary citizen hears more of a government which is set over him than of a commonwealth of which he forms a part. The natural, the unavoidable, result is a comparative



deadness of public feeling. On a great emergency, a war for instance, when the being of the State and his personal duties towards it are strongly brought home to him, the citizen of a large state will be as ready for patriotic action as the citizen of a small state. But he needs to have the existence of the State, and his duties towards it, brought home to him in this special way. He is not, like the citizen of the small commonwealth, brought face to face with them every moment of his life.

It must, of course, not be forgotten, in comparing the two systems and their different results, that, if we reap the fruits of the worse side of the difference, we reap the fruits of the good side also. If the patriotism of a small state is ardent and active, it is also apt to be turbulent and aggressive. Men who are ready to give their goods and their lives for their own commonwealth are also apt to forget that other commonwealths have equal rights with their own. The ideal Roman, in whose eyes Rome was so precious that himself and all that he had seemed as nothing when compared with her interests, was, from the very same cause, ready to sacrifice truth and justice whenever it seemed that by the sacrifice of truth and justice the interests of Rome could be furthered. The vice and the virtue, the heroic sacrifice of self and the contemptuous disregard for the rights of others, are here so closely connected, the two spring so directly from the same source, that it is hardly possible to draw the line between them. And, following the law which seems to have decreed that the same soil should be fertile in fruits of opposite kinds, where we find the most abundant supply of the most ardent patriotism, we may also look for a corresponding supply of its opposite. As an ascetic age is commonly also a profligate age, so, where patriots are thickest on the ground, we not uncommonly find traitors thickest also. We may be sure that the number of men in England who would willingly die for their country is — putting the case of exposure in warfare out of sight in both cases — relatively smaller than it was at Athens in the

great days of her democracy. But we may be also sure that the number of men who would betray their country for their own gain, the number of men who would seek to win party ends by surrendering or jeopardizing the independence of their country, is relatively smaller in a yet higher degree. The patriot and the traitor in truth sprang from the same root; the traitor was perhaps very often a patriot in his own eyes. We must not think that every oligarch who thought to overthrow the democracy, or even every oligarch who was ready to purchase the destruction of the democracy at the cost of receiving a Spartan garrison, was in his own eyes an enemy of his country. His argument would rather be that he loved Athens so well that he would give her what he deemed the best form of government at any hazard and at any sacrifice. Traitors of this kind, traitors who thus pushed their zeal for a party within their country to such a pitch as to become treason to their country itself, are as natural a growth of a small commonwealth as are the patriots of a more enlightened kind. In a large state party spirit does not run so high; it does not get so easily mixed up with personal enmities. And again, in modern times the political parties in any state for the most part begin and end within that state. Kings have indeed sometimes banded together to destroy popular rights everywhere, and republican propagandists have less commonly preached the overthrow of kings everywhere; but, as a rule, no purely political party in a modern European state would seek to overthrow its political rivals by the help of a foreign force. This again is one of the results of the difference between large and small states. A political party in a modern state may sympathize with the corresponding party in any other state; but it seldom happens that their communications with each other are so easy, or their objects so exactly the same, that they can do much more than sympathize. The feeling of nationality, the difference of language and the like, steps in, and a man feels that he has really more in common with his own countrymen of an op-

posite political party, than he has with foreigners of a party answering to his own. But the oligarchic or the democratic party in any Greek city was something more than an oligarchic or a democratic party in that particular city. It was a branch of a party that was spread through all the cities of Greece, and the citizens of one Greek city were not absolute foreigners to one another in the way that men of different nations in modern Europe are. It was possible that the Greek who wrought treason against his own city might flatter himself with the belief that he was working for the common good of Hellas. It is hardly possible that any man in modern Europe who should try to bring about a political change in his own country by the help of a foreign force could ever persuade himself that he was working for the common good of Europe.

The difference then between small states and great has two sides to it. Each has in some points the advantage of the other. I speak of all this because, in the matter which I have taken in hand, I think that the small states of the old time have the advantage over the great states of our own day. I think that the circumstances of the small commonwealth lead in some respects to a higher and purer tone of political morality; but I am fully aware that this advantage, and the other advantages of a small commonwealth, had to be purchased by great disadvantages the other way. If therefore I point out some things in which I think that we might improve ourselves by the model of a far distant state of things, I would not be understood as striving after, or even as sighing after, a state of things which is beyond our reach, a state of things which, if it were to be had, would most likely not be on the whole any improvement on the state of things in which we find ourselves.

My main point then is that, in the large states of modern Europe, the State, and the duty which each citizen owes to the State, is not, perhaps cannot be, constantly present to men's minds in the same way in which it was present to a patriotic citizen of one of the small commonwealths of past times. It seems to

be taken for granted on a great many subjects that the individual is to be dearer than the State, that public interests, public feelings, and the like, are to be made of less account than private interests and feelings. Except perhaps in such cases as betrayal of military duty, it seems to be commonly taken for granted that an offence, great or small, against the State, is to be looked on as lighter than an offence of the same kind against an individual. Even perhaps in the exception which I have made, the betrayal of military duty, I suspect that in many minds the notion of a breach of a man's personal engagements, of a stain on his professional "honour," would come before the simple notion of crime against the State of which he is a member. It is, I think, certain that a crime against the State, simply as a crime against the State, is not commonly felt to be in the same sense a crime, that it is not visited with the same social penalties, as a purely private crime of the same kind.

Let us take some instances of all kinds, from the smallest up to the greatest. An old Roman held that all private feelings should be sacrificed to public duty of any kind. Lucius Æmilius Paulus celebrated his triumph all the same, although, of the two sons who were left to keep up the succession of his house, one had died a few days before, and the other was seemingly on his death-bed.\* In our time a "domestic affliction" is always held to be reason enough to account for the absence of any public man from any kind of public duty. There no doubt are cases where the "domestic affliction" is so real that nothing short of the iron discipline of old Rome could enable a man to discharge public duties while the blow is still fresh upon him. But we hear the same phrase when we may be sure that the "affliction" and the consequent mourning are purely ceremonial. A man is expected to stay away, not only because his own feelings prompt him to stay away, but because conventional rules require him. Not only would the sacri-

\* See the story in Livy, xlv. 40. He had two other sons, but they had been adopted into other families, the younger Scipio for one of them.



fice of private feeling to public be looked on as a social indecency; it would be looked on as a social indecency if a man did not pretend sorrow and consequent incapacity for business, even when none is really felt. Now we may perhaps debate whether the Roman or the English feeling on this matter is the more healthy; but there can be no doubt as to the principles from which the two feelings severally start. The Roman feeling takes for granted that the State should come before everything else in the minds of all its citizens. The modern feeling takes for granted that the domestic relations come first, and that the State must get what it can after the domestic relations have been satisfied.

Again, everybody will remember how, in the time of the Crimean war, a number of men were allowed to come home from the scene of warfare on the ground of "urgent private business." It would seem indeed that it was only the favoured *grandees* who were thus highly privileged; we may doubt whether the private business of a drummer-boy, or even that of an ensign without interest, would have been thought urgent enough to allow his public duties to be left behind. But whether the plea was urged in good faith or in bad, the fact that it could be publicly urged at all shows a state of feeling which a Roman or a Spartan commander would not have understood. *Leónidas* or *Manius Curius* would have made short work of a *lochagos* or a centurion who talked of urgent private business at *Thermopylai* or at *Beneventum*. Justly or unjustly, the public opinion of *Sparta* would have put those noble and gallant officers in the same limbo with *Aristodemos* the *Trembler*. Such public opinion would have been unjust; it was unjust in the case of *Arisdodemos*. The officers who came home were certainly not cowards in the vulgar sense. They had proved their animal courage amid the excitement of actual fighting; they seem to have disliked the hard, dull, wearing work which followed the fighting. But the point is, that "urgent private business" could in any case be allowed as an excuse for forsaking public business of any kind. It could have been allowed only in a state of society which habitually accepts the principle that private interests should come before public interests.

It is a bold thing to say, but it strikes me that the same feeling lurks under a great deal of the talk which we nowadays

hear about "vested interests." In any public reform it is taken for granted that the reform is to be left imperfect, if any man's private interest would suffer by carrying it out thoroughly. That is to say, in this as in other matters, public interest must give way to private. This worship of vested interests is, I believe, held to be conservative, but it very often is in practice destructive. It often happens that an institution which has become very corrupt might be reformed and might again do good service, if only the particular men who profit by its abuse were turned out, and better men put in their stead. Reformers of almost any age before our own would have preserved the institution, but would have turned out the men who had made it useless or mischievous. The modern fashion is to destroy the institution itself, but to spare those whose faults have brought about its destruction. The *sinecurist*, the pluralist, the shameless neglecter of all duty, is allowed to keep his ill-gotten gains for life; his vested interests must be tenderly dealt with; but when he dies, the institution which, but for him, might have been reformed is condemned to perish for his fault.

All these ways of looking at things show a very different state of feeling with regard to the State from that which lighted up the patriotism of the citizens of the ancient commonwealths. The thing to be noticed is the way in which, in all cases of these kinds, it is taken for granted, as a matter of course, that the private interest must prevail over the public. The thing is never argued about; it is taken for granted, as an axiom that cannot be doubted. If it were proposed in any case to make vested interests yield to the common good, the cry of "confiscation" would at once be raised. The use of the word itself illustrates the state of feeling of which I speak. In the dialect of Mr. Disraeli and the penny-aliners "confiscation" always means something wicked. It seems to be high-polite for stealing. But "confiscation" is in itself a word purely colourless; it means the taking of anything for the public treasury. When the estates of a felon or traitor were forfeited to the Crown, and when a magistrate fines a man for an assault or a trespass, the process in both cases is confiscation. The vulgar use of the word is doubtless owing to the love of using a big, vague, Latin-sounding word, instead of a short English word about whose meaning there can be no

doubt. But the misuse could have arisen only in a state of things in which people had learned to look on confiscation to the State as the same thing with unjust seizure by a private person. When Mr. Disraeli and other people, in the Irish Church debates, talked big about "confiscation," the implied sentiment, though most likely they did not know it, was the same as that of one of Mr. Dickens's characters — "Rates is a robbery."

All these cases are instances, in different ways, of the feeling, a feeling all the more important because it is calmly and unconsciously taken for granted, that private interests should come first, and public interests second. Here, I do not hesitate to say, is a wide difference between the point of view of great states and that of small ones. In a small state, no less than in a great one, the citizen may practically put his private interest before the interest of the commonwealth; he may betray the commonwealth, or he may enrich himself at its expense; but if he does so, he is universally understood to be a bad citizen, one who directly tramples on his duties towards the commonwealth of which he is a member. Conduct of this kind may even be quite as common in a small state as in a great one; the difference is that, in the small state, a line of conduct is always held to be contrary to the duties of a citizen which, in a large state, is, in a slightly modified form, taken for granted even by the most respectable men of all parties. We see the same difference of feeling in another form, in the difficulty, to put it broadly, which people nowadays seem to feel in understanding that a crime against the State is any crime at all. This comes out both in the greatest matters and in the smallest, and, as in all such cases, the smallest class of instances are really the most instructive. To many people, the notion of law as law, the doctrine that it is a conscientious duty to obey the law, simply because it is the law, seems to be something wholly unknown. Take, for instance, such a case as that of smoking in any railway carriage under the old rules, or the worse case of smoking in a carriage not set apart for smoking under the new rules. The act of smoking in either case is a distinct breach of the law; for, though it is not directly forbidden by Act of Parliament, yet the bye-law of a company empowered by Parliament to make bye-laws is undoubtedly law within its own range. And the act of smoking in a carriage set apart for those who dislike

smoking is a specially gross and selfish breach of the law. The obvious way of dealing with such an offender is simply to hand him over to the guard, just as one would call in a policeman to one guilty of theft or other breach of the law. But this kind of treatment seems never to be understood by the offender himself. Sometimes a man will ask if his fellow-passengers have any objection to his smoking, just as he might ask for any trifling favour; he does not see that he might as reasonably ask whether his fellow-passengers have any objection to have their pockets picked. And whether he asks or not, he always seems to hold that the appeal to the guard — that is, then and there, the appeal to law — is a personal incivility to himself. He seems to think that he ought to be dealt with in some tender and delicate fashion, and not as the public offender which he really is. That is to say, he cannot understand the public, but only the personal, view of things. But to one who understands the duty of obedience to law, the smoker in a non-smoking carriage seems no more entitled to delicacy or civility than a thief is. If any one should here bring in the difference between moral and positive offences, the answer is that the positive offence, while the law which creates it is in force, is a moral offence. And men act on this principle whenever it is convenient to them. The offence of the poacher is at least as much the arbitrary creation of positive law as the offence of the smoker; yet game-keepers and game-preservers do not commonly feel themselves called upon to show much delicacy or civility to the poacher. Much the same may be said about the common breach of the wholesome rule which forbids railway servants to receive gifts — that is to say, bribes — from passengers. This is something more than a breach of law on the part of the giver; it is the worse offence of tempting another to a breach of law. Yet every one must have often heard both these practices unblushingly avowed and justified, and that often by men who certainly would not wilfully sin against anything which they looked on as either a moral or a social precept. That is to say, men fail to see that obedience to law, as law, is a moral duty; they fail to see that the commonwealth ought to come first, and the individual only to come after it.

We see the same feeling at work in other small cases, which involve not only breach of law, but distinct dishonesty, to-



wards the commonwealth. The necessity of taxation and the right of taxation are involved in the very idea of civil government. The payments which each member of the State has to pay to the State as a whole are as much the lawful right of the State as any payment which one man has to make to another. To defraud the State in any way is surely as dishonest as to defraud any particular member of the State. To any one who has a real conviction of what the State is, or ought to be, to all its members, it seems a greater crime than to defraud any particular person. Yet it is certain that many people who are true and just in their dealings with their neighbours cease to be true and just in their dealings with the commonwealth. People who would not only scrupulously discharge every real debt, but who would even be fantastically exact about paying their share, or more than their share, of everything, will often have no scruple against practising some petty fraud on the public revenue, the pettiness of which is often the most wonderful thing about it. Here again, in another way, private interest is even scrupulously regarded, while public interest is set at naught. Indeed men get so thoroughly into the habit of dealing with the State in a way in which they would not deal with one another that they will do what is really an act of dishonesty towards an individual, if it only bears the likeness of being an act of dishonesty towards the State. Very decent people will, to save a halfpenny, put something into a book-parcel which they ought to write on a separate post-card. This looks like cheating the revenue, and so it is. But the minds of those who do so are so bent on the thought of cheating the revenue that they forget that they are also exposing the person to whom the parcel is sent to the risk of paying extra postage, if the unlawful enclosure is found out. So again, people who would not cheat in a private dealing between man and man, will not scruple to bring in a pirated edition of a book. The thing looks so like cheating the revenue that they forget that it really is not the revenue that is cheated, but the author or publisher whose work is pirated. So, to turn to acts on a greater scale, we may be sure that many a man has turned smuggler who would have shrunk with horror from the thought of turning pirate. As lesser crime so often leads to greater, the smuggler often turns into something worse. But many a

man has taken to unlawful trading — that is, to robbery of the State — who certainly would not, at the beginning at least, have taken to piracy — that is, to robbery of individuals. All these are, in different ways, cases of the same incapacity to see that a real duty is owing to the commonwealth by its members, and that each man's duty to the commonwealth itself is higher than his duty to any of his fellow-members of the commonwealth.

These are small matters, such as any man may have done, or have been tempted to do, at some time of his life. But the same feeling, the same incapacity fully to take in that crime against the State is a crime, follows men into much higher regions. A few men only are called on to take part in their own persons in the great public events of history, but every man is called on to form his estimate of those who do take part in them. It is part of every man's moral education to learn to apply the rule of right to public affairs, to give honour to worthy deeds, and to brand the unworthy as they deserve. Yet this is what hardly any one does. Very few people fully take in that a public crime is a crime; very few feel the same loathing for a public criminal which they feel for a private criminal; very few would shrink from the presence of a tyrant as they certainly would shrink from the presence of a common murderer. Now, before I go on to illustrate my position by examples, I must first draw one or two distinctions. We may be always certain that any popular instinct, any popular cry, any prevalent way of looking at things, has a certain amount of truth in it. The cry may be on the whole false, and therefore mischievous; but it is sure not to be wholly false. There is sure to be at the bottom some half truth,—some truth distorted, misapplied, put out of its right relation to other truths, but which still has enough of the character of truth about it to lead people wrong. I have just now bracketted the tyrant and the common murderer. Yet we all instinctively feel that there is a difference between them. We will put out of sight for the moment the question whether of the two is the greater criminal; my present point is that they are criminals of two different kinds. We all feel that, perhaps neither Dionysios, certainly neither Cæsar and neither Buonaparte, was at all likely to pick a man's pocket or to stab him in the dark. We feel that our lives would be safe in the private company of many a man who

has ordered a massacre or begun an unrighteous war. We feel that our purses would be safe in the private company of many a man who has driven a land wild by military plunder or judicial confiscation. I have myself elsewhere made the remark that there are cases in which it needs the worse man to do the lesser crime.\* I am not now arguing which is the worse man; I only say that they are two different kinds of men. It is quite certain that many a man will do a great public crime who would shrink from doing a much smaller private crime. Two causes, not unconnected with one another, help to bring this about. Firstly, most men act less from a distinct conviction of abstract right and wrong than from a feeling of what is commonly looked at as right and wrong in their own age. A man will do a thing in one time or place which a really worse man would shrink from doing in another time or place. It follows that, in an age which is severe on private crimes but is disposed to look with indulgence on public crimes, men will often feel no scruple about a crime against the commonwealth, while public opinions will make them shrink from a lesser crime against an individual. Secondly, in all moral inquiries we must always allow for the power of self-delusion. It often happens that the greater crime may be more easily glozed over by false excuses than the less. To take the three chief crimes which come together in the second table of the Decalogue, we hold that murder is a greater crime than adultery or theft. But there are many cases in which the murderer may, by some process of self-delusion, persuade himself that his crime is no crime; with the two lesser crimes this is hardly possible. And this power of self-delusion applies with special force to public crimes. A man who is really seeking nothing but his own selfish ends may, by processes of sophistry within his own breast, persuade himself that he is acting from high and patriotic motives; he may persuade himself that his crimes are no crimes, or, at any rate, that they are means which the end will justify. Then too no cause is so bad but it will get some partisans, and the applause and flattery of his accomplices are thus added to the working of self-delusion within his own breast. In all these ways it is quite possible that a man who has nothing about him which would make us shrink from him in private

life, who would himself shrink from any ordinary crime in private life, may be guilty of public crimes of the deepest dye. We feel, instinctively and rightly, that the public criminal is something quite different from the private criminal, that the tyrant is not necessarily a man of the same mould as the vulgar cut-throat or cut-purse. But, because the public criminal is a criminal of another kind from the private one, because his crimes may be more easily glozed over, because there is often something dazzling about their very greatness, men go on practically to infer that public crimes are no crimes at all. Because the tyrant is not to be confounded with the vulgar robber or murderer, men hastily infer that the vulgar robber or murderer is a criminal, but that the tyrant is not a criminal. Because a particular class of crimes is not inconsistent with much that is socially attractive — nay, we may fully admit, because it is not inconsistent with some real private virtues — men leap to the conclusion that crimes of this class are no crimes, or at least that they must be judged by another standard, and spoken of in another tone, from the every-day doings of criminals on a smaller scale.

The line of thought which runs through all this is in this way perfectly intelligible, but it is a line of thought which saps the foundations of all public virtue, and tends thoroughly to blunt the whole moral sense. We allow that the man who is guilty of a massacre or an unjust war may be a man of quite another stamp from a private murderer. But it does not follow that he is a better man than the private murderer; still less does it follow that the crime and its doer ought to be any the less branded with the abhorrence of mankind. To say indeed, as has often been said, that he who kills one man is condemned as a murderer, while he who kills thousands of men is honoured as a hero, is a sophism on the face of it; for he who kills the thousands may be a true hero, who has never struck a blow except in a righteous cause. And, supposing the slaughter to be done in open and regular warfare, even in an unrighteous cause, there is so much that is dazzling and delusive about war and its accompaniments that we can hardly put the author of an unjust war, though the misery which he causes may be ten thousandfold greater, quite on the same moral level as a common murderer. We may be sure that Lewis the Fourteenth would never have ordered a personal

\* History of the Norman Conquest, iv. 606.



enemy to be privately stabbed or poisoned. The unrighteous aggressor is a criminal, and he ought to be abhorred as a criminal; but we cannot abhor him in quite the same way as we do the ordinary murderer. We not only feel that he is a criminal of another kind, but we feel that, though his crime is actually far greater in amount, yet it does not imply the same thorough depravation of heart as the lesser crime. The moral instinct of our age, as of all other ages, is by no means so keen as it ought to be in seeing the wickedness of unrighteous warfare; still, that is not the point in which the moral instinct of our time has shown itself most at fault. The fact which shows that we are less keen than we ought to be in taking in the moral wickedness of public crimes is that the greatest public criminal of our own age, one of the greatest public criminals of any age, has, both in our own country and elsewhere, met with far more of honour than of moral reprobation. The man who, by perjury and massacre, rose to power in the land which, if not his own by birth, had at least made him her own by adoption—the man who employed the power thus gained by wrong to the further working of wrong in every form—the man who for nineteen years laboured for the corruption of his own people, and who filled two continents, sometimes with his unprovoked wars, sometimes with his secret conspiracies,—lived the object of far more admiration than abhorrence, and he has gone to his grave with something like the honours of a benefactor of mankind.

I had planned the article which I am now writing, though not a word of it was actually written, I had worked out the line of thought which I am now following, and I had in my own mind collected all my examples and illustrations of it, not only before Mr. Dicey had put forth his noble protest against the loathsome worship which men were pressing to pay to the carcase of a fallen tyrant, but while the tyrant himself was living, and, as far as I knew, likely to live. Of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, living or dead, I have a right to speak. If I had a right to speak of him when living, I have a right to speak of him now he is dead. To the wicked saying, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," I will never give in. It has no meaning except the falsification of history and the perversion of the moral sense. The fact that a man is dead cannot make his crimes less or his virtues greater; it cannot be a reason for checking the voice of

truth, or for stifling the moral instinct within us. The death of any man is a solemn thing; the peaceful death of a great criminal, the death of Sulla or of Buonaparte, is a specially solemn thing. But his death cannot change the character of the deeds which he did when he was living. Unless history is to become a record of lies, unless the voice of God within us is to pass unheard, our rule must be, not "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," but "De viventibus et de mortuis nil nisi verum." And of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte I have a right to speak which some have not. Those who cringed to a man in his days of power have certainly no right to speak harshly of him in his days of overthrow. But we who never bowed the knee to Baal—we who have seen the tide of popular feeling again and again come to us and go away from us—we who have never used flattering words, but who have spoken of crime as crime alike in 1851 and in 1855, in 1870 and in 1873—we to whom the "man of blood" \* of December was none the less a man of blood because he beguiled us into an unrighteous war against a people who had never wronged us—to us it is all one whether the tyrant is seated on his throne of power or seeking shelter in the land of exile—it is all one, as far as the moral estimate of his deeds is concerned, whether he is gone to a judgment beyond that of man or whether he is still upon earth with the chance of working further evil. For my own part, I know nothing more loathsome than the flood of posthumous flattery which burst forth at once on the death of the tyrant. Those who told us that, because he was dead, we should think of his good deeds and not

\* I quote from some vigorous lines which appeared in the *Spectator* for December 20th, 1851, beginning—

"Let loose thy hell hounds, man of blood."

The leading articles too were in the same strain on December 6th, 13th, 20th. The first was headed "Louis Napoleon's Last Crime." We there read—"High treason in its grossest and most criminal form is the crime which Louis Napoleon has perpetrated—the high treason of a low-minded adventurer." And presently—"The 'attentat' of the 2nd December belongs not to political but to criminal history." It is curious to contrast this language with the way in which this same paper wrote in the articles headed "The Visit," April 21st, 1855, and "The Kiss," August 25th, 1855—"Nothing that we said of Louis Napoleon in 1851 was untrue of that personage," but—this, that, and the other. The man whose doings had once belonged, not to political, but to criminal history was now stirring up warfare throughout Europe, and was admitted to the company of the Queen and the Lord Mayor. In those days I often wrote letters in the *Spectator*. But one which I wrote then, in much the same spirit as the language of the paper itself in 1851, was refused admittance on the ground that it would most likely lead to an action for libel.

of his bad showed an uneasy feeling that the unperturbed moral instinct would naturally seize on the bad. We were told to forget—as if history could forget, as if the same claim to forgetfulness might not be equally urged on behalf of Nero or Bernabos Visconti. We were asked to show sympathy and respect. It is doubtless well to show sympathy and respect wherever one can; but to show sympathy and respect for a criminal, or for the abettors of a criminal, is to become his abettors ourselves. There are, I believe, those who hold the crimes of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte to be no crimes. They, of course, were at least consistent in using this kind of language. But the same kind of language was used also by others, who thought—who at least had once spoken—of the crimes of 1851 and of Buonaparte's later crimes pretty much as I think myself. This whole kind of thing is thoroughly immoral; it weakens the sense of right and wrong; it teaches those who talk in this way to trifle with truth and falsehood. A great public criminal does not become an object of sympathy or respect, either because he is unlucky or because he is dead. To speak as if he did, to call evil good because the doer of evil can do no more, is so far to quench that light within our souls which is given us to teach us to avoid the evil and choose the good.

It is plain that the kind of language which has lately been used about Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, just like the language which was used about him in 1855, could be possible only in an age in which the moral sense had become very dull and dim with regard to public crimes. No one would have in this way claimed sympathy and respect for a private criminal. The feeling of times when the feeling of public duty came more closely home to men was something quite different. Take the highest effort of the ancient Hebrew poetry. I care not whether the hymn of triumph over the fall of Babylon and her despot be prophecy or history, the work of Isaiah in the days of Ahaz or of some later poet in the days of Cyrus; the moral of the song is the same in either case. There is not a word of sympathy or respect for the fallen tyrant, either because he is fallen or because he is dead. The indignant triumph of the man who at last saw the righteous vengeance for which he had so long waited knew no such paltering with evil. His whole soul was poured forth, all the stores of the gorgeous imagery of the East were

drawn upon, to set forth the joy of liberated nations at the fall of their oppressor. Turn from the courtly twaddle of our own time, the talk about "illustrious guests" and "imperial visitors," and see how the fall of a tyrant was looked on by one whom some deem to have been the very mouthpiece of his Creator, and who at least was one who put no restraint on the outpourings of a heart which had not learned to call evil good or good evil. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" would have sounded a strange doctrine indeed either in the ears of Isaiah or in the ears of Dante.

What again was the feeling of the citizens of the ancient commonwealths of Greece towards the tyrant? towards the man who had trampled the laws and freedom of his country under foot, who had seized by force or fraud on a power which the law did not give him? It was surely a healthy moral instinct which declared that the man who had not only broken the law, but had overthrown it, had thereby forfeited all right to the protection of law in his own person. Through his own act, the appeal to law was no longer possible; he had enthroned force in the room of law. Those therefore whom he had deprived of the protection of law might rightly use against him the arms which he had used against them. The act of the tyrant destroyed the whole political and social system; it broke through all human ties, and left men to defend themselves as they could, just as in the times before human society began. The tyrant then had forfeited all claim to appeal to the rights of a system which he had trampled under foot; he had of his own act put himself in the position of a wild beast; to rid the world of him was therefore as worthy an act as the exploits of the heroes who slew lions or dragons for the common good. That this reasoning is sound, from the principle from which it starts, can hardly be denied; that it is inapplicable to our times is agreed on all hands. But the causes which made it applicable to one state of things and not to the other again depend almost wholly upon the difference between large and small states. In a commonwealth formed of a single city, to drive out or to slay—and to slay was commonly easier than to drive out—the personal tyrant might often really bring back the lawful government of the city. In a large state experience shows that tyrannicide may get rid of the personal tyrant; but that it seldom or never gets rid of the tyranny.



In the old commonwealths again the doctrine of tyrannicide was much less liable to abuse than it is now. How easily it is liable to abuse is shown in the famous argument of Jean Petit in the fifteenth century, where the right to kill a tyrant is carried so far as to become the right of killing almost anybody.\* But in an old Greek commonwealth there could be no question who was the tyrant, and who was not. The supporters of any form of lawful government agreed in denouncing the man who had seized on the powers of the State without any lawful commission, and the tyrant had then no way of throwing dust into people's eyes by calling himself Consul, President, Emperor, or any other lawful-sounding title. Then again, it is certain that the practical evils of tyranny become less in proportion to the size of the state over which the tyrant rules. In a single city-commonwealth the tyrant is the personal enemy of every dweller in his city. Every one is personally exposed to his cruelty, avarice, or lust. If we turn from the cities of Greece to the Empire of Rome, we shall find that few, if any, recorded Greek tyrants were quite so bad as some of the worst of the Emperors; but then the personal crimes of the Emperors touched only a very few among their subjects. In the provinces Tiberius and Nero were not unpopular, and in the city the tyrant might safely stain himself with the blood of the *Lamiae*, so long as he did not make himself an object of fear to cobblers.† But modern tyrants have gone further than this: they have found out that the stealthy degradation and corruption of a nation better answers their purpose than its open oppression. They have found that it pays to put some check on their own passions, and to let law take its ordinary course whenever their own power is not directly threatened. All this does, in truth, make tyranny now a greater evil than it was of old; but it disguises its blackness; it makes it more easy to hide it under the mask of lawful government. That is to say, the modern tyrant is the public enemy of the commonwealth; he is not necessarily, like the ancient tyrant, the personal enemy of every one of its citizens. We are thus again brought round to the distinction

with which we started. The commonwealth, its interests and the duties which are owing to it, do not come home to men's minds in the large state in the same way in which they do in the small. The tyrant who sins against the commonwealth has, when his power is once established, very little temptation to sin against its individual citizens. He is therefore hardly felt to be a tyrant at all.

The abstract right of tyrannicide is hardly worth discussing in any modern state. It is so universally condemned, it is so likely to cause worse evils than any which it takes away, that, even if abstractly right, it is so inexpedient as to be practically wrong. Still it is hard to speak of the tyrannicide as if he were a greater sinner than the tyrant himself. Let it be granted that Orsini was a criminal; he was surely not so great a criminal as Buonaparte. Let us look at the rebellion and massacre of 1851, not as we look at it, but as it would have been defended by Buonaparte himself or any of his admirers. It was an act irregular and unlawful in itself, but which was justified by the great objects to which it was to lead. From the point of view of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, the indiscriminate slaughter of innocent and guilty was needful for the public good, and was therefore justifiable. From the point of view of Orsini, the slaughter of a single guilty man was needful for the public good, and was therefore justifiable. So far the two cases are exactly parallel. And it would be much harder to show that Buonaparte acted for the public good, even according to his own idea of it, than to show that Orsini did. There is nothing to make us suspect that Orsini acted otherwise than with perfect single-mindedness, nothing to make us suspect that he was in any way seeking his own power or pelf. It must be a wide charity indeed which can say as much for Louis Napoleon Buonaparte. Orsini too showed personal courage in risking his own life; Buonaparte simply sat by the fire and said "tirez, tirez." Yet public opinion condemned Orsini and condoned Buonaparte. At any rate, it condemned Orsini much more strongly than it condemned Buonaparte. Had Orsini escaped from his prison, as Buonaparte had once escaped from his, he would hardly have made his way into the same social circles into which Buonaparte made his way. The English House of Commons, while protesting against Buonaparte's insolent dictation, could not do so without pro-

\* See Monstrelet, c. xxxix. p. 35, ed. 1595. Cf. Jean Juvenal des Ursins, A. 1407, p. 191, ed. 1653. I have said something on this head in my *History of Federal Government*, i. 381.

† Juvenal, iv. 153.

"Periit, postquam cerdonibus esse timendus Cæperat: hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti."

nouncing a condemnation on Orsini, while it never pronounced any condemnation on Buonaparte. Yet, if Orsini had used England as a place in which to lay plots against a friendly government, Buonaparte had done the like. Why these somewhat unfair distinctions? The whole thing is another instance of the same law. Buonaparte's murders were done on a large scale, on so large a scale that they looked like lawful war or like the suppression of a rebellion by lawful authority. Orsini's attempt to murder was done on so small a scale that it looked like a mere private crime. The crime of Buonaparte, the murder of many, was so palpably a crime against the commonwealth that it might pass for no crime at all. The crime of Orsini, the attempted murder of one, simply because it was the lesser crime, seemed in the eyes of most men to be the greater.

Of course, in speaking of the doings of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte by their right names, we are at every step met by the difficulty that so few people know what his doings really were. I was once in a roomful of people, one of whom thought himself a great scholar and another thought himself fit to be a member of Parliament, where I was looked on as grossly ignorant because I maintained that the *coup d'état* happened, not in 1848, but in 1851. It is easy to see what such a confusion as this means. These were not the only people whom I have found jumbling together Cavaignac's suppression of the Reds in June, 1848, with Buonaparte's rebellion and massacre in December, 1851. They fancied that Buonaparte was a ruler putting down a rebellion against an established government, instead of being himself a rebel overturning an established government. I have found others who could not understand what I meant by applying the word "rebellion" to Buonaparte's doings; they did not understand that there could be such a thing as rebellion against a republic. In their eyes, obedience and allegiance were due to a king only. Some people, I believe, fancy that Napoleon the Third succeeded in regular course to Napoleon the Something, whether the First or the Second I will not presume to guess. In all these ways people fail to understand that the doings of Buonaparte in 1851 were as distinctly revolutionary as anything that was done by moderate or by extreme republicans in 1848 or in 1871. Many people would stare if they were told that the deeds of the illustrious Em-

peror were exactly on a level with the deeds of the wicked Communists, that the murder of the Archbishop and the hostages, though a monstrous crime, was in no way a greater crime than the massacres of December. In fact, if personal single-mindedness is to be taken as an excuse for crime, there was doubtless far more of that in the murderers of 1871 than in the murderer of 1851. The Communists were many, while Buonaparte was but one. The Communists were defeated, while Buonaparte was successful. But if some particular Communist had got to the head and had called himself Emperor, and had got Kings to call him brother, and had made wars and annexed provinces and betrayed nations, and done all the things which an Emperor sprung of a massacre and a *plébiscite* ought to do, the hero of 1871 might by this time be getting as illustrious as the hero of 1851.

The way in which Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, living and dead, has been flattered and glorified in this country and elsewhere is the greatest case of all of the way in which so many people seem to be unable to understand the guilt of a public crime, while they are keen enough to the guilt of a private crime. That is to say, the great ideas of Law and Commonwealth, which were ever present to the mind of a virtuous Greek, are not in the like way present to the minds of many among ourselves against whose conduct and way of thinking in the common affairs of life there is nothing to be said. But there are other glaring instances as well. Take the case of the Alabama and the Geneva Arbitration. The whole nation has been defendant in a suit; the verdict has gone against us, and we have a sum to pay as damages. We have to pay for wrong-doing which was in no sort the wrong-doing of the English nation, but simply the wrong-doing of particular men. It is perfectly right that the Americans should receive compensation for the damage done by the Alabama; but, in all reason, that compensation ought not to be paid by the guiltless English nation, but by those guilty men who, in spite of national and international law, fitted out a pirate ship to prey on the commerce of a friendly nation. Theirs is the guilt, and theirs ought to be the punishment. There have been times when men who had done such a crime against their own country and against mankind would, when they saw what had come of their act, have stepped forward and offered to bear the punishment of their own deeds,



instead of standing silently by and throwing the punishment on their country. There have been times when the State would have taken the matter into its own hands, and would have confiscated the lands and goods of the offenders, instead of throwing the burthen on the innocent tax-payers of the whole country. I have not heard that either of these courses has been proposed. It is quite possible that neither of them may have come into any man's head but my own. I have not heard that the men who have done this great crime, the men who have disturbed the relations between two kindred nations, who have brought us to the brink of the most unnatural of wars, have been visited by any kind of penalty, judicial or social. I have not heard that they shrink from showing themselves among honest men, or that honest men shrink from their company. But, if they had committed a crime of a millionth part the amount, not against two nations, but against a single man, they certainly would have been visited with punishment of some kind, judicial or social. Here again is an instance of the same moral failing of which I have been speaking throughout. Crime is no longer dealt with as crime when it is done against whole commonwealths and nations. The immunity which such men have enjoyed is the natural consequence of our way of looking at such matters. But it would have been hard to make our way of looking at such matters understood among the countrymen of Spurius Postumius and Marcus Regulus.

Another case which illustrates the feeling of which we have been speaking, though mixed up with some other feelings, is found to be in the applause with which so many people greeted the doings of Governor Eyre and his accomplices in Jamaica. To put the matter in its mildest form, a man who may have been guilty or innocent, but who was not proved to be guilty, was put to death by an unlawful tribunal at the bidding of a governor who was his political, if not his personal, enemy, and who rejoiced over his death in language which one would have called brutal, if it had not been so grotesquely absurd. Gordon, according to the man who slew him, was a liar and an adulterer. I neither know nor care whether he was either; but I do know that there is no law to hang men either for lying or for adultery. The tribunal before which Gordon was tried was unlawful in every way; the evidence on

which he was condemned and hanged was evidence on which no honest magistrate would fine a man five shillings for a trifling assault. There was not even the tyrant's plea of necessity; for Gordon was safe on board a ship, and he might have been kept there till he could be tried by a lawful court. To my mind, all this makes a much blacker story than when a private man kills his private enemy; but it is plain that many people do not think so. A Middlesex grand jury threw out the bill against Eyre; a bench of Shropshire magistrates refused to commit him for trial. He has received no punishment beyond the mere loss of his governorship; the innocent tax-payers of the United Kingdom have been made to pay for his legal expenses; men of some name and rank welcomed his return with a banquet; he is received into decent society; he appears at Court, and, whenever he appears, he is described as "late Governor of Jamaica." I am told that Mr. Eyre has all manner of agreeable personal qualities; very likely he has; but he none the less put a man to death unjustly. Here again is a case, though not quite of the same kind as the others, in which a public crime is condoned, while a private crime of the same kind would be looked on with horror. There is, of course, mixed up in all this a feeling of admiration for what we call energy. Eyre saved Jamaica, and so forth. Now energy, like other things, is in its own nature indifferent. It may be a virtue or it may be a crime, according to the way in which it is used. To my mind, the energy of the man whose feet are swift to shed blood is that kind of energy which is a crime, and not a virtue. There is again another notion mixed up with it, the notion that a crime is less of a crime because it is a person in authority who does it. This is the same as one of the confusions with regard to Louis Napoleon Buonaparte. Eyre was Governor of Jamaica, Buonaparte was President of the French Republic; therefore people think that either of them might do whatever he pleased. But, in truth, the magistrate who receives a limited authority to act according to the laws of the commonwealth, and who uses that authority to break the laws of the commonwealth, is far more guilty than the private man who breaks those laws. People would easily see this if it were brought close home to them; they would not at all like to be hanged by the arbitrary will of the Mayor or Sheriff of their own town or county. They might per-

haps even think it a crime if Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli caused the chief men of the other side in politics to be hanged by a court-martial or shot down in the streets. But when the same kind of thing is done at a distance by a foreign President or a Colonial Governor, then it seems to be a praiseworthy example of energy. It is the righteous act of a ruler who, ruling only over Frenchmen or negroes, has a right to rule them in any way that he thinks good. No doubt, in the comparison between Eyre and Buonaparte there is a wide difference in favour of Eyre. Eyre at least was not striving to set up a tyranny in his own person. Eyre was striving, though by unlawful means, to preserve the society over which he was set; Buonaparte was striving to destroy it. But Eyre and Buonaparte agree in being magistrates who made an unlawful use of their power as magistrates. The point to be understood is that a magistrate who acts in this way, whatever be his motive, is distinctly sinning against the commonwealth. To kill a man with one's own hand, is really a less crime than to kill him by sentence of an unlawful court. To kill him with one's own hand is simply a breach of law; to kill him by sentence of an unlawful court is that fouler thing a perversion of law. The one act defies the law; the other dishonours it. But the one is the act of a common ruffian; the other cannot be done except by one who is in some kind of authority. The one therefore is a private crime, the other is a public crime; and, as usual, modern opinion is more lenient to the public crime. The feeling of which I have been speaking throughout is at work in this case also, though in a somewhat different form from the others.

It would not be hard to add other cases in which public opinion has condoned conduct on public occasions, which it would certainly have condemned on private occasions. Take, for instance, the slaughter of the Mogul princes at Delhi, an act sinning against every law, civil and military. This is the more remarkable, as it is quite certain that no man would have dared to do such a deed to European prisoners of any nation. Yet the slayer was never punished by any authority, civil or military, and he has received a kind of canonization in Lichfield minster. Then again, the present Earl of Derby, when Foreign Secretary, ordered our consuls and naval officers to leave off the good work which they had begun of saving Cretan women and children from

Turkish cruelty. For this frightful crime against humanity, I am not aware that Lord Derby has received any censure of any kind. Or, take a case which involves no blood-shedding, but simply the sacrifice of public interests to private. Purchase in the army has been happily abolished. Its abolition brought to light the existence of a system of bribery, delicately called "over-regulation prices." Every officer so offending ought, by the laws of the service, to have been punished by the loss of his commission. The evil was so deeply rooted, it had been so long winked at by those in authority, that it would have been hard to have strictly carried out the letter of the law on men who had, many of them perhaps in ignorance, conformed to a vicious and unlawful custom. But it was monstrous, on some theory of "vested interests," to make the innocent public pay compensation for what particular men had spent on bribery and jobbery. So again, the crime of bribery at elections—a crime far more heinous in the briber than in the bribed—is very far from carrying with it the penalties, either legal or social, which it ought to carry with it. A more distinct sin against the commonwealth than the corruption of an elector can hardly be conceived. But its guilt is certainly not generally felt in the way in which it ought to be. In all these cases, in different ways, public opinion judges public acts by another and a lighter standard than that by which it judges private acts. In some cases there is an actual offence against the commonwealth itself. In other cases, under pretence of the interests of the commonwealth, its laws are broken, and justice and government are thus dishonored. In all, actions are applauded or condoned in public life which would certainly be condemned in private life.

Lastly, though it may sound like a paradox, it seems to me that the popular notion of loyalty springs from the very feeble hold which the idea of the State, and of the duty of the citizen to it, has on most men's minds. Loyalty, according to the strict meaning of the word, can mean nothing but obedience to the law. From this the transition is easy to the idea of attachment to the commonwealth, to the idea of duty and respect to the officers of the commonwealth, according to their several degrees, in the lawful exercise of the power which the law gives them. In a state which is governed by a King, the King, as long as he rules according to law, will, as the head and rep-



representative of the commonwealth, rightly be the object of a feeling of loyalty second only to that which is due to the commonwealth itself. And I, who am no flatterer, am ready and willing to add that never, in later times, has a rational loyalty been better deserved than it has been by the present Sovereign of the United Kingdom. Queen Victoria will hold a high place in English history as the first English sovereign, since the present theory of the constitution has been fully understood, who has faithfully acted according to that theory. She has played no tricks with her people. She has frankly accepted and honestly supported whatever Ministers her Parliament or her people have given her. This is more than can be said of any other sovereign since the system of governing by Ministers began. And she has broken through a barbarous and mischievous prejudice by giving one of her children in marriage to one of her own people. This last is one of the many wholesome steps backward which England has been lately taking, and it is one of which the honour belongs personally to her Majesty. Indeed, I should be perfectly ready to accept the experience of the present reign as proving that for an office of a constitutional sovereign women are better fitted than men. An office which, if a pageant, is yet something more than a pageant, an office which needs not only uprightness of purpose, but a large share of tact and good sense, one in which a genius and a fool would be equally out of place, seems to me to be exactly suited to a female holder. And the expressions and ceremonies of devotion which are ridiculous and degrading when done by one man to another, become in the case of a woman little more than ordinary politeness carried further than usual. If then by loyalty is meant a rational respect for the kingly office, as for anything else that is established by law, and a further rational respect for the present holder of that office, I believe that I am as loyal a subject as any man. But the cringing and crouching feeling which commonly goes by the name of loyalty seems to me to be not only evil and degrading in itself, but to be inconsistent with any feeling of duty to the commonwealth, and indeed with any rational reverence for the kingly office itself. Because I respect, both officially and personally, a person to whom the law has given the chief place in the State, I cannot see that I am bound to fall down and worship all her kinsfolk and belongings,

that I am bound to think and speak of them with bated breath as of beings of a different race from myself, to judge them by a different standard from other people, to admire in them what I should not admire in others—to act as if in their case the rule was, not only *abscondere flagitia*, but *laudare facinora*. We had some specimens of this kind of thing in the amazing outburst of cringing flunkeyism which was drawn out by the sickness and recovery of the Prince of Wales. Whatever this feeling springs from, it certainly does not spring from reasonable respect to the kingly office as part of the law of the land. Indeed, by loyalty, even towards the actual sovereign, people often mean something which is quite inconsistent with true loyalty. Many people, I suspect, would think it disloyal to say that our only duty to the Queen arises from the fact of her holding an office which is conferred on her by an Act of Parliament. Yet if we give it any other origin, we are distinctly setting up something beyond and above the law; we are sinning against the commonwealth, and are in fact guilty of disloyalty. The old feeling of submission to the Lord's Anointed, mischievous as it was, was comparatively respectable, as it distinctly implied that the respect due to the King was due to him as the holder of an office. Now an office can be held only according to law in some shape or other. The people who worshipped Charles the First as a sort of Vicar of God upon earth were therefore not so far from rational and liberal views as those who worship they know not what or why, who fall down as soon as they come in sight of anything that is called "royal," though the so-called "royalty" may turn out to be a subject, a commoner, perhaps not so much as an elector. The slavish formulae of the newspapers are absolutely inconsistent with any true loyalty to the commonwealth, and to the Sovereign as its head. When we read that the Duke of Edinburgh "honoured" Mr. Gladstone with his company, one would think that the putting of the cart before the horse must have been too grotesque even for the mind of a gentleman-usher.

I come back to the point from which I started. To make too little of the commonwealth—to set the interests of the particular member of the body before the interests of the whole body—to think lightly of crimes against the State as compared with crimes against a particular person—generally, to put what is

private first and what is public second, is the temptation which besets our particular state of society and form of government. It does not at all follow that that state of society and that form of government are in themselves bad. It does not follow that any other state, past or present, would be better. Every state of society and form of government has its own weak side, and there may be others, past or present, the weak side of which is weaker than the weak side of ours. I have already noticed some of the points in which we have the advantage over the state of things in most times and places. If we have fewer heroic patriots, we have fewer base traitors. If we are unduly tolerant to great and exceptional public crimes, yet there has been no time in which the ordinary public business of a State has been carried on with less of petty every-day corruption. Our judges, our public men in general, stand above all suspicion of doing anything for unlawful gain. We are so used to this, we so naturally take it for granted, that we hardly understand how great and rare an advantage it is, how few times and places there have been which could say the same. But, though we certainly have no reason to wish to exchange our actual state for that of any other time or place, we may still very usefully look about us to see what the faults of our existing state of things are, and whether other times or places may not sometimes give us hints for making things better. A state of things which should combine the active patriotism of a small community with the peace and order of a large one, is the ideal of human society. We may at least strive to get as near to it as the imperfection of all human things will let us.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From The Graphic.

INNOCENT:

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "SALEM CHAPEL,"  
"THE MINISTER'S WIFE," "SQUIRE ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

AT HOME.

WHEN Mrs. Eastwood received, after long and anxious waiting, Frederick's letter from Leghorn, telling her of his illness and detention in Paris ("the last place in the world one would like to be

ill in," she said in her innocence), she was, as might be supposed, greatly agitated and distressed. Her first thought was for his health, poor fellow! her second for the office, and whether he could get an extension of leave, or if this staying away without permission would injure him. She did not quite know which of her counsellors to send for in such an emergency, and therefore she did what she would have done in any case, whether her advisors had bidden her or not. After she had wondered with Ellinor what it could have been, and why he gave them no details, and had cried over the bad news, and taken comfort at the thought he was better, she sent for her habitual fly, the vehicle which she had patronized ever since she put down her carriage. It was a very respectable fly, with a sensible brown horse, which never got into any trouble, as the horses of private individuals do, but would stand as patiently at a door of its own free will, as if it knew there was a place round the corner where its inferior brother, the coachman, went to refresh himself, and sympathized in his thirst. Mrs. Eastwood and Ellinor got into this respectable vehicle about 12 o'clock, and drove by Whitehall and the Horse Guards to the Sealing-Wax Office. There they found the head of the office, Mr. Bellingham, who had just come in from his cottage in the country, with a rosebud in his coat, which came from his own conservatory, and had roused the envy of all the young men as he came by. Mrs. Eastwood explained that Frederick had been detained by illness in Paris. He had not written sooner in order that his friends might not be anxious, she explained, and she hoped, as it was totally unforeseen, and very, very inconvenient to himself, that there would be no difficulty in the office. Mr. Bellingham smiled upon her, and said he would make all that right. "Jolly place to be ill in," he said with a little nod and smile. "Indeed, I thought it the very last place in the world for a sick person," said Mrs. Eastwood, feeling somehow that her boy's sufferings were held too lightly; "so little privacy, so much noise and bustle; and in a hotel, of course, the comforts of home are not to be looked for." It seemed to Ellinor that Mr. Bellingham's countenance bore traces of a suppressed grin, but he said nothing more than that a letter had been received at the office from the sufferer, and that, of course, under the circumstances, there would be no question about the extended



leave. "That is all right, at least," Mrs. Eastwood said as they left the office; but it may well be supposed that to wait ten days for any news whatever of the absent son, and at the end of that period, when they began to expect his return, to hear that he had been ill all the time within reach of them, was not pleasant. The mother and daughter could talk of nothing else as they drove home.

"If he had but written at first, when he felt himself getting ill, you or I, or both of us, might have gone to him, Nelly. I cannot think of anything more dreary than being ill in an inn. And then the expense! I wonder if he has money enough, poor boy, to bring him home?"

"If he wanted money he would have told you so," said Nelly, half uneasy, she could not quite tell why.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Eastwood, "boys are so odd. To be sure, when they want money they generally let one know. But there never was anything so tiresome, so vague, as men's letters about themselves. 'I have been ill.'—Now if it had been you or me, Nelly, we should have said, 'I took cold, or I got a bad headache,' or whatever it was, on such a day—and how it got worse or better; and when we were able to get up again, or to get out again. It is not Frederick alone. It is every man. They tell you just enough to make you unhappy—never any details. I suppose," she added, with a sigh, "it is because that sort of meagre information is enough for themselves. They don't care to know all about it as women do. They don't understand what it is to be really anxious. In a great many ways, Nelly, men have the advantage over us—things, too, that no laws can change."

"I don't think it is an advantage not to care," said Nelly, indignantly.

"I am not so sure of that," said her mother. "We care so much that we can't think of anything else. We can't take things calmly as they do. And they have an advantage in it. Frederick is a very good son, but if I were to write to him, 'I have been ill, and I am better,' he would be quite satisfied, he would want nothing more. Whereas I want a great deal more," Mrs. Eastwood said, flicking off with her finger the ghost of a tear which had gathered in spite of her in the corner of her eye, and giving a short little broken laugh. The path of fathers and mothers is often strewn with roses, but the roses have very big thorns. Even Nelly, who was young, whose heart

leaped forward to a future of her own, in which brothers had but little share, did not here quite comprehend her mother. For her own part, had she been left to herself, it is possible that Frederick's "I have been ill, but I am better," would have satisfied all her anxieties; but as the girl by force of sympathy was but half herself and half her mother, she entered into the feelings which she did not altogether share with a warmth which was increased by partisanship, if such a word can be used in such a case.

"It is wicked of him not to write more fully," she said.

"No, Nelly dear, not wicked, only thoughtless; all men are the same," said Mrs. Eastwood. And to be sure this large generalization affords a little comfort now and then to women, as the same principle does to men in different circumstances; for there is nothing about which the two halves of humanity are so fond of generalizing as each other. It seems to afford a certain consolation that "all men are just the same," or that "women are like that everywhere"—an explanation which, at least, partially exonerates the immediate offender.

Another week elapsed, during which the Eastwoods carried on their existence much as usual, unmoved to appearance by the delay, and not deeply disturbed by the prospect of the new arrival. Mrs. Eastwood spoke to Mr. Brotherton, her rector and adviser about "the boys," on the subject, but not much came of it; for Mr. Brotherton, though fond, like most people, of giving advice, and feeling, like most people, that a widow with sons to educate was his lawful prey, was yet shy of saying anything on the subject of Frederick, who was no longer a boy. Whether any more serious uneasiness lay underneath her anxiety for her son's health, no one, not even Mrs. Eastwood's chief and privy councillor, could have told; but when appealed to as to what he thought on the subject, whether another messenger or the mother herself should go to the succour of the invalid, Mr. Brotherton shook his head and did not know what to advise. "If he has been able to go on to Leghorn, I think you may feel very confident that he is all right again," he said. "You must not make yourself unhappy about him. From Leghorn to Pisa is but a step," added the Rector, pleased to be able to recall his own experience on this subject. But Mrs. Everard, the Privy Councillor, was of a different opinion. She was always

for action in every case. To sit still and wait was a policy which had no attractions for her. She was a slight and eager woman, who had been a great beauty in her day. Her husband had been a judge in India, and she was, or thought she was, deeply instructed in the law, and able to be "of real service" to her friends, when legal knowledge was requisite. It is almost unnecessary to say that she was as unlike Mrs. Eastwood as one woman could be to another. The one was eager, slight, and restless, with a mind much too active for her body, and an absolute incapacity for letting anything alone; the other plump and peaceable, not deficient in energy when it was necessary, but slightly inert and slow to move when the emergency did not strike her as serious. Of course it is equally unnecessary to add that Mrs. Everard also was a widow. This fact acts upon the character like other great facts in life. It makes many and important modifications in the aspect of affairs. Life *à deux* (I don't know any English phrase which quite expresses this) is scarcely more different from the primitive and original single life, than is the life which, after having been *à deux*, becomes single, without the possibility of going back to the original standing ground. That curious mingling of a man's position and responsibilities with a woman's position and responsibilities, cannot possibly fail to mould a type of character in many respects individual. A man who is widowed is not similarly affected, partly perhaps because in most cases he throws the responsibility from him, and either marries again or places some woman in the deputy position of governess or housekeeper to represent the feminine side of life, which he does not choose to take upon himself. Women, however, abandon their post much less frequently, and sometimes, I suspect, get quite reconciled to the double burden, and do not object to do all for, and be all to, their children. Sometimes they attempt too much, and often enough they fail; but so does everybody in everything, and widows' sons have not shown badly in general life. I hope the gentle reader will pardon me this digression, which, after all, is scarcely necessary, since it is the business of the ladies in this history to speak for themselves.

"I would go if I were in your place," said Mrs. Everard, talking over all these circumstances in the twilight over the fire the same evening. "A man, as we both know, never tells you anything fully.

Of course you cannot tell in the least what is the matter with him. He may have overtaken his strength going on to Pisa. He may break down on the road home with no one to look after him. I suppose this girl will be a helpless foreign thing without any knowledge of the world. Girls are brought up so absurdly abroad. You know my opinion, dear, on the whole subject. I always advised you — instead of taking this trouble and bringing her here with great expense and inconvenience, to make her an inmate of your own house — I always advised you to settle her where she is, paying her expenses among the people she knows. You remember what I told you about poor Adelaide Forbes? — what a mistake she made, meaning to be kind! You know your own affairs best; but still, on this point I think I was right."

"Perhaps you may have been," said Mrs. Eastwood, from the gloom of the corner in which she was seated, "but there are some things that one cannot do, however much one's judgment may be convinced. Leave my own flesh and blood to languish among strangers? I could not do it; it would have been impossible."

"If your flesh and blood had been a duchess, you would have done it without a thought," said Mrs. Everard. "She is happy where she is (I suppose). You don't know her temper nor her ways of thinking, nor what kind of girl she is, and yet you will insist upon bringing her here —"

"You speak as if Frederick's illness was Mamma's doing," said Nelly, with a little indignation, coming in from one of her many occupations, and placing herself on a stool in front of the fire, in the full glow of the firelight. Nelly was not afraid of her complexion. She did everything a girl ought not to do in this way. She would run out in the sunshine unprotected by veil or parasol, and she had a child's trick of reading by firelight, which, considering how she scorched her cheeks, can scarcely be called anything short of wicked. This was a point upon which Mrs. Everard kept up a vigorous but unsuccessful struggle.

"Nelly, Nelly! you will burn your eyes out. By the time you are my age how much eyesight will you have left, do you think?"

"I don't much care," said Nelly, in an undertone. She thought that by the time she reached Mrs. Everard's age (which was under fifty) she would have become



indifferent to eyesight and everything else, in the chills of that advanced age.

"Nelly, you are not too civil," said Mrs. Eastwood, touching the toe of Nelly's pretty shoe with her own velvet slipper, in warning and reproof. The girl drew her toes out of the way, but did not make any apology. She was not fond of Mrs. Everard, nor indeed was any one in the house.

"Of course, I don't mean that your decision had anything whatever to do with Frederick's illness," Mrs. Everard resumed, "that I don't need to say. He might have been ill at home as much as abroad. I am speaking now on the original question. Of course, if Frederick had not gone away, you would have been spared this anxiety, and might have nursed him comfortably at home. But this is incidental. What I *am* sorry for is that you are bringing a girl into your house whom you know nothing of. She may be very nice, but she may be quite the reverse. Of course one can never tell whether it may or may not be a happy change even for her—but it is a great risk for you. It is a very brave thing to do. I should not have the courage to make such an experiment, though it would be a great deal simpler in my house, where there is no one to be affected but myself."

"I don't see where the courage lies," said Nelly; "a girl of sixteen. What harm could she do to any one?"

"Oh, a great deal of harm, if she chose," said Mrs. Everard; "a girl of sixteen, in a house full of young men! One or the other of them will fall in love with her to a certainty if she is at all pretty——"

"Oh, please!" said Mrs. Eastwood; "you do think so oddly, pardon me for saying so, about the boys. Frederick is grown up, of course, but the last young man in the world to think of a little cousin. And as for Dick he is a mere boy, and Jenny! Don't be vexed if I laugh. This is too funny."

"I hope you will always think it as funny," said the Privy Councillor solemnly, "but I know you and I don't think alike on these subjects. Half the ridiculous marriages in the world spring out of the fact that parents will not see when boys and girls start up into men and women. I don't mean to say that harm will come of it immediately—but once she is in your house there is no telling how you are to get rid of her. However, I suppose your mind is made up. About the

other matter here are the facts of the case. Frederick is ill, you don't know how or with what; he has taken a long and dangerous journey——"

"Not dangerous, dear, not dangerous——"

"Well, not dangerous if you please, but long and fatiguing, and troublesome to a man who is ill. He has gone on to Pisa in a bad state of health. You know that he has reached so far; and you know no more. Of course he will be anxious to get home again as quick as possible. What if he were to get worse on the road? There is nothing more likely, and the torturing anxiety you would feel in such circumstances I need not suggest to you. You will be terribly unhappy. You will wait for news until you feel it impossible to wait any longer, and then when your strength and patience are exhausted, you will rush off to go to him—most likely too late."

"Oh, have a little pity upon me! Don't talk so—don't think so——"

"I can't stop my thoughts," said Mrs. Everard, not without a little complacency, "and I have known such things to happen before now. What more likely than that he should start before he is equal to the journey, and break down on the way home? Then you would certainly go to him; and my advice is, go to him now. Anticipating the evil in that way you would probably prevent it. In your place I would not lose a day."

"But I could not reach Pisa," said Mrs. Eastwood, nervously taking out her watch, "I could not reach Pisa, even if I were to start to-night, before they had left it; and how can I tell which way they would come? I should miss them to a certainty. I should get there just when they were arriving here. I should have double anxiety, and double expense——"

"If they ever arrived here," said Mrs. Everard, ominously; "but indeed it is not my part to interfere. Some people can bear anxiety so much better than others. I know it would kill me."

Mrs. Eastwood very naturally objected to such a conclusion. To put up with the imputation of feeling less than her friend, or any other woman, in the circumstances, was unbearable. "Then you really think I have reason to be alarmed," she said in a tremulous voice.

"I should not have any doubt on the subject," said her adviser. "A young man in delicate health, a long journey, cold February weather, and not even a

doctor whom you can rely upon to see him before he starts. Recollect I would not say half so much if I did not feel quite sure that you would be forced to go at last—and probably too late.”

“Oh don’t say those awful words!” said the poor woman. And thus the conversation went on, till Brownlow appeared with the lamp, interrupting the agitating discussion. Then Mrs. Everard went her way, leaving her friend in very low spirits with Nelly, who though kept up by a wholesome spirit of opposition, was yet moved, in spite of herself, by the gloomy picture upon which she had been looking. They sat together over the fire for a little longer, very tearful and miserable, while Mrs. Everard went home, strong in the sense of having done her duty, “however things might turn out.”

“Must you really go, Mamma?” said Nelly, much subdued, consulting her watch, in her turn, and thinking of the hurried start at eight o’clock to catch the night train, and of the dismal midnight crossing of that Channel which travellers hate and fear. “It will be a dreadful journey. Must you really go?”

“What do *you* think, Nelly?” said Mrs. Eastwood, beginning to recover a little. “I have the greatest respect for Jane Everard’s opinion, but she does always take the darkest view of everything. Oh, Nelly, what would *you* advise me to do?”

This was an infallible sign that the mercury had begun to rise. “Pressure had decreased,” to use a scientific term. The mother and daughter made up their minds, after much discussion, that to catch the night train would be impossible, and that there might perhaps be further news next day. “If that is your opinion, Nelly?” Mrs. Eastwood said, as they went upstairs, supporting herself with natural casuistry upon her child’s counsel. The fact was that she saw very clearly all the practical difficulties of the question. She loved advice, and did not think it correct for “a woman in my position” to take any important step without consulting her friends; and their counsel moved her deeply. She gave all her attention to it, and received it with respectful conviction; but she did not take it. It would be impossible to over-estimate the advantage this gave her over all her advisers.

“I knew she had made up her mind,” Mrs. Everard said next day, with resignation. Whatever might happen she had done her duty; and the consequences

must certainly fall on the culprit’s own head.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE ARRIVAL.

To the reader who is better acquainted with the causes and the character of Frederick Eastwood’s detention on his journey than either his mother or her Privy Councillor the fears entertained by these ladies in respect to his health will scarcely appear deserving of much consideration. His health, indeed, very soon came right again. Two days’ rest at Pisa, the substitution of the *vin du pays* for champagne, and the absence of other excitements, made him quite equal to contemplate the journey home without anxiety, so far as his own interesting person was concerned. He had difficulties enough, however, of another kind. He was obliged to stay a day longer than he intended, in order to fit out his cousin with various things pronounced by Mrs. Drainham to be indispensable. She had to be clothed in something more fit for a journey than the thin black frock which Niccolo had ordered for her at her father’s death. Pisa did not afford much in the way of toilette; but still the dress and cloak procured by Mrs. Drainham were presentable, and the fastidious young man was extremely grateful to the physician’s pretty wife for clothing his companion so that he should not be ashamed to be seen with her, which would have been the case had the poor child travelled as she intended in her only warm garment, the velvet cloak.

“It must have been a stage property in its day,” Frederick said, looking at the many tints of its old age with disgust.

Innocent hid it away instantly in the depths of her old trunk, and sat proudly shivering with cold in her thin frock through all the long evening,—the cold, long, lingering night which preceded their departure. She thought her cousin would have come to her; but Frederick wisely reflected that he would have enough of her society for the next few days, and preferred the Drainham’s comfortable drawing-room instead. Poor Innocent! she stood in the old way at the window, but not impassive as of old, looking for some one this time, and trying with a beating heart to make him out among the crowd that moved along the Lung’ Arno. This expectation engrossed her so much that she forgot to think of the change that was about to come upon



her life. I do not know, indeed, that she was capable of thinking of anything so complex as this change. She had wandered from one place to another with her father, living always the same dreary, secluded life, having such simple wants as she was conscious of supplied, and nothing ever required of her. I believe, had it been suggested to her unawakened mind that thenceforward she must do without Niccolo, this would have been the most forcible way of rousing her to thought of what was about to happen. And, indeed, this was exactly the course which was about to be taken, though without any idea on the part of Niccolo of the effect it would produce. He came in as usual with his little tray, the salad heaped up, green and glistening with oil just as he liked it himself. Beside it, as this was the last evening, was a small, but smoking hot, dish of macaroni, a morsel of cheese on a plate, and a *petit pain*, more delicate than the dry Italian bread. The usual small flask of red wine flanked this meal, which Niccolo brought in with some state, as became the little festa which he had prepared for his charge. Tears were in the good fellow's eyes, though his beard was divided in its blackness by the kind smile, which displayed his red lips and white teeth. He arranged it on the little table close by the stove, placed the chair beside it, and trimmed the lamp before he called upon his Signorina, whose position by the window he had immediately remarked with a shrug of his shoulders. He had taken care of her all her life; but I am not quite sure that the good Niccolo was not glad to be relieved of a charge so embarrassing. His own prospects were certainly brightened by her departure. He had served her father faithfully and long with but poor recompense, and now the reward of his faithfulness was coming to Niccolo in the shape of a better place, with higher wages and a position which was very splendid in his eyes. Never was heart more disposed to entertain a romantic devotion for the child he had nurtured; but it is difficult for the warmest heart to give itself up in blind love to an utterly unresponsive being, whether child or man, and as Innocent did not love Niccolo or any one else the separation from her was less hard than it might otherwise have been. Nevertheless, there were tears in his eyes, and his heart was softened and melting when he arranged her supper for her, and went to the cold window to call her to her

solitary meal. He touched her shoulder caressingly with his hand.

"Santissima Madonna!" cried Niccolo, "you will die of cold, my poor young lady; you have nothing but this thin dress, which cannot keep you warm. Where in the name of all the saints is your cloak?"

"I have put it away. It is ugly; it is not fit to wear," cried Innocent. "It is a thing of the theatre. Why did you let me wear it?" and she put off his hand gently enough, but coldly, and continued her watch.

"A thing of the theatre!" cried Niccolo, indignant, "when I bought it myself at the sale of the pittore Inglese, who died over the way; and you looked like a princess when you put it on, and warm as a bird in a nest. But I know who it is that turns you against your old dresses and your old way of living and your poor old Niccolo. It is the cousin. I hope he will be to you all we have been, Signorina. But in the meantime my young lady is served, and if she does not eat, the macaroni will be cold. Cold macaroni is good for no one. The cousin will not come to-night."

"You do not know," said Innocent, turning a momentary look upon him, which was half a defiance and half a question.

"But I do know," said Niccolo; "he went to the house of the English doctor half an hour ago, and bid me tell the Signorina to be prepared at ten to-morrow. Come, then, to the macaroni. When everything else fails it is always good to have macaroni to fall back upon. *Chi ha buon pane, e buon vino, ha troppo un micolino.*"

"I do not care for macaroni," said Innocent. She turned from the window, however, with a dawning of the pride of a woman who feels herself slighted. "Niccolo, I do not want anything: you can go away."

"And this is how she parts with the old Niccolo!" he cried. "I have carried her in my arms when she was little. I have dressed her, and prepared for her to eat and drink all her life. I have taken her to the festa, and to the church. I have done all for her—all! and the last night she tells me—'I do not want anything, Niccolo; you may go away.'"

"The last night?" said Innocent, moved a little. She shivered with the cold, and with the pang of desertion, and with that new-born sense of her loneliness which had never struck her before.

She knelt down by the stove to get a little warmth, and turned her eyes inquiringly upon him. She knew what he meant very well, and yet she did not know.

"The last night," said Niccolo. "Tomorrow evening you will be upon the great sea; you will be on your way to your relations, to your England, which cannot be colder than your heart, Signorina. I weep, for I cannot forget that you were once a little child, and that I carried you in my arms. When I reflect that it is fifteen years, fifteen years that I have taken care of you, from the moment your nurse left you, *disgraziata!* and that after to-morrow I shall see you no more! Whatever has to be done for you must be done by others, or will not be done at all, which is more likely. When you want anything you may call 'Niccolo, Niccolo;' but there will be no Niccolo to reply. If I were to permit myself to think of all this I should become *pazzo*, Signorina — though you don't care."

Innocent said nothing; but slowly the reality of this tremendous alteration in her lot made itself apparent to her. No Niccolo! She could not realize it. With Niccolo, too, many other things would disappear. She looked round the lofty bare walls, which, indeed, had few attractions, except those of use and wont, and faintly it dawned upon her that her whole life and everything that was familiar to her was about to vanish away. Large tears filled her eyes; she turned to Niccolo an appealing, beseeching look. "I do not understand," she cried, with a panting breath; and put out her hands, and clung to him. He who was about to be left behind was the emblem of all the known, the familiar — I do not say the dear — for the girl's heart and soul had been sealed up, and she loved nothing. But she knew him, and relied upon him, and had that child's trust that he would never fail her, which is often all that a child knows of love. No Niccolo! She did not understand how existence was to go on without him. She clung to him with a look of sudden alarm and dismay in her dilated eyes.

The good Niccolo was satisfied. He had not wished or attempted to rouse that miserable, vague sense of desertion and abandonment of which he had no comprehension; but he was satisfied to have brought out some evidence of feeling, and also that his dramatic appeal had produced the due effect. "My dearest

young lady," he said, wiping the great tears from her eyes with his own red handkerchief, a service which he, indeed, had performed many a time before. "Carissima Signorina mia! There will never be a day of my life that I will not think of you, nor shall I ever enter a church without putting the blessed Madonna in mind of my poor, dear, well-beloved young lady who has no mother! Never, carina! never, my child, my little mistress! You may always rely upon your old Niccolo; and when my young lady marries a rich milordo she will come back to Pisa, and seek out her old servant, and say to the handsome, beautiful young husband — 'This is my old Niccolo, that brought me up!' Ah, carina mia," cried the good fellow, laughing and crying, and applying the red handkerchief first to Innocent's cheeks and then to his own; "that will be a magnificent day to look forward to! The young Milordo will say immediately, 'Niccolo shall be the Maestro della casa; he shall live and die in my service.' Ah, my beautiful Signorina, what happiness! I will go with you to England or anywhere. You were born to be our delight!" cried Niccolo, carried away by his feelings, and evidently imagining that the *giorno magnifico* had arrived already. Innocent, however, did not follow these rapid vicissitudes of feeling. To get one clear idea into her mind was difficult enough. Sometimes she looked at him, sometimes into the little fire, with its ruddy embers. Her head was giddy, her heart dully aching. All was going away from her; the room, the walls, seemed to turn slowly round, as if they would dissolve and break up into vapour. The very dumbness of her heart made this vague sense of misery the more terrible; she could say nothing. She could not have told what she felt or what she feared: but all the world seemed to be dissolving about her into coldness and darkness and loneliness; the cold penetrated to her very soul; she was miserable, as we may imagine a dumb animal to be, without any way of relieving itself of the confused pain in its mind.

Niccolo, after a while, became alarmed, and devoted himself to her restoration with all the tender kindness of his race. He rushed to the trunk, and got out the old mantle, in which he wrapped her; he put the scaldino into her hands, he brought her wine, and petted and smiled her back into composure. He carried the largest scaldino in the house, full of the reddest embers, into her stony bedroom.



"It is not the cold," he said to himself, "it is the sorrow, poverina! poverina! Let no one say after this that she has not a tender heart." And when she went to bed Niccolo stayed up all night—cheerful, yet sad—to finish the packing, to set everything straight, and to leave the apartment in such order that the Marchese Scaramucci might have no grievance against his tenant, and as small a bill of repairs as possible. Good, kindly soul; he was rather glad though on the whole that to-morrow he was going to the new master, who was rich, and kept a number of servants, and who, being a Milordo, might perhaps be cheated now and then in a friendly way.

And next morning Innocent's old world did break up into clouds and vapours. For the last time she stode over to the little church in the dark morning, and said the Lord's Prayer, and then sat still, looking at the little altar, where this time the candles were lighted, and a priest saying mass. The mass had nothing to do with Innocent. The drone of the monotonous voice, the gleam of the candles, made no sort of impression upon her. Her imagination was as little awakened as her heart was. If she thought of anything at all it was, with a sore sense of a wound somewhere, that Frederick had left her, that he had not come near her, that he was happy away from her; but all quite vague; nothing definite in it, except the pang. And then Santa Maria della Spina, and the high houses opposite, and the yellow river below, and the clustered buildings about the Duomo, and all Pisa, in short, melted into the clouds, and rolled away like a passing storm, and the new world began.

What kind of a strange phantasmagoric world this was, full of glares of light and long stretches of darkness; of black, plunging, angry waves, ready to drown the quivering, creaking, struggling vessel, which carried her and her fortunes; then of lights again wavering and dancing before the eyes, which were still unsteady from the sea; and once more the long sweep of the railway through the night, more lights, more darkness, succeeding and succeeding each other like the changes in a dream—we need not attempt to describe. It was four days after their start from Pisa, when her strength was quite worn out by the continuous and unusual fatigue both to body and mind, her nerves shaken, and all her powers of sensation dulled, when, shuddering at the sight, she came again to the short, but

angry, sea, which had to be crossed to England. It was not a "silver streak" that day. There are a great many days in the year, as the traveller knows, in which it is anything but a "silver streak." In short, few things wilder, darker, more tempestuous, and terrible could be conceived than the black belt of Channel across which Innocent fought her way in the Dover steamboat to where a darker shadow lay upon the edge of the boiling water, a shadow which was England. For a wonder she was not sea-sick. Frederick, whose self-control under such circumstances was dubious, had established her in a corner, and then had left her, not coming near her again till they entered the harbour, which was no unkindness on his part, but an effort of self-preservation, which the most *exigeant* would have approved. He had been very good to her on the journey, studying her comfort in every way, taking care of her almost as Niccolo had done, excusing all her little misadventures with her hand-bag, and the shawl she carried over her arm. He had let her head rest upon his shoulder; he had allowed her to hold his hand fast when the steamboat went up and down on the Mediterranean. These days of fatigue had been halcyon days of perfect repose, and confidence in her companion. The poor child had never known any love in her barren life, and this kindness, which she did not know either, seemed in her eyes something heavenly, delicious beyond power of description. It had never been possible for her to cling to any one before, and yet her nature and breeding both made her dependent, and helpless in her ignorance. Frederick appeared to her in such a light as had as yet touched nothing else in earth or heaven. Her heart woke to him and clung to him, but went no further. Her eyes searched all the dark figures on the deck in search of him when self-preservation drove him from her side. A cloud—an additional cloud—came on the world when he was absent. She felt no interest in the darksome England which loomed out of the mists; no curiosity even about the home it enclosed, or the unknown women who would hereafter so strangely affect her happiness. She gazed blankly at the cliffs rising through the fog, at the lights blown about by the wind, which shone out upon the stormy sea, and the bustle on the shore of the crowd which awaited the arrival of the steamer. All that she felt was again that ache (but slighter than before) to think that Frederick liked to

be away from her, chose to leave her. For her part she felt only half living, and not at all real when he was not near enough to be touched. He was all she had left of reality out of the dissolving views into which the past had broken up; she might be dreaming but for him. When he came to her side at last in Dover Harbour, she caught at his arm and clasped it, and stood close up to him, holding on as to an anchor in the midst of all her confusion. Frederick did not dislike the heavy claim thus made upon him. The girl was very young, and almost beautiful in her strange way. She was ice except to him. She had thrown herself into his arms the first time they met, and a certain complacency of superiority, which was very sweet, mingled with the sense of protecting and sustaining care with which he looked upon the creature thus entirely dependent on him.

"Now the worst of our troubles is over," he said, cheerfully, though he was very white and even greenish in colour after the last hour's sufferings. "Two hours more, and we shall be at home."

Innocent made no answer. She did not think at all of home; she only clung a little closer to him, as the only interpreter of all the vague and misty wonders which loomed about her. They were just about to step out of the boat, she always clinging to him, when Frederick heard himself called in a coarse but jovial voice, which at first bewildered him with surprise before he recognized it, and then gave him anything but a pleasant sensation.

"Glad to see you again, Mr. Eastwood," it said. "Horrid passage, Sir; a thing not to be endured if one could help it. I've been as sick as a dog, and judging by your colour, so have you."

"No," said Frederick, coldly; but it is not easy to be politely calm to a man who has you in his power, and who could "sell you up" to-morrow if he liked, without benefit of clergy. He shivered as he replied, feeling such a terror of the consequences as I should vainly attempt to describe. It was like the death's head at the feast, suddenly presenting itself when his mind was for the moment free from all dread of it. He turned round (though he had recognized the voice) with supercilious surprise, as if he could not imagine who the speaker was.

"Oh, Mr.—! You have been in Paris, I presume, ever since I saw you there?"

"Just so," said Batty, "and some jolly evenings we've managed to have since, I

can tell you. Not your way — unlimited, you know; but in moderation. By Jove! your way was too good to last. Made out your journey comfortable, eh, Mr. Eastwood? Got a companion now, I see."

Oh, how Frederick blessed that companion for the opaqueness of her observation, for her want of interest in what was done and said around. "Yes, my cousin," he said, in a quiet undertone; and added, "Now I must get her into the train, and find a place for her. I am sorry I have no time to talk to you just now. Don't be afraid that I shall forget the — the business — between us."

"No, I don't think you will," said Batty, with a horse-laugh. "You couldn't if you would, and I shouldn't let you if you wanted to. And, by the way," he said, keeping them back from the wished-for landing, "I recollected after I left you that I had never given you my address. Stop a moment, I'll find it directly."

"I will come back to you," cried Frederick, desperate, "as soon as I have placed this lady in the train."

"Just a moment," said the man, pulling out his pocket-book. "I have your address, your know. There I have the advantage," he added, with a leer into Frederick's face.

Perhaps there is no ill-doing in this world which escapes punishment one way or other. Frederick had escaped a great deal better than he had any right to hope for till this moment. But now the Fates avenged themselves. Though he was cold and shivering, he grew red to his hair with suppressed passion.

"Let me pass, for Heaven's sake," he cried, bursting into involuntary entreaty.

"Here it is," said Mr. Batty, thrusting a card into his hand, and with a chuckle he turned round to some people behind, who were with him, and let his victim go. Frederick hurried his silent companion on shore in a tumult of miserable and angry feeling. It was the first time he had felt the prick of the obligation under which he lay. He did not make the kind and pleasant little speech which he had intended to make to Innocent as he led her on to English soil. It had been driven out of his head by this odious encounter. Heavens! he thought, if it had been Nelly instead of Innocent! and next time it might be Nelly. He hurried the girl into the train without one word, and threw in his coat and went off to get some brandy to restore his nerves and his courage. "Hallo! Eastwood!" some one else called out to him. "Bless my life,



how green you are? been ill on the crossing, eh?" This is not a confession which the young Englishman is fond of making in a general way, but Frederick nodded and hurried on, ready to confess to anything, so long as he could be left alone. The brandy did him good, driving out the shuddering cold, and putting some sort of spirit into him; for indeed it was quite true that, in addition to the mental shock, he had been ill on the crossing, too.

Innocent had paid no attention to this colloquy; she received into her passive memory the voice and face of the man who had addressed her cousin; but she was not herself aware that she had done so. She was grieved when Frederick left her, and glad when he came back in a few minutes to ask if she would have anything. "No; only if you will come," she said, putting out her hand. That was all she thought of. A kind of tremor had taken possession of her, not of expectation, for she was too passive to speculate—a thrill of the nerves as she approached the end of her journey. "You will not go away from me when we get there?" she said, piteously. What with his disagreeable acquaintances, and his too clinging charge, poor Frederick had enough on his hands.

"Of course, I shall not go away; but Innocent, you must put me in the second place now," he said, patting her shoulder kindly as he sat down beside her. The answer she made was to put her hand softly within his arm. I don't think Mrs. Eastwood would have approved of it, and Frederick found it rather embarrassing, and hoped the old lady did not observe it, who was in the other corner of the railway carriage; she dozed all the way to town, and he did not know her; but still a man does not like to look ridiculous. Otherwise it was not unpleasant of itself.

And then Innocent's bewildered eyes were dazzled by a blaze of lights, and noise, and crowding figures. Out of that she was put into the silence of a dingy cab, and left there, feeling unutterably lonely, and not at all sure that now at the last moment he had not forsaken her, while Frederick was absent looking after the luggage, that dismal concluding piece of misery after a long journey. By the time he came back to her she was crying, and sick with suspense and terror. And then came a last quick drive, through gleaming lights, and intervals of darkness, by shop-windows and through dim lanes, till at last a door flew open in the gloom, sending forth light and warmth, and two fig-

ures rushed out of it, and took her passive into their arms. She held Frederick fast with one hand, while she gazed at them. This was how she came home.

## CHAPTER XL.

### AT HOME AND NOT AT HOME.

ALL the events of that evening passed like a dream over the mind of Innocent. The warm, curtained, cushioned, luxurious room, with its soft carpets, its soft chairs, its draperies, its fullness and crowd of unfamiliar details, the unknown faces and sounds, the many pictures on the walls, the conversation quick and familiar, carried on in a language which to be sure she knew perfectly, but was not accustomed to hear about her—all bewildered and confused her. She sat and looked at them with an infantile stare of half-stupefied dull wonder, not altogether understanding what they said, and not at all taking in the meaning even when she understood the words. She made scarcely any response to their many questions. She said "Yes" when they asked if she was tired, but nothing at all in reply to her aunt's warm and tearful welcome. She felt disposed to wonder why they kissed her, why they unfastened her wraps and put a footstool for her feet before the fire, and made so much fuss about her. Why did they do it? Nothing of the kind would have occurred to Innocent had they gone to her. She did not understand their kindness. It seemed to her to require some explanation, some clearing-up of the mystery. She sat with her lips shut close, with her eyes opened more widely than usual, turning to each one who spoke. She had felt no curiosity about them before she arrived, and she did not feel any curiosity now. They were new and strange, and wonderful, not to be accounted for by any principles within her knowledge. They placed her by the fire, they took off her hat and cloak, they established her there to thaw, and be comforted.

"Dinner will be ready directly—but will you have a cup of tea first?" said Mrs. Eastwood, stroking her lank hair.

"No," said Innocent, "I am not ill." She thought, as was natural with her Italian training, that tea was a medicine.

"Would you like to go up to your room before dinner, or are you too tired, dear?" said Nelly.

"I will stay here," said the girl. This was how she answered them, always gazing at the one who spoke to her, and ever

turning to give a wistful look at Frederick, who, for his part, felt himself somehow responsible for the new guest, and annoyed by the wondering looks of his mother and sister.

"Let her alone," he said, with some impatience. "Don't you see she is frightened and tired, and scarcely understands you? We have been travelling day and night since Tuesday. Innocent, are you very much tired? Should you like to go to bed? or are you able to sit up to dinner? Don't be afraid."

She looked up at him instantly responsive. She put out her hand to him, and grasped his, though this was a formula which he could have dispensed with. "Are you to sit up to dinner?" she asked. "Then I will too."

"I am the only one she knows," he said, turning to the others, half-pleased, half-ashamed; perhaps more than half-ashamed, the young man being English, and in deadly terror of being laughed at. "I hope I am old enough to sit up to dinner," he said, carrying off a little confusion in a laugh; "but I confess after all this travelling I am tired, too."

"Let me look at you, Frederick," said Mrs. Eastwood. "I see you are better; you are not so pale as when you went away. Your illness, on the whole, must have agreed with you. Why didn't you write, you unkind boy? Nelly and I would have gone over to nurse you——"

Heaven forbid! Frederick said to himself; the bare suggestion gave him a livelier idea of the dangers he had escaped than anything else had done. "No, no," he said, "a journey at this season of the year is no joke. That was the very reason I did not write; and then, of course, I was anxious to get on as quickly as I could to poor Innocent, who was being made a victim of by all the ladies, the doctress and the clergywoman, and all the rest——"

"Was she made a victim of?" said Nelly, looking at the new comer in her easy-chair, with doubtful wonder.

Innocent divined rather than understood that they were talking of her, and once more raised her eyes to Frederick with a soft smile which seemed to consent to everything he said. She seemed to the ladies to be giving confirmation to his words, whereas, in reality, it was but like the holding out of her hand——another way of showing her confidence and dependence on him.

"I took her out of their hands," said Frederick, with a delightful indifference

to facts; "they would have sent her to you with a Pisan outfit, peasant costume, for anything I can tell. I was very glad to get there in time. I found the poor child living in the house all alone, not even with a maid, and a dark ghostly dismal sort of house, which you would have thought would have frightened her to death."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Eastwood, "alone without even a maid? Oh, that is dreadful! Were you frightened, my poor darling?"

"No," said Innocent, glancing at her questioner quickly, and then returning to her habitual gaze upon Frederick. This was not encouraging, but of course Frederick had been her first acquaintance, and she had come to know him. His mother dismissed him summarily to wash his hands before dinner. "Don't think of dressing," she said; and Innocent was left alone with them. She sat quite passive, as she had done with Mrs. Drainham, turning her eyes from one to the other with a wistful sort of fear, which half amused, half angered them. To be sure, in her fatigued state, there was every excuse to be made.

"You must not be afraid of us, my dear," said Mrs. Eastwood. "Nelly and I will love you very much if you will let us. It will be a great change for you, and everything is very different here from what it is in Italy. I have lived in Italy myself when your poor dear mamma was a young girl like you. Do you remember your mamma, Innocent?"

"No."

"I think you must remember her a little. You are not like her. You must be like the Vanes, I suppose. Have you ever seen any of the Vanes, your father's relations?"

"No," said Innocent, again getting bewildered, and feeling that this time she ought to say yes. Nelly came to the other side of the chair and took her hand, looking kindly at her. Why would these people say so much——do so much? Why did not they leave her alone?

"Mamma, she is stupefied with cold and fatigue," said Nelly. "To-morrow she will be quite different. Lean back in the chair, and never mind us. We will not talk to you any more."

But she did not lean back in her chair; she had not been accustomed to chairs that you could lean back in. She sat bolt upright, and looked at them with her eyes wide open, and looked at everything, taking in the picture before her with the



quick eyes of a savage, though she was confused about what they said. How close and warm everything was, how shut in, no space to walk about or to see round the crowded furniture! The room, in English eyes, though very well filled, was not at all crowded with furniture; but Innocent compared it with the Palazzo Scaramucci, where every chair and table stood distinct in its own perspective. How different was the aspect of everything! the very tables were clothed, the windows draped to their feet, the room crammed with pictures, books, things, and people. Innocent seemed to want space; the walls closed and crowded upon her as they do upon people who have just recovered their sight. Mrs. Drainham's drawing-room had been made very comfortable, but it was not like this. The want of height and size struck her more than the wealth and comfort. She was not used to comfort, never having had it—and did not feel the want of it. Even the fire, after the first few minutes of revived animation produced by its warmth, felt stifling to her, as to all Italians. The ladies by her side thought she was admiring everything, which disposed them amiably towards her, but this was very far from the feeling in Innocent's mind.

And after dinner, when they took her to her room, this effect increased. She was led through Mrs. Eastwood's room and Nelly's to that little snug bright chamber, with its bright fire blazing, the candles burning on the toilette table, the pretty chintz surrounding her with garlands, and the pictures on the walls which had been chosen for her pleasure. With what wonder and partial dismay she looked upon it all! It was not much larger than the great carved chest which stood in a corner of her chamber at the Palazzo Scaramucci, and yet how much had been put into it! The girl was like a savage sighing for her wigwam, and to be shut up here was terrible to her." Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly both led her to this room, explaining, poor simple souls, how they had placed her in the very heart of the house, as it were, that she might not feel lonely. "Both of us, you see, are within call, my dear," said Mrs. Eastwood, "but the room is very small."

"Yes," said Innocent. They had, no doubt, expected her to say in answer to this that the room was delightful, and to show her sense of their kindness by some word of pleasure or admiration. But nothing of the kind followed. She looked vacantly round, with a scared, half-stupe-

fied expression. She had no desire to be put into the heart of the house. And there can be no doubt that this absolute want of all effusion, all response even on her part, chilled the warm hearts of her relations. "She is tired," they said to each other, excusing her; but that was an imperfect kind of satisfaction. Nelly herself had meant to stay with her to help her to undress. "But perhaps you would rather be alone?" said Nelly.

"Yes," was Innocent's answer; and you may imagine how discomfited poor Nelly felt, who was used to the gregarious way of girls, and did not understand what this could mean.

"I will leave you, then," she said, so completely taken aback that her self-possession failed her. She turned to go away, blushing and disturbed, feeling herself an unwelcome intruder in the room which she had spent so much care upon. Nelly did not know what to make of it. She had never encountered anything like it in her life, and it puzzled her beyond expression.

"I am here, Miss Ellinor," said the voice of old Alice behind her, which startled Nelly once more; for Alice had disapproved of all the fuss about Innocent's arrival, and had done everything she could to discourage it. "I'll put her to her bed," said Alice. "It's me that am the proper person. Go to your mamma, my dear, and I'll come and tell you when she's comfortable. She cannot be expected to be pleasant to-night, for she's tired, and all's new to her. I've done the same for her mother many a day. Leave her to me."

Innocent took no part in the discussion. She stood in the centre of the little room, longing to be alone. Oh, if they would only go away and leave her to herself! "I never have a maid," she exerted herself to say, when she saw that the tall old woman remained in the room; "I do not want anything. Please go away."

"Maybe it's me that want's something," said Alice, authoritatively, and began her ministrations at once, paying very little attention to the girl's reluctance. "Hair clipped short, like a boy's—that's her outlandish breeding," said Alice to herself. "A wild look, like a bit savage out of the woods—that's loneliness; and two great glowering een. But no like her mother—no like her mother, the Lord be thanked!"

Then this homely old woman said two or three words, somewhat stiffly and foreignly, in Italian, which made Innocent

stare, and roused her up at once. She had no enthusiasm for the country in which she had lived all her life; but still, she had lived there, and the sound of the familiar tongue woke her up out of her stupor. "Are you not English?" she said, "like all the rest?"

"God be thanked, no, I'm no English," said Alice, "but I'm Scotch, and it's no likely that you would ken the difference. I used to be with your mother when she was young like you. I was in Pisa with the family, where you've come from. I have never forgotten it. Do you mind your mother? Turn your head round, like a good bairn, that I may untie this ribbon about your neck."

"Why do you all ask me about my mother?" said Innocent, in a pettish tone. "No, I never knew her; why should I? The lady down stairs asked me, too."

"Because she was your mother's sister, and I was your mother's woman," said Alice. "I'm much feared, my honey, that you've no heart. Neither had your mother before you. Do you mean aye to call my mistress 'the lady down stairs?'"

"I don't know," said Innocent, in dull stupor. She felt disposed to cry, but could not tell why she had this inclination. "What should I call her? No one ever told me her name," she added, after a moment's pause.

"This will be a bonnie handful," said Alice to herself, reflectively. "Did Mr. Frederick never tell you she was your aunt? But maybe you do not ken what that means? She's your nearest kin, now you've lost that ill man, your father. She's the one that will take care of you and help you, if you're good to her—or whether or no," Alice added, under her breath.

"Take care of me? *He* promised to take care of me," said Innocent, with her eyes lightening up; "I do not want any one else."

"*He*, meaning your cousin?" said Alice, grimly.

"Frederick. I like his name. I cannot remember the other names. I never have been used to see so many people," said Innocent, at length bursting into speech after her long silence. She could speak to this woman, who was a servant, but she did not understand the ladies in their pretty dresses, who oppressed her with their kindness. "Shall I have to see them every day?" she continued, with a dismal tone in her voice. The cor-

ners of her mouth drooped. At this thought she was ready to cry again.

"Go to your bed," said Alice, authoritatively. "If I thought you knew what you were saying, my bonnie woman, I would like to put you to the door. The creature's no a changeling, for it says its prayers," she added to herself, when she had extinguished the candles, and left the stranger in her chamber; "but here's a bonnie handful for the mistress," Alice went on, talking to herself while she arranged Mrs. Eastwood's room for the night, "and plenty of mischief begun already. She's no like her mother, which is a comfort: but there's Ane that is."

Nobody heard these oracular mutterings, however, and nobody in the house knew as much as Alice did, who had no thought in the world but the Eastwoods, and kept her mental life up by diligently putting one thing to another, and keeping watch and ward over the children she had nursed. It was common in the Elms to say that Alice was a "character;" but I do not think any of them had the least idea how distinct and marked her character was, or how deeply aware she was of the various currents which were shaping unconsciously the life of the "family." She was nearly ten years older than Mrs. Eastwood, and had brought her up as well as her daughter, commencing life as a nursery-maid in the house of her present mistress's father, when Mrs. Eastwood was six or seven years old, and her young attendant sixteen. She knew everything, and more than everything, that had taken place in the family since; more than everything, for Alice in her private musings had thought out the mingled story, and divined everybody's motives, as, perhaps, they scarcely divined them themselves. She had married, when she was thirty, the gardener who took charge of a shooting-box in Scotland, which belonged to Admiral Forbes, the Eastwoods' grandfather, but had been absent from them only about two years, returning at her husband's death to accompany them to Italy, and to settle down afterwards into the personal attendant and superintendent of her young lady's married life. She knew all about them: she knew how it was that the old Admiral had made his second marriage, and how his second daughter, Isabel, had developed by the side of her more innocent and simple sister. She recollected a great deal more about Innocent's father and mother than Mrs. Eastwood herself did—more than it was at all expedient or profitable to re-



collect. And it was not only the past that occupied her mind; she understood the present, and studied it with a ceaseless interest, which the subjects of her study were scarcely aware of; though they had all long ago consented to the fact that Alice knew everything. Mrs. Eastwood thought it right to inform Alice of all the greater events that affected the family, but generally ended such confidences abruptly, with a half-amused, half-angry consciousness that Alice already knew all about them, and more of them than she herself did. Alice was the only one in all the house who had divined the real character of Frederick. As for the others, she said to herself, with affectionate contempt, that they were "Just nothing, just nothing—honest lads and lasses, with no harm in them." She loved them, but dismissed them summarily from her mind as persons not likely to supply her life with any striking interest; but here was something very different. Life quickened for the observant old woman, and a certain thrill of excitement came into her mind as she put out Mrs. Eastwood's comfortable dressing-gown and arranged all her "things." Mrs. Eastwood herself had furnished but little mental excitement to Alice, but something worth looking into seemed now about to come.

Down stairs, the two ladies looked at each other doubtfully when Nelly went back to the drawing-room. They did not know what to say. Dick was shut up in his own room at work, or pretending to be at work, and Frederick had gone out into the garden to smoke his cigar, though the night was dark and cold. "Well, Nelly?" said Mrs. Eastwood to Nelly; and "Well, Mamma?" Nelly replied.

"I do not understand the girl," was Mrs. Eastwood's next speech.

"How could we expect to understand her, just come off a long journey, and stupefied by coming into a strange place? Remember, she never saw any of us before. Don't let us be unreasonable, Mamma," cried Nelly; and then she added, in a more subdued tone, "She must be affectionate, for she seemed to cling so to Frederick."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Eastwood, with a long-drawn breath. "My dear," she added, after a pause, "I don't want to anticipate difficulties which may never come; but on the whole it might have been better to send some one else than Frederick. A young man, you know; it is always a risk. I wish I had made up my mind at once to spare Alice——"

"Nonsense, Mamma!"

"It is all very well to say nonsense, Nelly, but when you have lived as long as I have——" Mrs. Eastwood said, slowly: "However, it cannot be helped now. Do you think she is pretty, Nelly? It's rather a remarkable face."

"I don't know," said Nelly, puzzled. "It would be beautiful in a picture. Wait till she wakes up and comes to life, and then we shall know. Here is Frederick, all perfumed with his cigar. We were talking her over——"

"Yes, I knew you must be pulling the poor child to pieces," said Frederick, seating himself by the fire. "What have you got to say against her? She is not cut in the common fashion, like all the other girls whom one sees about—and is sick of."

"I should think the other girls cared very little whether you were sick of them or not," retorted Nelly, affronted.

Mr. Frederick Eastwood was one of the young men who entertain a contempt for women, founded on the incontestable consciousness of their own superiority; and it was one of his theories that all women were jealous of each other. Even his mother, he felt, would "pull" the new comer "to pieces" out of pure feminine spite.

"Hush, children," said Mrs. Eastwood; "we have nothing to do with other girls for the moment. This one is very unresponsive, I am afraid. You have seen more of her than we have, Frederick. Had she any friends out yonder? Did she seem to you affectionate?"

Frederick laughed. "I have no reason to complain of any want of affectionateness," he said, pulling his peaked beard with that supreme satisfaction of gratified vanity which no woman can tolerate. Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly looked at each other with a common wrath, but the mother put up a finger to suppress the impatience of her child.

"Yes, she seemed to turn to you," she said, with as much indifference in her voice as was practicable. "Ring for tea, now, Nelly. Frederick will like to get upstairs early after his journey. I saw Mr. Bellingham at the office after I got your letter, Frederick. He made rather a joke of your illness, poor boy. I hope you will not wish to go away for some time again. I am told that, though promotion is by seniority, those young men who are most to be depended on are the ones who get secretaryships, and so forth,—and you know your income is but small——"

"Those who get secretaryships, and so forth, are those who have private influence," said Frederick loftily, "which is not my case, mother. Whoever told you so told you stuff and nonsense. Men in office take their own sons and nephews, or their friends' sons and nephews, for their private secretaries—and fellows like me have no chance."

"But Mr. Bellingham, I am sure, had no private influence," urged Mrs. Eastwood; "it must have been merit in his case—"

"There was some political reason, I suppose," said Frederick. "Merit is humbug, you may take my word for that. By the bye, I think I will just step out to the club for half an hour to see what is going on. It is rather a fine night——"

"But after your illness, Frederick——"

"Oh, I am all right," he said, going out of the room. If I am obliged to tell the truth I must say that I do not think his departure was any great loss to his mother and sister. Mrs. Eastwood sighed, half because it was the first night of his return, and she felt the slight of his speedy withdrawal, and half because of an old prejudice in her mind that it was best for young men when not engaged to spend their evenings at home. But Frederick never made himself at all delightful at home, after an absence like this, for reasons of which she was altogether unconscious. Nelly did not sigh at all, and if she felt her brother's departure, did so more in anger than in sorrow.

"Are all young men coxcombs like that, I wonder?" she said.

"Hush, Nelly, you are always hard upon Frederick. Most of them are disposed that way, I am afraid; and not much wonder either when girls flatter their vanity. We must teach Innocent not to be so demonstrative," said Mrs. Eastwood. She sighed again, remembering her friend's warning. "Perhaps Jane Everard was not so much in the wrong, Nelly, after all."

"I suppose people who take the worst view of everything and everybody must be in the right sometimes," said Nelly, indignantly—a saying in which there was more truth than she thought.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### SIR JOHN BURGOYNE.\*

THE work which Colonel Wrottesley undertook to perform was both creditable and becoming; and creditably to himself, as well as honestly towards his readers, he has accomplished it. In the life of his distinguished father-in-law, he has given us one of the most charming pieces of biography which it has been our good fortune of late years to encounter. No doubt the materials at his disposal were both ample and excellent. A journal kept through many years of active service in the field, by one who played no inconsiderable part in the transactions which he describes, can hardly fail, under any circumstances, to be interesting. And if it be interspersed with criticisms, not arising out of information obtained after the event, but based upon what an intelligent observer sees and hears while each separate operation is in progress, then they who follow its details will read as much with a view to instruction as to amusement. Such a journal of the great contest in the Peninsula Sir John Burgoyne kept, and Colonel Wrottesley has with equal judgment and taste given it to the public exactly as it was written. Nor is it thus alone that he has made the gallant old soldier his own biographer. As time sped on, sweeping from the stage of life one after another the giants whom the wars of the French Revolution had reared up, Sir John Burgoyne, wellnigh the last survivor of the race, found his opinion sought for, on every military subject, almost as much by foreign Governments and their representatives as by his own. Thus, when the breach with Russia became imminent, he was called upon to advise, not in Downing Street only, but at the Tuileries. Thus, when the Crimean war came to an end, General Todleben, his old opponent, acting for the Russian Government, entered with him into a friendly and professional controversy. Colonel Brailmont likewise, well known in this country as the able historian of Wellington's military career, appealed to him for advice and support, when opposed by a commission of Belgian engineers in his plans for the fortification of Antwerp. And American generals opened their minds to him during their civil war, discussing freely their own and their opponents' manœuvres,

\* Life and Correspondence of Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, Bart. By his son-in-law, Lieut.-Colonel the Honourable George Wrottesley, Royal Engineers.



and accounting as they best could for the comparatively trivial results that, up to the very last campaign, attended both their failures and successes. All the letters and memoranda arising out of these references have been preserved; and — together with notes of his own services in Ireland as President of the Board of Works, his confidential despatches from Turkey and Sebastopol, both before and after the commencement of hostilities, his pleasant description of *fêtes* at Paris, Compiègne, Windsor, and elsewhere, and his large and miscellaneous correspondence with men eminent both in literature and science — they constitute such a mass of curious and valuable materials as seldom come into the possession of the most favoured of biographers. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. Where there is neither tact in selecting nor skill to use aright what is chosen, a superabundance even of the best materials is just as apt to confuse as to prove of service to a writer. Happily Colonel Wrottesley has shown himself to be deficient in neither of these qualities, and the result is, as we have just said, one of the most interesting and instructive pieces of biography which has appeared for many a long day.

Among the soldiers and politicians of the early reign of George III., not the least distinguished in many respects was Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne. His failure at Saratoga, occasioned less through his own shortcomings than those of others, threw indeed a cloud over a military reputation which, prior to that calamity, had been more than respectable. Great, however, as the misfortune was, it neither lost for the prisoner on parole the good opinion of his friends, nor caused society to turn its back upon the somewhat florid speaker in the House of Commons — and the brilliant author, as a century ago he was esteemed to be, of “The Lord of the Manor,” and “The Heiress.” When a Westminster schoolboy, General Burgoyne had become the sworn friend of Edward, twelfth Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley. This led to an intimacy with the family, which the soldier of fortune somewhat abused by eloping with Lady Charlotte, his friend’s youngest sister. But the incident, whatever may have been thought of it by the parents of the bride, seems not to have interrupted for a moment the kindly feelings of her brother towards the bridegroom. Lady Charlotte died without issue, in 1776. A year or two afterwards the widower

formed an illicit connection with a professional singer, who lived with him till his death in 1792, and whom, with her four children, he left absolutely penniless.

Of these four children, the subject of this memoir was the eldest. The day of his birth is not given, but we learn that he was baptised in the parish church of St. Ann’s, Soho, on the 15th of August 1782, and that he received the name of John Fox Burgoyne — Charles James Fox, the great Whig statesman, standing as one of his sponsors.

General Burgoyne, as we have seen, died in 1792. He had made provision, as he thought, in his will for the children and their mother; but when his affairs came to be investigated, there were debts more than sufficient to swallow up all the assets, and mother and children were thrown upon the world. Nobly and generously Lord Derby came forward to supply to the orphans the place of a father. He assumed at once the entire charge of their maintenance, removed them from their mother’s care, and treated them ever afterwards as if they had been the lawful offspring of his sister, not the illegitimate children of her husband.

The subject of the present memoir was sent at first to be educated under a private tutor at Cambridge. With him he remained for about a year, after which he was removed to Eton, and subsequently, in 1796, to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. His biographer tells us that all this while the boy was gentle wellnigh to timidity, and accounts for the circumstance by reference to the state of dependence on the bounty of strangers of which, from early years, he had been painfully conscious. There may be some truth in this surmise; yet, on the whole, we are inclined to attribute the infirmity — for an infirmity it was — much more to constitutional diffidence than to any association of ideas, of which, to say the truth, we can discover no trace, either in his own letters or in those of his friends. Be the causes of the phenomenon, however, what they may, nothing can be more certain than that this distrust of his own powers, which is represented as colouring the youth’s academic career, never entirely ceased to be present with the man throughout a long and useful life. In doubtful and difficult circumstances occurring over and over again, no human being ever took clearer views of what ought to be done, or expressed them more distinctly; yet, in every instance, as it would seem, he gave way when

strenuously opposed, and, retaining his own opinions, which were almost always sound, consented to act in contravention of them. There might be weakness in this. There doubtless was, but it was a weakness both loyal and amiable. Had he been less modest he might have filled a larger space in the world's esteem; but in this case, the applause of the crowd would have been purchased at the expense of those very qualities which rendered him so much an object of personal love to his friends and associates.

Young Burgoyne's first commission as lieutenant in the Royal Engineers bears date the 29th of August 1798. By a curious coincidence, the first professional duty which he was called upon to perform was to assist in fortifying the western heights at Dover; and he lived to complete the works, as Director-General of Fortifications, just seventy years afterwards — *i.e.*, in 1868.

In 1800 our young soldier found himself under orders to proceed to Egypt with a force, of which General Abercromby was at the head. He did not, however, get further on that occasion than Malta, of which the French were then in possession, and in the blockade and capture of the forts commanding which he was employed. There he subsequently remained, serving as aid-de-camp to General Fox till the peace of 1802, when he obtained leave of absence, and made a tour through Egypt, Turkey, and Greece. Young as he was, he appears to have travelled with his eyes and ears open; for the information which he communicated on his return respecting the intrigues of the French in the East was considered so valuable that the Governor at once transmitted it to Downing Street. The result was, a second expedition by-and-by to Egypt, in which Burgoyne, now promoted to a captaincy, took part, but which unhappily failed, partly because the force employed was insufficient, partly because the enterprise was not conducted with the skill and judgment necessary to insure success.

During 1806, and part of 1807, Captain Burgoyne served in Sicily. In December of the latter year he was recalled to England in order to accompany, as Commanding Engineer, a force which was about to proceed to Sweden under Sir John Moore. Of the adventures of that little army and of its leader, as well as of the Government and people of Sweden, Burgoyne's journal gives a curious and interesting account. But we cannot stop

to analyse it, because greater events were at hand, with the whole of which, from the landing of Sir John Moore's division in Mondego Bay, down to the termination of hostilities in 1814, our hero was constantly mixed up.

In the sufferings and dangers that attended Sir John Moore's memorable retreat, Captain Burgoyne had his full share. He it was who, after mining the bridge over the Esla, held it till the British army had crossed over, and then blew it up, just as the French were descending from the opposite heights to force a passage. He was not, indeed, present at the battle of Corunna, because his line of retreat lay in a different direction; but he lost his horses, his baggage, and all else that he possessed, and returned to England with the light division from Vigo, rendered all but totally deaf by the hardships which he had undergone. Again Lord Derby came forward like a father, to comfort and sustain him. Immediately on reaching London he received a letter from his noble friend enclosing a draft upon Drummond's, and begging him to apply without scruple for further pecuniary aid, should it be required. Nothing can be more touching or in better taste than the letters which passed on both sides, and which Colonel Wrottesley has with great propriety given at length. Burgoyne's journal shows likewise, that the sufferings of the campaign were all forgotten during the pleasant weeks which he spent, partly at the Oaks, one of Lord Derby's country residences, and partly in London. There, among other sights, he witnessed the burning of Drury Lane theatre; but his services were soon required on a larger field, and he went forth again, to enter upon a life of military adventure, which, beginning in Lisbon, suffered no interruption till it carried him to the blockade of Bayonne and the first abdication of Napoleon.

Our readers would scarcely thank us, we suspect, if, from the volume now lying open on our table, we were to draw for them a sketch of the war, as it was waged sixty years ago in Spain and Portugal. Much more to the purpose it will be if, referring such as are curious in this matter to Burgoyne's journal itself, wherein are jotted down both the movements of columns and the personal adventures of the diarist, we content ourselves with making one or two extracts, such as shall show not only what the writer said and did in the performance of his duty, but



the light in which some of the great Duke's military operations presented themselves to a mind not naturally prone to find fault with those in authority. For ourselves, we offer no opinion with regard to the justice or injustice of some of these criticisms, though the first, which we now proceed to transcribe, is undoubtedly at variance in one important particular with the spirit of what the writer had himself previously stated, and is opposed in other respects to all history. He has told the story of the passage of the Douro somewhat incorrectly as regards the means that were employed to achieve it. He goes on to express an opinion upon the entire operation in the following terms :—

The first thing that strikes one in this business is the little previous preparation. Why Beresford, whose object was evidently to impede the retreat of the enemy, take up his time, and divert him sufficiently to enable the main body to be close at his heels and attack him, was not allowed more time to seize upon important posts, destroy bridges, &c.; and why Romana was not acquainted in time with the operations about to be undertaken against Soult, when he would have been very happy to have lent a hand to so important an undertaking; and though his undisciplined troops may have been very unequal to meet the French in the open field, no one will say they were not very adequate to a war of posts in broken wild country, and especially against these already harassed dispirited troops.

As regards the immediate work of attacking Oporto, it has been shown that the General had information on the morning of the 12th that a body of the enemy had left Oporto and taken the road to Valongo very early that morning; that the floating bridge at Oporto had been blown up in the night, but that at from four to eight miles above there were plenty of boats and every facility to pass the river. From these considerations it would appear the most military mode of proceeding would have been to have sent a small corps direct to Oporto to amuse the enemy while the main body crossed the river at Aventes. Had this been done the French army would have been divided in two, the rear-guard left in the town easily cut off, and the retreat of the remainder consequently more difficult. But then the brilliant achievement of forcing the passage of a considerable river in the presence of an enemy would have been lost.

There is another point open to criticism—viz., the want of celerity with which a flying dispirited enemy was hurried, &c., &c.

The only remark which we care to hazard on the first of these criticisms is, that if there were abundance of boats four or five miles higher up the stream, there were, likewise, with General Mur-

ray troops enough to fill them, and that further to divide his army appeared to Sir Arthur Wellesley undesirable. With respect to the second, it must be borne in mind that the English army was composed mainly of very young men—most of them recently recruited—of whom Captain Burgoyne himself, after seeing them passed in review, says: "The army is not so fine an one as I have been accustomed to see,—most of them very young soldiers;" while "the Portuguese made a very bad figure indeed,—cannot march,—the men particularly small." With troops of this description rapid movements are most distressing, as, indeed, was shown by the numbers who broke down during this campaign. Sir Arthur also pretty well accounted for the escape of the enemy when he said in his despatch—"It is obvious, that if an army throws away all its cannon, equipments, and baggage, and everything which can strengthen it, and can enable it to act together as a body, and abandons all those who are entitled to its protection, but add to its weight and impede its progress, it must be able to march by roads through which it cannot be followed with any prospect of being overtaken by an army which has not made these sacrifices."

In all the sieges which occurred during the progress of the war, Burgoyne took a leading part. He seems, indeed, to have been the first officer of his corps who, in the absence of a body of drilled sappers, trained the soldiers of the line both to sap and mine. Lieut.-Col. Fletcher makes special mention of this circumstance in a letter addressed to the Inspector-General of Fortifications; and Captain (afterwards Sir C. P.) Pasley, himself the originator of the corps of sappers and miners, also refers to it: "The sappers we lately employed," says the former, "were taken from the 3d Division, and had received such instruction as time and means afforded, under Captain Burgoyne." "I congratulate you," writes the latter, "upon the honour which you will have of being the officer who trained the first sappers in the British service that ever acted against an enemy."

Burgoyne, now promoted to the rank of major by brevet, was attached, at the siege of Badajos, to the 3d Picton's Division. He describes vividly, in his journal, the escalade of the castle, by which the place was taken. But we prefer giving an extract from a description

of the same operation, by Captain M'Carty of the 50th Regiment, who acted under Burgoyne as Assistant Engineer, and gives the details which we confess are new to us. Colonel Wrotlesley has printed them in his work.

On the 6th (of April) all minds were anxious for the advance, and orders were issued for the attack at ten o'clock that night. I again, with Major Burgoyne, attended by appointment General Picton at eight o'clock P.M. General Kempt and several others were there. General Picton, having explained his arrangements and given his orders, pulled out his watch, and said, "It is time, gentlemen, to go;" and added, emphatically, "some persons are of opinion that the attack on the castle will not succeed; but I will forfeit my life if it does not." We returned to the engineer depot, where the fatigued parties and others had assembled, to receive ladders, axes, &c., which General Picton superintended himself, and repeated to them some directions. He then asked, "Who is to show me the way?" and Major Burgoyne presented me to him. When the General had sent off the parties, he turned to me—"Now, sir, I am going to my division," and rode away. I followed, and soon lost sight of him in the dark; but pursuing the same direction (not knowing where the direction was), I fortunately arrived at the division, which was drawn up in column between two hills, at the distance, I supposed, of three miles, and quite out of sight of Badajos. General Picton having addressed each of the brigades, he returned to the head of the division, ordered the march, and said to me, "Now, sir, which way are we to go?" We proceeded a considerable distance, and again came within sight of the fortress, the lights of which were altered and much extended. I was to conduct the division to a certain point in the trenches to meet Major Burgoyne, and thence to the escalade; and naturally felt the weight of the charge. For if I had misconducted so that his division arrived too late, I cannot, even now, ruminate on the result. But I had been so perfectly instructed by Major Burgoyne that I could not err; notwithstanding, to prevent the possibility of deviating, I several times ran ahead to ascertain the correctness of my guidance towards the given point, the General inquiring each time if we were going right. I confidently answered in the affirmative. Again I departed, and in approaching the direction of the ravelin, though far from it, I stumbled on a dead soldier of the 52d Regiment, which, operating as a landmark, proved that I was perfectly correct. No delay or error occurred. I returned to the column and informed the General that it was necessary to incline to the right, and coming to the side of the Talavera road, the column descended into it. Here General Picton, dismounting, sent away his horse, and headed his division on foot. The firing of the enemy's musketry becoming brisk, increased the Gen-

eral's anxiety lest any occurrence should retard the operation of his division; and when I had again advanced some distance to discover Major Burgoyne, and returned, General Picton, emphatically expressing himself, said that I was blind, he supposed, and going wrong; and, drawing his sword, swore he would cut me down. I explained, and he was appeased. We soon after arrived at the very spot in the first parallel where Major Burgoyne was waiting, when, seizing his hand with the affection of a brother-soldier, I expressed my happiness on the perfection of my guidance, and my assurance to the General that I had not led him an inch out of the way. Indeed it was as correct as a line. The division then entered the trench, and proceeded nearly to the end of it, when the enemy's fire burst forth in every direction over the division. The grandeur of the scene was indescribable. It was as light as day. General Picton exclaimed, "Some of them are too soon. What o'clock is it?" and comparing his watch with others, the time was a quarter before ten o'clock. I remember this, because it has been supposed that General Picton's division approached too soon. When the division had advanced some distance from the parallel, and General Picton at its head, with General Kempt, Major Burgoyne, the Staff, and myself, the enemy's fire increased considerably; and I was walking between General Picton and General Kempt when General Picton stumbled and dropped, wounded in the foot. He was immediately assisted to the left of the column; and the command devolving on General Kempt, he continued to lead it with the greatest gallantry. On arriving at the milldam (extremely narrow), over which the troops were to pass, streams of fire blazed on the division, and the party with ladders, axes, &c., which had preceded, were overwhelmed, mingled in a dense crowd, and stopped the way. In the exigence I cried out, "Down with the paling!" and, aided by the officers and men in rocking the fence, made the opening at which the division entered, and which was opposite the before-mentioned mound; then "Up with the ladders!" "What! up here?" said a brave officer (45th). "Yes," was replied; and all seizing the ladders, pulled and pushed each other with them up the acclivity of the mound as the shortest way to its summit. The above officer and a major of brigade laboriously assisted in raising the ladders against the wall, where the fire was so destructive that with difficulty five ladders were raised on the mound; and I arranged the troops on them successively, according to my instructions, during which I was visited by General Kempt and Major Burgoyne, although this place and the whole face of the wall, being opposed by the guns of the citadel, were so swept by their discharges of round-shot, broken shells, bundles of cartridges, and other missiles, and also from the top of the wall ignited shells, &c., that it was almost impossible to twinkle the eye on any man before he was knocked down. In such an extremity



four of my ladders, with troops on them, and an officer at the top of each, were broken successively near the upper ends, and slid into the angle of the abutment. On the remaining ladder was no officer; but a private soldier at the top, on attempting to go over the wall, was shot in the head as soon as he appeared above the parapet, and tumbled backwards to the ground, when the next man (45th Regiment) to him upon the ladder instantly sprang over. I constantly cheered — “Huzzah! there is one over; follow him.” But the crossbars of the ladders being broken, delayed the escaladers in the wall a short time, until the ladders were replaced so as to reach the top of the wall, which enabled the troops to pass over.

Of the operations before Burgos, and the causes of the failure there, Burgoyne takes a different view from that taken by historians in general. He will not allow that the insufficiency of the battering-train was entirely, or even mainly, to blame. His censure is much more sweeping. Here it is : —

Thus ended the siege of the Castle of Burgos, which, in my opinion, would have succeeded, had the corps on all the various occasions done their duty, had our Engineers had a competent establishment — viz., of stores, sappers and miners, officers, &c.; or *had a larger force been sent to the attack of the second and third line on the evening of the 18th inst.*

The truth appears to be, that with the exception of two battalions of Guards, the troops employed on that service were of an inferior order, a very large proportion being Portuguese; and the Portuguese, though good soldiers in other respects, could never be trusted — any more than our own sepoys — to act alone in desperate circumstances.

“Although the Portuguese,” he says, “were so utterly useless, I must say that the British were very deficient, more so than I had ever before seen; but it is a melancholy fact, and one which tells particularly against the operations of the Engineers’ department, that British soldiers, who have undoubtedly as much as, if not more spirit than, any in the world, are not ashamed of flinching, in the most disgraceful manner, from *work* under fire. . . . I had an opportunity of pointing out to Lord Wellington one day a French and English working-party, each excavating a trench : while the French shovels were going on as merrily as possible, we saw, in an equal space, at long intervals, a single English shovelful make its appearance. We could not get a dozen gabions filled in one day. Our musketry-fire, kept up by the covering-parties of whomsoever they might happen to be composed, was noisy, wasteful, and ineffective; while the French kept a small number of steady men, who fired

well, and never but at a fair object. Every gabion we placed at the full sap had ten or twenty shots through it, and an extraordinary number of our foolish firing-parties were shot through the head by one unobserved Frenchman, while their attention was purposely engaged by another.

Retreating with the army after this repulse to the frontiers of Portugal, and advancing again with it in the spring of 1813, Burgoyne, now Lieut.-Colonel, witnessed the battle of Vittoria — where he had a horse disabled under him — and was subsequently employed in the siege of St. Sebastian. He was not, on that occasion, in chief command as engineer. That post was held by Sir Richard Fletcher; yet he appears to have suggested — though with his usual modesty — a plan of operations which, had it been followed, would have saved, in all probability, both time and bloodshed. Our readers will, we think, be interested by a brief account of this suggestion.

St. Sebastian stands on the left bank of the Urumea. The batteries designed to form the breaches in the town wall were erected on the right bank; and in order to reach the breaches when forced, the storming-parties must needs cross the stream, which could be done only at certain times of the tide. Meanwhile, for the double purpose of completing the investment and directing a flank fire upon the threatened point, parallels were drawn from the left bank of the river to the sea. It happened that while excavating the works on this side, Lieutenant Reid of the Engineers fell upon a drain. It was large enough to get into, and with much difficulty and perseverance he went completely through (240 yards), to where it ended in a fastened door opposite the face of the right demi-bastion of the hornwork; and then, through chinks in the door, he was enabled to look. Referring to this discovery, Colonel Burgoyne, in his remarks on the siege, written, be it observed, the day after the first unsuccessful assault, says : —

On the discovery of the drain of the aqueduct leading to the ditch of the hornwork, I should have recommended immediately altering the project of attack, as I think the advantages it would give us would convert a very dangerous assault, and one liable to a great loss of lives, into an attack of comparative certainty, and probably trifling loss, but with a delay of probably three or four days. I would make a globe of compression to blow in the counterscarp and crest of the glacis. Then at low water, I would threaten the attack on the breaches, and explode the mine, and really

assault the hornwork, which, not being now threatened, has but a few people in it, and would, undoubtedly, be carried easily; the sally-port in the curtain would afford a good communication into the ditch, which gives a large space of perfect cover to the troops for retaining it. This might be done in the evening, at five or six o'clock, being the time of low water, and the night employed in making good lodgments within it, commencing breaching-batteries in its *terre-plain* and crest of the glacis of the breaches, against the front of the body of the place, and communications to the parallel.

Burgoyne's advice was not acted upon. The breaches had been rendered practicable when the drain was discovered, and time was precious. Hence that which ought to have been the main attack was used only to create a diversion; and the assault failing, there could be no return to a device of which the secret was discovered. Not one word of all this got abroad at the time; indeed it is only now, sixty years after the event, that so remarkable a proof of the sagacity of the journalist comes to light.

The abdication of Napoleon in the spring of 1814, by restoring peace to Europe, left the English Government free to turn its undisturbed attention to the other side of the Atlantic; and a resolution was arrived at to embark a considerable portion of the Peninsular army at Bordeaux, and to send it under the command of Lord Hill, to settle accounts with the Americans. To Colonel Burgoyne the offer was made of accompanying this force as Chief Engineer, a proposal with which he immediately closed. But circumstances arose which induced the Government to abandon this project, and to despatch only two weak corps, — one to reinforce Sir L. George Prevost in Canada; the other, a single brigade, to make a diversion in the Chesapeake, and by-and-by to form part of the force which was to attack New Orleans. In consequence of this change of plan Burgoyne returned, by way of Paris, to England. On the first of July he reached London, whence, after a brief sojourn in the capital, he proceeded on a visit to the Oaks and to Knowsley. From this latter place he was recalled early in August by a letter from Lord Hill, to whom again the American command seems to have been offered. But again the apprehension of troubles nearer home interposed to disturb the arrangement; and it was finally settled that Major-General Sir Edward Pakenham should go out at the head of a handful of troops, which, when joined by

the various detachments already operating along the coast of America, would raise his entire force to about 7000 men. With this command Burgoyne was directed to embark; and in the *Statira* frigate he sailed on the 1st of November, from Spithead — Sir Edward Pakenham, General Gibbs, and Colonel Dickson, R. A., being his fellow passengers.

Of the ill-arranged and worse conducted campaign before New Orleans we need not here stop to give any account. Colonel Wrottesley has placed the affair in its true light, when he says "it would be difficult in the whole range of English military enterprise to find a more injudicious operation." But the enterprise was more than injudicious in a military point of view. There were strong political reasons why England should have shown at that time as much favour as the laws of war would allow to the Southern States, the interruption of whose commerce was becoming so intolerable that they already talked of seceding from the Union. Just at that moment Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, who commanded on the station, made such representations to the Government at home as induced them to strike a blow which, besides bringing discredit on the arms of England, entirely changed the current of public feeling in America. With all that, however, we have for the present little concern; the enterprise, impolitic and unwise as it was, ought not to have failed. All the American works on the left bank of the Mississippi were carried, and General Jackson had given orders for evacuating the town, when a council of war, over which Sir John Lambert presided, came to the conclusion that the attack should not be renewed. We now find that in this council, of which he was a member, Burgoyne urged a renewal of the attack. He was overruled; and because he crossed the river and directed the movement in retreat, he lay for years under the scandal of having advised the very course which he had condemned. Such was the man! Such his modesty!! Such his loyalty!!!

It would be a true saying by whomsoever uttered, that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Burgoyne had served in Portugal, Spain, and France, through six years of unceasing warfare. In every battle that was fought he was present; in every siege he took a prominent part. He was absent in America when the Order of the Bath was remodelled, and the honours which were conferred on men of far inferior



merits passed him by. He arrived in England after all the arrangements for the army in the Netherlands were completed. He lost by these means his chance of being present at the battle of Waterloo, and of commanding the Engineers, which his army rank must have insured to him. We would not appear to insinuate anything against the professional character of Sir Carmichael Smith. He was a brave soldier and an excellent engineer, but he lacked the experience of war which a life spent in the field had given to Burgoyne; and possibly, had the latter been in command during the night of the 17th of June, the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte would have been put in such a state of defence as to resist all the efforts of the French to occupy it. Be this, however, as it may, Burgoyne's absence from that great battle proved, in more respects than one, very mortifying to him. He returned with the Army of Occupation, the wearer of four gold medals, yet favoured with no higher decoration than that of C.B., which he never wore, nor on any subsequent occasion included among the honours bestowed upon him on account of services performed.

From 1818 to 1821, Colonel Burgoyne was left without active employment. As idle men are apt to do, he fell in love, and in September 1819 married Miss Charlotte Rose, the daughter of Colonel Rose of Holme. His first home command was at Chatham, where he remained till 1826, when Mr. Canning's expedition to Portugal being determined upon, he was attached to it as Commanding Engineer. His letters from the old familiar scenes of other and more stormy days will well repay perusal. We must, however, pass them by, as well as his brief career as chief of his department at Portsmouth, in order that we may devote a sentence or two to a sketch of his sayings and doings while acting as Chairman of the Board of Works in Ireland.

On the first of April 1831, Burgoyne received from Lord Stanley, then chief Secretary for Ireland in Earl Grey's Administration, a letter offering him the post of President of a board about to be created in Dublin, which was to be called the Board of Works, and was to take upon itself all the duties heretofore distributed among five separate boards. The business of this Board was to disburse the sums granted for Irish purposes out of the Consolidated Fund, and to reinvest for the benefit of Ireland such portions of the loan as might from time to time be repaid.

Without entering into details, it may suffice to state that Burgoyne accepted the trust; that he threw himself heart and soul into the duties of his office; and that he acquired the confidence, not only of the Government he served, but of all classes of the people for whose benefit he laboured.

The duties in which he was engaged led naturally to his taking wide views of the condition of Ireland, and of the remedies that ought to be adopted in order to improve it. These views, while first impressions were still strong upon him, he set forth in a series of letters, which were collected, printed, and published as a pamphlet. No pamphlet, especially if it be anonymous, commands public attention, be its excellences what they may; and Colonel Burgoyne's *brochure* of 1831 died from the press. Yet we read it now with admiration at the just appreciation by the writer both of the causes and nature of the evils which he describes, even when we differ from him in regard to some of the measures which he suggests as remedial. We are still of opinion, for example, that in abolishing the Established Church, and passing such a land law as that of 1871, Mr. Gladstone made a mistake; on the other hand, his proposal, a little later, ere yet the railway system had been introduced into Ireland, that the Government should at once determine the direction of lines in that country and undertake their management, was worthy of all acceptance. Unfortunately Sir Robert Peel could not be brought to see that if private enterprise be scarcely equal to such an undertaking in a country rich, orderly, and law-observing like England, it must utterly fail where law has no force, and the great bulk of the people are poor. The consequence was, that bills brought into Parliament for the purpose of starting the arrangement, one after another fell through; and the results are thus shown by Dr. Hancock, the head of the statistical department, in his notes for 1866:—

There are at present in Ireland three railways bankrupt, two at a stand-still, two paying 4 1-2 dividend on the ordinary shares, six paying no dividend on preference stocks, seven whose dividends are less than those paid on Government bonds, six paying dividends less than that of commercial interest, and but one (the Dublin and Kingstown) the shares of which are above par.

Besides advising on these local subjects, Burgoyne was consulted by the Commission, of which the Duke of Rich-

mond was president, "upon inquiring into the practicability of consolidating the civil branches of the army." We confess to some surprise at finding him favourable to a policy which his great master, the Duke of Wellington, utterly condemned. At the same time, it is just to state that the Minister of War, whom he desired to see in office, and combining in his own person the authority of Commander-in-Chief, Secretary of War, and Master-General of the Ordnance, was one to be selected, if possible, from among those who had served with reputation in the army — such as the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Richmond, Sir George Murray, or Sir Henry Hardinge. Even subject to these restrictions, it may be doubted whether, in a constitutional country like this, it is possible to administer in perpetuity the complicated affairs of the army as they ought to be administered, through a single Secretary of State — liable at any moment to be turned out of office when his party shall cease to command a majority in the House of Commons. Time and events have, however, brought about the issue to which Burgoyne pointed; and we are bound to add, that whatever his predecessors may have done, or his successors may do, Mr. Cardwell has shown himself both able and willing to contend against great difficulties, and to surmount not a few of them.

The brevet which came out at the Coronation in 1838, raised Colonel Burgoyne to the rank of major-general. This promotion was immediately followed by his advancement to the dignity of Knight Commander of the Bath — a tardy acknowledgment of services more important and varied by far than those which had already gained for not a few of his juniors a similar distinction. By-and-by a still more satisfactory recognition of his merits came to him, in his appointment to the highest office — that of Inspector-General of Fortifications — which an engineer officer was in those days allowed to hold. Colonel Wrottesley thus speaks of the incident: —

When Sir John Burgoyne assumed the duties of Inspector-General of Fortifications, in 1845, he had just completed his sixty-third year; he had therefore passed, by three years, the age at which it has been since proposed to place all officers of the army and navy on the compulsory retired list. It is a proof of unusual vigour of mind and body, that the period of his greatest usefulness to the State, and of the services by which he will be best known to

posterity, commenced at this time, and continued for twenty-three years afterwards. It must be admitted, however, that his constitution was exceptionally hardy. No amount of labour, physical or mental, appeared to fatigue him permanently. At this period he was still fond of field-sports, was an excellent shot, and for many years afterwards would join in his favourite game of rackets.

We recommend our readers not to pass lightly over the three chapters which tell the tale of Sir John's official life as Inspector-General of Fortifications. These show how he turned his attention to every point connected with the defences of the country, and the improvement of its armament. Block-ships or floating batteries were all the rage in 1845. He drew up a memorandum, pointing out their disadvantages, which, however, failed of its object at the moment. The experiment was tried, at considerable expense; it justified all that he had predicted concerning it, and was by-and-by abandoned. He took the lead at the same time in the introduction of systematic instruction in the use of the musket, and in judging of distances by soldiers. His paper, dated 2d Nov. 1845, "On the possible results of a war with France under our present system of military preparation," is not only a masterly production in itself, but is remarkable for having produced two important results. It converted Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, to the views of the writer; and it drew from the Duke of Wellington his famous letter, the surreptitious publication of which, just a year after it was written, created something like a panic among the more timid, and stirred Mr. Cobden, and the whole body of "peace-at-any-price" statesmen, to the utterance of an enormous amount of unmitigated nonsense. Colonel Wrottesley has, in justice to his father-in-law, given a detailed account of this affair, which is curious for more reasons than one. But the Government was not content to leave their indefatigable public servant quietly to discharge his proper duties. The Irish Famine occurred, and he was immediately requested to become president of a board through which the funds voted by Parliament for the relief of the distress of the country should be administered. He accepted the post, proceeded to Ireland, and did excellent service; — and obtained as his reward numerous expressions of gratitude, but neither pecuniary nor honorary remuneration. All this, with much more, which will repay perusal, we leave the reader to



gather from the pages of the work itself, while we hurry to more stirring matters—the war in the Crimea, and the part which Sir John Burgoyne played in it.

“The commencement of 1854,” says Col. Wrottesley, “found war with Russia imminent, and Sir John Burgoyne in close and confidential communication with the Government of Lord Aberdeen.” Two papers, sent in by him to the Cabinet, recommended a double course of action. First, to occupy the Dardanelles as a base of operations for the fleet; and next, having thus made Constantinople safe, to take the field against the Russians in Georgia. In pursuance of the former project, Colonel Vicars was despatched to survey and report upon the country near the Turkish capital. But Colonel Vicars was seized with paralysis soon after he had embarked, and Sir John volunteered himself to execute the service. He was then, be it remembered, seventy-two years of age. But mind and body were both vigorous to an extent rarely met with at these years; and gratefully, and with many compliments for the chivalry of the proposal, his offer was accepted. We will not do either him or our readers the injustice to attempt an abridgment of the graphic account which he gives of the incidents of that excursion. Let it suffice to state that he lost no time in setting out; that he took Paris by the way, where he was admitted to confidential communication with the Emperor; that the opinions which he expressed produced a strong effect both on the Emperor and his Ministers; and that the French Government, which would appear thus far to have hung back, entered warmly into the views of that of England. From all this it would appear, that with whomsoever the blame rests of having brought on a quarrel between Russia and the Allies, Napoleon is not chargeable, as the world has heretofore imagined, for pushing matters to an extremity. His idea seems to have gone no further than a co-operation of the fleets of the two powers with Turkey. It was the English Cabinet which insisted on a joint expedition by land, and prevailed. “You will be happy to learn,” writes Lord Cowley to Sir John, on the 8th of February, “that your visit to Paris has produced a visible change in the Emperor’s views, and he is making every preparation for a land expedition, in case the last attempt at negotiation should break down, as it infallibly will.”

Accompanied by Colonel Ardat, of the French Engineers, and attended by

Colonel (then Captain) Wrottesley, and Captain Wellesley, Lord Cowley’s son, as aides-de-camp, Sir John quitted Paris on the 31st of January, and, touching at Malta, where the French officer was treated with the greatest respect and kindness, arrived on the 12th of February at Gallipoli. Mrs. Wrottesley, then Miss Burgoyne, made one of the party—which, after settling where the lines should be drawn, passed on to Varna; and from thence to Omar Pasha’s headquarters at Shumla. All that Sir John saw and heard only confirmed him in the opinion which he had already expressed as to the plan of campaign to be acted upon, though Omar Pasha advocated a descent on the Crimea, which he described as occupied only by about 20,000 Russian troops, and to be exceedingly defensible if once reduced.

Returning to London, Sir John made his report, which, with a paper subsequently written, in order to guard against misapprehension, is published, and will be read with great interest. And now, as it seemed, there were two courses, and only two, for the Government to follow. They had deprived the Ordnance Office of its Master-General, by appointing Lord Raglan to command the Army in the East. The post of Lieut.-General of the Ordnance Office had, in a fit of false economy, been abolished. It was competent to those in power either to confer that dignity, which circumstances constrained them to recreate, on Sir John, or they might attach him to the field force as a lieut.-general of the Staff. They did neither. They appointed to be temporary head of the Ordnance Office Sir Hugh Rose, a very gallant veteran, who was, however, Burgoyne’s junior in army-rank. Sir Hugh had had, moreover, no experience whatever of the working of the department; yet they left Burgoyne Inspector-General of Fortifications, and therefore the subordinate of the new Lieut.-General, whom, as a soldier, he ought to have commanded. No wonder that Burgoyne, patient as he was of slight, should have felt this deeply. Nor did the mode adopted to soothe his outraged feelings redound, more than the act itself, to the credit of the Government. When a despatch arrived from Varna, containing a plan of the proposed invasion of the Crimea, Sir James Graham sent to Sir John, requesting him to make his remarks upon it. This Sir John did. He disapproved of the proposed landing at the mouth of the Belbec—within sight,

so to speak, of Sebastopol. He was equally opposed to an attempt of the kind on the Katcha — that point being also, in his opinion, too near the enemy. What was to be done? The Duke of Newcastle sent for Sir John, and put the question to him whether he would be willing to join the army and give to Lord Raglan the benefit of his experience? Without a moment's hesitation the noble veteran assented to the proposition. But see what followed. No public recognition was made of the position which he was to hold in the field force. He was not gazetted to the Staff of the army.\* He went out without any military position at all, and whether any such position was subsequently assigned to him is to this hour uncertain. Why was this done? Because, had he been placed on the Staff of the army, he must have taken rank as second in command; and in event of anything befalling Lord Raglan, the command would have devolved upon him!! Such, in those days, was the pitiful jealousy of officers of what were called the scientific corps. They might be very able men, excellent advisers, extremely useful in their way, but they must never take the lead of their brother officers reared in the infantry and cavalry, in whom all the genius for war on a great scale was assumed to have centred. We have, it is to be hoped, broken the neck of this most mistaken prejudice. One general officer trained in the Engineers conducted the expedition to Abyssinia, and now commands in chief in India; and other officers there are, both of the Engineers and Artillery, whom no Government, in the event of war, will venture to keep back.

Sir John's letters, journal, and memoranda, during the progress of the operations that followed, are a study for officers of all ranks. While passing from Marseilles to the Piræus, he amused himself with drawing up a plan of campaign in the Crimea, towards which, through the sheer force of popular clamour and newspaper articles, the tide of war was already directed to be turned. It is curious to notice how very slightly the principles there laid down by anticipation were, in the conduct of the enterprise, departed from. The writer, assuming the Allies to be victorious in a

preliminary battle, pronounces in favour of the establishment of a base for siege operations at Balaclava and the bays on each side of the Chersonese. He selects Eupatoria as the place of debarkation, and the point on which, in case of a reverse in the field, the Allies should retreat. Both suggestions were acted upon, and both are now said to have been wise. But on his arrival at Varna he found the army decimated by sickness, many both of officers and men having died, and a much larger number being still down or slowly recovering. There was great gloom in consequence everywhere, which the reports that came in from day to day of the enemy's strength and preparations did not tend to remove. "Captain Drummond of the Retribution," writes Admiral Dacres on the 28th of August, "has just arrived from Odessa; reports that 140,000 men are in the Crimea; 40,000 marched from Odessa to the Crimea lately." These incidents had their natural effect upon a man so experienced in war as Sir John; and one of his memoranda — the first which he seems to have written after reaching head-quarters — gives reasons why, under the circumstances, an attack on Sebastopol at that time could be considered only as "a most desperate undertaking." But the die was cast; the enterprise must be entered upon; and he applied his best energies to the arrangement of a plan for meeting every possible difficulty and surmounting it. Not the least formidable of these was the disinclination of the French to the whole service, and their eagerness when the matter was decided, to force a landing at the wrong place. These were surmounted as much by tact as the force of argument; and the allied armies embarked.

The story of the reconnaissance by the Caradoc frigate of the whole coast, from Sebastopol to Eupatoria, is simply and modestly told; so is the account of the landing, the movement upon the Alma, and the battle. In justice to the gallant fellows who fought it, we transcribe the terms in which Sir John — no mean nor prejudiced authority in such cases — speaks of them and their doings: —

The enemy certainly fought gallantly against superior numbers, and our superior position in attack; but I must say, that our attack was of a very superior order in tactics, in steadiness, regularity, precision, and spirit. The contest was at times becoming very close and resolute, but nearly in all — certainly in all of importance — the enemy were forced to turn; every-

\* It is not made quite clear whether, at a later stage in the war, Sir John was or was not placed upon the Staff of the army. A letter from Lord Hardinge seems to imply that he was about to be so placed; but we do not find any confirmation of the fact itself.



thing was under view; the sight was magnificent. I am told the few Frenchmen who witnessed our attack were in raptures.

The following gives a most attractive picture of this brave old man, and his state both of body and mind :—

Stafford (one of his aides-de-camp) is a very fine fellow, but too anxious to take care of *me*—always on the look-out to prevent my remaining at any point that happened to be a peculiar focus of fire. My grey horse (lent me by General Tyldon on account of extreme quietness, almost unpleasantly sleepy and lazy) all on a sudden, just as we passed a place on which was a very smart fire, commenced prancing and pulling, and became so fidgety that, after a time, I changed with Stafford. It was after dark when we got to camp, having been twelve hours on our horses; and this morning we find a musket-shot had grazed the skin off one of his hind legs, and it is somewhat swelled, but, I hope, will not lame him.

We are all in high spirits at present appearances, and certainly the result, if it turns out as we expect, will show that we have highly over-estimated the Russian military power, otherwise the Emperor would never have left this primary substance of his power, Sebastopol, and the fleet, so meanly protected, after so long a warning of our proposed formidable attack. If we succeed in this final object, our Government, and that of the French, may fairly dictate their terms as to a very inferior state. But it was a lottery whether they would be strong or weak—it was a matter of chance and, as I think, the chances were greatly against us. The greater ought our rejoicing to be in finding it otherwise.

Maguire [his servant, a pensioner from the cavalry] has throughout our marches accompanied me on horseback, which is useful, as it gives me a spare horse. He carries something to eat and drink, holds my horse when I dismount, and being an old soldier, does not quit one under fire, as a civil servant probably would. Yesterday, at the very awkward place where my horse was hit, as well as three or four of the Staff and their horses, Maguire dropped his hat, and was obliged to ride back, dismount, and pick it up.

Poor Maguire, it seems, lost his way when returning from Balaklava during one of the most inclement nights of the winter, after the siege had been formed, got frost-bitten, and died. Writing a few days before this sad accident to his wife, he says :—

You want me to write every mail; but having to lay on the wet ground with only Robert's greatcoat and a blanket, in frost, sleet, and snow, and rain, you cannot expect me to write every mail. Should any thing happen to me, you may depend Sir John would let you know. I would rather stand on the heights of Sebastopol till I was frozen into a

pillar of ice, than I would ask to leave him; and if I had a chance to leave to-morrow, I would not go until the Bear was musseled.

The limits which are at our command will not admit of our giving any details, however brief, of the siege of Sebastopol; nor is this necessary. The volumes now before us must, we venture to predict, pass into many hands; and no one after reading them will entertain the shadow of a doubt on points heretofore but partially understood. It is clear that the flank march, though censured by Russian writers as a blunder, was the right thing. Doubtless the pursuit after the victory of the Alma was languid. But we must not forget, first, that the British army landed without any means of transport whatever; and next, that only the British, not the French contingent, was under Lord Raglan's orders. As to carrying the place by *coup-de-main* immediately on arriving at the south side of the town, of that we shall probably hear no more. Looking to the state of preparation at which the Russians had arrived, and the strength of the garrison, an attempt of the sort would have been madness. But this much we do know, that never did a British army enter upon a great enterprise so ill-supplied; and that the hardships which the troops underwent, and the unlooked-for prolongation of the siege, are almost entirely attributable to the absence of system and order among the home authorities.

No doubt the leaders of the army of the Crimea were without experience. If we except Lord Raglan himself, Sir George Brown, Sir De Lacy Evans, Sir Colin Campbell, and Sir George Cathcart, not a general or regimental officer of all that landed at Eupatoria had ever, besides Sir John Burgoyne, seen war. But what they might lack in knowledge they made up in gallantry and endurance; and of the non-commissioned officers and men it is impossible to speak too highly. They could not, however, work impossibilities; and a blundering Government, to save itself, threw the blame on men, than whom none ever more faithfully served their country, or suffered more in so doing.

Another matter Sir John's correspondence puts in a new light. Of all the misfortunes that can fall upon an army in the field, scarcely any is more to be deprecated than the presence within its lines of newspaper correspondents—

Some of the newspaper correspondents, [he writes on the 4th of January 1855], are

likely to do us an immensity of mischief; publicly by the information afforded to the enemy, and privately by damaging all our reputations, and, as I think, unfairly and unnecessarily. In Mr. —'s letter, published in the — of the 18th of December, will be found a quantity of details that will afford most valuable information to the enemy at the present moment, when it could have been easily communicated to him from St. Petersburg—the weakness of our forces, the fatigues to which they are subject, the sickness, the imperfect supply of rations, want of transport, impossibility of getting up guns, ammunition, &c., &c. He will gain a confidence that will be most injurious to us, and can prepare himself for greater efforts to resist us. Is that of less consequence than that the curiosity of the public should be satisfied on those points? For to argue that it is necessary to stimulate the Government to adopt proper measures is most erroneous, since nobody can be more aware of what we really do require, or what can be effected, than we are ourselves, or more constant in making our demands. . . . I consider this a most serious evil in the way of our operations; and I have pointed out to Lord Raglan that he ought to put it forward as one great increase to the difficulties of his position,—and he will do so."

He did so—but what then? The Government of 1855 did not dare to interfere. What Government will hereafter put itself in antagonism with the press?

Again, 28th December 1854:—

Don't you feel a little small in your own conceits about me, after reading some recent articles in the "Times," in which my name has been mixed up with—

"That he's as bad as bad can be,  
And I am quite as bad as he?"

Among some insinuations, one direct attack is: "We do not desire to have generals in command above 70 years of age." They are right in desiring to have *qualified* generals before they have descended much from the prime of life; but I think that Lord Raglan, the hero of the day, is very close upon that age, as well as Sir George Brown, to whom, I presume, they would not object; and though I ought not, perhaps, to be one to say it, after a peace of nearly forty years, a little of the *experience* of the former wars is very necessary at starting on a new one. The old gentlemen here, for instance, can set the young ones right in many essential matters, which the latter cannot know by inspiration, and which *our* army have little means of learning during peace. A little experience with young blood is decidedly what would be best; and as the war becomes prolonged, the younger ought to supersede the older in commanding in the field: but for the present you ought to bear a little with the old ones.

We must hurry over what remains to

be told of this deeply interesting narrative. Sir John had from the first urged the allied generals to make the main attack on the Malakoff tower. The French objected; and the approaches to the Redan and the Flagstaff were pushed forward. Sir John was continually in favour of aggressive operations—of driving the Russians from the posts when they took up in front of the trenches, and teaching them to stand in awe of the Allies. His views were not appreciated either by French or English generals, and the attitude of the men was therefore entirely defensive. This came to be particularly the case after the battle of Inkerman; and in his letters home Sir John greatly laments it. But worse things were in store for him. The country became impatient. In Parliament, the Ministers were assailed. It was necessary to choose a victim from among the chiefs of the army, and the lot fell upon Sir John. On the 13th of October 1854, Sir James Graham had written to him in these terms:—

You may imagine, but you cannot exaggerate the anxiety with which I have watched your movements and splendid successes in the Crimea. I am more and more rejoiced that you gallantly determined to go out at a short notice and take a post under the standard of our friend, Lord Raglan. We have not yet heard of the fall of Sebastopol; but I venture with confidence to anticipate that proud result, which has been the grand object of my constant hopes since the first commencement of the war.

Sebastopol did not fall in 1854. It continued to hold out in 1855; and Ministers being asked, in a taunting tone, what they had done to hurry forward the consummation, Sir James Graham, speaking for himself and his colleagues, replied: "What have we done? We have recalled Sir John Burgoyne."

Comment on this proceeding would be out of place. The very men who committed the gross injustice soon became ashamed of it. Sir John, without one word of remonstrance, without uttering a single complaint even privately to those who had wronged him, far less appealing, as others probably would have done, to the tribunal of the public in vindication of his own honour, quitted the camp amid the deep regret of his brother officers. But the tide had already turned in his favour before he reached London. He was sent for immediately to attend and advise at councils of war, which were held at Windsor, and in which the Emperor Na-



pooleon took part. On the 15th of August, after the failure on the 18th of June, he sent in to Lord Panmure, then Secretary of State for War, a memorandum, in reply to communications from the seat of war, pointing, as it would seem, to the abandonment of the enterprise. Whether that paper had any effect in deciding the question there is nothing to show. This, however, is certain, the siege was not raised, the final assault was delivered, and Sebastopol fell through the very point on which Sir John had all along contended that it was most vulnerable.

If the brave old man passed for a brief space under a cloud, his sun broke through it again, and shone over him with increased lustre. Little by little his merits came to light, and honours and rewards were showered on him. He was promoted to the rank of Field Marshal. He was created a Baronet. On the death of Lord Combermere, her Majesty conferred on him the post of Constable of the Tower. He resigned his office of Inspector-General of Fortifications, but retained the full pay of the dignity for life. As we have elsewhere stated, all soldiers of eminence, whether English or foreign, courted his correspondence and sought his advice. He took a deep interest in everything that passed around him—dabbling in literature, contributing to scientific journals, forwarding benevolent projects, especially when they connected themselves with the army. No man ever commanded more universal respect and esteem, and no man ever more deserved to command them. His health likewise continued excellent, and his spirits were those of a boy. Just then there fell upon him a blow, against which he could not contend. His only son—an officer of rare excellence—went down in the Captain, of which he was in command, and Sir John never held up his head again.

He was buried in the chapel of the Tower with military honours. Two funeral sermons were subsequently preached—one in the Tower itself, the other in St. James's Church, Piccadilly. Colonel Wrottesley has appended to his narrative a portion of the latter, for which the writer of this article is responsible. It was the outpouring of the feelings of a friend, who thought only of his friend while he was speaking, and was listened to by almost every English officer then in London. Perhaps we cannot better close our notice of the man, than by quoting a few sentences from this tribute to his memory—not, as Colonel Wrottesley expresses

it, because of its praise, but of its truth:—

Sir John Burgoyne was a religious man, but his religion was without ostentation or parade. He found no vent for it in platform oratory, it carried him into no arena where party questions were discussed. The influence of religion upon him made itself mainly known in a life blameless and pure—a life so pure, so blameless, that, looking to the particular channel through which its course lay, I find myself unable to point to any other with which it may fitly be compared. Bear with me, if, in so expressing myself, I seem to go beyond the limits of pulpit oratory. I am no chance preacher, no hired advocate called in to paint, in exaggerated terms, the character of one who was to him, while living, a comparative stranger. I saw Sir John Burgoyne for the first time when, with his glass, he swept the breaches of St. Sebastian, in order that they who filled the trenches might be instructed how best to move to the assault; and from that day to the hour of his death, our personal knowledge of each other, though less than either could have wished, bringing us into daily contact, has suffered no interruption. Therefore am I justified in speaking of him as of a man rarely to be found in any rank or station—brave, able, intelligent, upright, a humble Christian, a modest citizen, one who could bear no malice were he ever so deeply wronged, who would not bring reproach upon another, no, not if even by so doing he might avert unmerited obloquy from himself. There was one public occasion, I need not stay specially to point it out, when this rare exercise of Christian forbearance was exacted from him. It was a heavy burden to bear, but he bore it without so much as a remonstrance; and he lived long enough, God be praised, to reap his reward.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

### CHAPTER III.

NOTHING could be simpler than the apartment of the Vicomte de Mauléon, in the second story of a quiet old-fashioned street. It had been furnished at small cost out of his savings. Yet, on the whole, it evinced the good taste of a man who had once been among the exquisites of the polite world.

You felt that you were in the apartment of a gentleman, and a gentleman of somewhat severe tastes, and of sober matured years. He was sitting the next morning in the room which he used as a private study. Along the walls were arranged

dwarf bookcases, as yet occupied by few books, most of them books of reference, others cheap editions of the French classics in prose — no poets, no romance-writers — with a few Latin authors also in prose — Cicero, Sallust, Tacitus. He was engaged at his desk writing — a book with its leaves open before him, “Paul Louis Courier,” that model of political irony and masculine style of composition. There was a ring at his door-bell. The Vicomte kept no servant. He rose and answered the summons. He recoiled a few paces on recognizing his visitor in M. Hennequin.

The *Préfet* this time did not withdraw his hand; he extended it, but it was with a certain awkwardness and timidity.

“I thought it my duty to call on you, Vicomte, thus early, having already seen M. Enguerrand de Vandemar. He has shown me the copies of the *pièces* which were inspected by your distinguished kinsmen, and which completely clear you of the charge that, grant me your pardon when I say, seemed to me still to remain unanswered when I had the honour to meet you last night.”

“It appears to me, M. Hennequin, that you, as an *avocat* so eminent, might have convinced yourself very readily of that fact.”

“M. le Vicomte, I was in Switzerland with my wife at the time of the unfortunate affair in which you were involved.”

“But when you returned to Paris, you might perhaps have deigned to make inquiries so affecting the honour of one you had called a friend, and for whom you had professed” — De Mauléon paused; he disdained to add — “an eternal gratitude.”

Hennequin coloured slightly, but replied with self-possession.

“I certainly did inquire. I did hear that the charge against you with regard to the abstraction of the jewels was withdrawn — that you were therefore acquitted by law; but I heard also that society did not acquit you, and that, finding this, you had quitted France. Pardon me again, no one would listen to me when I attempted to speak on your behalf. But now that so many years have elapsed, that the story is imperfectly remembered — that relations so high-placed receive you so cordially, — now, I rejoice to think that you will have no difficulty in regaining a social position never really lost, but for a time resigned.”

“I am duly sensible of the friendly joy you express. I was reading the other

day in a lively author some pleasant remarks on the effects of *médiance* or calumny upon our impressionable Parisian public. ‘If,’ says the writer, ‘I found myself accused of having put the two towers of Notre Dame into my waistcoat-pocket, I should not dream of defending myself; I should take to flight. And,’ adds the writer, ‘if my best friend were under the same accusation, I should be so afraid of being considered his accomplice that I should put my best friend outside the door.’ Perhaps, M. Hennequin, I was seized with the first alarm. Why should I blame you if seized with the second? Happily, this good city of Paris has its reactions. And you can now offer me your hand. Paris has by this time discovered that the two towers of Notre Dame are not in my pocket.”

There was a pause. De Mauléon had resettled himself at his desk, bending over his papers, and his manner seemed to imply that he considered the conversation at an end.

But a pang of shame, of remorse, of tender remembrance, shot across the heart of the decorous, worldly, self-seeking man, who owed all that he now was to the *ci-devant vaurien* before him. Again he stretched forth his hand, and this time grasped De Mauléon’s warmly. “Forgive me,” he said, feelingly and hoarsely; “forgive me. I was to blame. By character, and perhaps by the necessities of my career, I am over-timid to public opinion, public scandal — forgive me. Say if in anything now I can requite, though but slightly, the service I owe you.”

De Mauléon looked steadily at the *Préfet*, and said slowly, “Would you serve me in turn? are you sincere?”

The *Préfet* hesitated a moment, then answered firmly, “Yes.”

“Well, then, what I ask of you is a frank opinion — not as lawyer, not as *Préfet*, but as a man who knows the present state of French society. Give that opinion without respect to my feelings one way or other. Let it emanate solely from your practised judgment.”

“Be it so,” said Hennequin, wondering what was to come.

De Mauléon resumed —

“As you may remember, during my former career I had no political ambition. I did not meddle with politics. In the troubled times that immediately succeeded the fall of Louis Philippe I was but an epicurean looker-on. Grant that, so far as admission to the *salons* are concerned,



I shall encounter no difficulty in regaining position. But as regards the Chamber, public life, a political career—can I have my fair opening under the Empire? You pause. Answer as you have promised, frankly."

"The difficulties in the way of a political career would be very great."

"Insuperable?"

"I fear so. Of course, in my capacity of *Préfet*, I have no small influence in my department in support of a Government candidate. But I do not think that the Imperial Government could, at this time especially, in which it must be very cautious in selecting its candidates, be induced to recommend you. The affair of the jewels would be raked up—your vindication disputed, denied—the fact that for so many years you have acquiesced in that charge without taking steps to refute it—your antecedents, even apart from that charge—your present want of property (M. Enguerrand tells me your income is but moderate)—the absence of all previous repute in public life. No; relinquish the idea of political contest—it would expose you to inevitable mortifications, to a failure that would even jeopardize the admission to the *salons* which you are now gaining. You could not be a Government candidate."

"Granted. I may have no desire to be one; but an opposition candidate, one of the Liberal party?"

"As an Imperialist," said Hennequin, smiling gravely, "and holding the office I do, it would not become me to encourage a candidate against the Emperor's Government. But speaking with the frankness you solicit, I should say that your chances there are infinitely worse. The opposition are in a pitiful minority—the most eminent of the Liberals can scarcely gain seats for themselves; great local popularity or property, high established repute for established patriotism, or proved talents of oratory and statesmanship, are essential qualifications for a seat in the opposition, and even these do not suffice for a third of the persons who possess them. Be again what you were before, the hero of *salons* remote from the turbulent vulgarity of politics."

"I am answered. Thank you once more. The service I rendered you once is requited now."

"No, indeed—no; but will you dine with me quietly to-day, and allow me to present to you my wife and two children, born since we parted? I say to-day, for to-morrow I return to my *Préfecture*."

"I am infinitely obliged by your invitation, but to-day I dine with the Count de Beauvilliers to meet some of the *Corps Diplomatique*. I must make good my place in the *salons*, since you so clearly show me that I have no chance of one in the Legislature—unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless there happen one of those revolutions in which the scum comes upmost."

"No fear of that. The subterranean barracks and railway have ended forever the rise of the scum—the reign of the *cannaille* and its barricades."

"Adieu, my dear Hennequin. My respectful *hommages à Madame*."

After that day the writings of Pierre Firmin in "*Le Sens Commun*," though still keeping within the pale of the law, became more decidedly hostile to the Imperial system, still without committing their author to any definite programme of the sort of government that should succeed it.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE weeks glided on. Isaura's MS. had passed into print; it came out in the French fashion of *feuilletons*—a small detachment at a time. A previous flourish of trumpets by Savarin and the clique at his command insured it attention, if not from the general public, at least from critical and literary coteries. Before the fourth instalment appeared it had outgrown the patronage of the coteries; it seized hold of the public. It was not in the last school in fashion; incidents were not crowded and violent—they were few and simple, rather appertaining to an elder school, in which poetry of sentiment and grace of diction prevailed. That very resemblance to old favourites gave it the attraction of novelty. In a word, it excited a pleased admiration, and great curiosity was felt as to the authorship. When it oozed out that it was by the young lady whose future success in the musical world had been so sanguinely predicted by all who had heard her sing, the interest wonderfully increased. Petitions to be introduced to her acquaintance were showered upon Savarin: before she scarcely realized her dawning fame, she was drawn from her quiet home and retired habits; she was *fêtee* and courted in the literary circle of which Savarin was a chief. That circle touched, on one side, Bohemia; on the other, that realm of politer fashion which, in every intellectual metropolis, but especially in Paris, seeks

to gain borrowed light from luminaries in art and letters. But the very admiration she obtained somewhat depressed, somewhat troubled her; after all, it did not differ from that which was at her command as a singer.

On the one hand, she shrank instinctively from the caresses of female authors and the familiar greetings of male authors, who frankly lived in philosophical disdain of the conventions respected by sober, decorous mortals. On the other hand, in the civilities of those who, while they courted a rising celebrity, still held their habitual existence apart from the artistic world, there was a certain air of condescension, of patronage towards the young stranger with no other protector but Signora Venosta, the *ci-devant* public singer, and who had made her *début* in a journal edited by M. Gustave Rameau, which, however disguised by exaggerated terms of praise, wounded her pride of woman in flattering her vanity as author. Among this latter set were wealthy, high-born men, who addressed her as woman — as woman beautiful and young — with words of gallantry that implied love, but certainly no thought of marriage: many of the most ardent were indeed married already. But once launched into the thick of Parisian hospitalities, it was difficult to draw back. The Venosta wept at the thought of missing some lively *soirée*, and Savarin laughed at her shrinking fastidiousness as that of a child's ignorance of the world. But still she had her mornings to herself; and in those mornings, devoted to the continuance of her work (for the commencement was in print before a third was completed), she forgot the commonplace world that received her in the evenings. Insensibly to herself the tone of this work had changed as it proceeded. It had begun seriously, indeed, but in the seriousness there was a certain latent joy. It might be the joy of having found vent of utterance; it might be rather a joy still more latent, inspired by the remembrance of Graham's words and looks, and by the thought that she had renounced all idea of the professional career which he had evidently disapproved. Life then seemed to her a bright possession. We have seen that she had begun her *roman* without planning how it should end. She had, however, then meant it to end, somehow or other, happily. Now the lustre had gone from life — the tone of the work was saddened — it foreboded a tragic close. But for the general reader it became, with

every chapter, still more interesting; the poor child had a singularly musical gift of style — a music which lent itself naturally to pathos. Every very young writer knows how his work, if one of feeling, will colour itself from the views of some truth in his innermost self; and in proportion as it does so, how his absorption in the work increases, till it becomes part and parcel of his own mind and heart. The presence of a hidden sorrow may change the fate of the beings he has created, and guide to the grave those whom, in a happier vein, he would have united at the altar. It is not till a later stage of experience and art that the writer escapes from the influence of his individual personality, and lives in existences that take no colouring from his own. Genius usually must pass through the subjective process before it gains the objective. Even a Shakespeare represents himself in the Sonnets before no trace of himself is visible in a Falstaff or a Lear.

No news of the Englishman — not a word. Isaura could not but feel that in his words, his looks, that day in her own garden, and those yet happier days at Enghien, there had been more than friendship: there had been love — love enough to justify her own pride in whispering to herself, "And I love too." But then that last parting! how changed he was — how cold! She conjectured that jealousy of Rameau might, in some degree, account for the coldness when he first entered the room, but surely not when he left; surely not when she had overpassed the reserve of her sex, and implied by signs rarely misconstrued by those who love, that he had no cause for jealousy of another. Yet he had gone — parted with her pointedly as a friend, a mere friend. How foolish she had been to think this rich ambitious foreigner could ever have meant to be more! In the occupation of her work she thought to banish his image; but in that work the image was never absent; there were passages in which she pleadingly addressed it, and then would cease abruptly, stifled by passionate tears. Still she fancied that the work would reunite them; that in its pages he would hear her voice and comprehend her heart. And thus all praise of the work became very, very dear to her.

At last, after many weeks, Savarin heard from Graham. The letter was dated Aix-la-Chapelle, at which the Englishman said he might yet be some time detained. In the letter Graham spoke chiefly of the



new journal: in polite compliment of Savarin's, own effusions; in mixed praise and condemnation of the political and social articles signed Pierre Firmin—praise of their intellectual power, condemnation of their moral cynicism. "The writer," he said, "reminds me of a passage in which Montesquieu compares the heathen philosophers to those plants which the earth produces in places that have never seen the heavens. The soil of his experience does not grow a single belief; and as no community can exist without a belief of some kind, so a politician without belief can but help to destroy; he cannot reconstruct. Such writers corrupt a society; they do not reform a system." He closed his letter with a reference to Isaura: "Do, in your reply, my dear Savarin, tell me something about your friends Signora Venosta and the Signorina, whose work, so far as yet published, I have read with admiring astonishment at the power of a female writer so young to rival the veteran practitioners of fiction in the creation of interest in imaginary characters, and in sentiments which, if they appear somewhat over-romantic and exaggerated, still touch very fine chords in human nature not awakened in our trite everyday existence. I presume that the beauty of the *roman* has been duly appreciated by a public so refined as the Parisian, and that the name of the author is generally known. No doubt she is now much the rage of the literary circles, and her career as a writer may be considered fixed. Pray present my congratulations to the Signorina when you see her."

Savarin had been in receipt of this letter some days before he called on Isaura, and carelessly showed it to her. She took it to the window to read, in order to conceal the trembling of her hands. In a few minutes she returned it silently.

"Those Englishmen," said Savarin, "have not the art of compliment. I am by no means flattered by what he says of my trifles, and I daresay you are still less pleased with this chilly praise of your charming tale; but the man means to be civil."

"Certainly," said Isaura, smiling faintly.

"Only think of Rameau," resumed Savarin; "on the strength of his salary in the '*Sens Commun*,' and on the *châteaux en Espagne* which he constructs thereon—he has already furnished an apartment in the Chaussée d'Antin, and talks of setting up a *coupé* in order to maintain the

dignity of letters when he goes to dine with the duchesses who are some day or other to invite him. Yet I admire his self-confidence, though I laugh at it. A man gets on by a spring in his own mechanism, and he should always keep it wound up. Rameau will make a figure. I used to pity him. I begin to respect; nothing succeeds like success. But I see I am spoiling your morning. *Au revoir, mon enfant.*"

Left alone, Isaura brooded in a sort of mournful wonderment over the words referring to herself in Graham's letter. Read though but once, she knew them by heart. What! did he consider those characters she had represented, as wholly imaginary? In one—the most prominent, the most attractive—could he detect no likeness to himself? What! did he consider so "over-romantic and exaggerated"—sentiments which couched appeals from her heart to his? Alas! in matters of sentiment it is the misfortune of us men that even the most refined of us often grate upon some sentiment in a woman, though she may not be romantic—not romantic at all, as people go,—some sentiment which she thought must be so obvious, if we cared a straw about her, and which, though we prize her above the Indies, is, by our dim, horn-eyed masculine vision, undiscernible. It may be something in itself the airest of trifles; the anniversary of a day in which the first kiss was interchanged, nay, of a violet gathered, a misunderstanding cleared up; and of that anniversary we remember no more than we do of our bells and coral. But she—she remembers it; it is no bells and coral to her. Of course, much is to be said in excuse of man, brute though he be. Consider the multiplicity of his occupations, the practical nature of his cares. But granting the validity of all such excuse, there is in man an original obtuseness of fibre as regards sentiment in comparison with the delicacy of woman's. It comes, perhaps, from the same hardness of constitution which forbids us the luxury of ready tears. Thus it is very difficult for the wisest man to understand thoroughly a woman. Goethe says somewhere that the highest genius in man must have much of the woman in it. If this be true, the highest genius alone in man can comprehend and explain the nature of woman; because it is not remote from him, but an integral part of his masculine self. I am not sure, however, that it necessitates the highest genius, but rather a special idio-

synchasy in genius which the highest may or may not have. I think Sophocles a higher genius than Euripides; but Euripides has that idiosynchasy, and Sophocles not. I doubt whether women would accept Goethe as their interpreter with the same readiness with which they would accept Schiller. Shakespeare, no doubt, excels all poets in the comprehension of women, in his sympathy with them in the woman-part of his nature which Goethe ascribes to the highest genius; but, putting aside that "monster," I do not remember any English poet whom we should consider conspicuously eminent in that lore, unless it be the prose poet, nowadays generally underrated and little read, who wrote the letters of Clarissa Harlowe. I say all this in vindication of Graham Vane, if, though a very clever man in his way, and by no means un instructed in human nature, he had utterly failed in comprehending the mysteries which to this poor woman-child seemed to need no key for one who really loved her. But we have said somewhere before in this book that music speaks in a language which cannot explain itself except in music. So speaks, in the human heart, much which is akin to music. Fiction (that is, poetry, whether in form of rhyme or prose) speaks thus pretty often. A reader must be more commonplace than, I trust, my gentle readers are, if he suppose that when Isaura symbolized the real hero of her thoughts in the fabled hero of her romance, she depicted him as one of whom the world could say, "That is Graham Vane." I doubt if even a male poet would so vulgarize any woman whom he thoroughly revered and loved. She is too sacred to him to be thus unveiled to the public stare; as the sweetest of all ancient love-poets says well—

*Qui sapit in tacito gaudeat ille sinu.*

But a girl, a girl in her first untold timid love, to let the world know, "*that* is the man I love and would die for!"—if such a girl be, she has no touch of the true woman-genius, and certainly she and Isaura have nothing in common. Well, then, in Isaura's invented hero, though she saw the archetypal form of Graham Vane—saw him as in her young, vague, romantic dreams, idealized, beautified, transfigured—he would have been the vainest of men if he had seen therein the reflection of himself. On the contrary, he said, in the spirit of that jealousy to which he was too prone, "Alas! this, then, is some

ideal, already seen perhaps, compared to which how commonplace am I!" and thus persuading himself, no wonder that the sentiments surrounding this unrecognized archetype appeared to him over-romantic. His taste acknowledged the beauty of form which clothed them; his heart envied the ideal that inspired them. But they seemed so remote from him; they put the dream-land of the writer farther and farther from his work-day real life.

In this frame of mind, then, he had written to Savarin, and the answer he received hardened it still more. Savarin had replied, as was his laudable wont in correspondence, the very day he received Graham's letter, and therefore before he had even seen Isaura. In his reply, he spoke much of the success her work had obtained; of the invitations showered upon her, and the sensation she caused in the *salons*; of her future career, with hope that she might even rival Madame de Grantmesnil some day, when her ideas became emboldened by maturer experience, and a closer study of that model of eloquent style,—saying that the young editor was evidently becoming enamoured of his fair contributor; and that Madame Savarin had ventured the prediction that the Signorina's *roman* would end in the death of the heroine, and the marriage of the writer.

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From Good Words.

#### THE COLLIERS OF CARRICK.

COMPARATIVELY few of the many hundreds of tourists who flock every summer to that part of Scotland which the guide-books have styled "The Land of Burns" find their way farther south than "Allo-way's auld haunted kirk" and the famous "brig" which lay so opportunely in Tam o'Shanter's line of retreat. When the weather is clear, they get a distant view of the hills, which rise beyond the Doon with no striking outlines, nor with sufficient loftiness to form a notable feature in the remoter landscape. And yet if the visitor whose time and route are at his own disposal will bravely penetrate these far uplands, he will find much, both in the way of scenery and of historic and legendary interest, to reward his enterprise. It is a lonely pastoral region, deeply trenched with long and narrow valleys, which in their seaward portions are always well-wooded, and then contrast



with the singularly bare though verdant aspect of the high grounds on either side. The whole of that district was called in old times Carrick—a Celtic name still in use among the people, and descriptive of the rugged, rocky character of most of the surface. The bones of the country seem indeed everywhere to be sticking through the scanty skin of soil and turf; and yet the abundant droves of black-faced sheep and black cattle, and the stores of excellent butter and cheese which every year come out of these hills to the great markets, bear witness to the excellence of the pasture. It might have been hoped that in so rocky a tract minerals of some sort would be found to compensate for the comparative poorness of the surface. Many a viewer and "prospector" has scoured the sides of the hills and valleys. Copper, lead, and iron in small quantities have been found; but there seems no probability that the pastoral character of the country will ever be to any serious extent disturbed by mining operations. And yet, curiously enough, in one of the deep valleys on the northern margin of the hilly tracts of Carrick a small coal-field exists—a little bit of the great Scottish coal-field, which by some ancient revolution of the surface has got detached from the rest, and become, as it were, jammed in between the two steep sides of the valley of the Girvan.

The colliers of Scotland have been in all time a distinct and a superstitious population. For many a long century they and the makers of salt were slaves, bought and sold with the land on which they were born, and from which they had no more right to remove themselves than if they had been of African descent, and born in Carolina. Customs and beliefs which had gradually died out elsewhere naturally lingered for a time among the colliers; and indeed until the general use of steam machinery and the invasion of an Irish labouring population, the Scottish miners maintained much of their singularity. Down in that little coal-field of Carrick, however, shut out from the rest of the mining districts, and even in no small degree from the country at large, the colliers preserved until only a few years ago many traits which we are accustomed to think had died out several generations ago. No railway came near the place; no highway led through it. Lying near the sea, it yet could boast of no good harbour within reach, to stimulate the coal industry. Even the local

demand for coal was too small to admit of any extensive workings; and so the mining population continued in the same quaint old ways which it had been used to for a century or two, keeping up, among other things, many of its characteristic superstitions.

Some years ago, on geological errand bent, I had occasion to pass a number of months in that sequestered locality, and to mingle with the colliers themselves, as well as their employers. In this way I was led to glean reminiscences of habits and beliefs, now nearly as extinct as the fossils in the rocks which were the more special objects of research. These gleanings, as illustrative of former phases of our rural population, are perhaps not unworthy of record. I propose, therefore, in the present paper to relate an incident, perhaps one of the most tragic in the history of coal-mining in this country, which occurred in this little Girvan coal-field, and which furnishes examples of several of the more characteristic features of the old Scottish collier.

In the quiet churchyard of Dailly, within hearing of the gurgle of the Girvan and the sigh of the old pines of Dalquharren, lie the unmarked graves of generations of colliers; but among them is one with a tombstone bearing the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF

JOHN BROWN, COLLIER,

who was enclosed in  
Kilgrammie Coal-pit, by a portion of it having  
fallen in,

Oct. 8th, 1835,

and was taken out alive,  
and in full possession of his mental faculties,  
but in a very exhausted state,

Oct. 31st,

having been twenty-three days in utter seclusion  
from the world, and without a particle of food.

He lived for three days after,  
having quietly expired on the evening of  
Nov. 3rd,

Aged 66 years.

Three weeks without food in the depths of the earth! It seemed hardly credible, and I set myself to gather such recollections as might still remain. I discovered that a narrative of the circumstances had been published shortly after the date of their occurrence; but I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of people who were resident in the district during the calamity, and from whom I obtained details which do not seem ever to have found their way into print. Much

of my information was derived from an old collier who was one of the survivors. His narrative and that of the other contemporaries of the event brought out in a strong light the superstition of the colliers, and furnished additional evidence as to one of the longest survivals without food of which authentic record exists.

On the 6th October, 1835, in a remote part of the old coal-mine of Kilgrammie, near Dailly, John Brown, the hero of this tragedy, was at work alone. Sixty-six years of age, but hale in body and full of fun and joke, he had long been a favourite with his fellow-workmen, more especially with the younger colliers, whom his humour and story-telling used to bring to his side when their own term of work was done. Many a time would they take his pick from him, and finish his remaining task, while he sat on the floor of the mine, and gave them his racy chat in return. On the day in question he was apart from the others, at the far end of a roadway. While there, an empty waggon came rumbling along the rails and stopped within a foot of the edge of the hole in which his work lay. Had it gone a few inches further, it would have fallen upon him, and deprived him either of limb or life. There seemed something so thoughtless in such an act that he came up to see which of his fellow-workmen could have been guilty of it. But nobody was there. He shouted along the dark mine; but no sound came back, save the echo of his own voice. That evening, when the men had gathered round the village fires, the incident of the waggon was matter of earnest talk. Everybody scorned the imputation of having, even in mere thoughtlessness, risked a life in the pit. Besides, nobody had been in that part of the workings except Brown himself. He fully acquitted them, having an explanation of his own to account for the movements of the waggon. He had known such things happen before, he said, and was persuaded that it could only be the devil, who seemed much more ready to push along empty hutches, and so endanger men's lives, than to give any miner help in pushing them when full.

In truth, this story of the waggon came in the end to have a significance, little dreamt of at the time. It proved to have been the first indication of a "crush" in the pit—that is, a falling in of the roof. The coal-seam was a thick one, and in extracting it, massive pillars, some sixteen or seventeen feet broad and forty to fifty feet long, were left to keep the roof

up. At first, half of the coal only was taken out; but after some progress had been made, the pillars were reduced in size, so as to let a third more of the seam be removed. This, of course, was a delicate operation, since the desire to get as much coal out of the mine as possible led to the risk of paring down the pillars so far as to make them too weak for the enormous weight they had to bear. Such a failure of support led to a "crush." The weakened pillars were crushed to fragments, and at the same time the floor of the pit, under the enormous and unequal pressure, was here and there squeezed up even to the roof. Such was the disaster that now befel the coal-pit of Kilgrammie, and it had been the early disturbance of level heralding the final catastrophe which sent the empty waggon along the roadway.

For a couple of days cracks and grinding noises went on continuously in the pit, the levels of the rails got more and more altered, and though the men remained at work it became hourly more clear that part of the workings would now need to be abandoned. At last, on the 8th October, the final crash came suddenly and violently. The huge weight of rock under which the galleries ran settled down solidly on them with a noise and shock which, spreading for a mile or two up and down that quiet vale of the Girvan, were set down at the time as the passing of an earthquake. Over the site of the mine itself the ground was split open into huge rents for a space of several acres, the dam of a pond gave way, and the water rushed off, while the horses at the mouth of the pit took fright, and came scampering, masterless and in terror, into the little village, the inhabitants of which rushed out of doors, and were standing in wonderment as to what had happened.

But the disasters above ground were only a feeble indication of the terrors underneath. Constant exposure to risk hardens a man against an appreciation of his dangers, and even makes him, it may be, foolhardy. The Kilgrammie colliers had continued their work with reckless disregard of consequences, until at last the cry arose among them that the roof was settling down. First they made a rush to the bottom of the shaft, in hopes of being pulled up by the engine. But by this time the shaft had become involved in the ruin of the roof. A second shaft stood at a little distance; but this too they found to be closed. Every avenue of es-



cape cut off, and amid the hideous groanings and grindings of the sunken ground, the colliers had retreated to a part of the workings where the pillars yet stood firm. Fortunately one of them remembered an old tunnel, or "day-level," running from the mine for more than half a mile to the Brunston Holm, on the banks of the Girvan, and made originally to carry off the underground water. They were starting to find the entrance to this tunnel, when they noticed, for the first time, that John Brown was not among them. Two of the younger men (one of whom has told me the story) started back through the falling part of the workings, and found the old man at his post, working as unconcernedly as if he had been digging potatoes in his own garden. With some difficulty they persuaded him to return with them, and were in the act of hurrying him along, when he remembered that in the haste he had left his jacket behind. In vain they tried to drag him along. "The jacket was a new one," he said; "and as for the pit, he had been at a crush before now, and would win through it this time too." So, with a spring backwards, he tore himself away from them and dived into the darkness of the mine in search of his valued garment. Hardly, however, had he parted from them, when the roof between him and them came down with a crash. They managed to rejoin their comrades; John Brown was sealed up within the mine, most probably, as they thought, crushed to death between the ruins of the roof and floor.

Those who have ever by any chance peeped into the sombre mouth of the day-level of a coal-pit will realize what the colliers had now to do to make good their escape. The tunnel had been cut simply as a drain; dark water and mud filled it almost to the roof. For more than half a mile they had to walk, or rather to crouch along in a stooping posture through this conduit, the water often up to their shoulders, sometimes, indeed, with barely room for their heads to pass between the surface of the slimy water and the rough roof above. But at length they reached the bright daylight as it streamed over the green holms and autumn woods of the Girvan, no man missing save him whom they had done their best to rescue. They were the first to bring the tidings of their escape to the terrified village.

No attempt could at first be made to save the poor fellow. As the colliers themselves said, not even a creel, or little coal-basket, could get down the crushed

shaft of the pit. The catastrophe happened on a Wednesday, and when Sunday came the parish minister, Dr. Hill — afterwards a conspicuous man in the Church of Scotland — made it the subject of a powerful appeal to his people. In the words of a lady, who was then, and is still resident in the neighbourhood, "he made us feel deeply the horror of knowing that a human being was living beneath our feet, dying a most fearful death. On the Sunday following we met with the conviction that whatever the man's sufferings had been, they were at last over, and that he had been dead some days. On the third Sunday the event had begun to pass away."

After the lapse of some days the cracking and groaning of the broken roof had so far abated, that it became possible once more to get down into the pit. The first efforts were, of course, directed towards that part of the workings where the body was believed to be lying. But the former roadways were found to be so completely blocked up, that no approach to the place could be had, save by cutting a new tunnel through the ruins. This proved to be a work of great labour and difficulty; for not only were the materials extremely hard through which the new passage must be cut: a dead body lay in the pit, and awakened all the superstition of the colliers. At times they would work well, but their ears were ever on the alert for strange weird noises, and often would they come rushing out from the working in terror at the unearthly gibberings which ever and anon would go souging through the mine.

A fortnight had passed away. The lessee, like the rest of the inhabitants, believed poor Brown to be already dead, and brought a gang of colliers from another part of the county to help in clearing out and re-opening his coal-pit. But a party of the men continued at work upon the tunnel that was to lead to the body. They cut through the hard crushed roof a long passage, just wide enough to let a man crawl along it upon his elbows, and at last, early in the morning of the twenty-third day after the accident, they struck through the last part of the ruined mass into the open workings beyond. The rush of foul air from these workings put out their lights, and compelled them to retreat. One of their number was despatched to upper air for a couple of boards, or corn-sieves, or any broad flat thing he could lay hands upon, with which they might advance into the work-

ings, and waft the air about, so as to mix it, and make it more breathable. Some time had to elapse before the messenger could make the circuitous journey, and meanwhile the foulness of the air had probably lessened. When the sieves came one of the miners agreed to advance into the darkness, and try to create a current of air; the rest were to follow. In a minute or two, however, he rejoined them, almost speechless with fright. In winnowing the air with his arms, he had struck against a waggon standing on the roadway, and the noise he had made was followed by a distinct groan. A younger member of the gang volunteered to return with him. Advancing as before, the same waggon stopped them as their sieves came against the end of it, and again there rose from out of the darkness of the mine a faint, but audible groan. Could it be the poor castaway, or was it only another wile of the arch enemy to lure two colliers more to their fate? Gathering up all the courage that was left in him, one of them broke the awful silence of the place by solemnly demanding, "If that's your ain groan, John Brown, in the name o' God, gie anither." They listened, and after the echoes of his voice had ceased they heard another groan, coming apparently from the roadway only a few yards ahead. They crept forward, and found their companion—alive.

In a few seconds the other colliers, who had been anxiously awaiting the result, were also beside the body of John Brown. They could not see it, for they had not yet resumed their lights; but they could feel that it had the death-like chill of a corpse. Stripping off their jackets and shirts, they lay with their naked backs next to him, trying to restore a little warmth to his hardly living frame. His first words, uttered in a scarcely audible whisper, were, "Gie me a drink." Fearful of endangering the life which they had been the means of so marvellously saving, they only complied so far with his wish as to dip the sleeve of a coat in one of the little runnels which were trickling down the walls of the mine, and to moisten his lips with it. He pushed it from him, asking them "no to mak' a fule o' him." A little water refreshed him, and then, in the same strangely sepulchral whisper, he said, "Eh, boys, but ye've been lang o' coming."

Word was now sent to the outer world that John Brown had been found, and was yet living. The lessee came down, the doctor was sent for, and preparations

were made to have the sufferer taken up to daylight again. And here one of the strangest parts of the story must be told:—If by chance the reader has ever been in a coal-pit, he may have remarked that upon the decayed timber props and old wooden boardings an unseemly growth of a white and yellow fungus often takes root, hanging in loathsome tufts and bunches from the sides or roofs wherever the wood is decaying. After being cautiously pushed through the newly-cut passage, John Brown was placed on the lessee's knees on the cage in which they were to be pulled up by the engine. As they rose into daylight, a sight which had only been faintly visible in the feeble lamplight below presented itself, never seen before, and never to be forgotten. That same loathsome fungus had spread over the poor collier's body as it would have done over a rotting log. His beard had grown bristly during his confinement, and all through the hairs this white fungus had taken root. His master, as the approaching daylight made the growth more visible, began to pull off the fungus threads, but (as he told me himself) his hand was pushed aside by John, who asked him, "Na, noo, wad ye kittle (tickle) me?"

By nine o'clock on that Friday morning, three-and-twenty days after he had walked out of his cottage for the last time, John Brown was once more resting on his own bed. A more ghastly figure could hardly be pictured. His face had not the pallor of a fainting fit or of death, but wore a strange sallow hue like that of a mummy. His flesh seemed entirely gone, nothing left but the bones, under a thin covering of leather-like skin. This was specially marked about his face, where, in spite of the growth of hair, every bone looked as if it were coming through the skin, and his eyes, brightened into unnatural lustre, were sunk far into his skull. The late Dr. Sloan, of Ayr, who visited him, told me that to such a degree was the body wasted, that in putting the hand over the pit of the stomach, one could distinctly feel the inner surface of the backbone. Every atom of fatty matter in the body seems to have been consumed.

Light food was sparingly administered, and he appeared to revive, and would insist on being allowed to speak and tell of his experiences in the pit. He had no food with him all the time of his confinement. Once before, when locked up underground by a similar accident, he had drunk the oil from his lamp and had thereby sickened himself; so that this



time, though he had both oil and tobacco with him, he had tasted neither. For some days he was able to walk about in the open uncrushed part of the mine, where too he succeeded in supplying himself with water to drink. But in the end, as he grew weaker, he had stumbled across the roadway and fallen into the position in which he was found. The trickle of water ran down the mine close to him, and was for a time the only sound he could hear, but he could not reach it. When asked if he had not despaired of ever being restored to the upper air, he assured his questioners that he had never for a moment lost the belief that he would be rescued. He had heard them working towards him, and from the intervals of silence and sound he was able, after a fashion, to measure the passing of time. It would seem, too, that he had been subject either to vivid dreams or to a wandering of the mind when awake, for he thanked again and again the sister of his master for her great kindness in visiting him in the pit and cheering him up as she did.

On the Sunday afternoon when some of his old comrades were sitting round the bedside, he turned to them with an anxious puzzled look and said, "Ah boys, when I win through this, I've a queer story to tell ye." But that was not to be. His constitution had received such a shake as even its uncommon strength could not overcome. That evening it became only too plain that the apparent recovery of appetite and spirits had been but the last flicker of the lamp of life. Later in the night he died.

So strange a tragedy made a deep impression on the people of that sequestered district. Everybody who could, made his way into the little cottage to see a man who, as it were, had risen from the dead, and no doubt this natural craving led to an amount of noise and excitement in the room, by no means very favourable to the recovery of the sufferer. But this was not all. A new impetus came to the fading superstitions of the colliery population. Not a few of his old work-fellows, though they saw him in bodily presence lying in his own bed and chatting as he used to do, nay, even though they followed him to the grave, refused to believe that what they saw was John Brown's body at all, or at least that it was his soul which animated it. They had seen so many wiles of the devil below ground, and had so often narrowly escaped with their lives from his treachery, that they

shrewdly suspected this to be some new snare of his for the purpose of entrapping and carrying off some of their number.

A post-mortem examination followed. But even that sad evidence of mortality failed to convince some of the more stubbornly superstitious. The late Dr. Sloan, who took part in the examination, told me that after it was over, and when he emerged from the little cottage, a group of old colliers who had been patiently waiting the result outside came up to him with the inquiry, "Doctor, did ye fin' his feet?" It certainly had not occurred to him to make any special investigation of the extremities, and he confessed that he had not, though surprised at the oddity of the question. He inquired in turn why they should have wished the feet particularly looked to. A grave shake of the head was the only reply he could get at the time, but he soon found out that had he examined the feet, he would have found them not to be human extremities at all, but bearing that cloven character which Scottish tradition has steadily held to be one of the characteristic and ineffaceable features of the deil, no matter under what disguise he may be pleased to appear.

And even when the grave had closed over the wasted remains of the poor sufferer, people were still seeing visions and getting warnings. His ghost haunted the place for a time, until at last the erection of a tombstone by the parishioners with the inscription already quoted, written by the parish minister, slowly brought conviction to the minds of the incredulous. Many a story, however, still lingers of sights and sounds seen as portents after this sad tragedy. I shall give only one, told to me by an old collier, whose grandmother was a well-known witch, and who himself retained evidently more belief in her powers than he cared to acknowledge in words. Not long after John Brown's death, one of the miners returned unexpectedly from his work in the forenoon, and to the surprise of his wife appeared in front of their cottage. She was in the habit, unknown to him, of solacing herself in the early part of the day with a bottle of porter. On the occasion in question, the bottle stood toasting pleasantly before the fire when the form of the "gude-man" came in sight. In a moment she had driven in the cork and thrust the bottle underneath the blankets of the box-bed, when he entered, and, seating himself by the fire, began to light his pipe. In a little while the warmed porter managed to expel the cork and to

escape in a series of very ominous guggles from underneath the clothes. The poor fellow was outside in an instant crying, "Anither warning, Meg! rin, rin, the house is fa'ing." But Meg "kenn'd what was what fu' brawly," and made for the bed in time to save only the last dregs of her intended potation.

Most of the actors in the sad story have passed away, and now rest beneath the same green sod which covers the remains of John Brown. With the last generation, too, has died out much of the hereditary superstition. For a railway now runs through the coal-field. Strangers come and settle in the district. An increasing Irish element appears in the population, and thus the old manners and customs are rapidly becoming mere traditions in the place. Even grandsons and great-grandsons of the old women who "kept the country-side in fear," affect to hold lightly the powers and doings of their progenitors, though there are still a few who, while seemingly half-ashamed to claim supernatural power for their "grannies," gravely assert that the latter had means of finding things out, and, though bed-ridden, of getting their wishes fulfilled, which to say the least were very inexplicable.

ARCH. GEIKIE.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### STORY OF A FRENCH REFUGEE.

THE persecution of the Huguenots in France in the reign of Louis XIV., both before and after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685), is matter of history, and a very sorrowful matter it is; for it may be said to have led to that series of national disasters, which is yet apparently far from being concluded. Among the sufferers from the persecution was a young man, James Fontaine, the descendant of a family of rank, whose father, in consideration of altered fortunes, dropped the aristocratic *De la*, and assumed the plain surname of Fontaine. For two or three generations, the Fontaines had been Protestant pastors in the south-west of France, and James was destined to follow the same calling, though, what was a little awkward, he limped in his gait, from having been let accidentally fall by his nurse when an infant. Born in 1658, he was still a youth, and had just begun as a preacher, when, the persecution being at its height, dragons were plundering and killing with-

out mercy, churches were being destroyed, and vast crowds of unhappy people were trying to escape to England, in which only a limited number were successful—the famous French refugees who brought to our shores a knowledge of divers industrial arts which have incalculably enriched the country.

The Rev. James Fontaine, as he designates himself in a work recently published from an original autobiography,\* got away with considerable difficulty, in company with a young lady who was to be his wife, and two or three friends. The party, after hanging about the French coast in a boat, near the isle of Oleron, were humanely taken on board an English merchant-vessel which, after beating against contrary winds for eleven days, reached Appledore, a small town near the mouth of the Taw, in Devonshire. Having paid passage-money for the party, the youthful preacher had only twenty gold pistoles left, besides six silver spoons, a silver watch, and a diamond ring worth ten or twelve pistoles.

At Barnstaple, to which they made their way, the forlorn refugees were treated with much kindness, of which they stood greatly in need, for, owing to a shortness of provisions on board ship, they were almost famished, and ravenously ate the bread that was set before them. Now begin Fontaine's adventures, from which he seems to have been of an eager, speculative character—changeable, versatile, and equally ready for preaching, teaching, manufacturing, or keeping a shop. Not, perhaps, that there was anything singular in these aptitudes, for the French generally, under pressure of misfortune have an amazing faculty in turning their hand to whatever falls in the way. The first thing that surprised our hero was the comparative cheapness of biscuits. On getting two large ones for a penny, he instantly conceived the notion of buying grain, and exporting it on speculation to France, where it was at the time very dear. The chief difficulty lay in the want of capital; but, at all events, there were the twenty pistoles, the six silver spoons, and the silver watch; and his intended wife possessed a gold neck-chain, a pearl necklace, an emerald, and a diamond worth five pistoles; all which wealth he was prepared to risk on the enterprise. Hav-

\* *Memoirs of a Huguenot Family; translated from the Original Autobiography of Rev. James Fontaine.* New York: Putnam and Sons, 1872.



ing been taken into the house of "a charitable gentleman, a Mr. Downe, at Barnstaple," he induced him to charter a vessel, and risk some money. The speculation was entered on. It proved so successful as to encourage a second shipment; but this was disappointing. A third venture was tried; in this case the orders being to bring a return cargo of salt. The captain employed, when quitting France, took on board a large number of wealthy refugees. These he plundered of all their valuables, ran the vessel ashore on the coast of Spain, where it went to wreck, and the salt returned to the sea whence it came. Worse than all, the unfortunate passengers were barbarously drowned. The captain having espied a lady who was buoyed up by means of a thick-quilted petticoat, plunged her under the water with a boat-hook, and held her down till life was extinct. With their ill-gotten wealth, the captain and crew went to Cadiz, purchased a vessel, and took to privateering. The result as regards Fontaine can be imagined. Watch, silver spoons, gold chain, and so on, had all to be disposed of, "and something still remained unpaid."

Now poorer than ever, the young French refugee was exposed to a new temptation. Mr. Downe had a sister, possessing certain "charms of mind and disposition," but "short, thin, sallow, and marked with the small-pox;" such disadvantages, however, being, as some might think, outweighed by a dowry of three thousand pounds. Carrying with her this handsome fortune, she formed the wish to become Madame Fontaine, and persuaded her brother to open the matrimonial negotiations. He was not unwilling to do so, for it would afford him an opportunity of doing a little in the matrimonial line on his own account; in a word, he had fallen in love with the young French lady, Fontaine's *fiancée*, and to take her out of the way would tend greatly to arrange matters agreeably. It was a very nicely conceived plot, and required delicate management. With the best French he could muster, Downe one day proceeded to business. After a little hesitation and clearing his throat, he told his guest that his sister wished to marry him, and if he would agree to it, he would remove the difficulty by taking the young lady who had been brought from France. The proposition was tempting, but did not in the least discompose M. Fontaine. He produced a written promise of mutual attachment between

himself and the young lady, and stated that, on communicating with her, he would abide by her decision. The same evening, he went to the house where she lodged, and executed the commission with which he was charged. The answer was such as might have been expected. There was a mutual overflow of tears. A steady resolution was formed to abide by each other. Poverty and its possible consequences, with affection, was preferred to worldly wealth and all its allurements. The trial had its uses. To the distress of Downe and his sister, M. Fontaine married the young lady, and with stout hearts the two began the world on nothing.

To the lodging to which the happy pair adjourned, numerous presents poured in from friendly refugees in the neighbourhood; but living on gifts of this kind could not last. Teaching was first resorted to, and afterwards the keeping of a small shop in Bridgewater was tried with no great success. Some friends suggested an application to the managers of a charitable fund which had been raised in London for the benefit of French refugees exiled by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The account of the effort to benefit by this fund is somewhat painful. Fontaine found that succour was hopeless for any one who did not attach himself to the Church of England, and to this, in a resolute way which reminds us of the Scotch Covenanters, he had an insuperable objection. A few Presbyterians who heard of his distress kindly gave some seasonable aid; after which he removed to Taunton, where he set up in the triple capacity of preacher, teacher, and shopkeeper. He had longings to speculate as an export merchant, but was restrained by sorrowful recollections of former misadventures. In the struggle which ensued, his young wife behaved admirably. She stood behind the counter, and helped materially to carry on the concern.

While so doing his best in the battle of life at Taunton, a fresh industrial opening occurred. He was waited on by two Frenchmen with sanguine notions about the woollen manufacture; they wanted him to lay out money on worsted, yarn, and dyes, while they would furnish the requisite mechanism to make the affair profitable. The project was irresistible. Fontaine risked twenty pounds, which he borrowed "from a Mrs. White, a widow, who dealt in tobacco at Bridgewater." Out of this trading speculation he came

out better than there were reasons for anticipating. The manufacture proved profitable, and the borrowed money was repaid. But the partners disagreed, and Fontaine was glad to get rid of them, and carry on business on his own account.

From this period, all was sunshine. On Sundays he preached, at certain times through the week he taught French, while, as a principal reliance, he carried on a system of manufacture; besides which, Madame, a pattern wife, was busy as a bee, keeping the shop, with two boys to help her. M. Fontaine did not think it the least derogatory to be an administrator of ghostly counsel and at the same time work with all his might. St. Paul was his model, and he cared nothing for professional etiquette. We cannot refrain from quoting the account he gives of the industrial arrangements of the establishment.

"I manufactured stuffs in the upper part of the house, which my wife sold at a profit in the lower part. I went to Bristol and Exeter once a quarter, to lay in a fresh stock of groceries, and pay off the old debt. I procured direct from Holland linens of various qualities, galloons, thread, needles, and tin and copper ware, manufactured there by French refugees. These articles cost me much less than if I had bought them in England. I was supplied with beaver hats from Exeter, where they were made by Frenchmen, who furnished them to no one in Taunton but myself. I sold French brandy, pure and unadulterated, whereas the Englishmen generally played tricks with theirs. I drew custom by selling Malaga and Alicant raisins at the price retail that I paid for them by wholesale. I sold needles on the same terms. Every one knew the value of these articles, and the sale of them did not amount to any great sum. One would say to another: 'You can buy beautiful raisins from the Frenchman at such a price;' and then they would come to see for themselves, buy some raisins, and probably ten or twelve shillings worth of other articles, upon which we made a profit, so we found our account in selling cheap raisins."

The success of the French refugee in this miscellaneous trade was galling to the native shopkeepers of Taunton. Far from resembling Englishmen in their generous treatment of foreigners driven by misfortune on our shores, they conceived a hatred of the poor Frenchman, whose

industry ought to have commanded their admiration, and they hatefully conspired to ruin him. In the present day, one reads of their proceedings with amazement. They lodged a complaint with the mayor and aldermen, accusing him of being a monopolist in trade, an underseller. Woollen manufacturers, tin-plate workers, dealers in brandy, raisins, stockings, and chamois leather for breeches, denounced him as interfering unduly with their profits. A summons to appear before the civic dignitaries was of course granted. The description of the trial is about the best thing in the book, but it is too long for our pages. Fontaine defended himself by a few simple explanations. He was bred a scholar and a gentleman. Religious persecution had driven him away from his native country. He followed a line of honest industry in order to support himself and family, and trusted he was doing nothing wrong in dealing in a variety of articles for the public accommodation. This sort of argument would have had no effect on the court, but for the good sense of the Recorder, who represented that unless his accusers were prepared to raise a fund and settle an annuity on the poor Frenchman, he must be allowed to earn his bread for the sake of himself and family. All were abashed at the decision. "Go," said he to Fontaine; "we return you thanks for your industry. God bless you and your labour." The triumph over narrow considerations was complete.

Dismissed from the bar there was still on the part of the magistrates a malicious disposition to molest the refugee, for which the political condition of the country offered an opportunity. The Prince of Orange had just landed. The Revolution was complete, and there was on all hands a search for Jacobites and Jesuits. It was easy getting up a cry that M. Fontaine was a Jesuit in disguise. He pretended to preach the gospel, and to gain friends by selling articles at cost-price. He was a downright Jesuit, and ought to be hanged. Ominous murmurs of this kind gave the Frenchman some uneasiness. He had a profound respect for the English, but on landing in Devonshire at the close of Monmouth's rebellion, he observed with dismay that there was a great deal of hanging and quartering, and that ghastly heads were stuck about at the entrance to towns in most unpleasant profusion.

Things might not come to pass, but in the fervour of the moment no one could



safely say there would be no excesses. As a beginning, soldiers were quartered on Fontaine to an extent beyond endurance, and the poor man could see nothing but a determination to bring him to ruin. Taunton was a place in which he could no longer do any good as a retail dealer, and so far he was resolved to wind up his affairs. Being occupied during the day teaching French and Latin, he was obliged to steal many hours of the night to find time to make an exact inventory of all he possessed. To discharge his debts, he sold off his stuffs to wholesale merchants, and the residue of his effects was disposed of to a purchaser for four hundred pounds, which he retained as a little leaven, to begin business in some new line when opportunity offered.

For several months his only employment was keeping a school, by which, however, he did not make quite enough to maintain his family, now consisting of several children. Thoughtful and ingenious, he pondered on the probability of success as a manufacturer of a new kind of worsted stuff, called calimanco, for which Norwich had become celebrated. In a spirit of enterprise, he determined to make an attempt to imitate the article, even though ignorant of the requisite mechanical knowledge. How distressing to have to record that the authorities of an English country town should have had the despicable meanness to oppress a man with so noble a spirit of self-reliance and industry! Meantly tyrannized over, Fontaine was not to be baffled. "I engaged," says he, "a weaver for my experimental attempt, who was out of employment, and was apparently very docile. I made all the machinery, I put it up with my own hands, and spent a couple of hours every day trying to instruct him. This went on for three months, altering the threads and machinery for new trials about once a fortnight, and still not an inch of the desired fabric was produced; and I was paying the weaver his full wages all the time."

The attempt to manufacture calimanco was like to be abortive, when by good luck a young man with some skill in the art was lighted upon, and employed. After no little trouble with the imperfect mechanism, this young craftsman succeeded in making several yards of stuff in the day. There yet remained a serious drawback. The stuff produced was like calimanco in substance, but not in finish; it was rough on the surface, with great

hairs sticking out in all directions. In the present day, a smooth surface is given to tissues by a process of singeing over fiery hot rollers. Fontaine did not know anything of this process, but he conjectured that singeing would effect the required smoothness. "I recollected," he says, "that when I was at school, I had often gone to warm myself in a hatter's shop, and I used to watch the process of burning off the long hairs from the hats with a blazing wisp of straw, so I thought that a similar plan might be adopted for remedying the defect in my calimanco." He thus fell upon the very process which has now attained so much perfection. How Fontaine laughed with joy when by means of a burning wisp of straw, followed by a proper degree of pressure, the calimanco came out beautiful, about as good as that of Norwich! He sold lots of it at Exeter at half-a-crown a yard, realizing a hundred per cent. of profit after all expenses were paid. We do not know that there is anything finer than this as an instance of ingenuity and perseverance in the history of British manufactures.

Soon Fontaine had fifteen looms at work on his calimanco, and to all appearance he was on the road to fortune. He got discouraged, however, by attempts to withdraw his workmen, and to rival his manufacture. In fact, he was too susceptible on this score, for the world is wide enough for everybody, and he ought to have held on in his course. With characteristic unsettledness, he became weary of the business, and contemplated emigration to Ireland. We let him tell what ensued in his own words. "Seeing that I had now made one thousand pounds in the course of three years, I thought I would leave the place, and try whether I could not find a French church in want of a minister. I knew that there were many French Protestant refugees in Ireland, so I went to Dublin to make inquiries. I was there recommended to go to Cork, and I accordingly proceeded thither, and found there were several French families settled there who were very desirous to have a minister." As a result of this expedition, Fontaine removed in 1694 with his family to Cork, where he set up as a French Protestant preacher; but the emoluments being *nil*, he continued to dabble in yarns, dye-stuffs, and manufacturing industry. Preaching, indeed, was his favourite pursuit, for no man had a more earnest desire to be useful in expounding the gospel message. His

manufacture was taken up only as a means of livelihood. There is some historical interest in his proceedings, for they afford a glimpse of the social changes arising from the introduction of French refugees into these islands.

At Cork, M. Fontaine was at the height of his ambition. He was an admired preacher, and he gained from his small manufactory ample support for his family. This state of things was too good to last. Dissensions broke out in the congregation, and considering himself ill-treated, the hitherto too confiding pastor resigned his office. Some mercantile adventures were now tried, but they only brought loss and vexation. As a finishing calamity, the British parliament, in its then mistaken policy, passed an act forbidding the export of woollen manufactures from Ireland, by which the luckless Fontaine was adroitly ruined. What hand could he turn to now? Fishing, and exporting the produce to Spain, occurred to him as a grand idea. With this project in view, Fontaine removed with his family and the wreck of his worldly possessions to Bear Haven, where he rented the farms for his fishery.

In this new enterprise, with all his diligence, he was unsuccessful, and, to add to his misfortunes, he was pillaged and cheated by neighbours in a thousand indirect ways. As a climax, his house was attacked by privateers, against whom he for a time carried on a war for bare existence. On one occasion he did the state some service by his courageous defence, for which he had the good fortune to be rewarded with a pension of five shillings a day. There is something melancholy in what follows.

Broken down in health, though not so in spirit, and relying on his pension, Fontaine removed to Dublin, rented a house in Stephen's Green, and there for several years carried on a school for teaching French, Latin, and Greek. In 1721, he lost his wife, and the shock so greatly distressed him that he gave up his school. At this point, his personal narrative draws to a close, and all that follows is an account of his sons, several of whom emigrated to Virginia, and founded families which rose to distinction in the colony. We cannot speak of the work embracing an account of the family as artistic in construction; but it is valuable as shewing us the struggles of one of those honest and ingenious foreigners who, driven by short-sighted persecution from their own country, contributed to the

glory of England, the kindly home of oppressed nationalities. W. C.

From The Spectator.

#### THE LATE EMPEROR'S SUPERSTITION.

EVERYONE knew, by general rumour at least, that the late Emperor of the French, with all his longheadedness and power of slow, tenacious reflection, was a superstitious man, who profoundly believed that his uncle watched over his destinies and protected his career. But the publication this week of his will, made in 1865, is much the most authentic evidence accessible to us of the depth of this superstition. In it he declares positively, "One must think that from the height of Heaven those whom you have loved look down upon you and protect you. It is the soul of my mighty uncle that has always inspired and sustained me." And again, "As to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal which I wore attached to my watch, and which I got from my mother; let him preserve with care all that I have inherited from the Emperor my uncle, and let him be assured that my heart and my soul remain with him." In a will so short, which would not occupy forty lines of this journal, and in which only the wishes to which the Emperor attached the most significance are enumerated at all, the solemn mention of this belief in the angelic guardianship exercised on his behalf by his uncle, and the injunction to his son to keep as a talisman the seal which he himself had had from his mother, prove that these impressions were not in the Emperor's view transient fancies to which now and then he was able to attach a certain half-playful importance, but that they were deeply cherished superstitions,—superstitions of which he was so far from being ashamed, that he wished to give them all the emphasis of deliberate registration in an imperial testament,—a testament certain to be made public, and, had he died on the throne, to be made public at a moment full of gravity for the career of his son. Nor can it well be that the Emperor wished to pose before the people of France as entertaining a superstition of this kind, if he did not really entertain it. It is certainly not one of the kind of beliefs which it would be the proper imperial rôle to counterfeit; it suggests too completely the conscious subordination of the Emperor to his un-



cle, as well as a belief neither sufficiently consistent in tone with the dutiful Catholicism officially expressed in the last sentence of his will, nor with the "enlightened" views of his more radical adherents, to admit of the hypothesis that he wrote these clauses of his will for the sake of any effect they might be supposed to have on the people of France. We are disposed to think that even in his last exile, when his sainted uncle's protection had so entirely failed him, he would not have hesitated to reaffirm these same superstitions. Indeed, a man who trusted so much to the angelic guardianship of an Emperor who had completely broken down in his own career, would hardly withdraw his confidence because the tutelary power had also failed to save the prestige of his protégé from a catastrophe of a similar, though more humiliating nature. It would be hardly reasonable to expect a man even from the other world to show more sagacity in overruling the destiny of another than he had shown in ruling his own. Indeed Bishop Butler would have constructed a very ingenious argument to show that the same moral and intellectual defects which showed themselves in Napoleon I.'s career as Emperor and General, might have been expected *a priori* to show themselves again in his career as guardian angel.

We believe we may assume, then, that these superstitious beliefs of the late Emperor were not only a real part of his mind, but were very deeply ingrained in it, were of the very warp of his character. There would seem to be something strange in the admission of what may be called such an intellectual taint in the character of one who was able to gain the position which Napoleon III. did gain in Europe, and it will seem not perhaps the less strange if we hold that it was in great measure by virtue of this taint and in consequence of it, that he was able to reach the height he did. For no one can really doubt that but for Napoleon III's firm belief in superhuman influences aiding his plans, he hardly would have ventured either on the successful or on the silly enterprises by which he endeavoured to gain the French Throne. That a great part of the moving force of Napoleon III's career was in his superstition, the Emperor's will seems to us to place almost beyond doubt. And yet it will seem, as we have said, remarkable that a man of the Emperor's great power should have been the victim of this strange kind of illusion, till we observe that it was not

apparently so much a general tendency to superstition which was at the basis of Louis Napoleon's particular illusion, but that it was the heat and intensity of imagination with which he dwelt upon the fact of his relationship to his uncle, and on the political consequences which this relationship might involve, that led to the superstition. In short, the illusion was the over-growth of a particular vein of intense thought in which any politician of the same birth and origin would necessarily have more or less indulged, and not a mere individual instance of a generally superstitious temper. Louis Napoleon's superstition was due to the enormous exaggeration of a shrewd and sagacious conviction, — that his relationship to the First Emperor was a mine of unworked power which he could work if he pleased. It was not the wild exaggeration of a germ of religious feeling, but the wild exaggeration of a perfectly correct worldly appreciation of the power that lay for him in the connection with the great Emperor. There are superstitions which come of religious feeling, superstitions in which the impression exaggerated is a more or less religious impression, like religious melancholy generally, and the religious visions of such a dreamer as Swedenborg; and again, there are superstitions which come of mere over-concentration of thought on some half-felt and half-perceived chance of worldly advancement. Thus, Macbeth's superstition was evidently little more than the dreamy exaggeration of the murderous ambition in his own mind. And Louis Napoleon's was, we suspect, nothing more than the exaltation of his own profound belief that the heir of the great Emperor ought to find in that Emperor an immense store of political power and the occasion for a brilliant destiny. This notion, long entertained and cherished and dreamt upon, led no doubt to a perfectly sincere conviction that the late Emperor was the actual author of all his nephew's highest dreams, most ambitious plans, and most successful political ventures. Nor apparently would his mere belief in the power of his birth have been adequate to qualify him for his actual career, without the superstitious extension which it continually took in his mind as the working of a potent will external to himself, and wielding powers which he could not wield. This unsafe and indeed in its essence insane exaggeration of his sense of the political value of his birth, had this advantage for him, that it gave

him the sense of an *unlimited* power to fall back upon, whereas the same conviction would have given him no such assurance, but would have told him that there were very well marked limits to the strength it lent him, that it was a mere opportunity for his use, not an independent force on which he could lean. Of course it is never safe for men to believe they have a force behind them which they have not got; but it does seem that some slow natures like the late Emperor's need this sort of false stimulus to give them *staying-power*, if they are to be anything great at all as men of action. Louis Napoleon in our view was not naturally at all constituted for a man of action. He was a slow, hesitating dreamer, of considerable power and lucidity, who had no gifts for action; but just as nature sometimes seems to go out of her way to provide a compensation even by a sort of monstrosity for a great deficiency, just as she sometimes gives a dwarf arms of preternatural strength and length, so Louis Napoleon was in great measure made into a man of action from a mere dreamer by the growth of the morbid superstition which led him to find in his uncle's departed soul a sort of fetish that impelled him into the thick of the contest. Commoner men have a milder degree of the same kind of superstition. When the Mr. Whitbread who gave rise to Canning's celebrated couplet, recalled solemnly to the House of Commons the fact that the day was sacred to him because it was at once the day of the foundation of the Brewery and of his father's death, — whereupon Canning wrote down, —

This day I still hail with a smile and a sigh,  
For his beer with an *e*, and his bier with an *i*,

— Mr. Whitbread had evidently been unconsciously engaged in making a mild sort of fetish of the founder of his own fortunes, precisely similar in kind to that which Louis Napoleon, with a more grandiose imagination, made of his mighty uncle. The Emperor's egotistic exaggeration of the importance of a relationship which had transmitted hardly any hereditary quality for empire to him, was nevertheless a superstition the constant brooding on which made him into an emperor, as a queen-bee is made by being fed on a particular kind of food into a queen. But the superstition was essentially vulgar in origin, though taken up into a grandiose nature capable of a certain loftiness of manner and phrase.

In fact, there is no real connection be-

tween a superstition of this kind, — vulgar in origin, whatever it be in manner, — and that grander and deeper kind of superstition which comes of religious awe and wonder. The Emperor seems to have had exceedingly little of this. He regarded himself not as the servant of Heaven, but as the *protégé* of the first Buonaparte. What he was to do in the world was not God's will, but the will of the "Exile of St. Helena." He worshipped at second-hand; was the instrument of an instrument; and felt not that he was serving Man as a Divine tool, but that he was working out the uncompleted thought of the coarse genius with whom he claimed relationship. Never was there less of that humility, awe, and wonder which are at the basis both of true worship, and often also of that extra-belief or *Aberglaube*, which, according to Mr. Arnold, constitutes superstition, than in the late Emperor's heated illusions about the protection of his demi-god uncle. It was the worship of the Roman world for the *divus* Augustus over again in a cruder and somewhat baser form. The late Emperor's mind could not reach, and did not care to reach, the throne of the supreme Omnipotence at all. He stopped at the best idol he could form for himself of the Divine Ruler, — namely, the caricature contained in that coarse, vigorous, fertile-minded, supremely self-willed incarnation of selfish ambition who had founded the Democratic Empire of France and his own house. It was a poor, pinchbeck kind of worship, and led, as such kinds of worship do, into superstitions that are at least as ruinous in the end, as they are sometimes, by accident and for a time, mines of political force.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE PROGRESS OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

SPAIN is evidently in for much more than a series of changes of government. She is undergoing, nearly a century later, something very like the same process that France underwent in her great throes of 1789 and the following years, but undergoing it in a milder form, — milder partly on account of the familiarity of the mind of Europe with the character of the social movements which created so much wonder, enthusiasm, and terror then, partly on account of the more phlegmatic nature of the Spaniard, which



does not seem to take the malady of suspicion nearly so violently as the nature of the Frenchman. There was—as De Tocqueville very well brought out in those latest chapters of his book on the French Revolution which Mr. Henry Reeve has just added to the second edition of his excellent translation—a universal expectation of completely new social forces and new possibilities of government, pervading Europe for years before the French Revolution, an expectation which added enormously to the exciting character of that great event. Throughout Europe men believed that they were on the eve of changes in which society would be quite transfigured, and this belief, which, curiously enough, pervaded most completely not those classes which were most miserable, but those which were far above want and living in luxury, stimulated every wave of emotion and passion which spread over France, and intoxicated the actors in those great scenes. Spain has at least the advantage that the changes which her political and social life seem destined to undergo are no longer waited for with awe, as if they were the results of the inspiration of a sort of divine Muse. The excitement of the drama has been in great degree discounted by the history of the revolutions of 1789, 1830, and 1848. Spain knows that no golden era of society is to be expected from any changes, however fundamental; that the alternative between anarchy, and strict taxation under some form of government, is the only alternative to be hoped for; that the most enthusiastic republics have once and again been much severer sufferers than even despotic States; that if a Federal Republic is to succeed, the Federal Republic must not hope to restore a social Paradise, but must drill its troops, impose discipline, resist riot, adjust taxation, and enforce justice. There is now, thanks to France, no vast illusion, no rainbow of imaginary hope, to dazzle the eyes even of ignorant Spain. There may be great changes for the better, or great changes for the worse,—and for a time, at least, we fear the latter are the more likely,—but there will be no such wild intoxication as alone rendered the great French agony of hope and fear possible. And fortunately, too, Spain takes differences of political opinion easier than France. Carlists, Alfonsists, Radicals, and Republicans, get on very fairly together, except during the crisis of a physical struggle. That “fear” which M. Gambetta justly tells us is the great

curse of France does not seem to take root easily in Spain. The danger rather is an apathy too great to admit of the people taking any side definitely, so as to render organization possible. As the French have always had a genius for centralization,—which it is a pity, by the way, they did not manage to impart more effectually to the Spaniards during their occupation of Spain,—the Spaniards appear to have always had and still to have, a taste for decentralization, and the fear is that this will so favour disorganization as to render the process of new political crystallization difficult, tardy, and inadequate. The example of Madrid has none of the fascination for the other great cities of Spain, for Barcelona, and Seville, and Malaga, that the example of Paris has for Lyons, and Marseilles, and Bourdeaux. This indeed, is the argument for that “Federal” Republic which is now apparently in the ascendant. But this fact makes the political future of Spain even more uncertain than the political future of France ever was. Spain is like a ship built in cellular compartments, less easy to wreck as a whole, more easy to break up into distinct parts. Now that the Army is in active decomposition, and that the voice of the only actual authority left, is favourable to Federalism rather than unification, it becomes a very difficult matter indeed to anticipate the course of political change.

It seems, however, from the accounts, that the actual Government is not only not in fault for suppressing the Permanent Committee appointed by the National Assembly before its separation, but that it was almost compelled to take that course. A rebellion had been apparently organized by the friends of the Permanent Committee against the Government. The Government was called upon by the Permanent Committee to revise the course decided on by the National Assembly, to recall that body and put off the election of a Constituent Cortes. An armed demonstration, it is said by “Monarchical” Volunteers, was made in favour of this policy, so that it became a question of life and death between the Permanent Committee and the Government. If the Permanent Committee had won, there would have been a *coup d'état* and a reaction. But the victory of the Government only means the dissolution of the Permanent Committee. The unitary party, some of them Reactionists—including apparently Marshal Serrano—some of them Radicals, clearly demanded

a retrograde step, and the indefinite postponement of the election of the Constituent Cortes. They have been beaten in fair fight, and Señor Castelar and his friends remain at the head of affairs, and intend to convoke the Constituent Cortes for the 1st of June, when there seems at present little doubt that the idea of a Federal Republic will be broached, and probably command the votes of a majority of the members.

But to our minds, it matters far less what kind of government is to rule at Madrid, than what sort of authority that government is to exercise. The reason we look upon the crisis at Madrid as a new stage in a slowly-developing revolution, is that hitherto at every change in the political kaleidoscope since the death of General Prim, there has been clear loss of administrative force to the Government. Amadeo found little, and that little ebbed gradually away, during his short reign. The Republic which succeeded Amadeo inherited a very small remnant of authority, but even that it has wasted through the fear of incurring unpopularity. It cannot maintain any of its Captains in Catalonia, but removes one after the other for their unpopular measures for restoring discipline to the demoralized Army. The last report, not yet confirmed before the news came of the struggle in Madrid, was that General Velarde was about to resign because his measures of discipline against the mutinous soldiers were not supported by his civil superiors. Of course it is the special danger of a Federal Government to yield too much to local opinion on all political matters. But a Federal Government without a central army to depend upon is not really a Government at all, it is only a Board for hearing complaints from all sides on which it has no power to take action. With the Northern provinces overrun by the Carlists, with secret Alfonsists clothed in whatever military prestige may be left to the officers of the Army, with Radicals dreading the break-up of Spain into a

federation, and Federalists governing only by the favour of the masses, and without any power to enforce their will concerning any matter on which the masses do not regard it with complacency, it seems to us more than likely that Spain is on the way to a complete dissolution of her political unity into its elements.

But though we see, or think we see, signs of a much longer interval than we had hoped before civil order can be re-established in Spain, we are disposed to think that the very process of disintegration itself is as likely as not to overcome that strong municipal feeling, that preference for the authority of local juntas and the federal idea, which is now for the moment clearly in the ascendant. History seems to show that a despotic monarchy, while it admits of something very like practical federation under it, without endangering the outward form of national unity, has very little tendency to produce such ardent popular love of national unity as we have seen prevalent in Europe of late years. But it seems also to show that the inevitable tendency of popular revolutions like that which is now progressing in Spain is to bring about,—through much grief, through tribulation and anguish, and perhaps much blood,—that sense of mutual need and mutual dependence out of which true national unity grows. Revolution on the large scale,—on such a scale as Spain seems but too likely to undergo,—is a terrible fire; but it does frequently seem to fuse the component elements of national life as nothing else fuses them, and this in spite of the bitter party animosities it is apt to excite. We fear the Federal Republic in Spain is little more than a name for a period of revolution; but we should expect to find that the Federal idea itself would hardly survive the chaos into which it will probably plunge Spain, and that Spanish unity will mean a much more solid thing after the chaos than it did before.

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ONE reason why Christianity has so little success in the world is because professing Christians subordinate it to so many other considerations. Local residence, occupation, friendship, marriage, are settled, and the question of religion goes for little or nothing. It is compromised, and a compromise is close to a surrender. Were it the ruling principle with

Christians, it would be on the sure way to the world's throne, though it might be through suffering. "Art thou a King then? He answered, Thou sayest. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."

Thoughts by the Way.



MISUSE OF WORDS. — It is amusing, if not something pitiable, to see how a simple English word, the word *either*, is systematically misunderstood and misapplied. The real meaning of the word is, "one or the other;" just as, in a negative sense, *neither* signifies, "not one nor the other." Shakespeare, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, uses both words correctly:

Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flattered; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

From a strange freak, the term *either* has been very commonly employed to signify each of two, or both. For example, "there stood a pillar on either side of the gateway;" or, "they were seated on either side of the fireplace;" or to take two examples from Lord Lytton's last novel, "A pleasant greensward bordered it on either side" — "the mouth singularly beautiful, with a dimple on either side," the meaning in each case being "both sides;" or, to go a peg lower in the literary scale, and quote from the comic song of the *Bear-skin Coat*:

Fine pockets, large and wide,  
Stood out from either side.

This misuse of *either* is not new. The error occurs several times in the authorized version of the New Testament. Two instances may be given. "They crucified two other with him, on either side one," St. John xix. 18. "On either side of the river was there the tree of life," Rev. xxii. 2. It says little for the scholarship of the translators that they should have perpetuated this abuse of our vernacular, and sanctioned an error so inveterate as to be now almost past correction. Perhaps sound has had something to do with the improper use of *either*. Consisting of two syllables, it may be considered to be more fluent and elegant than the little word *each*; in which way sound is probably preferred to sense. Fashion, however, cannot be permitted to alter the plain meaning of the English language, and we are glad that, according to the newspaper report, the correct definition of *either* was lately vindicated in a suit in Chancery. We give the matter briefly, as it is related. "A certain testator left property, the disposition of which was affected by 'the death of either' of two persons. One learned counsel contended that the word 'either' meant both; in support of this view he quoted Richardson, Webster, Chaucer, Dryden, Southey, the history of the crucifixion, and a passage from Revelation. The learned judge suggested that there was an old song in the *Beggars' Opera*, known to all, which took the opposite view:

How happy could I be with either,  
Were t' other dear charmer away.

In pronouncing judgment, the judge dissented entirely from the argument of the learned counsel. 'Either' meant one of two, and did not mean 'both.' Though occasionally, by

poets and some other writers, the word was employed to signify 'both,' it did not in this case before the court." Though such was the decision, we do not expect that the misuse of *either* will be dropped. In comparison with each, the word is thought pretty, and it will doubtless continue to be misapplied, both in speaking and writing; though, perhaps, testators have received a salutary lesson on the subject.

We might present other instances of the inveterate misuse of words, but content ourselves with drawing attention to one of daily occurrence. We refer to the word *none*, which is simply a contraction of "no one," or "not one," and is accordingly to be used in application to only one thing. Instead, however, of speaking of it in the singular, as "none is," or "not one is," or "not one was," it is almost constantly pluralized; writers saying, "none are," or "none were." They might just as well say "no one were," which they would hardly think of doing. As the English language is a precious inheritance, it would surely be worth while to avoid such a petty misuse of a very simple class of terms.

Chambers' Journal.

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AMONG other evils which the world seems destined to endure until it comes to an end is Greek brigandage. It was confidently asserted a short time ago that arrangements had been entered into between the Greek and Turkish Governments by which brigandage on the Greco-Turkish frontiers was to be extirpated, but it appears that the proposed convention remains in abeyance. In consequence of the recent change of the Ottoman Foreign Minister, the Porte, says the *Levant Herald*, has not yet communicated to the Hellenic Legation the proposal it desires to substitute for that suggested by the Greek Government for the establishment of a neutral zone of a considerable extent on the border, within which the Greek and Turkish troops, either alone or in concert, should be free to pursue or otherwise operate against the brigands without restriction. The Seraskierate, it is understood, objects that this intermediary frontier belt of some twenty-two miles in extent would embrace the Turkish town and fortress of Arta, and a number of Turkish villages and castles in the mountain ranges of Otrys and Agraphi, and it presumably does not altogether favour a plan which would give Greek troops a free range in those places. It seems nevertheless rather hard on those who are robbed and murdered by the brigands that the two Governments, whose duty it is to preserve order and prevent crime on their frontiers, should have any difficulty in coming to an understanding on this question. In the meantime how the brigands must chuckle!

Pall Mall.

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## HOME-SPUN SONGS.

BY SAMUEL SLICK, JUNR.

## THE BLAZE \* ON THE HEART.

THEN good-bye, Joe; you've gone, I'm told,  
 Away to the far-off West;  
 And the old folks say, and the Deacon, too,  
 They're sure it's all for the best,  
 For the cursed dram-shop spoiled you, Joe,  
 And I never could be your wife;  
 Yet I'm 'most afeared, in spite of myself,  
 I'll love you all my life.  
     Day and night,  
     Night and day,  
     Ever in sight,  
     Never away,  
 Joe, dear Joe!

I often think of the days of old,  
 When we tapped the maple-tree,  
 And you swore the sap war'nt half as sweet  
 As the kiss you stole from me.  
 I think of the walks through the hemlock  
     woods  
 To the meetin'-house with you;  
 But the stars, somehow, don't shine so bright,  
 And the sky don't seem so blue.  
     Day and night,  
     Night and day,  
     Ever in sight,  
     Never away,  
 Joe, dear Joe!

The blaze you made on the juniper-tree  
 Long years will wear away,  
 But the blaze you've left on my heart will last  
 Till age has turned me grey.  
 For I can't forget; when I shut my eyes,  
 You're sure to come to view,  
 Till I kinder wish for an endless sleep,  
 One last, long dream of you.  
     Day and night,  
     Night and day,  
     Ever in sight,  
     Never away,  
 Joe, dear Joe!

\* A backwoodsman's mark on a tree, — shows that  
 some chap's been along that way before.

## THE BLUEBERRY FROLIC.\*

OH, Barbara dear, you'll come with me,  
 And Siss will go with Bly;  
 We're off to the blueberry frolic to-day,  
 With hay-cart, buggy, and fly.

\* In the North-Eastern States, and in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, there are extensive tracts, called "Barrens," over which fires have swept that have burned up the very soil itself, and have left nothing behind them but bare rocks, lofty rampikes (the blackened stems of pine-trees), and blueberries. At the end of August all creation begins to think that blueberries taste nice. The bears camp out on the barrens, and grow fat and saucy. Clouds of wild pigeons cluster on the old rampikes as thick as blackberries; and the boys and girls hitch their horses into hay-waggons half filled with hay, and off they go "a-berryin'," and pick barrels of blueberries, which mother afterwards dries and preserves for winter's use. It's great fun, I tell you. Boys, girls, birds, and bears — all nature goes in for one big "blueberry frolic;" and if they haven't a good time, I just want to know. — S.S., Jr.

Old Jake's to the fore, with his fiddle and bow,  
 And Jonathan brings his horn;  
 We'll end with a dance at the room in the mill,  
 Then home at the peep of dawn.  
     Then come, come, come!  
     Though Margery, Bess, and Sue,  
     Jenny, and Kate, will all be there,  
     They ain't a touch to you!

My sakes! you'd make an angel cuss,  
 You've got such a lot of airs;  
 Mebbe the Governor's good enough,  
 If we're such small affairs.  
 I'm blessed if I don't ask Bella to come,  
 She'd give her eyes to go;  
 Her eyes ain't bad — you know they ain't —  
 And her neck is like the snow.  
     Then come, come, come!  
     Though Margery, Bess, and Sue,  
     Jenny, and Kate, will all be there,  
     They ain't a touch to you!

Now don't you cry! I only joked:  
 I knew yer meant to go.  
 It's 'cause I love you, Barbara dear,  
 I sometimes hate you so.  
 Come, let's get spliced; its time, I guess:  
 Let's drop these pets for life.  
 I'd like some pets of a different sort,  
 With Barbara for my wife.  
     Then come, come, come!  
     Though Margery, Bess, and Sue,  
     Jenny, and Kate, will all be there,  
     They ain't a touch to you!

## THE LONG VOYAGE.

THE mackerel boats sailed slowly out  
 Into the darkening sea,  
 But the grey gull's flight was landward,  
 The kestrel skimmed the lea.

Strange whisperings were in the air;  
 And though no leaflet stirred,  
 The echo of the distant storm,  
 The moaning sigh, was heard.

It came — the swift-winged hurricane,  
 Bursting upon the shore,  
 Till the wild bird's nest, and the fishers's cot,  
 All trembled at its roar.

And women wept, and watched, and wept,  
 And prayed for the night to wane;  
 And watched and prayed, though the setting  
     sun  
 Lit up the window-pane.

"A sail!"

That sail is not for you;  
 It slowly fades away.  
 The sun may set; the moon may rise;  
 The night may turn to day;

Slow years roll by, and the solemn stars  
 Glide on — but all in vain!  
 They have sailed away on a long, long voyage;  
 They'll never come back again.

Blackwood.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
MAURY ON SLEEP AND DREAMS.\*

WE place M. Maury's volume at the head of this article, as one of the most recent and remarkable on the phenomena of Sleep and Dreams. He is among the few authors who have made them the subject of experiment as well as of simple observation. But in reviewing his work we shall have occasion to refer to several others, in which these phenomena are treated of, either especially or as a part of human physiology; many of them works of much intrinsic value, though not, as we think, wholly exhausting the subject. Attention has been somewhat too exclusively given to the physical causes and conditions of sleep, without adequate notice of the wonderful characters which connect it with the other portion of our existence; rendering it, through dreams, an interpreter of many of those complex relations of mind and body which have perplexed philosophy in every age of the world. Sleep and dreams may justly be deemed one of the great mysteries of our nature. Our knowledge of them is far from having reached the realities of a science. Many of the problems, physical and psychological, they involve, are among the most profound in mental philosophy, and meet us at the very threshold of the inquiry. And if some of these questions do admit of solution, others are so deeply hidden in the ultimate mystery of the mind itself, as to be wholly inscrutable by any means human reason can apply to them.

It may seem strange to many of our readers, that we should preface the subject of Sleep and Dreams by phrases thus grave and forbidding in their tenor. Acts so familiar, and periodically habitual in our lives, might be thought of easy interpretation. The sleep of the rocking-cradle, of the bed, of the arm-chair or carriage, witnessed in their ever-recurring routine, would seem to tell all that can or need be known on these subjects. But it is this very familiarity which disguises their nature, and begets indifference to

the greatest marvel of our existence. This, indeed, is one of the numerous instances where we look heedlessly upon phenomena become habitual to us, but which, seen as solitary or infrequent events, are the subjects of admiration or terror. We gaze with careless eye on the daily march of the Sun through the heavens, on the midnight magnificence of the starry sky. Our wonder and awe are reserved for the comet or the eclipse. We witness the flowing and ebbing of the ocean and river tides at their calculated times, ignorant or indifferent to the fact that these changes express the action of the greatest law of the universe. Traveling by railroad, we look with idle eyes on those thin wire lines, traversing the air beside us, which at the very moment are carrying currents of electricity under human bidding — the instantaneous transmitters of human language and thought. We think and speak, we see and hear, breathe and walk, indifferent as to the nature of these marvellous functions, or how their unceasing work is carried on. And well it is for our happiness, and for the integrity of the functions themselves, that it should be so. The mere act of mental attention to any one of them, is enough to alter or disturb its natural action — a fact of supreme importance in human physiology.

All this is eminently true as regards the subject before us. An habitual indifference to the phenomena of sleep is found as much among men of general intelligence as in the mass of the unthinking world. Assembled in the morning round the breakfast-table, we laugh and jest over tales of the dreams of the night; not reflecting that these wild and entangled vagaries — illusions as to persons, time, and place — are part and parcel of that continuous personal identity, which at other times manifests itself in acts of reason, discourse, and deliberate functions of the will. We are jesting here upon things which have perplexed the philosophy of all ages. No less a problem than the intimate nature of the human soul is concerned in these phenomena. Where more than a fourth part of life, even in its adult and healthiest

\* *Le Sommeil et les Rêves.* Par L. F. ALFRED MAURY, Membre de l'Institut. Troisième Edition. Paris: 1865.



stages, is passed in sleeping and dreaming, these functions must be taken as an integral and necessary part of our existence — not less natural than our waking acts, and associated with them by various intermediate phenomena, to which we shall presently allude. These phenomena, indeed, may be said really to maintain that unity of the thinking and conscious being which in other ways they seem so strangely to disturb. A line of rigid demarcation between the states of waking and sleeping might well appear to dis sever this unity. But no such line exists; and it may readily be shown, under appeal to individual experience, that these various states endlessly commingle and graduate into each other; thus affording mutual illustration, and, as we believe, a more intimate knowledge of the mysteries of the human mind than can be obtained from any other source.

It would hardly be worth while to preface what we have to say on Sleep and Dreams, by citing what ancient writers — philosophers, physicians, and poets — have bequeathed to us on the subject. The phenomena were to them the same as to us — the dream, perhaps, more exciting to the imagination from its connection with various superstitions of the age. Seeing, indeed, the tendency of their mythology and poetry to deify whatever is wonderful in man or nature, it is not surprising that they should clothe these great functions of life with a personality, vague indeed in kind, but such as to satisfy the popular and poetic feeling of the time. Nor can we wonder that they should have been the subjects of superstitious belief, seeing how variously and strangely these functions are blended with the spiritual part of our nature. Even now, when science imposes so many new checks upon credulity, the inspired dream — the *Ὀναρ ἐκ Διὸς* — has its occasional place among other still less rational beliefs of the world.

Aristotle, whose chapters on Sleep and Dreams rank foremost of all that the ancients have left us on the subject, says on the question of inspiration of dreams, that it is not easy "either to despise the evidence or to be convinced by it" (*οὔτε*

*καταφρονῆσαι βέβαιον, οὔτε τεύθηναι*.) But with his wonted sagacity, he indicates the reasons which justify distrust as to a Divine interposition, thus partial and frivolous in its alleged ministrations to man. He sees clearly that the event is often the parent of the prophetic dream, and that in the endless and complex relations of human life, it must needfully happen that coincidences often occur without any real relation of the events so associated. These chapters of Aristotle well deserve perusal as evidences of the clear and acute intelligence of this great philosopher. We have acquired more knowledge of the physiology of sleep as a vital function, but in its connection with dreams are little advanced beyond what he has told us.

Cicero, in his Second Book "De Divinatione," discusses the question whether there be a divine influence occasionally embodied in dreams still more largely and conclusively. Called upon to confront strong popular superstitions, he meets them fairly and boldly. But beyond this negative conclusion, his treatise does little to illustrate the phenomena or philosophy of the functions in question.

While revelling in the beauty of the poetry, ancient and modern, which has found a theme in sleep and dreams — and none more fertile for fancy to work upon — we cannot look for any fresh knowledge from this source. Lucretius, indeed, with his supreme mastery of verse, comprises something of the philosophy of dreams in his grand description of them. From Homer and the Greek dramatists down to Virgil, Ovid, Statius, &c., we have abundant passages, finely describing or invoking sleep, but it is the poetry only of the subject. We must not, however, quit this topic without referring to those many striking passages in Shakespeare where the genius of the man revels in the wild, fantastic world of our sleeping existence. He grasped human nature too universally to leave untouched this wonderful part of it. We need but refer to the passages in "Henry IV.," "Richard III.," "Romeo and Juliet," "Macbeth," and "Midsummer Night's Dream," in proof of what we are saying. The memory of our readers will furnish them with numerous other

passages on the subject from English, German, and Italian poets ; but none, we think, so abounding in thought and poetry as those of Shakespeare.

We have already stated our reason for taking M. Maury's volume as the text for our article. We learn from his preface that he has zealously devoted himself to the subject for a long series of years ; embodying his researches in successive publications, of which this is the latest. These researches comprise certain curious methods of experiment, ingeniously devised, and, as far as we know, never systematically used before. We cannot better illustrate these methods than by giving his own words. After speaking of the need of long, continuous, and cautious observation, to obtain any assured results, he adds : —

Je m'observe tantôt dans mon lit, tantôt dans mon fauteuil, au moment où le sommeil me gagne. Je note exactement dans quelles dispositions je me trouvais avant de m'endormir ; et je prie la personne qui est près de moi, de m'éveiller à des instants plus ou moins éloignés du moment où je me suis assoupi. Réveillé en sursaut, la mémoire du rêve, auquel on m'a soudainement arraché, est encore présenté à mon esprit, dans la fraîcheur même de l'impression. Il m'est alors facile de rapprocher les détails de ce rêve des circonstances où je m'étais placé pour m'endormir. Je consigne sur un cahier ces observations, comme le fait un médecin pour les cas qu'il observe. Et en relisant le répertoire que je me suis ainsi dressé, j'ai saisi entre des rêves qui s'étaient produits à diverses époques de ma vie, des coïncidences, des analogies dont la similitude des circonstances qui les avaient provoquées m'ont bien souvent donné la clef.

M. Maury goes on to state the necessity of having a coadjutor with him in this inquiry, not solely for the purpose here mentioned of being awakened at particular times, but also for the due observation of what may be called the *utterances* of sleep. Sounds made and words spoken by the sleeper, must be recorded in relation to the dreams afterwards remembered. Even simple attitudes and movements of the body, especially such as express agitation, require the same record, and for the same purpose. M. Maury

mentions his own habits as to sleep, as being singularly favourable to these methods of observation ; and we are well disposed to believe in the results thus obtained. Nevertheless, the chances of error are so great in this land of shadows, that we should be glad to find the research taken up by others, with such variations as individual temperament may suggest. It is obvious that the latter point is one of singular importance. The sleep and dreams of one man interpret only partially and doubtfully those of another, and we must check as well as multiply the proofs before setting down anything as certain. In common life, the very nature of a dream gives a sanction to a loose or exaggerated relation of it. No one is disposed to quarrel with the relater for filling up gaps in his dream with the little parentheses needed to complete his story ; or, if a little of the marvellous be brought into the subject — one of those strange coincidences to which the vision of the night contributes its part — we generally find truth more deeply trespassed upon. Stories, vague and loose in their origin, are made more compact by successive additions, and often go on from one generation to another, acquiring a sort of spurious credit from age, and from the impossibility of refuting them by any living evidence.

We come now more directly to the subject before us, embodying, as M. Maury has done, under a single title our consideration of these great acts of life — Sleep and Dreaming. They cannot, indeed, be treated of separately. Their conjunction is so general, if not universal, and they are linked together by such complex ties, that we are almost compelled to view them as a single function of our being. Still there are certain considerations which must be admitted as possible grounds of distinction. We cannot *prove* that the conjunction of sleep and dreams is absolute and universal. There may be times and conditions of sleep, in which there is a total inactivity of brain — a complete absence of those images and trains of thought which form the dream. In connection with this comes the further consideration, that sleep is a neces-



sity of our nature — a state required for the rest and repair of functions, both bodily and mental, which are incapable of being repaired in any other way. The same cannot be said of dreams. They depend on functions of the brain, which, though unchecked by the senses and the will, and distorted in their mode of action, are yet identical in kind with those which are exercised in evolving the thoughts and emotions of the waking state. The notion of repair and restoration can hardly therefore be associated with the act of dreaming. Frequent experience, moreover, teaches us that what we call “unrefreshing nights” are attended by troublous dreams; and, though this may often admit of other explanation, yet is the fact significant as regards the distinction just drawn. The repose and restoration obtained from sleep would seem to be in an inverse ratio to the intensity of the dreams attending it.

Is there then any condition or moment of sleep absolutely devoid of dreaming? a state in which all thoughts and emotions, whether connected or vaguely incongruous, are annulled, and our mental or conscious existence lost in the simple physical condition of sleep? The import of this question will readily be understood. The answer might seem easy, but is far from being so. Positive proof is wholly wanting, and the only evidence attainable is that derived from the memory of the dreamer, or the observations of those who watch him during those hours of which he has no remembrance. It is certain from such observation, and indeed from common experience, that dreams are of very frequent occurrence, of which all instant memory is lost. Aristotle, in discussing this very topic, puts the question, why some sleep occurs with dreams, other sleep without? or, if always dreaming, why some dreams are remembered, others not? The question, so propounded, marks the clear intelligence of the philosopher. In the memory or oblivion of dreams we trace their connexion with our physical organization, and thus gain a step, though a slight one, to the better understanding of their nature.

The doubt just denoted as to the universality of dreams during sleep, has continued to our time. If ever resolved, it must be by some such methods as those adopted by M. Maury. He does not himself, indeed, meet the question in its distinct form, or dwell upon its profound metaphysical relations. Other writers on the subject, among whom we may name

Sir William Hamilton, Sir Henry Holland, Drs. Carpenter, Laycock, and Macnish, have severally, in one way or other, encountered this problem. Lord Brougham has grappled with it, amidst the many other questions which exercised his bold and facile pen. He considers dreams an incidental not a constant part of sleep — a sort of fringe edging its borders. Sir W. Hamilton, on the contrary, believes that no condition of sleep exists without dreaming; but all have felt the difficulty of dealing only with incomplete or negative evidence, and the question remains in abeyance for future research or hypothesis to work upon.

Hypothesis and speculation may well indeed be awakened by this particular mystery of our nature. In theory we cannot affirm that a total suspension of the mental functions is more impossible than the actual changes they undergo in dreaming, in the delirium of fever, insanity, intoxication, and other morbid conditions of the brain. The sleep of the newly-born infant cannot be construed otherwise than as a state in which sensorial actions either do not exist, or are limited to some vague recurrence of the simple impressions made on the untutored senses. An ordinary fainting-fit leaves no trace behind of anything having passed during the time of deliquium. To the patient this time is a nullity of his being. It may be that the memory only is annihilated, that the mind never actually ceases in its workings; but this view is little more than a subterfuge to meet a difficulty which we cannot otherwise encounter.

Plunging thus far into the metaphysical perplexities of this question, whether the mind, or sensorial consciousness, is actually *lost* during certain times of sleep, and *recovered*, as far as dreaming can be called recovery, we are bound to notice a doctrine closely connected with this inquiry, to which the name and writings of Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Laycock, and others have justly given authority. This is, the hypothesis of “Unconscious Cerebration” — so termed because it supposes the brain capable, under certain conditions, of acts or changes utterly *without mental consciousness*, yet strictly analogous to those through which it ministers to mental functions — acts of intellect, detached, as it were, from the intellectual personality of our being. This is a bold assumption; but curious cases are produced which might seem to authenticate it. Such are instances where some question left on the mind at bed-time unsolved,

has been found in the morning thoroughly worked out. Verses—Latin as well as English—are said to have been made in the night, with no consciousness of the fact till they came to the morning memory. Nevertheless, we must regard the evidence here as insufficient, seeing how commonly such statements are careless or exaggerated; how broken and desultory are the conditions and memories of the night; and how likely it is that the time just antecedent to waking—"quum somnia vera"—may be that in which these curious feats are accomplished. The drowsiness of the evening is often as much an impediment to thought as the light sleep of the morning.\*

We must, then, relegate this matter to the limbo of questions admitting neither of proof or disproof. Like many others, in addition to its intrinsic difficulties, it is encumbered and perplexed by ambiguities of language. The very term of *consciousness*, so essential to the discussion, has hardly obtained a valid definition in its relation to sleep and dreams—an ambiguous one even in reference to our waking state. Everything, indeed, that concerns personal identity—the *Ego* of the different stages and states of our being—has been under the dominion of unsettled terms in all ages of philosophy. Words have not inaptly been called "the counters of wise men, and the money of fools." But even the wisest have been unwittingly governed by them in questions thus obscure or insoluble.

Quitting, however, this region of hypothesis, we willingly come to the more practical part of the subject—that which we learn from observation and experience regarding these phenomena. Here we must again mention the liabilities to error, which occur even in the simplest form of such investigation. Besides those already noticed, we find another in the undoubted diversity of the phenomena in different individuals. The writer on sleep

and dreams is not entitled to repose on his own experience only. A dozen persons would probably give as many different versions of their particular consciousness in the matter; and it is not easy to draw averages from these fleeting shadows of the night. They change with age, and other conditions of life, moral and intellectual, which govern sleep and the dreams associated with it. The simple, but touching lines,

Thou hast been called, O Sleep, the friend of  
woe,  
But 'tis the happy who have called thee so,

point at one familiar source of this diversity, but there are many others, of which we shall speak hereafter.

In prosecuting the subject, we must first refer again to Sleep in its general sense, as the function of life, destined to the restoration of those vital powers which are exhausted or impaired by the very act of living. Here we are on firmer ground. Whatever anomalies may present themselves, it is certain that sleep fulfils, and is intended to fulfil, this great office of our nature. That which is taught us by universal experience is amply confirmed and illustrated by physiological inquiry. The wonderful power, to which various names have been given, but which may best, and most simply, be described as *nerve-force*—an element acting through the brain and nervous system in all the phenomena of sensation, of motions voluntary and reflex, and of every function essential to animal life—is now so far subjected to research, that even the velocity of its transmission through the nerves of sensation and voluntary motion has been approximately ascertained. This eminent discovery, and the subtle methods by which it was accomplished, warrant the hope that further research may accomplish a similar numerical expression for the *amount* or *quantity* of the nerve-force at any given time—a matter bearing still more directly on the subject before us. If, indeed, this were attained, it would be only formulating in figures a fact of the reality of which we are well assured. We know that the force in question, thus acting through the total nervous system of the body, is the product (*secretion* we may venture to call it) of a peculiar organized tissue;—that it varies in amount in different individuals, and in the same individual at different times—that it is exhausted, more or less, by the vital actions, bodily and mental, to which it ministers—and that it can

\* If adopting this term of "*unconscious cerebration*," we might fairly apply it to various familiar acts of the waking state. For example: we try to recollect a name or word, fail to do so, and abandon the attempt. Soon afterwards, without intermediate consciousness or effort, the name in question rushes upon the memory, as if by a sudden inspiration. What has here been the intervening cerebral process?

In alluding to this common vagary of memory, we may notice another closely connected with it. A word is forgotten, and sought for in vain. But its initial letter, or some vague image of the word, hangs upon the mind, often furnishing a clue to its recovery. Such instances, trifling though they seem, serve well to illustrate the curious mechanism of this great faculty of our nature.



only be restored by food and sleep, each severally needed for the process of repair. This manner of viewing the nerve-power, or force, as an element to be estimated by *quantity*—by excess as well as deficiency—we believe to be not only just in itself, but denoting a principle of singular value in every part of physiology, and through physiology, in pathology and the treatment of disease. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in commenting on this subject with his wonted ability, thus expresses the main facts, in which all other writers on Sleep more or less concur:—

Between this state (of sleep) and the waking state, the essential distinction is a great reduction of waste. The rate of waste falls so low, that the rate of repair exceeds it. It is not that during the period of activity waste goes on without repair, while during the period of inactivity repair goes on without waste, for the two always go on together. Very possibly—probably even—repair is as rapid during the day as during the night. But during the day the loss is greater than the gain; whereas during the night the gain is diminished by scarcely any loss. Hence results accumulation. There is a restoration of the nerve-tissue to its state of integrity.

Here, then, is a force, an agent, whether we call it *material* or not, generated within the body, necessary in its nature to all the functions of the body, but exhausted in maintaining them, and requiring periods of rest for its reproduction in adequate amount. When calling sleep “Nature’s kind restorer,” we use a poetical phrase, but express a physical fact. It is the restorer of that which is expended and lost. Its intermittent periods, its duration and degree, and even many of what seem its anomalies, have all reference, more or less direct, to this great function of repair—a function fulfilled, it may be, simply by suspension or modification of those actions which exhaust the nervous power, while reproduction of this force is going on—or possibly by changes in the brain itself, an effect of the conditions to which it is submitted in sleep.

For it must be remembered that sleep repairs not the vital functions only, but simultaneously those functions which we distinctively describe as mental attributes, and of which the brain is, to our present limited comprehension, the organic instrument. The intellectual part of our nature, taking the phrase in its largest sense, is exhausted by its continued exercise, in like manner as the bod-

ily organs, and requires the same intermittent periods of repose and repair.

If other proof were needed of the great function which sleep fulfils in the economy of life, it may at once be found in the effects which follow the privation of this repair. A single sleepless night tells its tale, even to the most careless observer. A long series of such nights, resulting, as often happens, from an over-taxed and anxious brain, may often warrant serious apprehension, as an index of mischief already existing, or the cause of evil at hand. Instances of this kind, we believe, are familiar to the experience of every physician.

But here, as in so many other cases, the evil of deficiency has its counterpart in the evil of excess. Sleep protracted beyond the need of repair, and encroaching habitually upon the hours of waking action, impairs more or less the functions of the brain, and with them all the vital powers. This observation is as old as the days of Hippocrates and Aretæus, who severally and strongly comment upon it. The sleep of infancy, however, and that of old age, do not come under this category of excess. These are natural conditions, appertaining to the respective periods of life, and to be dealt with as such. In illness, moreover, all ordinary rule and measure of sleep must be put aside. Distinguishing it from Coma, there are very few cases in which it is not an unequivocal good; and even in comatose state the brain, we believe, gains more from repose than from any artificial attempts to rouse it into action.

There is another point to which we must here advert, in connexion with sleep as a function of repair. This is the fact familiarly known, that the portion of life so destined, is not limited to Man alone, but goes far down in the scale of animal creation—possibly, or probably, in one form or other, to the lowest grade and condition of animal life. The sleep even of plants has become a phrase, not merely of poetic fancy, but of scientific appropriation. The curious facts regarding the hybernation of certain animals, though they have kindred with the phenomena and even theory of ordinary sleep, yet present anomalies which associate them in some way with the vegetable world. But the circumstance of greatest interest in this matter is the *capacity for dreaming*, so clearly and curiously attested in those animals which come nearest to Man in the scale of being. How far that condition which can rightly be defined as

dreaming descends in the scale, it would be impossible to say. Probably there is a gradation downwards in the same ratio as the sensorial faculties, and vanishing with them. The fact of dreaming in the higher animals is most familiar to us in the Dog—that noble creature—*ad hominum commoditates generatus*, as Cicero says of him—at once a companion and solace to man, and a subject for profound thought to all who care to reflect on the great problem of our relations to the inferior animal creation. The admission of the fact does not, however, carry us beyond the presumption that the dreams of other animals are a vague copy of the sensations and acts of their waking lives; with little of the intellectual part—if such it may be called—of the human dream. “To urge in dreams the forest chase” is the happy phrase of a poet, than whom no one better knew, or better loved, the Dog. And nothing is more likely than the fact here presumed. But seeing the difficulty of rightly remembering and expounding human dreams, there can be little chance of penetrating the mystery as presented to us in another and lower scale of being.

Thus far we have been speaking of the general characters of Sleep as a function of life. In what follows we shall seek, upon our own observation and that of others, to describe the phenomena more in detail; associating them with those of Dreams, from which, as we have seen, they can hardly be separated, even should there be certain conditions of sleep wholly free from this kindred.

The first step we have to make here is one essential to any successful prosecution of the inquiry. It is based on the clear recognition of the fact, that sleep, thus associated, is not *one state* merely, but a *multiplicity and continuous succession of states*; varying at every moment in kind or degree; graduating from the first yawn of drowsiness to the most profound sleep, and undergoing similar changes in the transition from this to the state of perfect wakefulness. Even thus simply stated, it will be seen how completely this fact governs and gives guidance to the whole inquiry, rendering its conditions, indeed, more complex, but affording a clew to many collateral phenomena otherwise wholly inexplicable. Sir H. Holland, who has two chapters on Sleep and Dreams in his volume of “Mental Physiology,” strongly advocates this mode of treating the subject. We

avail ourselves of a short passage from one of these chapters in illustration of our meaning:

Sleep, then, in the most general and correct sense of the term, must be regarded not as one single state, but a succession of states in constant variation;—this variation consisting, not only in the different degrees in which the same sense or faculty is submitted to it; but also in the different proportions in which these several powers are under its influence at the same time. We thus associate together under a common principle all the phenomena, however remote and anomalous they may seem;—from the bodily acts of the somnambulist; the vivid but inconsequent trains of thought excited by external impression; the occasional acute exercise of the intellect; and the energy of emotion—to that profound sleep, in which no impressions are received from the senses, no volition is exercised, and no consciousness or memory is left on waking, of the thoughts and feelings which have existed in the mind.

To this we may add, that such mode of regarding sleep brings its phenomena into closer relation with those of our waking existence, making them serve to mutual illustration, and to the solution of many anomalies which depend on this relation, and the manner in which the two states graduate into each other. It is impossible, indeed, for anyone, at all observant of the facts, to regard sleep as a single or simple function. We know that through the nervous system and circulation of the blood, all parts of the body, and more especially the organs of sense, are affected and altered by it. But these changes of state are ever varying in the same organ, as well as in the different organs of our complex frame; and the inter-relations thus produced, were they more accessible to observation, would give us deepest insight into this mysterious part of our nature. Every organ may be said to have a sleep of its own. The several senses, the voluntary power, the functions of the brain in their totality, are not merely affected in different degrees at different times, but are differently affected in degree at the same time. These facts are now generally recognized by physiologists. Bichat (a man of original genius, prematurely lost to science) thus tersely expresses them:—“Le sommeil général est l'ensemble des sommeils particuliers.” M. Maury, though less explicit in his statement of it, manifestly adopts the same view, which, in truth, affords the only just definition of sleep, and its concomitant phenomena. It is the view, moreover, which most clearly expounds



the relation of these phenomena to the acts and changes of the waking state—a connexion which, however perplexed to our reason by the question of personal consciousness, will be found more intimate the closer we look into it. As in the series of waking thoughts, sudden changes are often made by impressions from without, so, as regards sleep and dreams, we may presume that the breaches which occur in their continuity depend on causes external to the brain itself, though, from the nature of the case, less open to observation. The links may escape observation, but we cannot hesitate in bringing these phenomena under the general law of Continuity, so universal throughout nature, organic or inorganic, living or lifeless. This law, scarcely recognized in philosophy or science before the time of Leibnitz, is now receiving confirmation from every new discovery, and becoming the interpreter of endless phenomena hitherto unexplained. Leibnitz himself applies it to the question of the suspension of *thinking in sleep*; deeming it impossible, on this consideration, that such entire suspension should ever really occur.

We shall speak more explicitly hereafter on the physiology of sleep as regards the physical changes concerned in producing or modifying it. But there are various other facts, natural or abnormal, belonging to the physiology of this function of life, which require previous notice: some of them indeed so strangely anomalous as to have furnished food at once to sober philosophy and to the wildest dreams of credulity. We may best begin with what we may call the natural conditions of sleep, while admitting that these ever tend to graduate into more abnormal phenomena.

The various epithets applied to sleep—profound sleep, heavy sleep, light sleep, broken sleep, &c.—express actual realities of state; but these so mingled with each other, so fitful in change, and so perplexed by the vagaries of dreams and disturbing causes from within and without, that even the sleeper himself is generally at fault in defining them. "I have not slept a wink," is often the piteous exclamation of the morning, when only some short portion of the night has been made wakeful and restless by disordered digestion, or one of those compulsory trains of thought which fasten pertinaciously on the mind, despite every effort to shake them off. But, though we cannot measure the amount of sleep by

hours, or the consciousness of the sleeper, there is much real difference in its degree in relation to the great function of repair. A certain quantity of work is to be done, but it is done at very different rates. This diversity occurs in different persons, and in the same person at different times. One hour in one case may comprise as much of what is true sleep, as two or many hours in another; and the only fair or probable test is to be found in the greater or less difficulty of arousing the sleeper by external action on the senses of touch and hearing. Individual temperament of body and mind, habits of life, and the immediate antecedents of sleep, are all concerned in this matter. The Duke of Wellington, in that hour of his recorded sleep on the field of Salamanca, when the two armies were closely pressing to their conflict, probably slept more soundly than any of the idlers of a city life at home. The *Somnus agrestium lenis virorum* of Horace, is more powerfully expressed by Shakespeare in describing the dreamless sleep of the day-hireling,

Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind,  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful  
bread,  
Sleeps in Elysium, &c.

And who can forget that noble soliloquy in the Second Part of "Henry IV.," where the king upbraids sleep for deserting "the perfumed chambers of the great," and giving its repose to the wet sea-boy in the midst of storms?—

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge?

We might well go on through the whole of this wonderful passage. If forgotten by anyone, it ought promptly to be renewed to memory.

We need not dwell further on a fact, so familiar to common experience. But the diversity of forms, which sleep assumes is more interesting to the physiologist in its relation to the particular organs and functions affected by it. We have already alluded to this topic; one which, associated as it is with the phenomena of dreams, offers a special mode of mental analysis as connected with material organization, and may even in certain cases be made the subject of experiment. It does not, indeed, carry us farther into the mystery than a similar analysis of the waking state. But in showing how the two states commingle and graduate into one other, it

serves as fresh proof of the unity of our nature; and explains many of those anomalous conditions which seem to violate this unity, and have furnished food for credulity in all ages.

Pursuing this analysis of the functions affected in sleep, the external senses — sight, hearing, and touch — are most obvious to familiar observation. Their sensibility is suspended to all ordinary impressions coming from without; and there are degrees, even of natural sleep, so profound — *πανάτω ἄγχιστα ἐκούδς* — that it is difficult to arouse them from it. We cannot affirm that all the senses are equally affected at the same time; though under the conditions of sound and healthy sleep it is probable that they are so. In the passage from drowsiness and somnolence into actual sleep, it is interesting to note (and to a certain point the sleeper can do this for himself) the dimness gradually overshadowing those subtle organizations which connect us with the outer world. The condition is one so familiar, that we are wont to regard these changes — if regarding them at all — rather as matter of amusement than curiosity. To the physiologist, looking on them with more watchful eye, they become the interpreter of much that is of deep interest to his science.

These natural and simpler conditions of sleep may be studied in various ways, but in no manner so effectually as by watching the moments of passage *into* sleep and the passage *out* of it. Each by circumstances may be rendered so sudden as to leave little scope for observation. But, under ordinary conditions, the passage is gradual enough to allow those successive changes to be marked which occur both in bodily and sensorial functions during this transition state. Take the instance of slumber supervening on a dull book, an easy arm-chair, a warm fire, and other appliances of repose. The somnolent himself is conscious of the early changes — the apprehension becoming dull, the page before him dim or partially lost to sight, the head nodding, the book tottering in his hands. Out of this state he may be momentarily aroused by some sound or excitement from without, or even by the loss of that muscular instinct or *balancing power*, as we may call it, which belongs to the waking state. He is startled by the book dropping from his hands, or the sudden fall of the head, but speedily lapses again into somnolency, ending in more perfect sleep. Here the consciousness of change ceases to

himself; but in this gradation of state, and even in what may be deemed the soundest sleep, an observer without, if diligent in his watch, will detect many curious changes going on; due to the influence of passing dreams, of nervous sensations from the action of the vital organs within, and even from bodily posture. These are the changes to which M. Maury's methods of observation, already mentioned, especially apply. They are abundantly furnished by those nights of broken and disordered sleep which must be counted among the ills of man, though too often only the penalty paid for his luxury or other faults of life.

The most interesting part of such inspection is what may be termed the *disseverment* of the Will from the organs habitually acted upon by it. This is often strikingly testified during the passage from perfect sleep to the waking state. The sensibility is awakened before the will, or rather we must say (for the very word is entangled in a metaphysical web) before Volition can bring the muscles into action. In the latter stage of sleep, when dreams are passing into realities of the senses, there is often an effort to speak, made distressing by the difficulty or impossibility of utterance. Or when under sleep in a sitting posture, the head, deprived of the controlling muscular support, has dropt upon the chest, the attempt to raise it is often for a time painfully frustrated by the impotence of the muscles in their relation to the will. At such times volition is more awake than the instruments through which it acts.

We have just mentioned the curious knowledge that may be obtained from broken or imperfect sleep. The rapidly-shifting changes and alternations of sleep and waking which then occur, can only be interpreted by regarding the two states as gliding gradually, physically and mentally, into each other — *interlacing*, it might be called, from the impossibility of drawing a definite line between them. Dante, with his wonted compression of language, finely describes this transition :

E pensiero in sogno trasmutai.

In this intermediate condition, as already remarked, and especially during the passage from drowsiness into natural sleep, these alterations may generally be noted by the sleeper himself, though, from their familiarity, little heeded or remembered. Under certain circumstances they may even be counted as they occur. From the slumber over a book or in a



carriage, or yet more in any situation where, from necessity or decorum, a struggle has to be made against sleep, we obtain an easy estimate, sufficient to show how rapid are the fluctuations which thus affect the most important organ of our frame. A sudden drop of the head awakens to a consciousness, which is often lost again in a few seconds of time; and such alternations, as is well known, are repeated over and over again. Any one who has passed a dozen or twenty hours on horseback (we speak from frequent experience) must well recollect the effects of this hurried repetition—the loss of balance from momentary slumber, the sudden awaking in the effort to retrieve it, and the distressing efforts to prevent relapse into sleep. Without pretending to exactness in a matter thus vague and fluctuating even in the terms applied, we venture to say on observation that three or four distinct alternations of sleep and waking—that is, of consciousness lost and restored—may and do occur within a single minute of time. Strange and sudden as these changes in our sensorial existence may seem to be, they are yet compatible with that continuity by gradation, already indicated as the sole method of rightly interpreting the phenomena.

Connected with this subject is the curious *chronometry* so often impressed upon sleep, testified by the power of awaking invariably at some one determinate hour. The explanation of this fact must be sought for in what may be called the general *chronometry* of life; in the tendency, more or less, of all vital functions to assume a periodical character, either from original constitution, or from engendered habits acquiring the force and persistency of natural functions. This topic has hardly yet received all the attention it deserves as a branch of animal physiology. It might merit a treatise in itself.

We have hitherto been speaking chiefly of what may be considered as the natural forms of sleep. But there are many anomalous aspects of this great function which we are equally bound to notice—some of them depending on casual and not always obvious causes—others on artificial means used to produce sleep or those states akin to it in which there is a suspended action, more or less, of the senses connecting us with the outer world. Some of these states, which may well be called *waking dreams*, are of deep interest in the mental and moral, as well as

physical relations they disclose to us; involving the intellectual faculties, and even the emotions, as well as the simple functions of the senses.

Somnambulism, though we may class it among the anomalous aspects of sleep, is probably not more than an exaggerated form of phenomena of ordinary occurrence. The retention of a certain voluntary power, while the senses are more or less wrapt up in slumber, and this unequal slumber of the senses themselves, are well known to us in the common case of *talking in sleep*, and other bodily motions associated with dreams. Somnambulism is doubtless always thus associated. Why in certain persons this connexion is so strikingly attested it would be hard to say; but still it is only a gradation of state, and not a detached phenomenon. We may further presume (and many incidents related confirm this view), that somnambulism chiefly occurs during the time when the cerebral functions are already partially awake—another expression of the fact upon which we have so much dwelt, that sleep is a series of states ever fluctuating in kind and degree. We may accredit the statement that the passing dreams of those so affected are rarely remembered; and yet reconcile this with the view we have just taken of the phenomenon. The startling aspect of somnambulism, and the rarity of its occurrence, have given a mysterious colouring to this condition of sleep, and even made it a theme for dramatic representation, for poetry, and music. Like all other things unfamiliar to us, it is doubtless the subject of much exaggeration in particular instances. But enough remains to render it a striking exponent of these complex relations of the sensorial and other functions, in which so many of the mysteries of life have their source.

In following the history of sleep and dreams we are perpetually passing from one marvel or mystery to another. It may seem, perhaps, that these terms do not apply to the familiar effect of opiates and other soporifics in producing sleep. But it is this familiarity which conceals from us the wonder of the fact, that a mere grain or two swallowed of a particular vegetable extract should have the power for a time of bringing the whole mental and bodily mechanism under its control; or that a still more minute quantity of opium or morphia, inserted under the skin, should speedily subdue the most acute neuralgic pain. A physical cause must be concerned in all this, but no known physical law can be brought to its

explanation. The only scope for speculation here is that afforded by reference to other facts more or less alike in kind. The whole class of poisons, as they are termed, may be quoted as instances of such analogy; some of these bodies—Strychnin, Woarari, the Upas-poison, &c.—furnishing curious examples of what may be called *selective power* in their action on the respective organs and functions of the body. The animal poisons, again, those which give material to contagious diseases, come under the same category. In all these cases there lies the great mystery of vital organs seized upon, and life itself often extinguished, by quantities incredibly small of substances, the elements of which, combined in other proportions, are perfectly innocuous in effect. We may seek to explain these things upon the theory of fermentation, and the doctrines of atomic and molecular affinities, but never do we get further than to *possibilities*, incomprehensible to our reason.

Within the same field of inquiry come those anæsthetic agents of artificial creation—Ether, Chloroform, the Nitrous Oxide, &c.—which, while inducing a state of stupor more or less profound, do at the same time so wonderfully annul the sensibility to pain. The records of modern surgery copiously illustrate the practical value of this great discovery, which under its theoretical aspect is closely associated with the nature and phenomena of sleep. It affords another example of the manner in which these various states of the sensorium graduate into one another throughout.

We have yet to speak here of certain other phenomena, in which sleep or states akin to it, assume still more anomalous and startling forms. We allude to those conditions of the sensorium, occurring in persons of a peculiar temperament, and often associated with bodily or mental disorder, which are known under the names of *trance*, *cataplexy*, *mesmeric sleep*, &c.—names almost as vague as the aberrations they denote. These several states, and even the more familiar incidents of *reverie* and *absence of mind*, have all a certain community of character, the differences being chiefly of degree, or due to the immediate causes producing them. They all furnish examples of that *disseverment*, so to express it, of the sensorial functions, which leaves a portion of them awake while others lie in a state of slumber more or less profound. What we have said and shall further have to say,

of dreams in their relations to sleep, may perhaps afford the best interpretation of many of these strange phenomena.

As regards the most notable of them—Mesmeric sleep—so much has been written and argued to and fro, and the simple question as it first stood been turned into so many collateral channels, that we shall not seek to go beyond what is essential to our subject. Is there, we may ask, any such special form or mode of sleep as that denoted under this name—produced by a certain subtle influence, emanating from one person, and affecting, even without actual contact, the body of another? We may say at once that neither in the sleep so produced, nor in the collateral effects assigned to it, do we find anything that has not kindred with the natural phenomena of sleep and dreams, and which is not explicable by the anomalous forms these so often assume without any external influences. As regards the simple effect in question, we believe we might as well speak of sermon sleep, of rocking-cradle sleep, of the sleep of an easy arm-chair, or of a dull book, as of Mesmeric sleep. The experiments of Mr. Braid, embodied under the name of Hypnotism, show the effects even of posture or fixed direction of vision in bringing on this state. So multiplied and various, indeed, are the conditions, bodily and mental, tending to it, that the marvel of being awake is almost as great as that of sleep, produced by the manipulations and other appliances which the mesmerizer brings to his aid. Among these appliances we must especially reckon the age, sex, and personal temperament of those who are usually the subjects of these exhibitions. Anyone who cares to examine the records of them will see how important is the part these conditions play in the drama of mesmerism.

Granted that the facts are strange and difficult of explanation. But so, and from the same causes, are all the ordinary phenomena of sleep and dreams. Their familiarity disguises what is equally wonderful in them. It is well worthy of note in this, as in many other questions of the kind, how much subordinate objects usurp the place of those of higher import. In the so-called mesmeric phenomena, as proffered to our belief, the mesmerizer plays a far more important part than the person acted upon. The facts presented pass into utter insignificance, unless it can be shown that they depend upon some *direct emanation of power* from the former. Prove that such influence ac-



tually issues from one living being, thus changing the condition of another in its proximity, and we have a new and wonderful element, material or spiritual, brought at once into the arena of life. It is admitted, indeed, that this mysterious power is possessed by few individuals only—a limitation, if the facts be real, almost as strange as the power itself. But we may at once state our belief that no such peculiar power exists. The operator himself cannot furnish evidence of it. The effects he produces by his manipulations and other devices are closely analogous, often identical, with those to which individuals of a certain nervous temperament are liable from other and very different exciting causes. This, then, we apprehend to be the crucial question in all that appertains to mesmeric sleep, under its various aspects. The simple fact of sleep thus produced was known long ago; but it was reserved for our time to erect it into a mysterious principle, altering, were it real, all our views of mental phenomena.

But that it would be straying too far from our subject, we might speak here of certain bolder impositions upon human credulity which have gained a recent notoriety. Connected in some points with mesmeric effects, and often admitting of similar interpretation, they go far beyond these in their pretensions; bringing us into contact and communication with the world of deceased spirits, through the intervention of persons—*mediums* as they are called—gifted with the power of thus summoning spirits from the dead. We put this in the simplest terms, because the mere enunciation of it may well annul the gross pretension it involves. And when examining further into the methods employed to exhibit and attest these spiritual appearances—the puerile and pantomimic devices of spirit-rapping, table-turning, &c., and the vulgar and ignorant talk which these *revenans* are made to utter, we may be content to leave such things to their own eventual refutation. Argument is of little avail with those who can lend a facile faith to these fantastic performances, rendered more suspicious by a mercenary ingredient often mixed with them. The contrivances employed we cannot always explain. But exactly the same may be said of the performances of the fair-dealing professional conjurer, who puzzles and tells you that he means to do so. That some very intelligent men should have given partial credit to these illusions, is but another

example of the incongruities which are found even in minds of the highest genius and culture. Human life abounds in such instances.

We have thus far been speaking of Sleep in its more general characters, natural or anomalous; connecting it, indeed, with that wonderful adjunct of Dreaming, from which it can hardly be separated. But some distinct consideration must be given to the latter—to those fleeting shadows, the *μυήματα ζωής*, which so strangely divide, yet link together, the successive portions of our lives. In writing on this subject, the plural personality of an anonymous reviewer becomes somewhat inconvenient. If we have to speak of *our* experience, it must be understood only in an individual sense. Here, indeed, we may fairly ask our readers to become critics also; for each and all have some experimental knowledge of their own, wherewith to confirm or contradict what is set before them. But this knowledge, from causes already assigned, is generally vague and transient. The memory of the dream is speedily discarded by the waking events that follow, and dreams are often so intermingled in the same night that no effort of recollection can disentangle them. We doubt if any one has ever attempted a successive written record of these erratic visions of our sleeping hours. If carefully and honestly executed, it would be more curious and valuable than many of those diaries of ordinary events which amuse the leisure, or innocently please the little vanities, of those who keep them. A certain number of records of dreams, coming from authentic sources, and indicating especially their relations to acts or events immediately or remotely antecedent, might justify conclusions attainable in no other way—a shadowy science, it may be admitted, yet better than none.

We have used the term *honestly* here, because from causes already assigned, there is much proneness to exaggeration, as well as great facility for it, in the relation of dreams. To give completeness to a vague story is a temptation to the narrator, and it may be indulged without fear of contradiction. This temptation becomes stronger where a certain superstitious feeling creeps in, suggested, as we have elsewhere remarked, by some one of the many strange coincidences of events which, casual though they be, take strong hold of the imagination. We might vivify our subject by half-a-dozen

stories of such dreams ; some of them of old date, but keeping their vitality as anecdotes by the seeming mystery they involve. It is needless to say that these stories lose nothing of their marvellous character by long repetition. The original dreamers, we believe, would often be perplexed by the shapes their dreams have gradually assumed, with positive affirmation at each step of the story. A simple question will often disturb narratives of this kind. We recollect an instance where the mystery related was a dream by an officer in America of the death of a friend in India, whose death was stated to have occurred at the very hour of the dream. A dry sceptic at the table blighted the anecdote by asking, if due allowance had been made for the difference of longitude of the two countries? So few of these harmless superstitions are left to us, that the interruption to the story might have been charitably spared.

We have already said much of the marvel of dreams, as a portion of life alternating with the higher functions of the waking state. Contrasting the two states, it could hardly be supposed that one should be the best expounder of the other. Yet such is in reality the case. Dreams, even in their strangest incongruities, are in no way so well interpreted as through the acts of the mind awake. The law of continuity is preserved here also, though often and variously infringed upon by those complex and intermingling relations of body and mind to which, whether awake or asleep, we are unceasingly subjected. As we *feel* and recollect them in ourselves, and note them in others, dreams go through every grade of intensity and reality ; and this, probably, in a certain inverse ratio to the soundness of the sleep. We are using here terms of vague acceptance thus applied, but we possess no true vocabulary for the functions in question. What we may affirm is, that sleep in its purely physical part, and dreams in their aberrant intellectual phenomena, are ever acting upon each other, and in every degree of activity ; such mutual influence being especially testified in the acts of going to sleep and awakening from it. It is the same mysterious union which pervades and gives continuity to life, and which has excited and baffled curiosity in every age of the world.

We have already discussed the question which here naturally recurs, whether there is any condition of sleep utterly de-

void of dreaming? The vague and broken memories of dreams tell us nothing certain as to their time or duration, and without this aid we are helpless as to any sure result. But, though failing in this particular case, the memory is the faculty on which we must mainly depend for our knowledge of them, and of the enigmas they present. Aristotle as already noticed, puts the question pertinently, "Why do we remember some dreams, others not?"—implying, of course, what we know by observation, that the state of dreaming exists even when there is no after recollection to attest it. The question admits of being plausibly answered. The best-remembered dream is that which immediately antecedes the moment of waking, when the functions suspended by sleep have partially regained their power. The dream itself, indeed, especially if sensational in kind, is often the direct cause of the change of state ; and such dreams may occur repeatedly in the same night, each leaving its own impress on the brain. Whether there be any absolute blank in this complex series of change is the question yet unsolved. Bearing on this point is the fact, that dreams, forgotten in the morning, are sometimes suddenly recalled by later incidents of the day. A clue once got through some casual association, the recollection often retraces these past visions of the night, which, but for such casualty, would never have been revived.

We must not, however, speak of their annihilation. Dreams leave traces on the brain, the same kind, though perhaps less forcibly marked, than those impressed by the sensations, emotions, and volitions of the waking state. We may plausibly from this source seek explanation of those vague shadows of past events which now and then come across the mind, perplexing it with a sort of semi-reality, but not attested by any collateral recollection. Most of our readers have probably experienced this curious wandering of the mind amidst what we believe to be the shades of old dateless dreams, called suddenly into life, and as suddenly flitting away. If this be, as we suppose, an act of Memory reviving ancient dreams, it is but one of the endless wonders of this great faculty of our nature, the study of which, under its many anomalies—in health and disease, in its sleeping as well as waking moods—carries us further into the mystery of the mind itself than we can reach by any other approach. That there is a certain material mechanism of mem-



ory, an organization upon which impressions are made and retained, the facts compel us to believe. Whether we shall ever acquire a more intimate knowledge of its nature is very doubtful. The minute anatomy of the human brain and its appendages, while disclosing much that is curious in structure and in relation to the senses and vital organs, has failed to detect any apparatus of memory, or those conditions which make recollection an act of the human will.

Ignorant here, we are still able to affirm that the memory and the recollection (*μνήμη, ἀνάμνησις*; the faculty and the act) are strictly analogous in their application to the visions of the night as to the events of the day. In each case the recollection works its backward way through the successive antecedent states of the sensorium; guided by the same associations, and stopt by the same impediments. Anyone caring to examine his own consciousness on the subject will see how similar the process is in kind, though, as regards the dream, rendered more partial and perplexing by the other conditions of sleep.

But we may carry this analogy on to another point. Many anecdotes are familiar to us, and these sanctioned by individual observation, showing how much and what variety of thought, emotion, and event may be comprised in a dream of the briefest duration. The chronology of the night is generally an obscure one; but this particular fact is easily tested, especially in the broken dreams of the morning hours. It proves that the period of a few minutes may include a whole story of incidents, in which the perceptions of place, time, and persons are removed from the outer world into those of the little world within. This may seem strange to the unobservant of themselves, but it will not so seem to any who are capable of examining with care the sequence of their waking thoughts. We live, the mind lives, in a constant series or succession of states, each one having its own individuality and excluding others, yet linked together by a mechanism which we vainly seek to interpret. No one without close examination can conceive the multitude of these sequent states which may be, and actually are, crowded into short spaces of time — ever liable, indeed, to be interrupted by causes from without and within, and merging into new series, which in their continuous succession form the totality of our mental life. Of the internal causes acting on

these series, the Will is that most important — often indeed a slave to vagrant habits of thought, but capable of becoming their master. The highest faculty of man, intellectual and moral, lies in the power of controlling and guiding them in their passage through the mind; so directing them as to ennoble the character of thought itself, and the acts derived from it.

Without pursuing this subject further, instructive though it be as a method of mental analysis, we proceed to another chapter in the History of Dreams, embodied in the question, What are the materials of these visions of our sleep? Of what "stuff are dreams made?" The first and natural comment upon the question is, that dreams, like waking thoughts, must be different in different minds, and with some explicit reference to their individuality. Such is doubtless the case, and among classes of men as well as individuals. We have already alluded to this curious inquiry, one admitting of the strongest presumption, if not of direct proof. Passing by the dreams of infant life, as inaccessible to observation, can we suppose those of the idle schoolboy to be moulded like the dreams of a man immersed in worldly care and anxieties? or like those of old age wandering vaguely over the memories and feelings of past life? How are we to compare the dreams of the day-labourer in the field, the factory, or the mine, with those of men whose faculties have been exercised and exalted by literature, science, and the arts; or by the political struggles which enter into the government of the world? The sleeping minds of Bacon and Newton, of Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton, of Michael Angelo and Raphael, of Julius Cæsar and Napoleon, must have been tenanted with visions very different from those of ordinary men. Who, again, can tell us what are the dreams of madness in its many forms, some of these forms having close kindred physiologically with the act of dreaming? The dreams of the idiot may resemble those of early childhood, or the second childhood of old age. What shall we conjecture as to those of the man who has undergone years of solitary confinement, changeless in sensations and events? Such questions might be variously multiplied. They tell us how much we have to learn, and the difficulty of learning it. Hardly can we reduce into shape the fleeting memories of our own dreams. Harder still is it to authenticate those of others, especially of classes of mankind little prone to take

account either of their sleeping or waking existence.

A word more here as to the relative rapidity with which the successive images and thoughts of dreams pass through the mind. The analogies we have been pursuing may again give an answer. Though we cannot bring numbers into the question, we have every reason to believe that the succession of mental acts, while awake, is habitually more rapid in some minds than others, and even in the same mind at different times. We *think more rapidly*, as well as *more vividly*, in one state of the sensorium than in another. If this be so, we may fairly presume the same as to the conditions of dreaming in different minds. But we cannot go beyond this presumption.

Reverting to the question before us, what are the *materials* out of which dreams are formed? The obvious and sole answer is—from the sensations, ideas, emotions, acts, and events of antecedent life. Putting aside all notions, ancient or modern, of supernatural intervention, the phenomena of waking existence are those alone to which we can look for their interpretation. The passage of Cicero, quoted below, while well expressing this fact, denotes also those strange perturbations, which form the distinctive character of dreams and the great mystery of their nature.\* We can understand (or fancy we understand) the memories of past images or events impressed upon the brain. But the manner of their grouping in the mind during sleep is the marvel with which we are here concerned. Loosened from all fetters of time and place, and freed from control of the will, the dream makes a little world of its own, bringing into strangely broken succession scenes which have no counterpart in actual life; conjunctions of persons, places, times, and incidents, which never did or could have occurred in such combination. The complete dream disregards all realities. It brings the dead back among the living without surprise to the dreamer, and embodies them in the entangled stories which have no recollected beginning or end; which run abruptly into one another; confuse personal identities; and blend impossibilities with the most common incidents of life. Shakespeare has well called dreams, “the children of an idle brain.” That power

in fact is dormant which gives sequence and congruity to the acts of the waking mind.

But still, even here, analogies press closely upon us. The images of sensible objects occurring in dreams would seem to be closely akin to those which the memory furnishes to the mind awake, either by effort of will or by mere automatic connexions of thought. In this case, as in the other, they are vague and fleeting. No effort of will can long detain them before the waking consciousness; and in dreams, unaided by will, they are still more transient and disjointed. In both cases objects of vision minister chiefly to this *subjective* action, while the waking mind can create by will, or receive unbidden, a *sensorial memory* of rythmical sounds, clothing itself often in actual melodies, the reflex music of the brain. This latter point, in its various physiological connexions, has scarcely had its due share of attention.

Regarding, then, the images of dreams, however perturbed in order, as derived from those of daily life, we still have to ask the question, whether this mimic imagery ever goes beyond, with inventions new to the senses? We think not. We may dream of the Centaurs or the winged Assyrian Bulls, as we have seen them in the British Museum, but we do not in our sleep *create* monstrosities of this kind. Under the most fantastic grouping of persons and incidents, the individual images are not unnatural or distorted. We believe this to be so; but here, as often elsewhere on this subject, we must ask our readers to consult their own experience.

That dreams, however, are generally formed out of unwonted or impossible combinations of events, and that they undergo sudden and fantastic changes as regards persons, times, and localities, are facts familiar to all. These three sources of disorder are, indeed, mainly concerned in the illusions of the night. The personages of the dream appear and disappear, shift, and interchange their acts and positions with magical rapidity. The realities of time and place are lost in the medley of incidents of which the vision is composed. One dream passes into another, as far as consciousness and memory can inform us, without continuity or connexion. This description, however, needs to be qualified in more than one respect. We have already remarked that the act of dreaming is varied by the greater or less completeness of the conditions

\* “Animus incidit in visa varia et incerta, ex reliquiis inherentibus earum rerum quas vigilans gesserit aut cogitavit; quarum perturbatione mirabiles interdum existunt species somniorum.”



which constitute sleep. As the time of awakening approaches, these conditions change; the sensorial powers are partially revived, and the dreams, though still perhaps erratic in the points just mentioned, are more consecutive and consistent in the events they include. We may repeat our belief that to this fact we must look for explanation of those singular stories of problems solved, verses composed, and arguments logically pursued during the hours of sleep.

Again, as respects the erratic character of dreams, analogy is not wanting for its illustration. The mind awake, or nominally so, often wanders almost as strangely. Let anyone, even when thoroughly awake and under ordinary circumstances, seek to retrace the successive thoughts or mental acts of the antecedent half-hour. Unless the mind be engaged on some single and definite object, he will find the task difficult and laborious; and if partially successful in tracking backwards these sequent states, the chance is that they will be found variously broken and divergent, in effect of impressions from without or of internal conditions of the brain and other organs. Though we are all living in this unceasing series of mental changes, few take note of them, or mark how rapid and abrupt they often are even in the calmest moods of mind. All such aberrations are repeated and exaggerated in dreams. The brain, physically affected in sleep, loses more or less those perceptions of time, place, and personality which are wont to guide the succession of mental acts. In the varying degrees of this influence we may best find explanation of many of the anomalies of somnambulism, trance, hypnotism, hysteria, &c., of which we have already spoken. Here, however, as in many questions of like kind, the explanation merely removes one difficulty to bring us in contact with others yet more insuperable.

It has been a question how far the course and objects of dreams can be changed by external stimuli applied to the several senses of the dreamer. Such excitements, it is well known, may be applied as to modify variously the conditions of sleep without actually suspending it. The cradle of the sleeping child affords sufficient evidence of the fact. Shakespeare had this matter in his ever-pregnant mind when he brings in Queen Mab as a fairy experimentalist upon dreams. But graver experiments have been made on the subject — some of them due to M.

Maury himself. Though we cannot doubt the reality of such influence in different modes and degrees, seeing what we gather both from analogy and observation, yet are the particular proofs of difficult attainment, and experiments need to be often repeated and varied to give them their appropriate value. We have more certainty as to the influence of the internal organs on the course and character of dreams. The digestive organs more especially — disordered, it may be, by the dinner of the preceding day — betoken the *hesterna vitia* by troublous sensations and troubled dreams. Few so prudent as not to have had experience of nights thus disturbed. The night-mare is familiar as one example; but the particular effects are as numerous as the disorders producing them. The sensations arising from the excretory organs mingle themselves variously also with the incidents of dreams. Even posture, temperature, a hard or soft bed, have effect in modifying them, by altering the conditions of the sleep with which they are associated. Such influences cannot be doubted, difficult though it is to bring the facts into strict evidence. Dreamland is not the land of logic or close scientific induction.

Though less practically important, there is a deeper interest in tracing the connexion of dreams with the events of prior life, whether immediately or remotely antecedent. It may perhaps be affirmed that even in the most entangled series of incidents haunting the brain of the dreamer, there is always interwoven something of his own individuality, present or past. We have elsewhere spoken of the influence of personal temperament and habits of life on the character of dreams. Lucretius in some fine lines describes this, as does Chaucer in a striking passage of good old English verse. To the inimitable Queen Mab of Shakespeare we have just referred. But apart from all authority in verse or prose, we know from unequivocal experience how faithfully particular traits of character, emotions, passions, and personal propensities are portrayed in the dream. The feelings thus reflected from our waking lives, if sometimes pleasant, are often harassing and painful; rendered so in part by the physical conditions of sleep, and the impotence of the Will in regard to bodily functions. There is the feeling of something to be done which we cannot do — of entanglement in difficulties which we cannot throw off — the hurried pursuit of some object which we cannot reach — the effort to

sleep without the power of utterance—dreams which often awaken the sleeper, and from which, especially where painful memories are involved, it is happiness to be awakened. In young children, however, who do not so readily dis sever the real from the unreal, the images and agitation of a fearful dream often continue for an hour or two after sleep has come to an end.

It is a saying of Sir Thomas Browne, "Virtuous thoughts of the day lay up good treasures for the night. Men act in sleep with some conformity to their awakened senses. Dreams intimately tell us of ourselves." We remember to have read a sermon—and a very able one—inculcating the examination of dreams, as a means of recognizing and rebuking our faults. They do in truth often denote not merely the grave, but also those lighter shades of character which are lost to our consciousness in the current and familiar events of the day.

We doubt whether the sense of personal identity is ever absent in dreaming, though some writers have supposed it to be so. Language here is incompetent to express things which even thought fails to comprehend. But we may perhaps affirm that the consciousness applied to these visionary events, however strange and incongruous their nature, is in essence the same as that which underlies our waking existence. To pursue the matter further would be merely to clothe poverty of knowledge with a garment of words.

The events immediately preceding dreams might naturally be expected to minister materials to them more largely than those of distant date. And such may probably be the case, especially when mental emotions are mingled with these events. But we may well marvel at the remoteness of those scenes of past life to which our retrospective dreams often extend. Incidents are repeated, and personalities restored, now never present to the waking thoughts of the dreamer, and which might seem wholly effaced from memory. Here again, as so often before, we come to analogy as the best mode of illustrating, if not explaining, these mysteries, and of bringing them into accordance with the unity and identity of our being. The memories of past life embodied in dreams have close kindred with those evoked by incidents, often very slight, of our waking hours. We know nothing of the actual nature of the im-

pressions or images thus latent in the brain; but there they are—dormant, it may be, for ever, yet capable of being revived at any time, sleeping or waking, by coming into sudden relation with present sensations, emotions, or thoughts. In sleep these distant memories are usually vague and dateless—when awake they receive correction from the senses and other faculties. Their origin, however, is the same; and the further we press such examination the more intimate will be found the relations and resemblances disclosed.

We have spoken already of those pale spectra of former dreams, as we may best deem them, which now and then flit across the memory, strangely mingling with passing events. Another phenomenon akin to this is the curious *hold on the brain* which certain dreams seem to acquire; shown by their frequent recurrence, with the same general incidents and feelings, yet without any actual reality of origin. Every observer of himself may here have his own particular tale to tell; but the general fact will probably be recognized. We know an instance where six such dreams, frequently but irregularly recurrent, and this during a period of very many years, are well attested by close observation of the person who is the subject of them. We may presume, though we cannot prove, that the peculiar grasp of these visions on the sleeping mind—the "dream of dreams," we may call them—depends on the force of the impressions in which they originated—strengthened, it may be, by repetition. In all our reasonings on these obscure points we are forced to recur to the conception just stated of actual material changes—utterly incomprehensible in their nature—made and infixed on the brain, and probably most forcibly impressed at those times of life when the mental faculties are in greatest vigour. Admitting the latter fact, it explains to us several seeming anomalies of memory; such as the frequent and vivid recollections in advanced age of the events of earlier life, while those of recent occurrence vanish speedily from the mind; and as regards dreams, the similar wandering of the brain among past memories, when present sensations are dimmed by age, and life itself is beginning to assume the character of a dream.

One point remains to be noticed, of which, however, notwithstanding its deep interest to mental physiology, we shall only briefly speak. This is the relation



of sleep and dreams to those abnormal or diseased states of mind which we call Insanity—though, indeed, a single term feebly expresses the multiform shapes of such disorders which observation unhappily brings before us. A manifest distinction offers itself here in the outset. The one condition is natural, and periodical only—the other is abnormal, and more or less permanent. But, nevertheless, there are certain links connecting them which cannot be overlooked—relations noticed by Cicero and other ancient writers, and more explicitly described by several eminent authors of our own time.\* Many of the strange hallucinations of insanity, though less changeful and fleeting than those of the dream, yet have various characters in common with the latter. Such especially are those where the mind may be considered wholly in a *subjective* state—the brain coining images, ideas and associations within itself, uncorrected by the senses, or by any clear memories of the past. The singular phenomena of *spectral illusions*, in which the sense of hearing also is concerned, furnish a striking example of this connexion. Images of objects which have no reality, voices equally imaginary, haunt the brain of the madman as they do that of the dreamer—less urgently, indeed, in the latter case, and with powerlessness as to any consequent action, yet still marking a state of the sensorium common to both conditions.

We might dwell further on this subject, and its curious relations to the phenomena of ecstasy, hysteria, the delirium of fever, and drunkenness. But even if not admonished by want of space, we should be taxing the patience of our readers too severely by detaining them longer in this region of shadows, where realities and mockeries are so strangely intermingled, and where mental and bodily states mutually excite, control, or partially annul one another, leaving a long page of problems to be solved, if such solution be ever possible.

The only topic now remaining to us is that of the physical causes proximately concerned in producing sleep and dreams. Here, again, notwithstanding researches recently directed to this part of physiology, and valuable works describing

them, we are still forced upon the admission of diversity of opinion and imperfect knowledge. These researches have chiefly regarded the influence of the circulation upon the functions of the brain, and upon sleep, as one of the most important of them. This varying influence is recognized in every part of the body, and at every minute of life; but the cerebral circulation has specialities distinguishing it from that of any other organ. The confinement of the brain within the close cavity of the cranium, and the peculiar distribution of the arterial and venous system in the medullary and cineritious substance, in the membranes and sinuses of this organ, have embarrassed hitherto every question on the subject. It has been the most general opinion of physiologists that a certain amount of pressure on the brain, chiefly from congestion of venous blood, was necessary for the state of sleep. More recently, this opinion has been modified, if not contradicted by the experiments of Mr. Durham, Dr. Hammond, and others; furnishing evidence that sleep depends on a lessened quantity and force of blood in the brain, and especially in the arterial part of the cerebral circulation. Though this inference is fortified by various known facts, such as the sleep produced by exposure to intense cold, by loss of blood, by pain, and other causes of vital exhaustion, it still leaves the physical theory an ambiguous one; embarrassed by our ignorance of the relative proportions of arterial and venous blood during sleep—by questions as to the mode of action of the vascular portion of the brain upon the medullary and other cerebral tissues—and by a further question, of higher interest but harder of solution, viz., the nature of those changes in the cerebral substance itself, through which dreams, and other concomitant phenomena of sleep, have their origin?

The latter question involves difficulties which, with all just regard to the prowess and high attainments of modern science, we must yet believe to be insuperable. It is in truth the self-same problem as that put before us by the normal and waking state of our sensorial existence. The dream of the night is connected with the same organization which ministers to the sensorial functions of the day. Through the microscope and other means much has been discovered of the minute anatomy of the brain and its appendages. Medullary cells and fibres, ganglionic centres, and new nervous inter-communi-

\* "Quod si ita paratum esset, ut ea dormientes agent, quæ somniarent, alligandi omnes essent, qui cubitum irent." (*Cicero De Divinatione*, lib. ii. 59.) In the valuable work on the "Physiology and Pathology of the Mind," by Dr. Maudsley, will be found much that relates to this interesting topic.

cations have been disclosed; and, though less assuredly, certain functions localized as regards the parts of the brain fulfilling them. But of the infinitesimal motions and changes in the nervous substance itself, we are as entirely ignorant as we are of that mystery which associates these changes in invisible mechanisms with the intellectual and spiritual part of our nature, — with the sensations, thoughts, memories, and emotions, which in their succession and combinations, constitute the mental being of man. We must not indeed vaunt our knowledge of the brain until all dispute is settled as to the functions of the Cerebellum — one of the most prominent parts of the cerebral system, and unquestionably fulfilling functions essential to the integrity of the whole.

What, however, we are mainly concerned with here is the fact that actions analogous in kind, though variously altered in operation, occur alike in the sleeping and waking brain. In reasoning upon the physical causes of these phenomena, we do not reach our end in merely proving the influence of changes in the cerebral circulation and of varying pressure thus produced. We advance a step, but only one step, by this demonstration; leaving it unsettled whether the exhaustion of nerve force, the primary cause of sleep, is not also the immediate cause of these very changes in the vascular system of the brain. The many cases where sleep, or states closely akin to it, can be produced by causes in which the circulation is little, if indeed at all, concerned, but where the nervous system is directly and powerfully acted upon, suffice to show how important is the influence of the latter in connexion with these complex and ever-changing phenomena.

A treatise on Sleep and Dreams, to be complete, should comprise also the pathology of these states, and the remedies — useful or useless — which have been suggested to remove or relieve the disorders affecting them. These topics, however, belong rather to professional works, and we cannot here do more than refer to them, important though they are to the physiologist as well as to the physician. It has been our object in the foregoing article, which we now bring to a close, to place before our readers simply and clearly what we may best call the Natural History of Sleep and Dreams. While avoiding as far as possible all technical language and the metaphysical subtleties into which such questions are prone to

pass, we have sought to inculcate larger and more distinct conceptions of these great functions of our inner life, the very familiarity of which obscures them to our contemplation. And at the same time we have endeavoured, by pointing out the close relations and analogies of the phenomena to those of our waking existence, to establish here, also, that continuity and identity of Being, upon which these phenomena on first view seem so strangely to infringe.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

#### CHAPTER V.

AND still the weeks glided on: autumn succeeded to summer, the winter to autumn; the season of Paris was at its height. The wondrous Capital seemed to repay its Imperial embellisher by the splendour and the joy of its *fêtes*. But the smiles on the face of Paris were hypocritical and hollow. The Empire itself had passed out of fashion. Grave men and impartial observers felt anxious. Napoléon had renounced *les idées Napoléoniennes*. He was passing into the category of constitutional sovereigns, and reigning, not by his old undivided prestige, but by the grace of party. The press was free to circulate complaints as to the past and demands as to the future, beneath which the present reeled — ominous of earthquake. People asked themselves if it were possible that the Empire could coexist with forms of government not imperial, yet not genuinely constitutional, with a majority daily yielding to a minority. The basis of universal suffrage was sapped. About this time the articles in the "*Sens Commun*," signed Pierre Firmin, were creating not only considerable sensation, but marked effect on opinion: and the sale of the journal was immense.

Necessarily the repute and the position of Gustave Rameau, as the avowed editor of this potent journal, rose with its success. Nor only his repute and position; bank-notes of considerable value were transmitted to him by the publisher, with the brief statement that they were sent by the sole proprietor of the paper as the editor's fair share of profit. The proprietor was never named, but Rameau took it for granted that it was M. Lebeau. M. Lebeau he had never seen since the day he had brought him the list of contribu-



tors, and was then referred to the publisher, whom he supposed M. Lebeau had secured, and received the first quarter of his salary in advance. The salary was a trifle compared to the extra profits thus generously volunteered. He called at Lebeau's office, and saw only the clerk, who said that his *chef* was abroad.

Prosperity produced a marked change for the better, if not in the substance of Rameau's character, at least in his manners and social converse. He no longer exhibited that restless envy of rivals, which is the most repulsive symptom of vanity diseased. He pardoned Isaura her success; nay, he was even pleased at it. The nature of her work did not clash with his own kind of writing. It was so thoroughly womanlike, that one could not compare it to a man's. Moreover, that success had contributed largely to the profits by which he had benefited, and to his renown as editor of the journal which accorded place to this new-found genius. But there was a deeper and more potent cause for sympathy with the success of his fair young contributor. He had imperceptibly glided into love with her—a love very different from that with which poor Julie Caumartin flattered herself she had inspired the young poet. Isaura was one of those women for whom, even in natures the least chivalric, love—however ardent—cannot fail to be accompanied with a certain reverence,—the reverence with which the ancient knighthood, in its love for women, honoured the ideal purity of womanhood itself. Till then Rameau had never revered any one.

On her side, brought so frequently into communication with the young conductor of the journal in which she wrote, Isaura entertained for him a friendly, almost sister-like affection.

I do not think that, even if she had never known the Englishman, she would have really become in love with Rameau, despite the picturesque beauty of his countenance, and the congeniality of literary pursuits; but perhaps she might have *fancied* herself in love with him. And till one, whether man or woman, has known real love, fancy is readily mistaken for it. But little as she had seen of Graham, and that little not in itself wholly favourable to him, she knew in her heart of hearts that his image would never be replaced by one equally dear. Perhaps in those qualities that placed him in opposition to her she felt his attractions. The poetical in woman exaggerates the

worth of the practical in man. Still for Rameau her exquisitely kind and sympathizing nature conceived one of those sentiments which in woman are almost angel-like. We have seen in her letters to Madame de Grantmesnil that from the first he inspired her with a compassionate interest; then the compassion was checked by her perception of his more unamiable and envious attributes. But now those attributes, if still existent, had ceased to be apparent to her, and the compassion became unalloyed. Indeed, it was thus so far increased, that it was impossible for any friendly observer to look at the beautiful face of this youth, prematurely wasted and worn, without the kindness of pity. His prosperity had brightened and sweetened the expression of that face, but it had not effaced the vestiges of decay; rather perhaps deepened them, for the duties of his post necessitated a regular labour, to which he had been unaccustomed, and the regular labour necessitated, or seemed to him to necessitate, an increase of fatal stimulant. He imbibed absinthe with everything he drank, and to absinthe he united opium. This, of course, Isaura knew not, any more than she knew of his *liaison* with the "Ondine" of his muse; she saw only the increasing delicacy of his face and form, contrasted by his increased geniality and liveliness of spirits, and the contrast saddened her. Intellectually, too, she felt for him compassion. She recognized and respected in him the yearnings of a genius too weak to perform a tithe of what, in the arrogance of youth, it promised to its ambition. She saw, too, those struggles between a higher and a lower self, to which a weak degree of genius, united with a strong degree of arrogance, is so often subjected. Perhaps she overestimated the degree of genius, and what, if rightly guided, it could do; but she did, in the desire of her own heavenlier instinct, aspire to guide it heavenward. And as if she were twenty years older than himself, she obeyed that desire in remonstrating and warning and urging, and the young man took all these "preachments" with a pleased submissive patience. Such, as the new year dawned upon the grave of the old one, was the position between these two. And nothing more was heard from Graham Vane.

#### CHAPTER VI.

IT has now become due to Graham Vane, and to his place in the estimation

of my readers, to explain somewhat more distinctly the nature of the quest in prosecution of which he had sought the aid of the Parisian police, and, under an assumed name, made the acquaintance of M. Lebeau.

The best way of discharging this duty will perhaps be to place before the reader the contents of the letter which passed under Graham's eyes on the day in which the heart of the writer ceased to beat.

*"Confidential.*

*"To be opened immediately after my death, and before the perusal of my will.*

*"Richard King.*

"TO GRAHAM VANE, ESQ.

"MY DEAR GRAHAM,—By the direction on the envelope of this letter, 'Before the perusal of my will,' I have wished to save you from the disappointment you would naturally experience if you learned my bequest without being privised of the conditions which I am about to impose upon your honour. You will see ere you conclude this letter that you are the only man living to whom I could intrust the secret it contains and the task it enjoins.

"You are aware that I was not born to the fortune that passed to me by the death of a distant relation, who had, in my earlier youth, children of his own. I was an only son, left an orphan at the age of sixteen with a very slender pitance. My guardians designed me for the medical profession. I began my studies at Edinburgh, and was sent to Paris to complete them. It so chanced there that I lodged in the same house with an artist named Auguste Duval, who, failing to gain his livelihood as a painter, in what—for his style was ambitious—is termed the Historical School, had accepted the humbler calling of a drawing-master. He had practised in that branch of the profession for several years at Tours, having a good *clientèle* among English families settled there. This *clientèle*, as he frankly confessed, he had lost from some irregularities of conduct. He was not a bad man, but of convivial temper, and easily led into temptation. He had removed to Paris a few months before I made his acquaintance. He obtained a few pupils, and often lost them as soon as gained. He was unpunctual and addicted to drink. But he had a small pension, accorded to him, he was wont to say mysteriously, by some high-born kinsfolk, too proud to own connection

with a drawing-master, and on the condition that he should never name them. He never did name them to me, and I do not know to this day whether the story of this noble relationship was true or false. A pension, however, he did receive quarterly from some person or other, and it was an unhappy provision for him. It tended to make him an idler in his proper calling; and whenever he received the payment he spent it in debauch, to the neglect, while it lasted, of his pupils. This man had residing with him a young daughter, singularly beautiful. You may divine the rest. I fell in love with her—a love deepened by the compassion with which she inspired me. Her father left her so frequently, that, living on the same floor, we saw much of each other. Parent and child were often in great need—lacking even fuel or food. Of course I assisted them to the utmost of my scanty means. Much as I was fascinated by Louise Duval, I was not blind to great defects in her character. She was capricious, vain, aware of her beauty, and sighing for the pleasures or the gauds beyond her reach. I knew that she did not love me—there was little, indeed, to captivate her fancy in a poor, threadbare medical student—and yet I fondly imagined that my own persevering devotion would at length win her affections. I spoke to her father more than once of my hope some day to make Louise my wife. This hope, I must frankly acknowledge, he never encouraged. On the contrary, he treated it with scorn,—'His child with her beauty would look much higher;' but he continued all the same to accept my assistance, and to sanction my visits. At length my slender purse was pretty well exhausted, and the luckless drawing-master was so harassed with petty debts that farther credit became impossible. At this time I happened to hear from a fellow-student that his sister, who was the principal of a lady's school in Cheltenham, had commissioned him to look out for a first-rate teacher of drawing, with whom her elder pupils could converse in French, but who should be sufficiently acquainted with English to make his instructions intelligible to the young. The salary was liberal, the school large and of high repute, and his appointment to it would open to an able teacher no inconsiderable connection among private families. I communicated this intelligence to Duval. He caught at it eagerly. He had learned at Tours to speak English fluently; and as



his professional skill was of high order, and he was popular with several eminent artists, he obtained certificates as to his talents, which my fellow-student forwarded to England with specimens of Duval's drawings. In a few days the offer of an engagement arrived, was accepted, and Duval and his daughter set out for Cheltenham. At the eve of their departure, Louise, profoundly dejected at the prospect of banishment to a foreign country, and placing no trust in her father's reform to steady habits, evinced a tenderness for me hitherto new — she wept bitterly. She allowed me to believe that her tears flowed at the thought of parting with me, and even besought me to accompany them to Cheltenham — if only for a few days. You may suppose how delightedly I complied with the request. Duval had been about a week at the watering-place, and was discharging the duties he had undertaken with such unwonted steadiness and regularity that I began sorrowfully to feel I had no longer an excuse for not returning to my studies at Paris, when the poor teacher was seized with a fit of paralysis. He lost the power of movement, and his mind was affected. The medical attendant called in said that he might linger thus for some time, but that, even if he recovered his intellect, which was more than doubtful, he would never be able to resume his profession. I could not leave Louise in circumstances so distressing — I remained. The little money Duval had brought from Paris was now exhausted; and when the day on which he had been in the habit of receiving his quarter's pension came round, Louise was unable even to conjecture how it was to be applied for. It seems he had always gone for it in person, but to whom he went was a secret which he had never divulged. And at this critical juncture his mind was too enfeebled even to comprehend us when we inquired. I had already drawn from the small capital on the interest of which I had maintained myself; I now drew out most of the remainder. But this was a resource that could not last long. Nor could I, without seriously compromising Louise's character, be constantly in the house with a girl so young, and whose sole legitimate protector was thus afflicted. There seemed but one alternative to that of abandoning her altogether — viz., to make her my wife, to conclude the studies necessary to obtain my diploma, and purchase some partnership in a small country practice with the scanty

surplus that might be left of my capital. I placed this option before Louise timidly, for I could not bear the thought of forcing her inclinations. She seemed much moved by what she called my generosity: she consented — we were married. I was, as you may conceive, wholly ignorant of French law. We were married according to the English ceremony and the Protestant ritual. Shortly after our marriage we all three returned to Paris, taking an apartment in a quarter remote from that in which we had before lodged, in order to avoid any harassment to which such small creditors as Duval had left behind him might subject us. I resumed my studies with redoubled energy, and Louise was necessarily left much alone with her poor father in the daytime. The defects in her character became more and more visible. She reproached me for the solitude to which I condemned her; our poverty galled her; she had no kind greeting for me when I returned at evening, wearied out. Before marriage she had not loved me — after marriage, alas! I fear she hated. We had been returned to Paris some months when poor Duval died: he had never recovered his faculties, nor had we ever learned from whom his pension had been received. Very soon after her father's death I observed a singular change in the humour and manner of Louise. She was no longer peevish, irascible, reproachful; but taciturn and thoughtful. She seemed to me under the influence of some suppressed excitement: her cheeks flushed and her eye abstracted. At length, one evening when I returned I found her gone. She did not come back that night nor the next day. It was impossible for me to conjecture what had become of her. She had no friends so far as I knew — no one had visited at our squalid apartment. The poor house in which we lodged had no *concierge* whom I could question; but the ground-floor was occupied by a small tobacconist's shop, and the woman at the counter told me that for some days before my wife's disappearance, she had observed her pass the shop window in going out in the afternoon and returning towards the evening. Two terrible conjectures beset me: either in her walks she had met some admirer, with whom she had fled; or, unable to bear the companionship and poverty of a union which she had begun to loathe, she had gone forth to drown herself in the Seine. On the third day from her flight I received the letter I en-

close. Possibly the handwriting may serve you as a guide in the mission I intrust to you.

‘MONSIEUR,—You have deceived me vilely—taken advantage of my inexperienced youth and friendless position to decoy me into an illegal marriage. My only consolation under my calamity and disgrace is, that I am at least free from a detested bond. You will not see me again—it is idle to attempt to do so. I have obtained refuge with relations whom I have been fortunate enough to discover, and to whom I intrust my fate. And even if you could learn the shelter I have sought, and have the audacity to molest me, you would but subject yourself to the chastisement you so richly deserve.

‘LOUISE DUVAL.’

“At the perusal of this cold-hearted, ungrateful letter, the love I had felt for this woman—already much shaken by her wayward and perverse temper—vanished from my heart, never to return. But, as an honest man, my conscience was terribly stung. Could it be possible that I had unknowingly deceived her—that our marriage was not legal?

“When I recovered from the stun which was the first effect of her letter, I sought the opinion of an *avoué* in the neighbourhood, named Sartiges, and, to my dismay, I learned that while I, marrying according to the customs of my own country, was legally bound to Louise in England, and could not marry another, the marriage was in all ways illegal for her,—being without the consent of her relations while she was under age—with- out the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, to which, though I never heard any profession of religious belief from her or her father, it might fairly be presumed that she belonged—and, above all, without the form of civil contract which is indispensable to the legal marriage of a French subject.

“The *avoué* said that the marriage, therefore, in itself was null, and that Louise could, without incurring legal penalties for bigamy, marry again in France according to the French laws; but that under the circumstances it was probable that her next of kin would apply on her behalf to the proper court for the formal annulment of the marriage, which would be the most effectual mode of saving her from any molestation on my part, and remove all possible question hereafter as to her single state and absolute right to re-marry. I had better remain quiet, and wait for

intimation of further proceedings. I knew not what else to do, and necessarily submitted.

“From this wretched listlessness of mind, alternated now by vehement resentment against Louise, now by the reproach of my own sense of honour, in leaving that honour in so questionable a point of view, I was aroused by a letter from the distant kinsman by whom hitherto I had been so neglected. In the previous year he had lost one of his two children; the other was just dead: no nearer relation now surviving stood between me and my chance of inheritance from him. He wrote word of his domestic affliction with a manly sorrow which touched me, said that his health was failing, and begged me, as soon as possible, to come and visit him in Scotland. I went, and continued to reside with him till his death, some months afterwards. By his will I succeeded to his ample fortune on condition of taking his name.

“As soon as the affairs connected with this inheritance permitted, I returned to Paris, and again saw M. Sartiges. I had never heard from Louise, nor from any one connected with her since the letter you have read. No steps had been taken to annul the marriage, and sufficient time had elapsed to render it improbable that such steps would be taken now. But if no such steps were taken, however free from the marriage-bond Louise might be, it clearly remained binding on myself.

“At my request, M. Sartiges took the most vigorous measures that occurred to him to ascertain where Louise was, and what and who was the relation with whom she asserted she had found refuge. The police were employed; advertisements were issued, concealing names, but sufficiently clear to be intelligible to Louise if they came under her eye, and to the effect that if any informality in our marriage existed, she was implored for her own sake to remove it by a second ceremonial—answer to be addressed to the *avoué*. No answer came; the police had hitherto failed of discovering her, but were sanguine of success, when a few weeks after these advertisements a package reached M. Sartiges, enclosing the certificates annexed to this letter, of the death of Louise Duval at Munich. The certificates, as you will see, are to appearance officially attested and unquestionably genuine. So they were considered by M. Sartiges as well as by myself. Here, then, all inquiry ceased—the police were dismissed. I was free. By little and little



I overcame the painful impressions which my ill-starred union and the announcement of Louise's early death bequeathed. Rich, and of active mind, I learned to dismiss the trials of my youth as a gloomy dream. I entered into public life; I made myself a creditable position; became acquainted with your aunt; we were wedded, and the beauty of her nature embellished mine. Alas, alas! two years after our marriage—nearly five years after I had received the certificates of Louise's death—I and your aunt made a summer excursion into the country of the Rhine; on our return we rested at Aix-la-Chapelle. One day while there I was walking alone in the environs of the town, when, on the road, a little girl, seemingly about five years old, in chase of a butterfly, stumbled and fell just before my feet; I took her up, and as she was crying more from the shock of the fall than any actual hurt, I was still trying my best to comfort her, when a lady some paces behind her came up, and in taking the child from my arms as I was bending over her, thanked me in a voice that made my heart stand still; I looked up, and beheld Louise.

"It was not till I had convulsively clasped her hand and uttered her name that she recognized me. I was, no doubt, the more altered of the two—prosperity and happiness had left little trace of the needy, careworn, threadbare student. But if she were the last to recognize, she was the first to recover self-possession. The expression of her face became hard and set. I cannot pretend to repeat with any verbal accuracy the brief converse that took place between us, as she placed the child on the grass bank beside the path, bade her stay there quietly, and walked on with me some paces as if she did not wish the child to hear what was said.

"The purport of what passed was to this effect: She refused to explain the certificates of her death further than that, becoming aware of what she called the 'persecution' of the advertisements issued and inquiries instituted, she had caused those documents to be sent to the address given in the advertisement, in order to terminate all further molestation. But how they could have been obtained, or by what art so ingeniously forged as to deceive the acuteness of a practised lawyer, I know not to this day. She declared, indeed, that she was now happy, in easy circumstances, and that if I wished to make some reparation for the wrong I

had done her, it would be to leave her in peace; and in case—which was not likely—we ever met again, to regard and treat her as a stranger; that she, on her part, never would molest me, and that the certified death of Louise Duval left me as free to marry again as she considered herself to be.

"My mind was so confused, so bewildered, while she thus talked, that I did not attempt to interrupt her. The blow had so crushed me that I scarcely struggled under it; only, as she turned to leave me, I suddenly recollected that the child, when taken from my arms, had called her '*Maman*,' and, judging by the apparent age of the child, it must have been born but a few months after Louise had left me—that it must be mine. And so, in my dreary woe, I faltered out—'but what of your infant?' Surely that has on me a claim that you relinquish for yourself. You were not unfaithful to me while you deemed you were my wife?"

"Heavens! can you insult me by such a doubt? No!" she cried out, impulsively and haughtily. 'But as I was not legally your wife, the child is not legally yours; it is mine, and only mine. Nevertheless, if you wish to claim it,'—here she paused as in doubt. I saw at once that she was prepared to resign to me the child if I had urged her to do so. I must own, with a pang of remorse, that I recoiled from such a proposal. What could I do with the child? How explain to my wife the cause of my interest in it? If only a natural child of mine, I should have shrunk from owing to Janet a youthful error. But, as it was,—the child by a former marriage—the former wife still living!—my blood ran cold with dread. And if I did take the child—invent what story I might as to its parentage, should I not expose myself, expose Janet, to terrible constant danger? The mother's natural affection might urge her at any time to seek tidings of the child, and in so doing she might easily discover my new name, and, perhaps years hence, establish on me her own claim.

"No, I could not risk such perils. I replied, sullenly, 'You say rightly; the child is yours—only yours.' I was about to add an offer of pecuniary provision for it, but Louise had already turned scornfully towards the bank on which she had left the infant. I saw her snatch from the child's hand some wild-flowers the poor thing had been gathering; and how often have I thought of the rude way in which she did it—not as a mother who

loves her child. Just then other passengers appeared on the road—two of them I knew—an English couple very intimate with Lady Janet and myself. They stopped to accost me, while Louise passed by with the infant towards the town. I turned in the opposite direction, and strove to collect my thoughts. Terrible as was the discovery thus suddenly made, it was evident that Louise had as strong an interest as myself to conceal it. There was little chance that it would ever be divulged. Her dress and that of the child were those of persons in the richer classes of life. After all, doubtless, the child needed not pecuniary assistance from me, and was surely best off under the mother's care. Thus I sought to comfort and to delude myself.

"The next day Janet and I left Aix-la-Chapelle and returned to England. But it was impossible for me to banish the dreadful thought that Janet was not legally my wife; that could she even guess the secret lodged in my breast she would be lost to me for ever, even though she died of the separation (you know well how tenderly she loved me). My nature underwent a silent revolution. I had previously cherished the ambition common to most men in public life—the ambition for fame, for place, for power. That ambition left me; I shrank from the thought of becoming too well known, lest Louise or her connections, as yet ignorant of my new name, might more easily learn what the world knew—viz., that I had previously borne another name—the name of her husband—and finding me wealthy and honoured, might hereafter be tempted to claim for herself or her daughter the ties she abjured for both while she deemed me poor and despised. But partly my conscience, partly the influence of the angel by my side, compelled me to seek whatever means of doing good to others position and circumstances placed at my disposal. I was alarmed when even such quiet exercise of mind and fortune acquired a sort of celebrity. How painfully I shrank from it! The world attributed my dread of publicity to unaffected modesty. The world praised me, and I knew myself an impostor. But the years stole on. I heard no more of Louise or her child, and my fears gradually subsided. Yet I was consoled when the two children born to me by Janet died in their infancy. Had they lived, who can tell whether something might not have transpired to prove them illegitimate?

"I must hasten on. At last came the

great and crushing calamity of my life: I lost the woman who was my all in all. At least she was spared the discovery that would have deprived me of the right of tending her deathbed, and leaving within her tomb a place vacant for myself.

"But after the first agonies that followed her loss, the conscience I had so long sought to tranquillize became terribly reproachful. Louise had forfeited all right to my consideration, but my guiltless child had not done so. Did it live still? If so, was it not the heir to my fortunes—the only child left to me? True, I have the absolute right to dispose of my wealth: it is not land; it is not entailed; but was not the daughter I had forsaken morally the first claimant? was no reparation due to her? You remember that my physician ordered me, some little time after your aunt's death, to seek a temporary change of scene. I obeyed, and went away no one knew whither. Well, I repaired to Paris; there I sought M. Sartiges, the *avoué*. I found he had been long dead. I discovered his executors, and inquired if any papers or correspondence, between Richard Macdonald and himself many years ago were in existence. All such documents, with others not returned to correspondents at his decease, had been burned by his desire. No possible clue to the whereabouts of Louise, should any have been gained since I last saw her, was left. What then to do I knew not. I did not dare to make inquiries through strangers, which, if discovering my child, might also bring to light a marriage that would have dishonoured the memory of my lost saint. I returned to England feeling that my days were numbered. It is to you that I transmit the task of those researches which I could not institute. I bequeath to you, with the exception of trifling legacies and donations to public charities, the whole of my fortune. But you will understand by this letter that it is to be held on a trust which I cannot specify in my will. I could not, without dishonouring the venerated name of your aunt, indicate as the heiress of my wealth a child by a wife living at the time I married Janet. I cannot form any words for such a devise which would not arouse gossip and suspicion, and furnish ultimately a clue to the discovery I would shun. I calculate that, after all deductions, the sum that will devolve to you will be about £220,000. That which I mean to be absolutely and at once yours is the comparatively trifling



legacy of £20,000. If Louise's child be not living, or if you find full reason to suppose that, despite appearances, the child is not mine, the whole of my fortune lapses to you; but should Louise be surviving and need pecuniary aid, you will contrive that she may have such an annuity as you may deem fitting, without learning whence it come. You perceive that it is your object if possible, even more than mine, to preserve free from slur the name and memory of her who was to you a second mother. All ends we desire would be accomplished could you, on discovering my lost child, feel that, without constraining your inclinations, you could make her your *wife*. She would then naturally share with you my fortune, and all claims of justice and duty would be quietly appeased. She would now be of age suitable to yours. When I saw her at Aix she gave promise of inheriting no small share of her mother's beauty. If Louise's assurance of her easy circumstances were true, her daughter has possibly been educated and reared with tenderness and care. You have already assured me that you have no prior attachment. But if, on discovering this child, you find her already married, or one whom you could not love nor esteem, I leave it implicitly to your honor and judgment to determine what share of the £200,000 left in your hands should be consigned to her. She may have been corrupted by her mother's principles. She may—Heaven forbid!—have fallen into evil courses, and wealth would be misspent in her hands. In that case a competence sufficing to save her from further degradation, from the temptations of poverty, would be all that I desire you to devote from my wealth. On the contrary, you may find in her one who, in all respects, ought to be my chief inheritor. All this I leave in full confidence to you, as being, of all the men I know, the one who unites the highest sense of honour with the largest share of practical sense and knowledge of life. The main difficulty, whatever this lost girl may derive from my substance, will be in devising some means to convey it to her, so that neither she nor those around her may trace the bequest to me. She can never be acknowledged as my child—never! Your reverence for the beloved dead forbids that. This difficulty your clear strong sense must overcome: mine is blinded by the shades of death. You too will deliberately consider how to institute the inquiries after mother and

child so as not to betray our secret. This will require great caution. You will probably commence at Paris, through the agency of the police, to whom you will be very guarded in your communications. It is most unfortunate that I have no miniature of Louise, and that any description of her must be so vague that it may not serve to discover her; but such as it is, it may prevent your mistaking for her some other of her name. Louise was above the common height, and looked taller than she was, with the peculiar combination of very dark hair, very fair complexion, and light-grey eyes. She would now be somewhat under the age of forty. She was not without accomplishments, derived from the companionship with her father. She spoke English fluently; she drew with taste, and even with talent. You will see the prudence of confining research at first to Louise, rather than to the child who is the principal object of it; for it is not till you can ascertain what has become of her that you can trust the accuracy of any information respecting the daughter, whom I assume, perhaps after all erroneously, to be mine. Though Louise talked with such levity of holding herself free to marry, the birth of her child might be sufficient injury to her reputation to become a serious obstacle to such second nuptials, not having taken formal steps to annul her marriage with myself. If not thus remarried, there would be no reason why she should not resume her maiden name of Duval, as she did in the signature of her letter to me: finding that I had ceased to molest her by the inquiries, to elude which she had invented the false statement of her death. It seems probable, therefore, that she is residing somewhere in Paris, and in the name of Duval. Of course the burden of uncertainty as to your future cannot be left to oppress you for an indefinite length of time. If at the end, say, of two years, your researches have wholly failed, consider three fourths of my whole fortune to have passed to you, and put by the fourth to accumulate, should the child afterwards be discovered, and satisfy your judgment as to her claims on me as her father. Should she not, it will be a reserve fund for your own children. But oh, if my child could be found in time! and oh, if she be all that could win your heart, and be the wife you would select from free choice! I can say no more. Pity me, and judge leniently of Janet's husband.

R. K."

The key to Graham's conduct is now given ; — the deep sorrow that took him to the tomb of the aunt he so revered, and whose honoured memory was subjected to so great a risk ; the slightness of change in his expenditure and mode of life, after an inheritance supposed to be so ample ; the abnegation of his political ambition ; the subject of his inquiries, and the cautious reserve imposed upon them ; above all, the position towards Isaura in which he was so cruelly placed.

Certainly, his first thought in revolving the conditions of his trust had been that of marriage with this lost child of Richard King's, should she be discovered single, disengaged, and not repulsive to his inclinations. Tacitly he subscribed to the reasons for this course alleged by the deceased. It was the simplest and readiest plan of uniting justice to the rightful inheritor with care for a secret so important to the honour of his aunt, of Richard King himself — his benefactor, — of the illustrious house from which Lady Janet had sprung. Perhaps, too, the consideration that by this course a fortune so useful to his career was secured, was not without influence on the mind of a man naturally ambitious. But on that consideration he forbade himself to dwell. He put it away from him as a sin. Yet, to marriage with any one else, until his mission was fulfilled, and the uncertainty as to the extent of his fortune was dispelled, there interposed grave practical obstacles. How could he honestly present himself to a girl and to her parents in the light of a rich man, when in reality he might be but a poor man ? how could he refer to any lawyer the conditions which rendered impossible any settlement that touched a shilling of the large sum which at any day he might have to transfer to another ? Still, when once fully conscious how deep was the love with which Isaura had inspired him, the idea of wedlock with the daughter of Richard King, if she yet lived and was single, became inadmissible. The orphan condition of the young Italian smoothed away the obstacles to proposals of marriage which would have embarrassed his addresses to girls of his own rank, and with parents who would have demanded settlements. And if he had found Isaura alone on that day on which he had seen her last, he would doubtless have yielded to the voice of his heart, avowed his love, wooed her own, and committed both to the tie of betrothal. We have seen how rudely such yearnings of his heart were repelled on that last

interview. His English prejudices were so deeply rooted, that, even if he had been wholly free from the trust bequeathed to him, he would have recoiled from marriage with a girl who, in the ardour for notoriety, could link herself with such associates as Gustave Rameau, by habits a Bohemian, and by principles a Socialist.

In flying from Paris, he embraced the resolve to banish all thought of wedding Isaura and to devote himself sternly to the task which had so sacred a claim upon him. Not that he could endure the idea of marrying another, even if the lost heirless should be all that his heart could have worshipped, had that heart been his own to give ; but he was impatient of the burden heaped on him, — of the fortune which might not be his, of the uncertainty which paralyzed all his ambitious schemes for the future.

Yet, strive as he would — and no man could strive more resolutely — he could not succeed in banishing the image of Isaura. It was with him always ; and with it a sense of irreparable loss, of a terrible void, of a pining anguish.

And the success of his inquiries at Aix-la-Chapelle, while sufficient to detain him in the place, was so slight, and advanced by such slow degrees, that it furnished no continued occupation to his restless mind. M. Renard was acute and painstaking. But it was no easy matter to obtain any trace of a Parisian visitor to so popular a Spa so many years ago. The name Duval, too, was so common, that at Aix, as we have seen at Paris, time was wasted in the chase of a Duval who proved not to be the lost Louise. At last M. Renard chanced on a house in which, in the year 1849, two ladies from Paris had lodged for three weeks. One was named Madame Duval, the other Madame Marigny. They were both young, both very handsome, and much of the same height and colouring. But Madame Marigny was the handsomer of the two. Madame Duval frequented the gaming-tables, and was apparently of very lively temper. Madame Marigny lived very quietly, rarely or never stirred out, and seemed in delicate health. She, however, quitted the apartment somewhat abruptly, and, to the best of the lodging-house-keeper's recollection, took rooms in the country near Aix — she could not remember where. About two months after the departure of Madame Marigny, Madame Duval also left Aix, and in company with a French gentleman who had visited her much of late — a handsome man of striking appearance. The lodging-



house-keeper did not know what or who he was. She remembered that he used to be announced to Madame Duval by the name of M. Achille. Madame Duval had never been seen again by the lodging-house-keeper after she had left. But Madame Marigny she had once seen, nearly five years after she had quitted the lodgings—seen her by chance at the railway station, recognized her at once, and accosted her, offering her the old apartment. Madame Marigny had, however, briefly replied that she was only at Aix for a few hours, and should quit it the same day.

The inquiry now turned towards Madame Marigny. The date in which the lodging-house-keeper had last seen her coincided with the year in which Richard King had met Louise. Possibly, therefore, she might have accompanied the latter to Aix at that time, and could, if found, give information as to her subsequent history and present whereabouts.

After a tedious search throughout all the environs of Aix, Graham himself came, by the merest accident, upon the vestiges of Louise's friend. He had been wandering alone in the country round Aix, when a violent thunderstorm drove him to ask shelter in the house of a small farmer, situated in a field, a little off the byway which he had taken. While waiting for the cessation of the storm, and drying his clothes by the fire in a room that adjoined the kitchen, he entered into conversation with the farmer's wife, a pleasant, well-mannered person, and made some complimentary observation on a small sketch of the house in water-colours that hung upon the wall. "Ah," said the farmer's wife, "that was done by a French lady who lodged here many years ago. She drew very prettily, poor thing."

"A lady who lodged here many years ago—how many?"

"Well, I guess somewhere about twenty."

"Ah, indeed! Was it a Madame Marigny?"

"*Bon Dieu!* That was indeed her name. Did you know her? I should be so glad to hear she is well and—I hope—happy."

"I do not know where she is now, and am making inquiries to ascertain. Pray help me. How long did Madame Marigny lodge with you?"

"I think pretty well two months; yes, two months. She left a month after her confinement."

"She was confined here?"

"Yes. When she first came, I had no idea that she was *enceinte*. She had a pretty figure, and no one would have guessed it, in the way she wore her shawl. Indeed I only began to suspect it a few days before it happened; and that was so suddenly, that all was happily over before we could send for the *accoucheur*."

"And the child lived?—A girl or a boy?"

"A girl—the prettiest baby."

"Did she take the child with her when she went?"

"No; it was put out to nurse with a niece of my husband's who was confined about the same time. Madame paid liberally in advance, and continued to send money half-yearly, till she came herself and took away the little girl."

"When was that? a little less than five years after she had left it?"

"Why, you know all about it, monsieur; yes, not quite five years after. She did not come to see me, which I thought unkind, but she sent me, through my niece-in-law, a real gold watch and a shawl. Poor dear lady—for lady she was all over,—with proud ways, and would not bear to be questioned. But I am sure she was none of your French light ones, but an honest wife like myself, though she never said so."

"And have you no idea where she was all the five years she was away, or where she went after reclaiming her child?"

"No, indeed, monsieur."

"But her remittances for the infant must have been made by letters, and the letters would have had post-marks?"

"Well, I daresay: I am no scholar myself. But suppose you see Marie Hubert, that is my niece-in-law, perhaps she has kept the envelopes."

"Where does Madame Hubert live?"

"It is just a league off by the short path; you can't miss the way. Her husband has a bit of land of his own, but he is also a carrier—'Max Hubert, carrier,' written over the door, just opposite the first church you get to. The rain has ceased, but it may be too far for you to-day."

"Not a bit of it. Many thanks."

"But if you find out the dear lady and see her, do tell her how pleased I should be to hear good news of her and the little one."

Graham strode on under the clearing skies to the house indicated. He found Madame Hubert at home, and ready to answer all questions; but, alas! she had not the envelopes. Madame Marigny, on

removing the child, had asked for all the envelopes or letters and carried them away with her. Madame Hubert, who was as little of a scholar as her aunt-in-law was, had never paid much attention to the post-marks on the envelopes; and the only one that she did remember was the first, that contained a bank-note, and that post-mark was "Vienna."

"But did not Madame Marigny's letters ever give you an address to which to write with news of her child?"

"I don't think she cared much for her child, monsieur. She kissed it very coldly when she came to take it away. I told the poor infant that that was her own mamma; and Madame said, 'Yes, you may call me mamah,' in a tone of voice — well, not at all like that of a mother. She brought with her a little bag which contained some fine clothes for the child, and was very impatient till the child had got them on."

"Are you quite sure it was the same lady who left the child?"

"Oh, there is no doubt of that. She was certainly *très belle*, but I did not fancy her as aunt did. She carried her head very high, and looked rather scornful. However, I must say she behaved very generously."

"Still you have not answered my question whether her letters contained no address."

"She never wrote more than two letters. One enclosing the first remittance was but a few lines, saying that if the child was well and thriving, I need not write; but if it died or became dangerously ill, I might at any time write a line to Madame M——, *Poste Restante*, Vienna. She was travelling about, but the letter would be sure to reach her sooner or later. The only other letter I had was to apprise me that she was coming to remove the child, and might be expected in three days after the receipt of her letter."

"And all the other communications from her were merely remittances in blank envelopes?"

"Exactly so."

Graham, finding he could learn no more, took his departure. On his way home, meditating the new idea that his adventure that day suggested, he resolved to proceed at once, accompanied by M. Renard, to Munich, and there learn what particulars could be yet ascertained respecting those certificates of the death of Louise Duval, to which (sharing Richard King's very natural belief that they had

been skilfully forged) he had hitherto attached no importance.

#### CHAPTER VII.

No satisfactory result attended the inquiries made at Munich save indeed this certainty — the certificates attesting the decease of some person calling herself Louise Duval had not been forged. They were indubitably genuine. A lady bearing that name had arrived at one of the principal hotels late in the evening, and had there taken handsome rooms. She was attended by no servant, but accompanied by a gentleman, who, however, left the hotel as soon as he had seen her lodged to her satisfaction. The books of the hotel still retained the entry of her name — Madame Duval, *Française, rentière*. On comparing the handwriting of this entry with the letter from Richard King's first wife, Graham found it differ; but then it was not certain, though probable, that the entry had been written by the alleged Madame Duval herself. She was visited the next day by the same gentleman who had accompanied her on arriving. He dined and spent the evening with her. But no one at the hotel could remember what was the gentleman's name, nor even if he were announced by any name. He never called again. Two days afterwards, Madame Duval was taken ill; a doctor was sent for, and attended her till her death. This doctor was easily found. He remembered the case perfectly — congestion of the lungs, apparently caused by cold caught on her journey. Fatal symptoms rapidly manifested themselves, and she died on the third day from the seizure. She was a young and handsome woman. He had asked her during her short illness if he should not write to her friends — if there were no one she would wish to be sent for. She replied that there was only one friend, to whom she had already written, and who would arrive in a day or two. And on inquiring, it appeared that she had written such a letter, and taken it herself to the post on the morning of the day she was taken ill.

She had in her purse not a large sum, but money enough to cover all her expenses, including those of her funeral, which, according to the law in force at the place, followed very quickly on her decease. The arrival of the friend to whom she had written being expected, her effects were, in the meanwhile, sealed up. The day after her death a letter arrived for her, which was opened. It was



evidently written by a man, and apparently by a lover. It expressed an impassioned regret that the writer was unavoidably prevented returning to Munich so soon as he had hoped, but trusted to see his dear *bouton de rose* in the course of the following week; it was only signed Achille, and gave no address. Two or three days after, a lady, also young and handsome, arrived at the hotel, and inquired for Madame Duval. She was greatly shocked at hearing of her decease. When sufficiently recovered to bear being questioned as to Madame Duval's relations and position, she appeared confused; said, after much pressing, that she was no relation to the deceased; that she believed Madame Duval had no relations with whom she was on friendly terms, at least she had never heard her speak of any; and that her own acquaintance with the deceased, though cordial, was very recent. She could or would not give any clue to the writer of the letter signed Achille, and she herself quitted Munich that evening, leaving the impression that Madame Duval had been one of those ladies who, in adopting a course of life at variance with conventional regulations, are repudiated by their relations, and probably drop even their rightful names.

Achille never appeared; but a few days after, a lawyer at Munich received a letter from another at Vienna requesting, in compliance with a client's instructions, the formal certificates of Louise Duval's death. These were sent as directed, and nothing more about the ill-fated woman was heard of. After the expiration of the time required by law, the seals were removed from the effects, which consisted of two *malles* and a dressing-case. But they only contained the articles appertaining to a lady's wardrobe or toilet. No letters — not even another note from Achille — no clue, in short, to the family or antecedents of the deceased. What then had become of these effects, no one at the hotel could give a clear or satisfactory account. It was said by the mistress of the hotel, rather sullenly, that they had, she supposed, been sold by her predecessor, and by order of the authorities, for the benefit of the poor.

If the lady who had represented herself as Louise Duval's acquaintance had given her own name, which doubtless she did, no one recollected it. It was not entered in the books of the hotel, for she had not lodged there; nor did it appear that she had allowed time for formal ex-

amination by the civil authorities. In fact, it was clear that poor Louise Duval had been considered as an adventuress by the hotel-keeper and the medical attendant at Munich; and her death had excited so little interest, that it was strange that even so many particulars respecting it could be gleaned.

After a prolonged but fruitless stay at Munich, Graham and M. Renard repaired to Vienna; there, at least, Madame Marigny had given an address, and there she might be heard of.

At Vienna, however, no research availed to discover a trace of any such person, and in despair Graham returned to England in the January of 1870, and left the further prosecution of his inquiries to M. Renard, who, though obliged to transfer himself to Paris for a time, promised that he would leave no stone unturned for the discovery of Madame Marigny; and Graham trusted to that assurance when M. Renard, rejecting half of the large gratuity offered him, added, "*Je suis Français; this with me has ceased to be an affair of money; it has become an affair that involves my amour propre.*"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

IF Graham Vane had been before caressed and courted for himself, he was more than ever appreciated by polite society, now that he added the positive repute of wealth to that of a promising intellect. Fine ladies said that Graham Vane was a match for any girl. Eminent politicians listened to him with a more attentive respect, and invited him to selecter dinner-parties. His cousin the Duke urged him to announce his candidature for the county, and purchase back, at least, the old *Stamm-schloss*. But Graham obstinately refused to entertain either proposal, continued to live as economically as before in his old apartments, and bore with an astonishing meekness of resignation the unsolicited load of fashion heaped upon his shoulders. At heart he was restless and unhappy. The mission bequeathed to him by Richard King haunted his thoughts like a spectre not to be exorcised. Was his whole life to be passed in the weary sustainment of an imposture which in itself was gall and wormwood to a nature constitutionally frank and open? Was he for ever to appear a rich man and live as a poor one? Was he till his deathbed to be doomed a sordid miser whenever he refused a just claim on his supposed wealth, and to feel his ambition excluded from the objects it

earnestly coveted, and which he was forced to appear too much of an Epicurean philosopher to prize?

More torturing than all else to the man's innermost heart was the consciousness that he had not conquered, could not conquer, the yearning love with which Isaura had inspired him, and yet that against such love all his reasonings, all his prejudices, more stubbornly than ever were combined. In the French newspapers which he had glanced over while engaged in his researches in Germany—nay, in German critical journals themselves—he had seen so many notices of the young author—highly eulogistic, it is true, but which to his peculiar notions were more offensive than if they had been sufficiently condemnatory of her work to discourage her from its repetition,—notices which seemed to him the supreme impertinences which no man likes exhibited towards the woman to whom he would render the chivalrous homage of respect. Evidently this girl had become as much public property as if she had gone on the stage. Minute details of her personal appearance—of the dimples on her cheek—of the whiteness of her arms—of her peculiar way of dressing her hair—anecdotes of her from childhood (of course invented, but how could Graham know that?)—of the reasons why she had adopted the profession of author instead of that of the singer—of the sensation she had created in certain *salons* (to Graham, who knew Paris so well, *salons* in which he would not have liked his wife to appear)—of the compliments paid to her by *grands seigneurs* noted for their *liaisons* with ballet-dancers, or by authors whose genius soared far beyond the *flammanitia mania* of a world confined by respect for one's neighbours' land-marks,—all this, which belongs to ground of personal gossip untouched by English critics of female writers—ground especially favoured by Continental, and, I am grieved to say, by American journalists,—all this was to the sensitive Englishman much what the minute inventory of Egeria's charms would have been to Numa Pompilius. The Nymph, hallowed to him by secret devotion, was vulgarized by the noisy hands of the mob, and by the popular voices, which said, "We know more about Egeria than you do." And when he returned to England, and met with old friends familiar to Parisian life, who said, "Of course you have read the Cicogna's *roman*. What do you think of it? Very

fine writing, I daresay, but above me. I go in for 'Les Mystères de Paris' or 'Monte Christo.' But I even find Georges Sand a bore,"—then as a critic Graham Vane fired up, extolled the *roman* he would have given his ears for Isaura never to have written; but retired from the contest muttering only, "How can I—I, Graham Vane—how can I be such an idiot—how can I in every hour in the twenty-four sigh to myself, 'What are other women to me?—Isaura, Isaura!'"

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
NIAGARA.\*

IT is one of the disadvantages of reading books about natural scenery that they fill the mind with pictures, often exaggerated, often distorted, often blurred, and, even when well drawn, injurious to the freshness of first impressions. Such has been the fate of most of us with regard to the Falls of Niagara. There was little accuracy in the estimates of the first observers of the cataract. Startled by an exhibition of power so novel and so grand, emotion leaped beyond the control of the judgment, and gave currency to notions regarding the waterfall which have often led to disappointment.

A record of a voyage in 1535 by a French mariner named Jacques Cartier, contains, it is said, the first printed allusion to Niagara. In 1603 the first map of the district was constructed by a Frenchman named Champlain. In 1648 the Jesuit Rageneau, in a letter to his superior at Paris, mentions Niagara as "a cataract of frightful height."† In the winter of 1678 and 1679 the cataract was visited by Father Hennepin, and described in a book dedicated "to the King of Great Britain." He gives a drawing of the waterfall, which shows that serious changes have taken place since his time. He describes it as "a great and prodigious cadence of water, to which the universe does not offer a parallel." The height of the fall, according to Hennepin, was more than 600 feet. "The waters," he says, "which fall from this great precipice do foam and boil in the most astonishing manner, making a noise more terrible

\* A Discourse delivered in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on Friday, 4th April, 1873.

† From an interesting little book presented to me at Brooklyn by its author, Mr. Holly, some of these data are derived: Hennepin, Kalm, Bakewell, Lyell, Hall and others, I have myself consulted.



than that of thunder. When the wind blows to the south, its frightful roaring may be heard for more than fifteen leagues." The Baron la Hontan, who visited Niagara in 1687, makes the height 800 feet. In 1721 Charlevoix, in a letter to Madame de Maintenon, after referring to the exaggerations of his predecessors, thus states the result of his own observations:—"For my part, after examining it on all sides, I am inclined to think that we cannot allow it less than 140 or 150 feet,"—a remarkably close estimate. At that time, viz. a hundred and fifty years ago, it had the shape of a horse-shoe, and reasons will subsequently be given for holding that this has been always the form of the cataract from its origin to its present site.

As regards the noise of the cataract, Charlevoix declares the accounts of his predecessors, which, I may say, are repeated to the present hour, to be altogether extravagant. He is perfectly right. The thunders of Niagara are formidable enough to those who really seek them at the base of the Horse-shoe Fall; but on the banks of the river, and particularly above the fall, its silence, rather than its noise, is surprising. This arises, in part, from the lack of resonance, the surrounding country being flat, and therefore furnishing no echoing surfaces to reinforce the shock of the water. The resonance from the surrounding rocks causes the Swiss Reuss at the Devil's Bridge, when full, to thunder more loudly than the Niagara.

On Friday, the 1st of November, 1872, just before reaching the village of Niagara Falls, I caught, from the railway train, my first glimpse of the smoke of the cataract. Immediately after my arrival I went with a friend to the northern end of the American Fall. It may be that my mood at the time toned down the impression produced by the first aspect of this grand cascade; but I felt nothing like disappointment, knowing, from old experience, that time and close acquaintance, the gradual interweaving of mind and nature, must powerfully influence my final estimate of the scene. After dinner we crossed to Goat Island, and, turning to the right, reached the southern end of the American Fall. The river is here studded with small islands. Crossing a wooden bridge to Luna Island, and clasp- ing a tree which grows near its edge, I looked long at the cataract, which here shoots down the precipice like an avalanche of foam. It grew in power and

beauty as I gazed upon it. The channel spanned by the wooden bridge was deep, and the river there doubled over the edge of the precipice like the swell of a muscle, unbroken. The ledge here overhangs, the water being poured out far beyond the base of the precipice. A space, called the Cave of the Winds, is thus enclosed between the wall of rock and the cataract.

Goat Island terminates in a sheer dry precipice, which connects the American and the Horse-shoe Falls. Midway between both is a wooden hut, the residence of the guide to the Cave of the Winds, and from the hut a winding staircase, called Biddle's Stair, descends to the base of the precipice. On the evening of my arrival I went down this stair, and wandered along the bottom of the cliff. One well-known factor in the formation and retreat of the cataract was immediately observed. A thick layer of limestone formed the upper portion of the cliff. This rested upon a bed of soft shale, which extended round the base of the cataract. The violent recoil of the water against this yielding substance crumbles it away, undermining the ledge above, which, unsupported, eventually breaks off, and produces the observed recession.

At the southern extremity of the Horse-shoe is a promontory, formed by the doubling back of the gorge excavated by the cataract, and into which it plunges. On the promontory stands a stone building, called the Terrapin Tower, the door of which had been nailed up because of the decay of the staircase within it. Through the kindness of Mr. Townsend, the superintendent of Goat Island, the door was opened for me. From this tower, at all hours of the day, and at some hours of the night, I watched and listened to the Horse-shoe Fall. The river here is evidently much deeper than the American branch; and instead of bursting into foam where it quits the ledge, it bends solidly over and falls in a continuous layer of the most vivid green. The tint is not uniform but varied, long stripes of deeper hue alternating with bands of brighter colour. Close to the ledge over which the water rolls, foam is generated, the light falling upon which and flashing back from it, is sifted in its passage to and fro, and changed from white to emerald green. Heaps of superficial foam are also formed at intervals along the ledge, and immediately drawn down in long white striæ.\* Lower down, the sur-

\* The direction of the wind with reference to the

face, shaken by the reaction from below, incessantly rustles into whiteness. The descent finally resolves itself into a rhythm, the water reaching the bottom of the Fall in periodic gushes. Nor is the spray uniformly diffused through the air, but is wafted through it in successive veils of gauze-like texture. From all this it is evident that beauty is not absent from the Horse-shoe Fall, but majesty is its chief attribute. The plunge of the water is not wild, but deliberate, vast, and fascinating. From the Terrapin Tower, the adjacent arm of the Horse-shoe is seen projected against the opposite one, midway down; to the imagination, therefore, is left the picturing of the gulf into which the cataract plunges.

The delight which natural scenery produces in some minds is difficult to explain, and the conduct which it prompts can hardly be fairly criticized by those who have never experienced it. It seems to me a deduction from the completeness of the celebrated Thomas Young, that he was unable to appreciate natural scenery. "He had really," says Dean Peacock, "no taste for life in the country; he was one of those who thought that no one who was able to live in London would be content to live elsewhere." Well, Dr. Young, like Dr. Johnson, had a right to his delights; but I can understand a hesitation to accept them, high as they were, to the exclusion of

That o'erflowing joy which Nature yields  
To her true lovers.

To all who are of this mind, the strengthening of desire on my part to see and know Niagara Falls, as far as it is possible for them to be seen and known, will be intelligible.

On the first evening of my visit, I met, at the head of Biddle's Stair, the guide to the Cave of the Winds. He was in the prime of manhood—large, well built, firm and pleasant in mouth and eye. My interest in the scene stirred up his, and made him communicative. Turning to a photograph, he described, by reference to it, a feat which he had accomplished some time previously, and which had brought him almost under the green water of the Horseshoe Fall. "Can you lead me there to-morrow?" I asked. He eyed me inquiringly, weighing, perhaps, the chances of a man of light build and with grey in his whiskers in such an undertaking. "I

wish," I added, "to see as much of the Fall as can be seen, and where you lead I will endeavour to follow." His scrutiny relaxed into a smile, and he said, "Very well; I shall be ready for you to-morrow."

On the morrow, accordingly, I came. In the hut at the head of Biddle's Stair I stripped wholly, and re-dressed according to instructions,—drawing on two pairs of woollen pantaloons, three woollen jackets, two pairs of socks, and a pair of felt shoes. Even if wet, my guide urged that the clothes would keep me from being chilled, and he was right. A suit and hood of yellow oil-cloth covered all. Most laudable precautions were taken by the young assistant of the guide to keep the water out, but his devices broke down immediately when severely tested.

We descended the stair; the handle of a pitchfork doing in my case the duty of an alpenstock. At the bottom my guide inquired whether we should go first to the Cave of the Winds, or to the Horse-shoe, remarking that the latter would try us most. I decided to get the roughest done first, and he turned to the left over the stones. They were sharp and trying. The base of the first portion of the cataract is covered with huge boulders, obviously the ruins of the limestone ledge above. The water does not distribute itself uniformly among these, but seeks for itself channels through which it pours torrentially. We passed some of these with wetted feet, but without difficulty. At length we came to the side of a more formidable current. My guide walked along its edge until he reached its least turbulent portion. Halting, he said, "This is our greatest difficulty; if we can cross here, we shall get far towards the Horseshoe."

He waded in. It evidently required all his strength to steady him. The water rose above his loins, and it foamed still higher. He had to search for footing, amid unseen boulders, against which the torrent rose violently. He struggled and swayed, but he struggled successfully, and finally reached the shallower water at the other side. Stretching out his arm, he said to me, "Now come on." I looked down the torrent as it rushed to the river below, which was seething with the tumult of the cataract. De Saussure recommended the inspection of Alpine dangers with the view of making them familiar to the eye before they are encountered; and it is a wholesome custom in places of difficulty to put the possibil-

course of a ship may be inferred with accuracy from the foam-streaks on the surface of the sea.



ity of an accident clearly before the mind, and to decide beforehand what ought to be done should the accident occur. Thus wound up in the present instance, I entered the water. Even where it was not more than knee-deep, its power was manifest. As it rose around me, I sought to split the torrent by presenting a side to it; but the insecurity of the footing enabled it to grasp the loins, twist me fairly round, and bring its impetus to bear upon the back. Further struggle was impossible; and feeling my balance hopelessly gone, I turned, flung myself towards the bank I had just quitted, and was instantly swept into shallower water.

The oilcloth covering was a great incumbrance; it had been made for a much stouter man, and standing upright after my submersion, my legs occupied the centres of two bags of water. My guide exhorted me to try again. Prudence was at my elbow, whispering dissuasion; but taking everything into account, it appeared more immoral to retreat than to proceed. Instructed by the first misadventure, I once more entered the stream. Had the Alpenstock been of iron, it might have helped me; but as it was, the tendency of the water to sweep it out of my hands rendered it worse than useless. I, however, clung to it by habit. Again the torrent rose, and again I wavered; but by keeping the left hip well against it, I remained upright, and at length grasped the hand of my leader at the other side. He laughed pleasantly. The first victory was gained, and he enjoyed it. "No traveller," he said, "was ever here before." Soon afterwards, by trusting to a piece of drift-wood which seemed firm, I was again taken off my feet, but was immediately caught by a protruding rock.

We clambered over the boulders towards the thickest spray, which soon became so weighty as to cause us to stagger under its shock. For the most part nothing could be seen; we were in the midst of bewildering tumult, lashed by the water, which sounded at times like the cracking of innumerable whips. Underneath this was the deep resonant roar of the cataract. I tried to shield my eyes with my hands, and look upwards; but the defence was useless. My guide continued to move on, but at a certain place he halted, and desired me to take shelter in his lee and observe the cataract. The spray did not come so much from the upper ledge as from the rebound of the shattered water when it struck the bottom. Hence the eyes could be protected

from the blinding shock of the spray, while the line of vision to the upper ledges remained to some extent clear. On looking upwards over the guide's shoulder, I could see the water bending over the ledge, while the Terrapin Tower loomed fitfully through the intermittent spray gusts. We were right under the tower. A little further on, the cataract, after its first plunge, hit a protuberance some way down, and flew from it in a prodigious burst of spray; through this we staggered. We rounded the promontory on which the Terrapin Tower stands, and pushed, amid the wildest commotion, along the arm of the horseshoe, until the boulders failed us, and the cataract fell into the profound gorge of the Niagara river.

Here my guide sheltered me again, and desired me to look up; I did so, and could see, as before, the green gleam of the mighty curve sweeping over the upper ledge, and the fitful plunge of the water as the spray between us and it alternately gathered and disappeared. An eminent friend of mine often speaks to me of the mistake of those physicians who regard man's ailments as purely chemical, to be met by chemical remedies only. He contends for the psychological element of cure. By agreeable emotions, he says, nervous currents are liberated which stimulate blood, brain, and viscera. The influence rained from ladies' eyes enables my friend to thrive on dishes which would kill him if eaten alone. A sanative effect of the same order I experienced amid the spray and thunder of Niagara. Quickened by the emotions there aroused, the blood sped healthily through the arteries, abolishing introspection, clearing the heart of all bitterness, and enabling one to think with tolerance, if not with tenderness, of the most relentless and unreasonable foe. Apart from its scientific value, and purely as a moral agent, the play, I submit, is worth the candle. My companion knew no more of me than that I enjoyed the wildness; but as I bent in the shelter of his large frame, he said, "I should like to see you attempting to describe all this." He rightly thought it indescribable. The name of this gallant fellow was Thomas Conroy.

We returned, clambering at intervals up and down so as to catch glimpses of the most impressive portions of the cataract. We passed under ledges formed by tabular masses of limestone, and through some curious openings formed by

the falling together of the summits of the rocks. At length we found ourselves beside our enemy of the morning. My guide halted for a minute or two scanning the torrent thoughtfully. I said that, as a guide, he ought to have a rope in such a place; but he retorted that, as no traveller had ever thought of coming there, he did not see the necessity of keeping a rope. He waded in. The struggle to keep himself erect was evident enough; he swayed, but recovered himself again and again. At length he slipped, gave way, did as I had done, threw himself flat in the water towards the bank, and was swept into the shallows. Standing in the stream near its edge, he stretched his arm towards me. I retained the pitchfork handle, for it had been useful among the boulders. By wading some way in, the staff could be made to reach him, and I proposed his seizing it. "If you are sure," he replied, "that, in case of giving way, you can maintain your grasp, then I will certainly hold you." I waded in, and stretched the staff to my companion. It was firmly grasped by both of us. Thus helped, though its onset was strong, I moved safely across the torrent. All danger ended here. We afterwards roamed sociably among the torrents and boulders below the Cave of the Winds. The rocks were covered with organic slime which could not have been walked over with bare feet, but the felt shoes effectually prevented slipping. We reached the cave and entered it, first by a wooden way carried over the boulders, and then along a narrow ledge to the point eaten deepest into the shale. When the wind is from the south, the falling water, I am told, can be seen tranquilly from this spot; but when we were there, a blinding hurricane of spray was whirled against us. On the evening of the same day, I went behind the water on the Canada side, which, I confess, struck me, after the experiences of the morning, as an imposture.

Still even this Fall is exciting to some nerves. Its effect upon himself is thus vividly described by Mr. Bakewell, jun.: "On turning a sharp angle of the rock, a sudden gust of wind met us, coming from the hollow between the Falls and the rock, which drove the spray directly in our faces with such force that in an instant we were wet through. When in the midst of this shower-bath, the shock took away my breath; I turned back and scrambled over the loose stones to es-

cape the conflict. The guide soon followed, and told me that I had passed the worst part. With that assurance I made a second attempt; but so wild and disordered was my imagination that when I had reached half-way I could bear it no longer."\*

To complete my knowledge, it was necessary to see the Fall from the river below it, and long negotiations were necessary to secure the means of doing so. The only boat fit for the undertaking had been laid up for the winter; but this difficulty, through the kind intervention of Mr. Townsend, was overcome. The main one was to secure oarsmen sufficiently strong and skilful to urge the boat where I wished it to be taken. The son of the owner of the boat, a finely-built young fellow, but only twenty, and therefore not sufficiently hardened, was willing to go; and up the river I was informed there lived another man who would do anything with the boat which strength and daring could accomplish. He came. His figure and expression of face certainly indicated extraordinary firmness and power. On Tuesday, the 5th of November, we started, each of us being clad in oil-cloth. The elder oarsman at once assumed a tone of authority over his companion, and struck immediately in amid the breakers below the American Fall. He hugged the cross freshets instead of striking out into the smoother water. I asked him why he did so, and he replied that they were directed *outwards*, not *downwards*. The struggle, however, to prevent the bow of the boat from being turned by them, was often very severe.

The spray was in general blinding, but at times it disappeared and yielded noble views of the Fall. The edge of the cataract is crimped by indentations which exalt its beauty. Here and there, a little below the highest ledge, a secondary one jets out; the water strikes it and bursts from it in huge protuberant masses of foam and spray. We passed Goat Island, came to the Horseshoe, and worked for a time along the base of it; the boulders over which Conroy and myself had scrambled a few days previously lying between us and the base. A rock was before us, concealed and revealed at intervals, as the waves passed over it. Our leader tried to get above this rock, first on the outside of it. The water, however, was

\* "Mag. of Nat. Hist." 1830, pp. 121, 122.



here in violent motion. The men struggled fiercely, the older one ringing out an incessant peal of command and exhortation to the younger. As we were just clearing the rock, the bow came obliquely to the surge; the boat was turned suddenly round, and shot with astonishing rapidity down the river. The men returned to the charge, now trying to get up between the half-concealed rock and the boulders to the left. But the torrent set in strongly through this channel. The tugging was quick and violent, but we made little way. At length, seizing a rope, the principal oarsman made a desperate attempt to get upon one of the boulders, hoping to be able to drag the boat through the channel; but it bumped so violently against the rock, that the man flung himself back and relinquished the attempt.

We returned along the base of the American Fall, running in and out among the currents which rushed from it laterally into the river. Seen from below, the American Fall is certainly exquisitely beautiful, but it is a mere frill of adornment to its nobler neighbour the Horseshoe. At times we took to the river, from the centre of which the Horseshoe Fall appeared especially magnificent. A streak of cloud across the neck of Mont Blanc can double its apparent height, so here the green summit of the cataract shining above the smoke of spray appeared lifted to an extraordinary elevation. Had Hennepin and La Hontan seen the Fall from this position, their estimates of the height would have been perfectly excusable.

From a point a little way below the American Fall, a ferry crosses the river in summer to the Canadian side. Below the ferry is a suspension bridge for carriages and foot-passengers, and a mile or two lower down is the railway suspension bridge. Between the ferry and the latter the river Niagara flows unruffled; but at the suspension bridge the bed steepens and the river quickens its motion. Lower down the gorge narrows and the rapidity and turbulence increase. At the place called the "Whirlpool Rapids," I estimated the width of the river at 300 feet, an estimate confirmed by the dwellers on the spot. When it is remembered that the drainage of nearly half a continent is compressed into this space, the impetuosity of the river's escape through this gorge may be imagined. Had it not been for Mr. Bierstädt, the distinguished pho-

tographer of Niagara, I should have quitted the place without seeing these rapids; for this, and for his agreeable company to the spot, I have to thank him. From the edge of the cliff above the rapids, we descended, a little I confess to a climber's disgust, in an "elevator," because the effects are best seen from the water level.

Two kinds of motion are here obviously active, a motion of translation and a motion of undulation — the race of the river through its gorge, and the great waves generated by its collision with, and rebound from, the obstacles in its way. In the middle of the river the rush and tossing are most violent; at all events, the impetuous force of the individual waves is here most strikingly displayed. Vast pyramidal heaps leap incessantly from the river, some of them with such energy as to jerk their summits into the air, where they hang suspended as bundles of liquid spherules. The sun shone for a few minutes. At times the wind coming up the river searched and sifted the spray, carrying away the lighter drops and leaving the heavier ones behind. Wafted in the proper direction, rainbows appeared and disappeared fitfully in the lighter mist. In other directions the common gleam of the sunshine from the waves and their shattered crests was exquisitely beautiful. The complexity of the action was still further illustrated by the fact that in some cases, as if by the exercise of a local explosive force, the drops were shot radially from a particular centre, forming around it a kind of halo.

The first impression, and, indeed, the current explanation of these Rapids is, that the central bed of the river is cumbered with large boulders, and that the jostling, tossing, and wild leaping of the water there are due to its impact against these obstacles. I doubt this explanation; at all events there is another sufficient reason to be taken into account. Boulders derived from the adjacent cliffs visibly cumber the *sides* of the river. Against these the water rises and sinks rhythmically but violently, large waves being thus produced. On the generation of each wave there is an immediate compounding of the wave motion with the river motion. The ridges, which in still water would proceed in circular curves round the centre of disturbance, cross the river obliquely, and the result is that at the centre waves commingle which have really been generated at the sides. In the first instance we had a composition of wave motion with river motion; here

we have the coalescence of waves with waves. Where crest and furrow cross each other the motion is annulled; where furrow and furrow cross, the river is ploughed to a greater depth; and where crest and crest aid each other, we have that astonishing leap of the water which breaks the cohesion of the crests, and tosses them shattered into the air. From the water level the cause of the action is not so easily seen; but from the summit of the cliff the lateral generation of the waves and their propagation to the centre are perfectly obvious. If this explanation be correct, the phenomena observed at the Whirlpool Rapids form one of the grandest illustrations of the principle of *interference*. The Nile "cataract," Mr. Huxley informs me, offers examples of the same action.

At some distance below the Whirlpool Rapids we have the celebrated whirlpool itself. Here the river makes a sudden bend to the north-east, forming nearly a right angle with its previous direction. The water strikes the concave bank with great force, and scoops it incessantly away. A vast basin has been thus formed, in which the sweep of the river prolongs itself in gyratory currents. Bodies and trees which have come over the falls are stated to circulate here for days without finding the outlet. From various points of the cliffs above this is curiously hidden. The rush of the river into the whirlpool is obvious enough; and though you imagine the outlet must be visible, if one existed, you cannot find it. Turning, however, round the bend of the precipice to the north-east, the outlet comes into view.

The Niagara season had ended; the chatter of sightseers had ceased, and the scene presented itself as one of holy seclusion and beauty. I went down to the river's edge, where the weird loneliness and loveliness seemed to increase. The basin is enclosed by high and almost precipitous banks — covered, when I was there, with russet woods. A kind of mystery attaches itself to gyrating water, due perhaps to the fact that we are to some extent ignorant of the direction of its force. It is said that at certain points of the whirlpool pine-trees are sucked down, to be ejected mysteriously elsewhere. The water is of the brightest emerald green. The gorge through which it escapes is narrow, and the motion of the river swift though silent. The surface is steeply inclined, but it is perfectly unbroken. There are no lateral waves, no

ripples with their breaking bubbles to raise a murmur, while the depth is here too great to allow the inequality of the bed to ruffle the surface. Nothing can be more beautiful than this sloping liquid mirror formed by the Niagara in sliding from the whirlpool.

The green colour is, I think, correctly accounted for in "Hours of Exercise in the Alps." In crossing the Atlantic I had frequent opportunities of testing the explanation there given. Looked properly down upon, there are portions of the ocean to which we should hardly ascribe a trace of blue; at the most a hint of indigo reaches the eye. The water, indeed, is practically *black*, and this is an indication both of its depth and its freedom from mechanically suspended matter. In small thicknesses water is sensibly transparent to all kinds of light; but as the thickness increases, the rays of low refrangibility are first absorbed, and after them the other rays. Where, therefore, the water is very deep and very pure *all* the colours are absorbed, and such water ought to appear black, as no light is sent from its interior to the eye. The approximation of the Atlantic Ocean to this condition is an indication of its extreme purity.

Throw a white pebble into such water; as it sinks it becomes greener and greener, and, before it disappears, it reaches a vivid blue green. Break such a pebble into fragments, each of these will behave like the unbroken mass; grind the pebble to powder, every particle will yield its modicum of green; and if the particles be so fine as to remain suspended in the water, the scattered light will be a uniform green. Hence the greenness of shoal water. You go to bed with the black Atlantic around you. You rise in the morning and find it a vivid green; and you correctly infer that you are crossing the bank of Newfoundland. Such water is found charged with fine matter in a state of mechanical suspension. The light from the bottom may sometimes come into play, but it is not necessary. A storm can render the water muddy by rendering the particles too numerous and gross. Such a case occurred towards the close of my visit to Niagara. There had been rain and storm in the upper lake regions, and the quantity of suspended matter brought down quite extinguished the fascinating green of the Horseshoe.

Nothing can be more superb than the green of the Atlantic waves when the cir-



cumstances are favourable to the exhibition of the colour. As long as a wave remains unbroken no colour appears; but when the foam just doubles over the crest like an Alpine snow-cornice, under the cornice we often see a display of the most exquisite green. It is metallic in its brilliancy. But the foam is necessary to its production. The foam is first illuminated, and it scatters the light in all directions; the light which passes through the higher portion of the wave alone reaches the eye, and gives to that portion its matchless colour. The folding of the wave, producing, as it does, a series of longitudinal protuberances and furrows which act like cylindrical lenses, introduces variations in the intensity of the light, and materially enhances its beauty.

We have now to consider the genesis and proximate destiny of the Falls of Niagara. We may open our way to this subject by a few preliminary remarks upon erosion. Time and intensity are the main factors of geologic change, and they are in a certain sense convertible. A feeble force acting through long periods, and an intense force acting through short ones, may produce approximately the same results. To Dr. Hooker I have been indebted for some samples of stones, the first examples of which were picked up by Mr. Hackworth on the shores of Lyell's Bay, near Wellington, in New Zealand. They have been described by Mr. Travers in the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute. Unacquainted with their origin, you would certainly ascribe their forms to human workmanship. They resemble flint knives and spear-heads, being apparently chiseled off into facets with as much attention to symmetry as if a tool guided by human intelligence had passed over them. But no human instrument has been brought to bear upon these stones. They have been wrought into their present shape by the wind-blown sand of Lyell's Bay. Two winds are dominant here, and they in succession urged the sand against opposite sides of the stone; every little particle of sand chipped away its infinitesimal bit of stone, and in the end sculptured these singular forms.\*

\* "The stones, which have a strong resemblance to works of human art, occur in great abundance, and of various sizes, from half an inch to several inches in length. A large number were exhibited showing the various forms, which are those of wedges, knives, arrow-heads, &c., and all with sharp cutting edges.

"Mr. Travers explained that, notwithstanding their artificial appearance, these stones were formed by the

The Sphinx of Egypt is nearly covered up by the sand of the desert. The neck of the Sphinx is partly cut across, not, as I am assured by Mr. Huxley, by ordinary weathering, but by the eroding action of the fine sand blown against it. In these cases nature furnishes us with hints which may be taken advantage of in art; and this action of sand has been recently turned to extraordinary account in the United States. When in Boston, I was taken by Mr. Josiah Quincy to see the action of the *sand-blast*. A kind of hopper containing fine silicious sand was connected with a reservoir of compressed air, the pressure being variable at pleasure. The hopper ended in a long slit, from which the sand was blown. A plate of glass was placed beneath this slit, and caused to pass slowly under it; it came out perfectly depolished, with a bright opalescent glimmer, such as could only be produced by the most careful grinding. Every little particle of sand urged against the glass, having all its energy concentrated on the point of impact, formed there a little pit, the depolished surface consisting of innumerable hollows of this description. But this was not all. By protecting certain portions of the surface and exposing others, figures and tracery of any required form could be etched upon the glass. The figures of open iron-work could be thus copied; while wire gauze placed over the glass produced a reticulated pattern. But it required no such resisting substance as iron to shelter the glass. The patterns of the finest lace could be thus reproduced; the delicate filaments of the lace itself offering a sufficient protection.

All these effects have been obtained with a simple model of the sand-blast devised for me by my assistant. A fraction of a minute suffices to etch upon glass a rich and beautiful lace pattern. Any yielding substance may be employed to protect the glass. By immediately diffusing the shock of the particle, such substances practically destroy the local erosive power. The hand can bear without

cutting action of the wind-driven sand as it passed to and fro over an exposed boulder-bank. He gave a minute account of the manner in which the varieties of form are produced, and referred to the effect which the erosive action thus indicated would have on railway and other works executed on sandy tracts.

"Dr. Hector stated that although, as a group, the specimens on the table could not well be mistaken for artificial productions, still the forms are so peculiar, and the edges, in a few of them, so perfect, that if they were discovered associated with human works, there is no doubt that they would have been referred to the so-called 'stone period.'" — *Extracted from the Minutes of the Wellington Philosophical Society, Feb. 9, 1869.*

inconvenience a sand-shower which would pulverize glass. Etchings executed on glass with suitable kinds of ink are accurately worked out by the sand-blast. In fact, within certain limits, the harder the surface, the greater is the concentration of the shock, and the more effectual is the erosion. It is not necessary that the sand should be the harder substance of the two; corundum, for example, is much harder than quartz; still, quartz-sand can not only depolish, but actually blow a hole through a plate of corundum. Nay, glass may be depolished by the impact of fine shot; the grains in this case bruising the glass before they have time to flatten and turn their energy into heat.

And here, in passing, we may tie together one or two apparently unrelated facts. Supposing you turn on, at the lower part of a house, a cock which is fed by a pipe from a cistern at the top of the house, the column of water, from the cistern downwards, is set in motion. By turning off the cock, this motion is stopped; and when the turning off is very sudden, the pipe, if not strong, may be burst by the internal impact of the water. By distributing the turning of the cock over half a second of time, the shock and danger of rupture may be entirely avoided. We have here an example of the concentration of energy in *time*. The sand-blast illustrates the concentration of energy in *space*. The action of flint and steel is an illustration of the same principle. The heat required to generate the spark is intense, and the mechanical action being moderate, must, to produce fire, be in the highest degree concentrated. This concentration is secured by the collision of hard substances. Calc-spar will not supply the place of flint, nor lead the place of steel in the production of fire by collision. With the softer substances, the *total* heat produced may be greater than with the hard ones; but to produce the spark, the heat must be intensely *localized*.

But we can go far beyond the mere depolishing of glass; indeed, I have already said that quartz sand can wear a hole through corundum. This leads me to express my acknowledgments to General Tilghman,\* who is the inventor of the

sand-blast. To his spontaneous kindness I am indebted for some beautiful illustrations of his process. In one thick plate of glass a figure has been worked out to a depth of three-eighths of an inch. A second plate seven-eighths of an inch thick is entirely perforated. Through a circular plate of marble, nearly half an inch thick, open work of the most intricate and elaborate description has been executed. It would probably take many days to perform this work by any ordinary process; with the sand-blast it was accomplished in an hour. So much for the strength of the blast; its delicacy is illustrated by a beautiful example of line engraving, etched on glass by means of the blast.\*

This power of erosion, so strikingly displayed when sand is urged by air renders us better able to conceive its action when urged by water. The erosive power of a river is vastly augmented by the solid matter carried along with it. Sand or pebbles caught in a river vortex can wear away the hardest rock; "potholes" and deep cylindrical shafts being thus produced. An extraordinary instance of this kind of erosion is to be seen in the Val Tournanche, above the village of this name. The gorge at Handeck has been thus cut out. Such waterfalls were once frequent in the valleys of Switzerland; for hardly any valley is without one or more transverse barriers of resisting material, over which the river flowing through the valley once fell as a cataract. Near Pontresina in the Engadin, there is such a case, the hard gneiss being now worn away to form a gorge through which the river from the Morteratsch glacier rushes. The barrier of the Kirchet above Meyringen is also a case in point. Behind it was a lake, derived from the glacier of the Aar, and over the barrier the lake poured its excess of water. Here the rock being limestone was in great part dissolved, but added to this we had the action of the solid particles carried along by the water, each of which, as it struck the rock, chipped it away like the particles of the sand-blast. Thus by solution and mechanical erosion the great chasm of the Fensterarschlucht was formed. It is demonstrable that the water which flows at the bottoms of such deep fissures once flowed at the level of

were thus drawn, in an astonishingly short time, from military to civil life. It is obvious that a nation with these tendencies can have no desire for war.

\* The sand-blast will be in operation this year at the Kensington International Exhibition.

\* The absorbent power, if I may use the phrase, exerted by the industrial arts in the United States, is forcibly illustrated by the rapid transfer of men like Mr. Tilghman from the life of the soldier to that of the civilian. General McClellan, now a civil engineer, whom I had the honour of frequently meeting in New York, is a most eminent example of the same kind. At the end of the war, indeed, a million and a half of men



what is now their edges, and tumbled down the lower faces of the barriers. Almost every valley in Switzerland furnishes examples of this kind; the untenable hypothesis of earthquakes, once so readily resorted to in accounting for these gorges, being now for the most part abandoned. To produce the Cañons of Western America no other cause is needed than the integration of effects individually infinitesimal.

And now we come to Niagara. Soon after Europeans had taken possession of the country, the conviction appears to have arisen that the deep channel of the river Niagara below the falls had been excavated by the cataract. In Mr. Bakewell's "Introduction to Geology," the prevalence of this belief has been referred to: it is expressed thus by Professor Joseph Henry in the Transactions of the Albany Institute: \*—"In viewing the position of the falls and the features of the country round, it is impossible not to be impressed with the idea that this great natural raceway has been formed by the continued action of the irresistible Niagara, and that the falls, beginning at Lewiston, have, in the course of ages, worn back the rocky strata to their present site." The same view is advocated by Sir Charles Lyell, by Mr. Hall, by M. Agassiz, by Professor Ramsay, indeed by almost all of those who have inspected the place.

A connected image of the origin and progress of the cataract is easily obtained. Walking northward from the village of Niagara Falls by the side of the river, we have to our left the deep and comparatively narrow gorge through which the Niagara flows. The bounding cliffs of this gorge are from 300 to 350 feet high. We reach the whirlpool, tend to the north-east, and after a little time gradually resume our northward course. Finally, at about seven miles from the present Falls, we come to the edge of a declivity which informs us that we have been hitherto walking on table-land. Some hundreds of feet below us is a comparatively level plain, which stretches to Lake Ontario. The declivity marks the end of the precipitous gorge of the Niagara. Here the river escapes from its steep mural boundaries, and in a widened bed pursues its way to the lake which finally receives its waters.

The fact that in historic times, even within the memory of man, the fall has sensibly receded, prompts the question,

how far has this recession gone? At what point did the ledge which thus continually creeps backwards begin its retrograde course? To minds disciplined in such researches the answer has been and will be, at the precipitous declivity which crossed the Niagara from Lewiston on the American to Queenston on the Canadian side. Over this transverse barrier the united affluents of all the upper lakes once poured their waters, and here the work of erosion began. The dam, moreover, was demonstrably of sufficient height to cause the river above it to submerge Goat Island; and this would perfectly account for the finding by Mr. Hall, Sir Charles Lyell, and others, in the sand and gravel of the island, the same fluviatile shells as are now found in the Niagara river higher up. It would also account for those deposits along the sides of the river, the discovery of which enabled Lyell, Hall, and Ramsay to reduce to demonstration the popular belief that the Niagara once flowed through a shallow valley.

The physics of the problem of excavation, which I made clear to my mind before quitting Niagara, are revealed by a close inspection of the present Horseshoe Fall. Here we see evidently that the greatest weight of water bends over the very apex of the Horseshoe. In a passage in his excellent chapter on Niagara Falls, Mr. Hall alludes to this fact. Here we have the most copious and the most violent whirling of the shattered liquid; here the most powerful eddies recoil against the shale. From this portion of the fall, indeed, the spray sometimes rises without solution of continuity to the region of clouds, becoming gradually more attenuated, and passing finally through the condition of true cloud into invisible vapour, which is sometimes reprecipitated higher up. All the phenomena point distinctly to the centre of the river as the place of greatest mechanical energy, and from the centre the vigour of the Fall gradually dies away towards the sides. The horseshoe form, with the concavity facing downwards, is an obvious and necessary consequence of this action. Right along the middle of the river the apex of the curve pushes its way backwards, cutting along the centre a deep and comparatively narrow groove, and draining the sides as it passes them.\*

\* In the discourse of which this paper is a report, the excavation of the centre and drainage of the sides was illustrated by a model devised by my assistant, Mr. John Cottrell.

\* Quoted by Bakewell.

Hence the remarkable discrepancy between the widths of the Niagara above and below the Horseshoe. All along its course, from Lewiston Heights to its present position, the form of the Fall was probably that of a horseshoe; for this is merely the expression of the greater depth, and consequently greater excavating power, of the centre of the river. The gorge, moreover, varies in width as the depth of the centre of the ancient river varied, being narrowest where that depth was greatest.

The vast comparative erosive energy of the Horseshoe Fall comes strikingly into view when it and the American Fall are compared together. The American branch of the upper river is cut at a right angle by the gorge of the Niagara. Here the Horseshoe Fall was the real excavator. It cut the rock and formed the precipice over which the American Fall tumbles. But since its formation, the erosive action of the American Fall has been almost nil, while the Horseshoe has cut its way for 500 yards across the end of Goat Island, and is now doubling back to excavate a channel parallel to the length of the island. This point, I have just learned, has not escaped the acute observation of Professor Ramsay.\* The river bends; the Horseshoe immediately accommodates itself to the bending, and will follow implicitly the direction of the deepest water in the upper stream. The flexibility of the gorge, if I may use the term, is determined by the flexibility of the river channel above it. Were the Niagara above the Fall sinuous, the gorge would obediently follow its sinuosities. Once suggested, no doubt geographers will be able to point out many examples of this action. The Zambesi is thought to present a great difficulty to the erosion theory, because of the sinuosity of the chasm below the Victoria Falls. But assuming the basalt to be of tolerably uniform texture, had the river been examined before the formation of this sinuous channel, the present zigzag course of the gorge below the Fall could, I am persuaded, have been predicted, while the

sounding of the present river would enable us to predict the course to be pursued by the erosion in the future.

But not only has the Niagara river cut the gorge; it has carried away the chips of its own workshop. The shale being probably crumpled is easily carried away. But at the base of the fall we find the huge boulders already described, and by some means or other these are removed down the river. The ice which fills the gorge in winter, which grapples with the boulders, has been regarded as the transporting agent. Probably it is so to some extent. But erosion acts without ceasing on the abutting points of the boulders, thus withdrawing their support and urging them gradually down the river. Solution also does its portion of the work. That solid matter is carried down is proved by the difference of depth between the Niagara river and Lake Ontario, where the river enters it. The depth falls from seventy-two feet to twenty feet, in consequence of the deposition of solid matter caused by the diminished motion of the river.\*

In conclusion, we may say a word regarding the proximate future of Niagara. At the rate of excavation assigned to it by Sir Charles Lyell, namely, a foot a year, five thousand years or so will carry the Horseshoe Fall far higher than Goat Island. As the gorge recedes it will drain, as it has hitherto done, the banks right and left of it, thus leaving a nearly level terrace between Goat Island and the edge of the gorge. Higher up it will totally drain the American branch of the river; the channel of which in due time will become cultivable land. The American Fall will then be transformed into a dry precipice, forming a simple continuation of the cliffy boundary of the Niagara. At the place occupied by the fall at this moment we shall have the gorge enclosing a right angle, a second whirlpool being the consequence of this. To those who visit Niagara a few millenniums hence I leave the verification of this prediction. All that can be said is, that if the causes now in action continue to act, it will prove itself literally true.

JOHN TYNDALL.

\* His words are:—"Where the body of water is small in the American Fall, the edge has only receded a few yards (where most eroded) during the time that the Canadian Fall has receded from the north corner of Goat Island to the innermost curve of the Horseshoe Fall."—*Quarterly Journal of Geological Society*, May 1859.

\* Near the mouth of the gorge at Queenston, the depth, according to the Admiralty Chart, is 180 feet; well within the gorge it is 132 feet.



From Good Words.

## THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

BY MRS. FARR, AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## AWKWARDLY PLACED.

DURING the next month, scarcely a day passed without Leo devoting some portion of it to Hero; apparently never happy except he was in her society, and in truth, his love for her had during this time grown so rapidly, that it threatened to overcome the selfishness and false pride which were the predominant evils of his character. Each time he left her, he declared to himself that she was far sweeter, and more lovable, than he had dreamed it possible for woman to be; and he asked himself if, after all, in spite of lack of means, they might not contrive to be supremely happy.

This increase of love made him far more attentive and devoted than he had ever yet been, notwithstanding which Hero was depressed and her spirits variable. As long as they were alone, Leo was perfect; but let them join their friends, and the faults, to which Hero could no longer be blind, would come to the surface, and jar against her generous nature. To sit thinking of the time when she should be Leo's wife, was no longer the untroubled dream of happiness it had once been; and when Alice Joslyn confided to her that Norman Randall had asked her to wait for him, so that perhaps after all she and Hero might both be married about the same time, in the midst of her good wishes, Hero broke suddenly down, and though she declared her tears were tears of joy, there was an unaccountable feeling of sadness respecting her own future.

The torch of hope which had once burnt so brightly seemed now extinguished.

But whence came this change? Perhaps, because she resolutely refused to admit to herself that her depression arose from any other cause than not feeling well, Hero never asked herself a question, the answer to which it would have been difficult to solve.

By hard speeches and little acts of assertion and selfishness, trivial and unnoticed by himself, Leo had gradually betrayed his real disposition; and, though Hero loved him still, the bloom of love was rubbed off and destroyed for ever.

By one of those not unfrequent freaks of fate, it happened that Hero's eyes were opened to these faults at the very time

that Leo was making a first effort to overcome them. Never before had he so resolutely determined to seem satisfied with society which inexpressibly bored him; never had he so striven to avoid showing the dislike in which he held Mallett and its people.

"My dear girl," he would say to Hero, "I could live a hermit's life here with you, alone, and always with me; but this set of old fogies, with their long-winded advice and stories about things they know nothing about, is more than I can stand. The world! what do they know about the world? Their idea of having seen the world is being stationed at the Cape, or China, or having a bout of four years or so on the coast, looking after the slave trade; and they set to work to tell me what to do. One thing I can tell them; that after I get the good fortune to call a certain little girl my own, it's very little I shall trouble Mallett or them."

"And yet, Leo, I should be very sorry to leave Mallett. Why, you forget that we have lived here all our lives—ever since we were little children."

"Well, I don't know that it recommends itself much to my regard on that account. I detest that way they have of coming up with, 'Oh, Mr. Despard, I recollect you as a boy, sir, at Mallett.' I could say, 'I'm sorry your memory is so sharp.'"

"But you always help a Mallett man, Leo?"

"Yes, help him on to another regiment as soon as possible," said Leo, laughing. "You know, darling," he added, seeing that Hero was not quite pleased, "it's different if a fellow's a great swell; then he likes the men to know all about him and his people. Oh, Hero! why can't I change places with some I know? Such fools, but heirs to estates as big as all Mallett put together; it's no wonder that I kick against the want of money."

"And yet," said Hero, hesitating whether she should give her authority, "rich people are not always so very happy. Sir Stephen told me that he knew those who, with all they could possibly wish for, were perfectly miserable."

"Ah yes! just the rubbish a man like that *would* talk. Let him try my beggarly pittance, and then see what he'd say."

"But Sir Stephen is not rich. He says himself that he is comparatively a poor man."

"Comparatively!" echoed Leo scornfully, "but who does he draw his comparison with? Some fellow who has as many

thousands a year as I have pounds. I would not mind that kind of poverty. Tell him I'll readily change places with him." Then pausing for an instant, he broke out: "Oh! if Fortune would but turn her wheel in my direction, how happy we'd be. Wouldn't I make you dress, Hero; and we'd have such a stunning turn-out, that all the men I know would turn blue, and the women yellow."

Hero laughed at this picture of felicity — one of the many which Leo was always conjuring up — though, as she said, what was the good of sighing after things they should never possess? Better far to think of themselves as they would really be.

But Leo could see no pleasure in contemplating any picture of happiness which was not set in a gilded frame; and so frequently and openly did he give his opinions, that even the Captain, lenient as he was, began to shake his head, saying that he must give Master Leo a hint to draw in his horns a little when Sir Stephen came.

"I know him," he would say, "and know that he doesn't mean half he says. But with those who do not, he lets that red rag of his run at too many knots an hour; and you know Sir Stephen might be able to give him a leg up with his promotion, so I want him to make a good impression — eh, Hero?"

Hero nodded her head in assent, although she felt inwardly certain that the two men would never be friends. Formerly she had looked forward to the time when they would meet, and be mutually pleased with each other; now, she was almost relieved that before the 14th of August, the date fixed for Sir Stephen's arrival, Leo would have left to keep his engagement in the North.

. . . . .

The 14th of August was a busy day at Mallet; for the village determined that this time it would not be behindhand in its welcome to Sir Stephen. Accordingly, arches were erected, flags waved, and garlands hung all along the road, from the turnpike gate to the entrance to Combe, giving to the place such a gala aspect that Mrs. Prescott could not help her motherly heart warming towards a people with such ready appreciation of her dear son, who at Pamphillon was not quite so popular as she knew he deserved to be. Sir Stephen, too, was in high spirits, and had been so during the whole journey, vividly recalling to Mrs. Labou-

chere's mind the Stephen of days gone by, when he was wont to enter with (what she then contemptuously termed) boyish ardour into very simple pleasures and amusements. But things were changed with Katherine, and now she hailed whatever savoured of the happy past.

At Combe gates stood a knot of Mallet men, who, with Joe Bunce at their head, had just taken the liberty of running up to lend a hand with the traps. Inside they found Captain Carthew waiting to say a few words of welcome, and the old sailor's air of devotion and courtesy immediately won Mrs. Prescott, who presented him to her niece as their nearest neighbour and Stephen's great friend.

"And upon my veracity," said the Captain, as an hour or so later he retailed the minutiae of the interview for Hero's benefit, "I don't know that I ever set eyes upon a more lovely woman."

"Is she fair or dark?" asked Hero, interested at once in Mrs. Labouchere, to the exclusion of everything else.

"Fair as the lily, and beauteous as the rose," quoted the Captain; "and I expect, between you and me and the doorpost, I'm not far out in taking her to be the future Lady Prescott."

"I am longing to see her. I do hope they will like the place, papa."

"They seemed delighted with it. By the way, Sir Stephen sent his love to you, and said he should run down and see you."

"His love, papa?"

"Well, something of the sort. I'm not so sure that I did not give him yours. I rather fancy he expected that you would have been with me."

"I did not like to go, as I do not know Mrs. Prescott yet. I am sure I wanted to be there. Hark, papa!" she exclaimed, as a sound on the gravel announced some one's approach. "Perhaps that is he;" and she ran out upon the flat in front of the open window. "Yes, it is. Oh, Sir Stephen, how good of you to come so soon! I am so glad to see you."

"Then, why were you not at Combe to meet us?" he asked reproachfully.

Hero did not give her reason.

"I *was* looking out for you," she said; "I went up to Tilly Mound quite an hour before you came to watch for the carriage."

"Then I suppose I must forgive you, but I am very impatient for my mother to know you. Will you walk back with me, and be introduced to her?"



"What, now, do you mean?"

"Yes, if it is not too far. I will bring her back safely," he added, turning to Captain Carthew, who nodded a pleased acquiescence.

"But shall I do as I am?" demanded Hero, looking down at her plain muslin dress.

"Perfectly, I want you to be just as you are."

"Then, wait until I get my hat;" and in a few minutes after the two were on their way towards Combe.

"Papa tells me that you have another lady with you—your cousin, I think. He says she is lovely."

"She is generally considered handsome," said Sir Stephen, almost unconsciously assuming an air of profound indifference.

"Don't you think her so?" asked Hero, beginning to have some doubts as to her father's romantic surmises being correct.

"Yes; but she is not nearly as good-looking now as she was before she married."

"Oh, is she married?"

"She married years ago, and is now a widow."

"Poor thing! how very sad!"

"My mother almost brought her up; she and I were quite children together."

"Then you must be very fond of each other, of course."

"Well, I do not know about the 'of course,'" said Sir Stephen, laughing. "After her marriage she lived entirely abroad, and we saw nothing of each other. Since her widowhood, and while I was out of England, she has been a great companion to my mother, by whose wish she has come here. When I said how much boating I intended having, my mother seemed a little nervous about being dull here, if she was alone; for I do not suppose we shall get her often on the water. I am longing for a sail. I wish we could go this evening, but I suppose that would be high treason to Mrs. Tucker's preparations. Never mind, to-morrow we must have one. You see the result of spoiling. I intend to monopolize you in the old way."

Hero did not answer except by a sign, which pleased Sir Stephen more than words would have done. How could he tell that her blushes arose from a consciousness that he ought to know about Leo?

As Mrs. Prescott afterwards remarked to Mrs. Labouchere—

"How inconsistent men are! Who could have supposed (knowing how fatigued and wholly unprepared to see visitors we both were), that Stephen would have brought a strange young lady to call upon us? At least, Miss Carthew ought to have known better than to come at such an unreasonable time."

No sign, however, of this disapprobation was betrayed in the manner in which Hero was received. On the contrary, Mrs. Prescott said it was very kind of Miss Carthew to give her such an early opportunity of making her acquaintance, and of thanking her for the hospitality she and Captain Carthew had shown to her son during his former visit to Mallett. She hoped she had not found them looking dreadfully untidy, for they had really not felt equal to any dressing, and were trying to rest a little before dinner.

"You must stay and dine with us," said Sir Stephen, to his mother's unutterable dismay.

"Oh, no! I thank you," replied Hero; while Mrs. Prescott, feeling bound to say something, faintly murmured about being very pleased, if Miss Carthew did not mind their being in a little confusion.

"Thank you very much," said Hero, who felt that somehow it would have been better had she stayed away, "but I have had my dinner. I dined in the middle of the day."

"Then I know you are quite able to eat another dinner now," said Sir Stephen, nettled into a greater show of cordiality by not being satisfied with his mother's reception of Hero.

"Sir Stephen! indeed, it is too bad to proclaim my country appetite! Thank you, but I am obliged to decline," she added, turning to Mrs. Prescott; "I must return almost immediately. I told papa I should not be away long."

"I hope that both you and your papa will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner very soon," said Mrs. Prescott.

"Why not fix the day now, mother?" put in Sir Stephen. "If Miss Carthew has no engagement for to-morrow, you have none."

Poor Mrs. Prescott tried to smile, and say cordially, "No, I shall be most happy." As for Hero, she had seldom felt more awkwardly placed. She hardly knew how best to act. She feared to appear unwilling to come, and yet it seemed as if Sir Stephen were forcing her upon his mother.

"I am not able to say yes," she said, "because papa may be going to Dock-

mouth—perhaps it would be better to defer it a little.”

“No, no! I’ll manage about Captain Carthew; and if he is engaged, the more reason why you should not be alone—eh, mother?”

“I can only repeat, my dear, that it will give me great pleasure to see Miss Carthew; after that we must leave her, I think, to consult her own wishes a little.”

“Oh, I have every wish to come,” said Hero frankly; “but I fear that you may be tired or busy to-morrow, and unless you don’t mind me, I might be in the way.”

“In that case I shall expect you, and I hope to see Captain Carthew with you.” And Hero having risen to take her departure, Mrs. Prescott bade her good-bye.

“We dine at half-past seven, do we not?” said Sir Stephen. “I shall be back before then.”

“I hope so.” And the expression of Mrs. Prescott’s face made Hero say—

“I beg you will not come with me, Sir Stephen. I know my way perfectly—fifty times better than you do—But really,” she added, seeing him still resolute, “I would rather go alone. It is quite light, and I shall run all the way home. Please, don’t come.”

But a mocking bow was the only answer he would make; and, feeling that outside he would listen to her more forcibly expressed wishes, she made a final adieu to Mrs. Prescott, and received a frigid shake of the hand from Mrs. Labouchere, who had sat silently observing her during the whole of her visit.

As the door closed, Katherine rose from her seat and went to the window, whence she watched the two figures after a minute’s pause outside, pass down the short avenue out of sight. Then she turned round, saying—

“Aunt, had you heard any mention of this girl before we came here?”

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### A GREAT CATCH.

WHILE Mrs. Labouchere was listening to the little her aunt had to tell her about her previous knowledge of Hero, Sir Stephen was making an appointment with that young lady for a sail together to Winkle, under the feigned anxiety of being wonderfully desirous to see his friend Alice Joslyn.

“But will your mother like it?” said Hero, who, with a woman’s sharp instinct, felt a little shadow of distrust about how the ladies of Combe meant to treat her.

Sir Stephen laughed. “I am afraid I have been out of leading-strings for this many a long year,” he said; “besides, it will take them all to-morrow to get those wonderful boxes they brought with them unpacked; so do take compassion on me.”

“We shall try to get up some picnics while Mrs. Prescott stays here. I hope she will like the place.”

“I hope so too, for I have nearly decided upon living here altogether.”

“Have you? How delighted everybody in Mallett will be!”

“And will you be delighted?”

“I?”—and Hero’s face grew very rosy—“yes; you know”—she added with a little confused hesitation—“that if I don’t always tell you what I feel, it is because I have been brought up so entirely with papa, that I am afraid of saying too much what I think.”

Hero considered this a very subtle way of guarding herself against the misinterpretation which Leo had spoken of; but Sir Stephen knowing nothing of these warnings, read a happier meaning in her words, and looking at her earnestly, he said—

“Always say what you think to me, Hero.” As he let her name slip she glanced at him with a look of inquiry. “Ah, I did not intend to say that until I had obtained your permission,” he said, by way of apology, “but every one calls you Hero, and I think of you as Hero; it is such a pretty name. Miss Carthew sounds dreadfully formal, does it not?”

“Yes, I think so, because I am so seldom called Miss Carthew. Even the village people say Miss Hero.” And yet she suddenly felt it would not be right to give him the permission to do so. In the midst of her hesitation it was a relief to see Betsey standing with a smiling face by the gate of Sharrows, as far as which, in spite of all her entreaties and arguments, Sir Stephen had insisted upon coming.

“Baint’ee glad to be breathing the fresh air agen, sir?” she called out with an expression of beaming satisfaction at having her favourite back. “I just took a run to see Combe Gate, and the doin’s up there, why ’tis for all the world like Dockmouth streets when the Queen comed there.”

“I did not know that you had seen the Queen, Betsey?” said Sir Stephen.

“Well, I hav’ and I haven’t, as the sayin’ is, for I looked—as anybody else would hav’ done—to see her with a



crown 'pon her head, and while I stood a gawking after that, lor ! her goes by with a bunnet on, and a parachute held up over it, like anybody else. But now you'd best be going back, sir," she said suddenly to Sir Stephen, "for Mrs. Tucker told me dinner was to be at half-past seven o'clock, and it's nigh on the quarter now."

"I wanted Miss Hero to stay and dine with us, but she was obstinate, Betsey, and would not be persuaded."

"Well, then, why didn't ee, Miss Hero, I'm sure you had only a lairy dinner at home, for what with one and t'other drop-pin' in, the cupboard was pretty nigh cleared out afore dinner time : and," she added, continuing the subject after they had bid Sir Stephen good-bye, and Hero and she walked together down the path, "there'd ha' bin plenty surely, for I've bin to the house ; and down in the kitchen there was a dozen things bein' made, fowls roastin', and tarts bakin', and I don't know what all ; nor I didn't stop to see neither, for there was a fire fit to roast an ox, and the cook was a sweatin' like a bull."

"Did you see Mrs. Prescott ?" asked Hero.

"Yes, I was stood up to Jope's, and they waited a minute or two there. Sir Stephen spied me out to once — I thought he would — 'Betsey,' he calls out, 'is that you ? Why, how are you ?' he says, and then the ladies looked."

"And what did you think of them ?"

"Well," replied Betsey, critically, "so far as I could see, the young one would be pretty if her wasn't so putty-faced."

"But don't you think Sir Stephen's mother very nice-looking ?"

"Oh ! her looks is well enough, but I didn't care for that bunnet her wore. I can't abide 'old rams dressed up lamb fashion.' But that ain't sayin' nothin' agen her ways. How was you took with her ?"

"She was very kind and very nice, I thought."

"Why didn't 'ee stay there, then, my dear ?" asked Betsey, whose devotion to the girl she had tended and watched from babyhood, made her familiar with every expression of her face and each inflection of her voice.

"They were so tired, that I thought it best to come home. You know, they have come a long way to-day."

"Hem !" snorted Betsey, "I don't know what they'd got to tire 'em, savin' bein' squatted up together in that coach."

"I am going there to-morrow to dinner, and papa too."

"Aw, that's all right !" and Betsey's tone became more cheerful, than when the doubt was before her that the new arrivals had not been all that she desired they should be to her darling, who in her eyes was the very perfection of grace and goodness.

That evening Hero wrote a long and full account of the day's doings to Leo, not omitting to give a glowing personal description of Sir Stephen's cousin, Mrs. Labouchere, who, she said, was a widow, and had come to stay at Combe with Mrs. Prescott. It was a rule of Leo's to try and find out who people were, and all about them ; so he casually mentioned, during a *tête-à-tête* with a fashionable fellow-guest, that he had been asked by some friend of his to meet Sir Stephen Prescott of Pamphillon and his cousin, a Mrs. Labouchere, a widow, very pretty, they told him.

"What a fortunate dog it is !" ejaculated his companion ; "I'd give all I know to get a fair start with that woman. Why, she is one of the best matrimonial catches out. Old Labouchere was worth no end of tin, and he left every farthing to her."

"What is Prescott like ?"

"I don't know much of him ; he's been a good deal out of England. Rather close-fisted, I should say, or else hard-up ; for Pamphillon's a fine old place, but you never hear of him doing anything."

"I wonder *he* does not go in for his rich cousin."

"She wouldn't have him ! He has tried his luck there already. His mother brought her up. She's awfully handsome, but has an unpleasant way of making a fellow keep his distance ; so you'll have to be on your best behaviour, for of course you mean to go in for the prize."

"Not I."

"You'll be a great fool, then."

"Very likely. I am that already, I suppose," he added to himself, feeling confident that under different circumstances he might have secured a prize as readily as any man there ; and a feeling which before had sometimes oppressed him came over him again, making him say to himself that it was really a great pity, seeing how circumstanced they both were, that he should care for Hero as he did. His vanity was greatly stimulated by the banter of the smoking-room, where, directly it was known that Leo had been asked down to an out-of-the-

way place, described as somewhere near the Land's End, to meet that rich Mrs. Labouchere, every one took, or pretended to take, it as granted that a marriage was settled.

"Hang it, Despard," one would say, "if with an open field, a good-looking fellow like you cannot carry off the prize, I shall say you're nothing better than a bungler."

"Don't you alarm yourself," another voice would answer. "Skipwith has offered odds in his favour, and he never risks his money without being pretty sure of his man. I congratulate you, old fellow, and hope you will give me an early opportunity of congratulating the future Mrs. Despard."

This and like idle badinage formed the thin end of a wedge, which from that time forced itself into Leo's heart, and threatened to overthrow the fair image of his early love. "It would be far the best thing for both of us," he would say, reflecting on the temptation which had taken hold of him; "it is not fair to keep her waiting year after year. If she were free she would be certain to get half a dozen better offers." And the assurance that she would be benefited seemed in a measure to justify the sacrifice, he began to tell himself it would be his duty to make. These doubts caused his letters to Hero to be short, constrained, and written with an effort, which made him fling his pen away, and exclaim, "I wish that I'd never come near this place. I can't explain to these fellows, and they'll all vow I tried my luck and failed. Then when any of them meet this Mrs. Labouchere, as they're sure to do, it will all come out about Hero—and Mallett. I should not mind so much if it were an old woman, who'd soon drop off and leave me her money. Money! there's the rub. What is life worth if you cannot enjoy it?—and how are we to live on a couple or three hundred a year? What Forster says is quite true—a man who cannot afford it is a brute to drag a woman down by a marriage; far better give the wrench beforehand. There was something between him and Helen Seymour, but he gave her up; and now she has married Dacres, and has more money than she knows what to do with. Forster told me that it was an awful pull to him, and very nearly sent him altogether to the dogs, but he saw it was the only thing to be done."

Thus Leo continued to think, plan, and resolve until the time arrived for his de-

parture; and though, up to the last moment, he continued to declare he had no intention of becoming a suitor to Mrs. Labouchere, he laughed at the banter, allowed the bets, and listened to the advice by which she was to fall a victim to his well-planned assiduities; so that when he reached Mallett the nearest approach he had made to a decision was that he would impress more forcibly upon Hero the necessity of their engagement being still kept a secret; and as for the other matter—it was of no use worrying and bothering—he would let things drift, and leave the end to chance.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## SOMEBODY.

THE day following their arrival was not very far advanced before Sir Stephen set off for Sharrows. He had already learnt a short way of getting there, and as he walked briskly along, invigorated by the bracing air, fresh from the wide expanse of sea to which the place lay open, he felt more determined than ever that, as soon as possible, he would sell his large estate, and settle at Combe. The whole surroundings of the place accorded with his tastes; he had always been fond of the sea, and of the people who lived by it. Their simple lives and outspoken ways interested him. Here he could be of service, identifying himself with all that concerned those to whom he desired to be of use.

From the very reason that Pamphillon had never been aught to him but a clog, and a continual source of dissatisfaction and annoyance, he disliked the place. The land-owners near were not men he cared for; the better class of his tenantry were opposed to a landlord, who did not do as much for them and the land as, in their opinion, he ought to do, and would do, did he live among them. Without troubling themselves to understand his complicated difficulties, they made it a grievance, that instead of looking after his estate, he was roaming all over the world. Whenever he did go to Pamphillon, it was to listen to a long list of complaints and vexatious losses, which he could not redress; and to see abuses which galled and fretted him, without his having the means of remedying the evils by which they were caused. He felt that he was never seen at such a disadvantage as when at Pamphillon, where his advice was treated as interference, and his silence regarded as indifference. One



of his reasons for keeping away from Mallett was the fear lest the circle of his evils should be enlarged. But in this he had been agreeably disappointed, and from the moment Hero and Captain Carthew introduced him to Mallett, his life had brightened; for he found himself welcomed with trust and confidence by his neighbours, while in the village his presence was hailed as the forerunner of good, and the sure remedy against existing evils. Consequently, his eyes rested with far more pleasure on the old-fashioned house of Combe than they had ever done on stately Pamphillon. The cheery looks and voices of the cottagers, as they ran to their open doors to greet him, pleased him. Their free inquiries as to where he was going amused him, according with his own straightforward and genial disposition.

As, with a smiling face, he turned into Sharrows, the swinging of the gate caused Hero, who was sitting on the window-sill below, to look up, and wave her hand. Sir Stephen returned the salutation, saying in his heart—

"God bless her. I believe she is the chief cause why I feel so happy."

He had come to claim her for their sail to Winkle, and after he had spoken to her and the Captain, he asked her how soon she would be ready to start, and whether they were to have Jim.

"I want to establish a boat of my own," he said to Captain Carthew, "if you'll tell me how best to set about it, and recommend me a man to look after it."

"Joe Bunce would do exactly, papa," exclaimed Hero; "he doesn't want, and Betsey doesn't want him, to go to sea again."

"We couldn't find a better man, nor a smarter sailor," said Captain Carthew. "I've had my eye on a little craft at Clarkson's that will, I think, just hit your fancy. We'll go round to-morrow, and see it. Here, Betsey!" he roared out, "where's that fancy chum of yours to be found? I saw him busnacking about here when I turned out this morning."

"Well, 'tis more than I did, sir, or I'd ha' given 'un a job to do, and no mistake; but if you wants 'un for anything, I desay I could find 'un for 'ee."

"Sir Stephen is going to have a boat," said Hero, "and he will need a man to look after it, and I thought it would just suit Joe."

"I dessay 'twould," returned Betsey, trying not to betray her pleasure. "The

parlour suited the dunkey, only he was rather out of place there."

"Why, there's not a sharper sailor in the service than Joe, Betsey," said Hero, standing up for her favourite.

"No, not when they pipes to grog, I know there baint."

"Ah, well, he's just the man I want, Betsey," put in Sir Stephen; "so you tell him to come to Combe, and speak to me, and he shall have the management of my boat—the *Hero*, I mean to call it."

"What, after me?" said Hero, with a pleased face.

Sir Stephen nodded assent.

"Is it not a pretty name, Betsey?"

"Oh, 't does well enuf for a boat, Sir Stephen; but what for anybody should choose such a outlandish name for a Christian, I couldn't tell 'ee if you was to pay me. And then to call it a maid's name. Tine a by!" she added with infinite contempt, "if a 'ero ain't a man, why what is he?"

"That is what she always says," laughed Hero. "Now, is it not a proper woman's name, Sir Stephen?"

"Certainly it is, and a very celebrated one—among the heathens, Betsey," he added slyly.

"The *heathens*!" repeated Betsey. "Aw' well, I'll give in to it bein' *their* fancy; though why for ever anybody should want to follow lead to a passel o' Turks and niggers, is more than I can tell. But there, as I allays says, the mercy is 'taint no worse; for if by chance the Cap'en had had the *Harrythoosa* or the *Billyruffian*, 'twould ha' bin all one to he, and a nice handle that had a bin to 'av' fitted anybody else's name on to, surely."

"I'm afraid that Betsey's familiarity will shock Mrs. Prescott," said Hero, when they were out of her hearing. "She has been so long with us, that we never mind her. I hope you don't; for she says that she never remembers you are not a common gentleman."

Sir Stephen laughed.

"I like to have a chat with Betsey. Her queer speeches amuse me immensely. How wonderfully fond she is of you!"

"Yes, but not more fond than I am of her, dear old soul! Still, I know that strangers might think she made rather free, although it is only her manner. She has no thought of being disrespectful. If Mrs. Prescott or Mrs. Labouchere should make any remarks on her, please

explain how it is. I don't wish them to have a wrong impression of her."

"I'll make it all right," said Sir Stephen. "What a lovely day it is! There is not a ripple on the water."

"Yes, it is smooth enough to satisfy any one. Did you ask your cousin to come?"

"No, I did not; I didn't want her," he answered, "I only wanted you. You promised to teach me to row and steer, and we must not have an audience so long as I am in danger of catching a crab. Here is Jim and the boat. Let us jump in, and be off."

"You see I have kept my word, Jim, and come back again," he said, nodding in acknowledgment of the old seaman's silent greeting.

"Iss, so I sees, sir, and I'm main glad of it, and so is somebody else, too, I reckon." And, his hand and his hook being employed in steadying the boat, he jerked his head in Hero's direction.

"I wonder if that is a true supposition on Jim's part?" Sir Stephen asked as they settled into their places.

"I don't know. What did he say?"

"That *somebody* would be glad that I have come back."

"*Somebody*! I don't know who he means."

"Don't you? I must ask him. Jim, Miss Hero wants to know who you mean by *somebody*?"

"Do she? Then you tell her, sir;" and his eyes twinkled with significance. "Lord love 'ee," he said with a quiet chuckle, "I knows more than you thinks for. Why, I had a somebody o' my own once upon a time—ah! and as likely a maid as you'd see in a day's walk. 'Twas all plain sailing afore me, as I thought. Howsomedeve, close into port, for I'd bought the ring, and was going to put up the bains, I missed stays, and I never managed to get in the right tack afterwards."

"What does he mean?" asked Sir Stephen, with a puzzled expression.

"Why, that just before they were going to be married he offended her, and he could never set things right again. I am sure it is plain enough to understand; and if you keep so in shore, we shall get under the lea of Combe Point, and lose the wind, and then before we can make Winkle you'll have a practical illustration."

"You bain't so handy in a boat as Miss Hero," said Jim, who watched with great pride the instruction she was bestowing

upon Sir Stephen. "Why, when her was six her'd handle the oars or the tiller as fitty as another little maid would a dolly."

"Do you remember her then, Jim?" asked Sir Stephen.

"Remember her! I should think I do. Why, I've a got her in my mind's eye from the time her was a dinkey thing hoisted up on the Cap'en's shoulders, till now. Don't 'ee take her from us altogether, sir," he cried out, as the fear of losing her swept over him, "though, as far as a human eye can judge o' a human 'art, you're the one I hopes to see stand-in' in somebody else's shoes."

"What is that old stupid talking about?" Hero exclaimed, her face getting scarlet at these delicately-conveyed hints. "Jim," she called out, "if you don't hold your tongue this minute, I'll throw the tiller at you."

"No, don't 'ee, Miss Hero, I don't mean nothin' by what I says. Marriage is a honourable institootion in all. Ye know—

The Lord o' weddins did approve,  
And smiled on wedlock's happy love;  
In token of—he gived a sign,  
And lo! the water turned to wine."

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### NOTES ON GHOSTS AND GOBLINS.

THERE are few subjects more perplexing, on a close examination, than the ideas of men about the supernatural (as distinguished from the religious). Whether we analyze particular superstitions and endeavour to understand what is actually believed respecting them, or whether, taking a wider view, we consider the origin of the widespread belief in supernatural agencies, we find ourselves beset with difficulties; and these are only preliminary to the great difficulty of all—that of determining how far it is reasonable or likely that any of the common ideas about the supernatural have any basis of fact whatever.

But the first difficulty to be encountered resides in oneself. I, who write—the usual "we" will not now serve—I who write have my superstitions. If I simply had them and believed in them, there would be little difficulty. But I do not believe in them. I know that they exist, because on certain occasions I have felt them in operation. Every reader of these lines must have had similar experi-



ences—vague terrors coming we know not whence, and refusing to be exorcised by reason; the feeling—not momentary though transient—that a sight or sound is not of this world; and other sensations conveying to us a sense of the supernatural which we can neither analyze nor understand, and in which the reason has no real belief.

Perhaps the consideration of this very difficulty may throw some light on our subject, for it often happens that the key to an enigma is indicated by the more perplexing circumstances of the problem. If we dismiss for the moment all those superstitions which may fairly be regarded as derived from early impressions, or as resulting from mere ignorance, and consider the case of well educated, carefully trained, and not weak-minded persons, who nevertheless at times experience superstitious tremors, we may perhaps find some circumstances pointing to the very origin of the superstition now so widely entertained.

One well marked feature of these emotions is their occurrence in the hours of darkness. I am not speaking here of the feeling of discomfort and fear which many experience when in the dark. This feeling is itself well worth inquiring into. But I now speak of the circumstance that even those who have no unpleasant sensations when in darkness, are nevertheless only exposed to certain emotions of superstitious terror at such times. Who, for instance, thoroughly enjoys a ghost story if it is told in a well-lighted room? I use the word "enjoy," because, as a matter of fact, the sensation I am now considering is not by any means a painful one, except in extreme cases, or with persons of weak nerves. It is a mysterious, indefinable thrill, with about the same proportion of pain and pleasure as in the feeling of melancholy experienced on certain still, bright days in spring; and it is as difficult to understand why darkness and stillness should be as essential to one feeling as brightness and stillness to the other.

There is a commonplace explanation which ascribes both these feelings to the unconscious recalling of the emotions of childhood. To the child darkness conveys the idea of discomfort. All that is enjoyable to him after darkness has come on, is in the light and warmth of the room where he sits or plays. Cold and gloom are without—in the long passages, in the unused rooms, and in a yet greater degree, outside the house. The childish

mind finds, indeed, a strange significance in the words "the outer darkness." Now, one can understand that any circumstances recalling those feelings of childhood would bring with them a thrill, relieved from pain because reason tells us no real danger is present, and conveying something of pleasure much as the idea of warmth and comfort is suggested by the roar of distant winds, or the sound of rain, when we are sitting in a cozy room. And in like manner one can understand how a bright still day in spring may bring back "in sweet and bitter fancy" the feelings of childhood.

Yet there is more in either sensation than the mere unconscious remembrance of childhood. Something much farther back in our natures, if I may so speak, is touched, when the soul thrills with unintelligible fears. The proof of this is found in the fact that the feeling exists in childhood—nay, is more marked among children than with grown persons. "This kind of fear," says Charles Lamb, who knew better than most men what it is, "predominates in the period of sinless infancy." And I think that in the same essay he touches the real solution of the mystery, or rather he presents that higher mystery from which this one takes its origin, when he says, "these terrors are of older standing—they date beyond body."

There is a curious story in Darwin's latest work, which he uses as an illustration of a theory yet more singular. "My daughter," he says, "poured some water into a glass close to the head of a kitten, and it immediately shook its feet." "It is well known," he had before said, "that cats dislike wetting their feet, owing, it is probable, to their having aboriginally inhabited the dry country of Egypt." This explanation may not be the true one; but even if not, the real explanation we may be sure is quite as singular. Now the fact to be explained is analogous to the circumstance we are dealing with. We see in young creatures, like kittens, habits which cannot have been acquired from observation. These habits depend (almost certainly) on inherited peculiarities of the brain's conformation. May it not be that it is so with the superstitious tremors we have been considering? Those fears which affect children too young to know what fear is, those fears which in after life are but partially under the control of reason, may indicate a condition of the brain inherited not from parents or grandparents, but through

long lines of descent—even, perhaps, from the ages when to our savage progenitors every unexplained sight or sound might indicate the presence of a lurking enemy. During long ages of savage life the conformation of the brain must have become permanently affected by the mental action resulting from the necessity for continual watchfulness against brute and human enemies. In the dark, particularly, such watchfulness was at once more requisite and more difficult; and it seems by no means unlikely that the anxious feelings which many experience constantly in the dark, as well as those peculiar tremors which are occasionally experienced in the hours of darkness, depend on mental peculiarities inherited from our gloom-fearing savage ancestors.

As respects the ordinary feeling of dread in darkness, although there can be no doubt that it is sometimes engendered by the talk of foolish nurses to young children (and, by the way, what an unhappy thing it is that so many must pass through the mischievous ordeal of training by foolish and ignorant persons), yet it is a mistake to suppose that this is the sole or even the main cause. Some children fear to be in darkness who have never heard of ghost or goblin. "It is not book or picture," says Lamb very justly, "or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. H., who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra* in his own 'thick-coming fancies'; and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity. Gorgons and Hydras and Chimeras dire—stories of Celæno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition; but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the archetypes are in us, and eternal."

Another remarkable circumstance in the superstitious impressions which affect those who have no real belief in ghosts and goblins, is the singular intensity of such impressions when aroused (in whatever way) immediately on waking. Especially after dreaming, when the dream

has been of an impressive nature, the mind seems exposed to ideas of the supernatural. One often finds it impossible to understand, on waking again in full day-light, how the mind can possibly have entertained the feelings which had made night hideous or distressing. In remembrance, the matter seems like an experience of another person.

In passing it may be noticed that we perhaps owe to dreams many of the common ideas about spiritual agencies. Mr. Herbert Spencer accounts for the earliest belief in the supernatural "by man being led through dreams, shadows, and other causes to look at himself as a double essence, corporeal and spiritual." And "the spiritual being is supposed to exist after death, and to be powerful." Mr. Tylor also has shown how dreams may have given rise to the notion of spirits; "for savages," says Darwin (stating Tylor's views), "do not readily distinguish between subjective and objective impressions. When a savage dreams, the figures which appear before him are believed to have come from a distance, and to stand over him, or 'the soul of the dreamer goes out on its travels, and comes home with a remembrance of what it has seen.'" "Nevertheless," says Darwin presently, "I cannot but suspect that there is a still earlier and ruder stage, when anything which manifests power or movement is thought to be endowed with some form of life, and with mental faculties analogous to our own."

Another circumstance which seems to have considerable effect in preparing the mind to entertain superstitious emotions is intense or long-continued brooding on sorrows, and especially on the loss of one dear to us. Mingled with our thoughts at such times, the idea is always more or less consciously entertained that our lately lost friend is near to us, and knows our thoughts. The reason may be convinced

No spirit ever brake the band,

That stays him from his native land,

Where first he walk'd when clasp't in clay;

while nevertheless something within us teaches (wrongly or rightly, who knows?) that the spirit itself

May come

When all the nerve of sense is numb,

Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost.

Surely it is not the weak and ignorant alone who have this experience. The mind of strongest mould need not be ashamed to have entertained the thought, to have even prayed the prayer,—



Descend, and touch, and enter; hear

The wish, too strong for words to name,

That in this blindness of the frame

My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

Under the influence of emotions such as these the mind is prepared to be deceived. It is at such times that visions of the departed have been seen. I do not here speak of visions called up out of nothing—the healthy mind cannot be so far betrayed—but of visions none the less imaginary. The mind has no creative power to *form* such visions, except when there is diseased and abnormal action; but it possesses a power to combine real objects so as to form pictures of the unreal, and this power is singularly active in the time of sorrowing for a near and dear friend.

It is probable that the experience of every reader of these lines will supply instances in point. Sometimes the deception of the mind is singularly complete, insomuch that it is only by the determination to approach the seeming vision that the ghost-seer is able to remove the impression. I will cite an instance which occurred to myself, as somewhat aptly illustrating the principal circumstances tending to make such illusions effective:—

My mother died during the long vacation of my first year at Cambridge. It chanced that I was in Germany at the time, and I suffered much distress of mind from the thought that I had been enjoying a pleasure-tour during the days of her last illness. Letters had followed me from place to place, but it was only the circumstance of my staying my journey one Sunday at Heidelberg which enabled me to receive news from England; and I only reached home in time to attend her funeral. Yet the full effect of these circumstances was only experienced when I found myself again settled in my rooms at Cambridge. There is a singular mixture of society and solitude in university life, which at times of trouble produces unpleasant feelings. Throughout the day there is abundant opportunity for intercourse with friends; but although amongst one's college friends are some who will be friends for life, yet at the time the interchange of ideas even with these special friends relates almost wholly to college work or college interests. There is nothing homelike in social arrangements at college. So soon as the "oak is sported" for the evening a lonely feeling is apt to come on, which affects even some of those who have no recent sorrows to brood over. There is a refuge

in hard reading. But hard reading, in my case, had come to an end on my mother's death. I had so far accustomed myself to associate college successes with the idea of pleasure given to her that I now looked with aversion on my former studies. They could no longer gain the prize I had alone cared for. I ought, no doubt, to have had quite other feelings, but I speak of the effects I actually experienced. Now, whether the breaking up of my old plans for work had upset me, or in whatever way it happened, I certainly had never found college life so lonely and unpleasant as during the first term of my second year. And it seems to me likely that the low spirits from which I then suffered may have had something to do with the singular instance of self-deception I have now to relate:—I had on one evening been particularly, I may say unreasonably low-spirited. I had sat brooding for hours over dismal thoughts. These thoughts had followed me to bed, and I went to sleep still under their influence. I cannot remember my dreams—I did dream, and my dreams were melancholy—but although I had a perfectly clear remembrance of their tenour on first waking,\* they had passed altogether from my recollection the next morning. It is to be noted, however, that I was under the influence of sorrowful dreams when I woke. At this time the light of a waning moon was shining into the room. I opened my eyes, and saw, without surprise or any conscious feeling of fear,—my mother standing at the foot of the bed. She was not "in her habit as she lived," but "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful." Her face was pale, though not with the pallour of life, her expression sorrowful, and tears

\* One of the most singular facts connected with the condition of the brain during and directly after sleep, is this, that although on waking one may recollect every circumstance of a dream, and even go carefully over the events of the dream with the express object of impressing them on the memory, yet if one sleeps again the whole seems, on our next waking, to have vanished completely from the memory. One can barely remember the circumstance that there had been the desire to retain the recollection of the dream. I doubt even whether this is not generally forgotten; so that in fact in most cases, there is nothing to recall either the dream or the first waking thoughts concerning it. There is a story of a person who solved a mathematical problem in his sleep, and found the solution written out on his desk, yet had no recollection of having left his bed for the purpose. Something similar once occurred to myself; but I could just recall the circumstance that I had got up to put on paper the ideas which had occurred to me in sleep. I wish I could make the story complete by saying the solution was singularly ingenious, and so on; but truth compels me to admit that it was utter rubbish. I could not have been in the full possession of my faculties—though seemingly wide awake—when I wrote it out as something worth remembering.

which glistened in the moonlight stood in her eyes. And now a strange mental condition followed. My reason told me that I was deceived by appearances, that the figure I saw was neither my mother's spirit nor an unreal vision. I felt certain I was not looking at "a phantom of the brain which would show itself without;" and I felt equally certain that no really existent spirit was there before me. Yet the longer I looked, the more perfect appeared the picture. I racked my memory to recall any objects in my bed-room which could be mistaken for a shrouded ghost; but my memory was busy recalling the features of the dead, and my brain (against the action of my will) was tracing these features in the figure which stood before me. The deception grew more and more complete until I could have spoken aloud as to a living person. Meantime my mind had suggested and at once rejected the idea of a trick played me by one of my college-friends. I felt a perfect assurance that whatever it was which stood before me, it was not a breathing creature self-restrained into absolute stillness. How long I remained gazing at the figure I cannot remember; but I know that I continued steadfastly looking at it until I had assured myself that (to my mind in its probably unhealthy condition) the picture was perfect in all respects. At last I raised my head from the pillow, intending to draw nearer to the mysterious figure. But it was quite unnecessary. I had not raised my head three inches before the ghost was gone, and in its place,—or rather, not in its place, but five or six feet farther away, *hung my college surplice*. It was quite impossible to restore the illusion by resuming my former position. The mind which a moment before had been so completely deceived, rejected completely even the idea of resemblance. There was nothing even in the arrangement of the folds of the surplice to justify in the slightest degree an illusion which nevertheless had been perfect while it lasted. Only one feature of the apparition was accounted for. I have said that the eyes shone with tears: the explanation was rather commonplace; over my surplice I had hung a rowing belt and the silvered buckles (partly concealed by the folds of the surplice) shone in the moonlight.

The event here narrated suggests the explanation of many ghost stories which have been related with perfect good faith. I believe the imagination only acts so as to deceive the mind com-

pletely when the latter has been painfully affected and is in an unhealthy condition. When this is the case, and a vision of some departed friend is conjured up out of realities indistinctly seen, the effect on the mind will depend greatly on the ideas entertained by the victim of the illusion on the subject of ghosts and visions generally. A believer in ghosts will be too startled to inquire further. If (as happens in many instances of the kind) he can retreat from the dread presence, he will commonly do so, and remain satisfied ever after that *he* at least has "seen a ghost." And in this way, I doubt little, many veracious persons have been led to add their evidence in favour of the common notions about ghosts and visions.

It is a singular circumstance, however, that sometimes several persons may be deceived by an illusion such as we have been considering. There is an instance of this kind in a book on the supernatural which I read many years ago. I cannot at the moment recall the name. It dealt with all forms of mental deception,—mesmerism, witchcraft, necromancing and so on. In the part relating to visions, it cited the case of Sir Walter Scott, who soon after the death of Byron and while his mind was dwelling on the painful circumstances of that event, saw in the dusk of a large room a vision of the poet which presently *resolved itself into furniture*. Then came the case I have in my thoughts. As nearly as I can remember, the story ran thus:—A gentleman who had lately lost his wife, looking out of window in the dusk of evening, saw her sitting in a garden chair. He called one of his daughters and asked her to look out into the garden. "Why," she said, "mother is sitting there." Another daughter was called and she experienced the same illusion. Then the gentleman went out into the garden, and found that a garden-dress of his wife's had been placed over the seat in such a position as to produce the illusion which had deceived himself and his daughters.

I know of a more curious instance, where no explanation was ever found, simply because the deceived persons were too frightened to seek for one. In a house in Ireland a girl lay dying. Her mother and father were with her; and her five sisters were praying for her in a neighbouring room. This room was well lit, but overhead there was a skylight and the dark sky beyond. One of the sisters looking up towards the skylight, saw there the face of her dying sister looking sor-



rowfully down upon them. She seized another sister by the hand and pointed to the skylight; and one after another the sisters looked where she pointed. They spoke no word; and in a few moments their father and mother called them to the room where their sister had just died; but when afterwards they talked together about what had happened that night, it was found that *they had all seen the vision of the sorrowful face.*

A remarkable circumstance in these and many other instances of supposed visions, is the utterly unreasonable nature of the supposition actually made in the mind of the ghost-seer. In the stories where a ghost appears for some useful purpose, as to show where treasure has been concealed or to reveal the misdeeds of some person still living, the mind does not reject the event as altogether unreasonable though the circumstances may be (and commonly are) sufficiently preposterous. But one can conceive no reason whatever why a departed wife and mother should make her appearance in a garden-chair on a dusky evening, and still less why the vision of a dying sister should look down through a skylight. It is singular that on this account alone the mind does not reject the illusion in such cases.

Among the most perplexing circumstances in the common belief about ghosts, are the accepted ideas about ghostly habiliments. For instance, why should so many ghosts be clothed in white? If the answer is that grave-clothes are white, we may inquire what a ghost wants with grave-clothes? It might as well refuse to appear without a coffin. And then, many ghosts have appeared in their habit as they lived. If we inquire what is the real conception in the ghost-seer's mind as to the nature of the vision, we find a difficulty in understanding what idea is formed by the real believer in ghosts respecting the vestments in which spirits make their appearance. This is an old difficulty. In fact, it has probably occurred to every one who has thought over a ghost story. So soon as we come to the description of the ghost's vestments there is always a hitch in the story. For my own part, I must have been a very small child indeed, when I first pondered over the question, Who made the ghost's clothes?

Of course there is no difficulty in the case of those who believe only in ghostly apparitions as phantoms of the brain. Here a distinction must be drawn. I am not speaking of those who regard such

apparitions as either due to a diseased action of the brain or to the power of fancy in forming from real objects, indistinctly seen, the picture of a departed friend; but of those who look on visions of the dead as produced by supernatural impressions on the brain. Those who think that at the will of the dead a vision may be caused to appear, can of course understand that this vision would either be clothed in the garb which had been worn during life, or in graveclothes, or in such other dress as suited the circumstances under which the vision appeared. But this view is not ordinarily adopted by those who regard apparitions as supernatural phenomena. They commonly regard the phantom as something really existent in the place where it is apparently seen. The dead person is *there* in some form; some essential entity representing him has the power to transport itself from the place of the departed into the presence of the living. This ordinary idea of ghostly vision is aptly rendered in Hamlet's address to the ghost. He does not speak of it as a vision, but *to* it as something real, although not understood:—

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts  
from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou comest in such questionable\* shape,  
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Ham-  
let:

King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!  
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements; why the sepul-  
chre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again.

Nor does the poet shrink from investing the ghost with the garb of life. This had been already shown in the first scene. "Such," says Horatio, "was the very armour he had on, when he the ambitious Norway combatted." And now Hamlet asks—

What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature  
So horribly to shake our disposition  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should  
we do?

\* Mistakenly understood generally to signify "doubtful." What is meant is obviously "a shape as of one to whom questions can be addressed."

Again, it is curious how thoroughly the conventional idea of a ghost or goblin is associated with the thought of a shrouded face. It may be that this is partly due to the circumstance that while the imagination may quite commonly present to us the idea of a vision in all points complete except in the face, it can be but rarely that real objects are mistaken for the actual features of a deceased friend. Be this as it may, the ghost has been pictured with concealed face from time immemorial. So Flaxman draws the ghosts encountered by Ulysses in Hades, and no really fearful ghost has shown his face since the days when fear came upon Eliphaz, the Temanite, "and trembling which made all his bones to shake; when a spirit passed before his face and the hair of his flesh stood up; and the spirit stood still, but he *could not discern the form thereof*."

It is curious that children, when they try to frighten each other by "making ghosts," cover their heads. There is another singular trick they have—they make horns to their heads with their forefingers. Why should horns be regarded as peculiarly horrible? The idea can scarcely be referred to the times of our savage ancestors, for the creatures they had chiefly to fear were certainly not the horned animals. Yet the conventional devil is horned, and, moreover, "divideth the hoof," and is therefore a ruminating animal.\* Did our savage ancestors keep their children in order by frightening them with stories about their horned cattle? It is certain at least that among the most portentous forms known to those children must have been the oxen and goats which formed a principal feature of their surroundings.

It must be admitted that there is something particularly hideous in a long horned face. I remember an instance where the sudden appearance of such a face, or what I took to be such, caused me a degree of discomfort certainly not justified by the occasion. Singularly enough, the event belongs to the period of my life to which I have already referred; and I may as well note that at no time either before or since have I even for a moment (and against the will of the mind), mis-

taken commonplace objects for either "spirit of health" or "goblin damn'd."

During the last weeks of the long vacation already mentioned I went alone to Blackpool in Lancashire. There I took lodgings in a house facing the sea. My sitting-room was on the ground-floor. On a warm autumn night I was reading with the window open; but the blind was down and was waving gently to and fro in the wind. It happened that I was reading a book on demonology; moreover, I had been startled earlier in the evening by prolonged shrieks from an upper room in the house, where my landlady's sister, who was very ill, had had an hysterical fit. I had just read to the end of a long and particularly horrible narrative when I was disturbed by the beating of the curtain—the wind having risen somewhat—and I got up to close the window. As I turned round for the purpose the curtain rose gently and disclosed a startling object. A fearful face was there, black, long, and hideous, and surmounted by two monstrous horns. Its eyes, large and bright, gleamed horribly, and a mouth garnished with immense teeth grinned at me. Then the curtain slowly descended. But I knew the horrible thing was there. I waited, by no means comfortably, while the curtain fluttered about, showing parts of the black monster. At last it rose again so as to disclose the whole face. But the face had lost its horror for me. For *the horns were gone*. Instead of the two nearly upright horns which before had shown black and frightful against the light background of sea and sky, there were two sloped ears as unmistakably asinine as I felt myself at the moment. When I went to the window (which before I felt unable to approach) I saw that several stray donkeys were wandering through the front gardens of the row of houses to which my lodgings belonged. It is possible that the inquisitive gentleman who had looked in at my window was attracted by the flapping curtain, which he may have taken for something edible. "If so," I remarked to myself, "two of your kind have been deceived to-night."

It would be easy to fill a page with the details of the various ideas entertained about ghosts, goblins, and demons. Such ideas extend not only to the appearance of such beings, their apparel, appurtenances, and so on, but to the noises which they make either of themselves or by means of various super-

\* The conventional dragon is a Pterodactylan reptile. Ruskin will have it that Turner's picture of the Dragon guarding the Hesperidan apples was a mental evolution of a saurian reptile; but Turner himself said he got the idea of his dragon at a pantomime at Drury Lane. *Utrum horum navis accipere*. It is a wide range from the green-sand to the greenroom.



natural objects which they are supposed to carry about with them. Thus,—

The sheeted dead  
Did *squeak* and gibber in the Roman streets  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell.

And it is to be noted that as ghosts commonly show no face, so few have been known to speak with full voice. This may be because the noises heard at the hours when ghosts are seen are not such as can be by any possibility mistaken for the human voice in its ordinary tones, while, nevertheless, an excited imagination can frame spoken words out of the strange sounds which can be heard in almost every house in the stillness of night. This also serves to account for the notion that ghosts can clank chains, or make other dismal noises. Sounds heard at night are highly deceptive; a small noise close by is taken for a loud noise at a distance (not necessarily a very great distance); and a noise made by objects of one kind will be mistaken for noises made by objects of a different kind altogether. A friend of mine told me he had been disturbed two nights running by a sound as of an army tramping down a road which passed some 200 yards from his house: he found the third night (I had suggested an experimental test as to the place whence the sound came) that the noise was produced by a clock in the next house, the clock having been newly placed against the party wall. We all know Carlyle's story of the ghostly voice heard each evening by a low-spirited man—a voice as if one, in like doleful dumps, proclaiming, "once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I am meeserable"—and how the ghost resolved itself into a rusty kitchen-jack. There is a case of a lady who began to think herself the victim of some delusion, and perhaps threatened by approaching illness, because each night, about a quarter-of-an-hour after she had gone to bed, she heard a hideous din in the neighbourhood of her house, or else (she was uncertain which) in some distant room. The noise was in reality the slightest possible creak (within a few feet of her pillow, however), and produced by the door of a wardrobe which she closed every night just before getting into bed. The door, about a quarter-of-an-hour after being closed, recovered its position of rest, slightly beyond which it had been pushed in closing. In another case the crawling of a snail across a window produced sounds which were mista-

ken for the strains of loud but distant music.

It is, perhaps, not going too far to say that our modern spirits, who deal in noise-making as well as in furniture-tilting (of yet more marvellous feats we say nothing), are not unacquainted with the means by which the ear may be deceived as in the cases just considered. Some sounds said to be heard during dark *séances* suggest the suspicion.

It will be seen that the opinion to which I incline—as the best and perhaps only natural interpretation of events supposed to be supernatural—is that real sights and sounds are modified by the imagination, either excited or diseased, into seemingly supernatural occurrences. It does not seem to me likely that in any large proportion of recorded (and presumably veracious) ghost-stories, there has been an actual phantom of the brain. Such phantoms are sometimes seen, no doubt, and unreal voices are sometimes heard; but the condition of the brain which leads to such effects must be regarded as altogether exceptional. Certainly it is not common. On the contrary, the play of fancy by which images are formed from objects in no way connected with the picture raised in the mind is a common phenomenon. Although some minds possess the faculty more fully than others, few actually want it. I suppose there is not one person in a thousand who cannot see "faces in the fire," for instance, though to some the pictures so produced are much more vivid than to others. Dickens tell us that in travelling through a cleared region in America at night, the trees by the roadside seemed to assume the most startling resemblance to different objects—now an old man sitting in a chair, now a funeral urn, and so on. Doubtless, not every traveller along the road under the same circumstances would have found so many fanciful tree-pictures formed for him, or perhaps any formed so distinctly as did Dickens, with his lively imagination and wealth of mind-images. Yet probably very few persons travel along a tree-covered region in the deeper dusk of evening without fancying that the trees shape themselves into strange forms of living or inanimate objects.

But the important point to be noticed is that when the mind is deeply occupied with particular thoughts, the imagination is more likely to conjure up pictures connected with those thoughts, than such random pictures as are formed when the

mind is not so preoccupied. If we admit this—and I conceive that there can be very little doubt on the point—we can dispose very readily of the argument from coincidence, advanced by those who believe that the spirits of the dead sometimes come visibly into the presence of the living. I present this argument as urged in an analogous case (that of visions at the moment of death) by a late eminent mathematician, whose belief in the possibility at least of many things which are commonly regarded as superstitions was so well known that no apology need here be made for touching on the subject. After speaking on the general subject of coincidences, De Morgan thus, in language less simple than he commonly employs, presents the argument for spectral apparitions (at the moment of the death of the person so appearing):—“The great *ghost-paradox* and its theory of coincidence will rise to the surface in the mind of everyone. But the use of the word *coincidence* is here at variance with its common meaning. When A is constantly happening, and also B, the occurrence of A and B at the same moment is the mere coincidence which may be casualty.” (That is, this is a coincidence of the common kind.) “But the case before us is that A is constantly happening” (*here* by A, De Morgan means a death, as he explains further on, but the explanation should come in at this point) “while B” (the spectral appearance of the person who dies), “when it does happen, almost always happens with A, and very rarely without it. That is to say, such is the phenomenon asserted; and all who rationally refer it to casually affirm that B is happening very often as well as A, but that it is not thought worthy of being recorded except when A is simultaneous.” I must venture to express my dissent from this statement: it seems to me incredible that any person would, as De Morgan asserts, *rationally* affirm that spectral appearances are “very often” seen. “In talking of this subject,” he proceeds, “it is necessary to put out of the question all who play fast and loose with their secret convictions: these had better give us a reason, when they feel internal pressure for explanation, that there is no weathercock, at Kilve: this would do for all cases. But persons of real inquiry will see that, first, experience does not bear out the asserted frequency of the spectre, without the alleged coincidence of death; and secondly, that if the crowd of purely casual

spectres were so great that it is no wonder that now and then the person should have died at or near the moment, we ought to expect a much larger proportion of cases in which the spectre should come at the moment of the death of one or another of all the cluster who are closely connected with the original of the spectre.” (This is not very distinct: any wrong spectre, with or without close connection with any particular moribund, would seem to serve De Morgan’s purpose in this argument equally well. He seems to insist, however, on the fact—undoubtedly such—that if spectres were commonly appearing, without reference to the deaths of individuals, cases should happen pretty frequently where a spectre appears which is not that of a person then dying, but of some near relative. I feel by no means sure, however, that I have rightly caught De Morgan’s meaning.) “But this,” he proceeds, “is, we know, almost without example. It remains then, for all, who speculate at all, to look upon the asserted phenomenon, think what they may of it, the thing which is to be explained, as a *connection* in time of the death, and the simultaneous appearance of the dead. Any person the least used to the theory of probabilities will see that purely casual coincidence, the *wrong spectre* being comparatively so rare that it may be said never to occur, is not within the rational field of possibility.”

I have quoted this argument because it applies equally well to the case of spectral appearances after death. The right spectre is always seen, so far as is known, and it appears always on a suitable occasion (at least, an occasion as nearly suitable as the case permits).

It must be admitted, however, that the explanation does not cover the facts of all ghost-stories. There are some narratives which, if accepted in all their details, appear to admit of no explanation other than that which refers the events described to supernatural causes. But it must not be forgotten that these narratives have come in every instance from believers in ghosts and spirits; and without questioning the veracity of particular narrators, we may yet not unfairly point out that it is not absolutely impossible that at some stage or other, either in the events related or in the handing down of the story, some degree of deception may have come in. Tricks *have* been played in these matters, beyond all possibility of question. Untruths *have* been told also. The person who doubts a narra-



tive of the marvellous is not bound to say *where* he suspects that some mistake has been made, some deception practised, some statement made which is not strictly veracious. He may not wish to say, or he may even be very far from believing, that the narrator is a trifle foolish or not quite honest. He may put faith in the persons cited as authorities for the narrative; and he may even carry his faith, as well in the sense as in the honesty of the persons concerned, a step or two farther. Yet he may still find room for doubt. Or again, he may have very little faith, and very ample room for doubt, and yet may have valid reasons for not wishing to state as much. Persons who tell marvellous stories ought not to press too earnestly for their auditor's opinion. It is neither fair nor wise.

As an instance of a story which has been unwisely insisted upon by believers in the supernatural, I take the marvellous narrative of M. Bach and the old spinet. As given in outline by Professor Wallace, it runs thus:—"M. Leon Bach purchased at an old curiosity shop in Paris a very ancient but beautiful *spinet* as a present to his father (a great-grandson of Bach, the great composer), a musical amateur. The next night the elder-Bach dreamt that he saw a handsome young man, dressed in old court costume, who told him that the spinet had been given to him by his master King Henry. He then said he would play on it an air, with words composed by the King, in memory of a lady he had greatly loved; he did so, and M. Bach woke in tears, touched by the pathos of the song. He went to sleep again, and on waking in the morning was amazed to find on his bed a sheet of paper, on which were written in very old characters, both words and music of the song he had heard in his dreams. It was said to be by Henry III., and the date inscribed on the spinet was a few years earlier. M. Bach, completely puzzled, showed the music to his friends, and among them were some spiritualists, from whom he heard, for the first time, their interpretation of the phenomena. Now comes the most wonderful part of the history. M. Bach became himself a writing medium; and through his hand was written involuntarily a statement that inside the spinet, in a secret niche near the key-board was a parchment, nailed in the case, containing the lines written by King Henry when he gave the instrument to his musician. The four-line stanza, which it was said would

be found on the parchment, was also given, and was followed by the signature—Baldazzarini. Father and son then set to work to search for this hidden scroll, and after some two hours' close examination found, in a narrow slit, a piece of old parchment about eleven inches by three, containing, in very old writing, nearly the same words which M. Bach had written, and signed—Henry. This parchment was taken to the Bibliothèque Impériale, and submitted to experienced antiquarians, and was pronounced to be an undoubtedly genuine autograph of Henry III.

"This is the story," says Prof. Wallace, and proceeds to dwell on the care with which Mr. Owen, who narrates it (in *The Debatable Land between this World and the Next*), had examined all the details. "Not content with ascertaining these facts at first hand, and obtaining photographs of the spinet and parchment" (!) "of both of which he gives good representations, M. Owen sets himself to hunt up historical confirmation of the story, and after much research and many failures, he finds that Baltasarini was an Italian musician, who came to France in 1577, and was in great favour with Henry III.; that the King was passionately attached to Marie de Cleves, who became wife of the Prince de Condé, and that several of the allusions to her in the verses corresponded to what was known of her history. Other minutest details were found to be historically accurate." (In other words "the bricks are alive this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.") "Mr. Owen also carefully discusses the nature of the evidence, the character of the person concerned, and the possibility of deception. M. Bach is an old man of high character; and to suppose that he suddenly and without conceivable motives planned and carried out a most elaborate and complicated imposture, is to suppose what is wholly incredible." (That is, we must not suppose so because we cannot suppose so.) "Mr. Owen shows further that the circumstances are such that M. Bach could not have been an impostor even had he been so inclined, and concludes by remarking, 'I do not think dispassionate readers will accept such violent improbabilities. But if not, what interesting suggestions touching spirit-intercourse and spirit-identity connect themselves with this simple narrative of M. Bach's spinet!'"

Here is a story which to most readers, I venture to say, appears absurd on the

face of it, suggesting not "interesting," but utterly ludicrous "ideas of spirit intercourse;" yet we are to believe it, or else indicate exactly how our doubts are divided between Mr. Owen himself (who may have been somewhat misled by his evidence), the Bachs, father and son, the spiritualist friends who instructed M. Bach how to become "a writing medium," and so on.

Again, we are to believe all such stories unless we are prepared with an explanation of every circumstance. It seems to me that it would be as reasonable for a person who had witnessed some ingenious conjuring tricks to insist that they should be regarded as supernatural, unless his hearers were prepared to explain the exact way in which they had been managed. Indeed, the stress laid by the superstitious on narratives such as those related by Mr. Owen, is altogether unwarrantable in the presence of all that is known about the nature and the laws of evidence. In works like Mr. Owen's the author is witness, judge, and advocate (especially advocate) in one. Those who do not agree with him have not only no power of cross-examining, but they commonly have neither time nor inclination to obtain specific evidence on their side of the question. It requires indeed some considerable degree of faith in the supernatural to undertake the deliberate examination of the evidence adduced for ghost stories,—by which I mean, not the study of the story as related, but the actual questioning of the persons concerned, as well as an examination of the scene and all the circumstances of the event. Thus I cannot see any force in the following remarks by Professor Wallace:—"How is such evidence as this," he says, speaking of one of Owen's stories, "refuted or explained away? Scores, and even hundreds of equally attested facts are on record, but no attempt is made to explain them. They are simply ignored, and in many cases admitted to be inexplicable. Yet this is not quite satisfactory, as any reader of Mr. Owen's book will be inclined to admit. *Punch* once made a Yankee debtor say—

This debt I have repudiated long ago;  
'Tis therefore settled. Yet this Britisher  
Keeps for repayment worriting me still!

So our philosophers declare that they have long ago decided these ghost stories to be all delusions; *therefore* they need only be ignored; and they feel much 'worried,' that fresh evidence should be

adduced, and fresh converts made, some of whom are so unreasonable as to ask for a new trial, on the ground that the former verdict was contrary to the evidence."

All this affords excellent reason why the "converts" should not be ridiculed for their belief; but something more to the purpose must be urged before "the philosophers" can be expected to devote very much of their time to the inquiry suggested. It ought to be shown that the well-being of the human race is to some important degree concerned in the matter, whereas the trivial nature of all ghostly conduct hitherto recorded is admitted even by "converts." It ought to be observed that the principles of scientific research can be applied to this inquiry; whereas before spirits were in vogue the contrary was absolutely the case, while it is scarcely going too far to say that even the behaviour of spirits is to be tested only by "converts," and in the dark. It ought, lastly, to be shown that the "scores and even hundreds" of well-attested facts, admittedly singular, and even, let us say, admittedly inexplicable, are not more in number than the singular and *seemingly* inexplicable facts likely to occur (by mere casualty) among the millions of millions of events which are continually occurring; but this is very far from having been as yet demonstrated; on the contrary, when we consider the scores and hundreds, and even thousands of facts which, though they have been explained, yet seemed for awhile (and might have remained for ever) inexplicable, the wonder rather is that not a few books like Mr. Owen's, but whole libraries of books, have not been filled with the records of even more singular and inexplicable events.

From The Academy.

#### THE PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF FOREST UPON ATMOSPHERE AND SOIL.\*

"THE welfare and the progress of a country depend to a certain extent on the amount of forest which it contains." Such a statement appears strange enough to us here at home, but its truth has at last been recognized at the India Office, by the foundation of a forest department,

\* *Die physikalischen Einwirkungen des Waldes auf Luft und Boden, und seine klimatologische und hygienische Bedeutung, begründet durch die Beobachtungen der Förstl. Meteorologischen Stationen in Bayern.* Dr. Ernst Ebermayer. Aschaffenburg: Krebs.



the cadets of which have been sent for training to the continental schools of forestry. The present volume is the outcome of the first five years' results obtained at the stations in Bavaria established under the superintendence of Prof. Ebermayer, of the Forest School of Aschaffenburg.

Many of the statements in the book depend on the observations of only three years, or even of a single year, but our author states his conviction that the main features of the subject can be elicited with sufficient accuracy for each station in a period of observation as short as that mentioned, and that the instrument can then with advantage be removed to a fresh station.

It must be remembered that the difficulties of the observations are very exceptional, as the mounting a ladder to read a thermometer in the top of a tree is not an agreeable duty to perform in all weathers, and so too great a tax must not be laid upon the officials to whom the instruments are entrusted.

The subjects investigated in the open country are, speaking generally, temperature in shade and sun, earth temperature, hygrometry, rainfall and evaporation. To these are added, in the forest, observations made in the head of the tree and on the temperature of the heart of the tree itself at various heights.

The first stations were established in 1867, and the total number in Bavaria is seven, distributed over the country. To these is added one in Bohemia on the property of a nobleman. The outfit of each station cost about £40, and the yearly cost of maintenance is one-half that sum. Some of the apparatus used deserves special notice, especially the vaporimeters for open water surfaces and for soil, and the arrangements for determining the amount of infiltrated water.

The subject is, comparatively speaking, so new and the variety of observations so great that the author for the most part contents himself with simply enumerating his results without attempting to deal with the subject as a whole. We shall therefore confine our remarks to an account of some of the more important subjects touched upon in the volume.

Earth Temperature comes first, as being the most important element for vegetable life. It is found at the various depths, 0-4 feet, to be lower, to the extent of twenty-one per cent., on the mean of the year, in the forest than in the open, and this is pre-eminently the case in

spring and summer, while in winter the difference is scarcely traceable. This shows us that the effect of clearings is mainly felt in summer, and that it is greater the warmer is the climate. Diurnal range is felt only to the depth of three feet, and it is materially diminished by the presence of forest. The annual range of temperature is less in the forest than outside it, but the periods of the two phenomena do not agree very closely.

The effect of wood on Air Temperature is similar to that just described, but the extent of the influence is only about half that exerted on earth temperature: the differences between the temperature above and underground thereby produced are of great importance as affecting the aëration of the soil, and thereby the nutrition of the roots. The observations as regards height show furthermore that the temperature rises with the height at least up to the level of thirty or forty feet. When we remember that the diurnal range is reduced by the presence of wood we see how an alternating vertical circulation, like that assigned as a cause for land and sea breezes, is set on foot, the existence of which, as our author amusingly states, may be proved by watching the smoke of a cigar.

The tendency of forests is found to be to moderate the extremes of temperature, and so to render the climate less severe. This is a direct contradiction to the popular idea that the cutting away of our forests has made our climate less extreme than it used to be.

The observations on Tree Temperature are very valuable, as by them we are able to determine far more simply than by any other means the total amount of heat required by each tree for its development. These experiments also throw great light on the causes which regulate the flow of the sap.

Bequerel's idea that trees warm the air is distinctly controverted by the results under discussion, which show that the temperature of the trees themselves is generally below that of the air.

In the winter the trees are colder than the soil, and in summer warmer: hence we see that the main seat of activity is in the roots in winter and in the branches in summer.

As concerns Vapour Prof. Ebermayer finds that the existence of timber produces no difference in the absolute quantity present in the air, but that owing to the depression of temperature the Fraction of Saturation is raised by the forest.

Evaporation from a free water surface is about sixty-four per cent. less in the forest than in the open, and moreover it is far more ruled by the motion of the air than by the temperature. Hence we see the importance to young plantations which are likely to suffer from drought of leaving belts of trees to shelter them. Anything which breaks the force of the wind retains moisture in the soil.

The evaporation from the soil is, however, a very different thing from that from a free water surface, and in considering it we arrive at the valuable result that the brushwood, leaves, &c., which cover the ground exert quite as great an influence in retarding it as the forest itself.

It is found that for every hundred cubic inches of water evaporated from the soil, in the open, the ground in a forest, cleared of brushwood, &c., gives off only thirty-eight, and the uncleared ground, in its natural condition, give off only fifteen cubic inches. Hence we see how immediately the water supply depends on the wood, and the fact confirms the old observation that in new and thriving settlements the springs dry up in proportion as the land is cleared.

It is a self-evident proposition that plants require rain, but Hellriegel has shown how much they require: according to him every pound of barley requires the supply of seven hundred lbs. of water during the period it is in the ground. Trees require a different quantity from corn, and in addition they have a very great effect in draining the land, for it is found that land from off which the timber has been entirely felled often becomes swampy, and only dries again when the new plantations spring up. This fact shows us that trees exert a constant demand on the moisture of the soil, so that over-drainage of the ground must seriously affect their growth.

It is then a most important matter to determine the effect of forest on moisture. Prof. Ebermayer's experiments lead him to the view that the idea of the effect usually attributed to wood in increasing rainfall is not fully justified, and that much which has been held to be due to the timber in a country is really much more due

to the contour of the country itself. The influence of forests on rain is however much greater among mountains than in the plains; it is also greater in hot climates than in cold, and in summer than in winter.

The actual amount of rain which is collected on the ground in a forest is about three quarters of that which falls on the cleared land outside. The quantity in defect does not all remain in the tree tops, as much runs down the stem; but it is found that the proportion retained by the foliage differs with the different character of the wood; thus it is greater with conifers (*Nadelholz*) than with leaf trees (*Laubholz*), and of all trees Scotch fir retains the most.

The usual proportion between evaporation from a free water surface and rainfall on the same surface during the year is that the former rather exceeds the latter. The evaporation from the ground is very different from that from a water surface, and so, as regards the soil of a wood, the proportion above mentioned is reversed, for the diminution of evaporation is less than that of rainfall. If however the wood be cleared of brushwood, leaves, &c., the rate of evaporation from the soil is seriously increased, and in fact in such a case the amount of water stored up in the ground against periods of drought falls below that in open land, owing to the fact that so much of the rain is intercepted before it reaches the ground.

The work concludes with some remarks on ozone, and on the hygienic effects of forests, and with some practical applications of the results obtained to the explanation of the causes of certain diseases which are very destructive to young fir plantations. Copious tables are appended, with an atlas of graphical representations of the results.

Our hearty thanks are due to Prof. Ebermayer for the work, which contains, as will be seen, a mass of carefully collected and important data of the highest value to the scientific meteorologist and botanist, as well as to the practical forester and the landscape gardener.



GENERAL LEFROY, the Governor of Bermuda, well known as a scientific man during his long service at the War Office, has published a very admirable report on the sanitary condition of Bermuda, compiled with the special objects of gathering information respecting the recent visits of yellow fever to that colony, and of studying the general effects of the climate on the European and African races. These meet, we may observe, at Bermuda under fairer conditions than in any other British possession, the climate being temperate without being cold for nearly half the year, though of tropical heat during the summer. Thus favoured, however, Bermuda, even independently of the dreaded epidemic, stands at present lower as to health results than the actually tropical stations of our troops in the Windward and Leeward Islands, though much higher than Jamaica. General Lefroy's report does not appear to settle the important question as to whether the fever which ravaged the garrison in 1843, 1853, 1856, and 1864 can be traced to direct importation; but it is abundantly shown that the absence of all proper drainage precautions, added to certain cases of overcrowding, had established before each recurrence conditions abundantly favourable to the propagation of the malady when once fairly started. General Lefroy, in summing up his results, gives it as his opinion that to protect the islands effectually the sanitary measures urgently needed should be supplemented by a moderate system of quarantine, to be enforced, however, only during the hot or dangerous months. With regard to the general effect of the climate, it is apparent that, though relaxing to the young, it is very favourable to the advanced in years. The report gives a total of persons dying at ages over seventy-five years, which General Lefroy remarks "could probably not be matched by any district of 12,000 souls in England. It would have gladdened the late Sir George Lewis, however, to learn that the alleged cases of centenarians, of which four were at first reported to the governor, proved on close inquiry to be as mythical as many others nearer home, the oldest, a white lady, having died when still wanting three months of the hundred years.

Pall Mall.

That which is most pure in man is most divine:—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." That which is most tender in God is most human:—"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

These two rays of light meet in Christ. Do they neutralize each other as light beams sometimes do? Does the divine weaken the human? the pure diminish the tender? The reverse. It is sin that hardens and dehumanizes us. So, then, with what confidence we may cast ourselves on a sinless Saviour, "holy and yet harmless!"

Thoughts by the Way.

# "LOST WITH ALL HANDS."

"Lost, with all hands, at sea."  
The Christmas sun shines down  
On the headlands that frown o'er the harbour wide,  
On the cottages, thick on the long quay side,  
On the roofs of the busy town.

"Lost, with all hands, at sea."  
The dread words sound like a wail,  
The song of the waits, and the clash of the bells,  
Ring like death-bed dirges, or funeral knells,  
In the pauses of the gale.

Never a home so poor,  
But it brightens for good Yule-tide.  
Never a heart too sad or too lone,  
But the holy Christmas mirth 'twill own,  
And his welcome will provide.

Where the sea-coal fire leaps,  
On the fisherman's quiet hearth,  
The Yule log lies, for his hand to heave,  
When he hastes to his bride on Christmas Eve,  
In the flush of his strength and mirth.

High on the little shelf  
The tall Yule candle stands,  
For the ship is due ere the Christmas night,  
And it waits, to be duly set alight  
By the coming father's hands.

Long has the widow spared  
Her pittance for warmth and bread.  
That her sailor boy, when he home returns  
May joy, that her fire so brightly burns,  
Her board is so amply spread.

The sharp reef moans and moans.  
The foam on the sand lies hoar;  
The "sea-dog" flickers across the sky,  
The north wind whistles, shrill and high,  
'Mid the breakers' ominous roar.

Out on the great pier-head,  
The grey-haired sailors stand,  
While the black clouds pile away in the west,  
And the spray flies free from the billows' crest,  
Ere they dash on the hollow sand.

Never a sail to be seen,  
On the long grim tossing swell,  
Only drifting wreckage of canvass and spar,  
That sweep with the waves o'er the harbour bar,  
Their terrible tale to tell.

Did a vision of Christmas pass  
Before the drowning eyes,  
When 'mid rent of rigging and crash of mast,  
The brave ship, smote by the mighty blast,  
Went down 'neath the pitiless skies?

No Christmas joy I ween,  
On the rock-bound coast may be.  
Put token and custom of Yule away,  
While widows and orphans weep and pray  
For the "hands, lost out at sea."

All The Year Round.

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## HOME-SPUN SONGS.

BY SAMUEL SLICK, JUNR.

## WAITING FOR YOU, JOCK.

WINTER's agoing;  
 The streams are a-flowing;  
 The May flowers blowing  
 Will soon be in view.  
 But all things seem faded,  
 For my heart it is jaded,  
 Waiting for you, Jock,  
 . Waiting for you;  
 Oh, but it's weary work,  
 Waiting for you!

As soon as the day's done,  
 My thoughts to the west run;  
 I envy the red sun,  
 That sinks from my view.  
 On you it's a-shining,  
 While here I am pining,  
 Waiting for you, Jock,  
 . Waiting for you;  
 Oh, but it's weary work,  
 Waiting for you!

I sigh when the day beams,  
 The pitiful night seems  
 To cheer me with sweet dreams,  
 That bear me to you.  
 Each morn as you flee me,  
 The fading stars see me,  
 Waiting for you, Jock,  
 . Waiting for you;  
 Oh, but it's weary work,  
 Waiting for you!

Go, robin,\* fly to him,  
 Sing ever nigh to him;  
 Summer winds, sigh to him;  
 Bid him be true!  
 Where he sleeps on the prairies,  
 Oh, whisper, kind fairies,  
 "Waiting for you, Jock,  
 . Waiting for you!  
 Oh, but it's weary work,  
 Waiting for you!"

\* The American thrush.

## AFEARED OF A GALL.

OH, darn\* it all! — afeared of her,  
 And such a mite of a gall!  
 Why, two of her size rolled into one  
 Won't ditto sister Sall.  
 Her voice is sweet as the whipporwill's  
 And the sunshine's in her hair;  
 But I'd rather face a redskin's knife,  
 Or the grip of a grizzly bear.

\* Sister Sall don't like this word. Says it's only fit  
 for stockings, and suchlike. But it can't be helped.  
 The country folks are great at darning. They will  
 "darn," and that's all about it. — S. S. Jr.

Yet Sall says, "Why, she's such a dear,  
 She's just the one for you."  
 Oh, darn it all! — afeared of a gall,  
 And me just six feet two!

Though she ain't any size, while I'm  
 Considerable tall,  
 I'm nowhere when she speaks to me,  
 She makes me feel so small.  
 My face grows red; my tongue gets hitched,  
 The cussed thing won't go;  
 It riles me, 'cause it makes her think  
 I'm most tarnation slow.  
 And though folks say she's sweet on me,  
 I guess it can't be true.  
 Oh, darn it all! — afeared of a gall,  
 And me just six feet two!

My sakes! just 'spose if what the folks  
 Is saying should be so!  
 Go, cousin Jane, and speak to her,  
 Find out and let me know;  
 Tell her the galls should court the men,  
 For isn't this leap year?  
 That's why I'm kinder bashful like,  
 Awaiting for her here.  
 And should she hear I'm scared of her,  
 You'll swear it can't be true.  
 Oh, darn it all! — afeared of a gall,  
 And me just six feet two!

Blackwood.

## DYING HYMN.

EARTH with its dark and dreadful ills  
 Recedes and fades away.  
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills,  
 Ye gates of Death, give way!

My soul is full of whispered song;  
 My blindness is my sight;  
 The shadows that I feared so long  
 Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,  
 My faith doth so abound,  
 I feel grow firm beneath my feet  
 The green, immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives  
 Towards the grave to go;  
 I know that my Redeemer lives, —  
 That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see  
 Where dwells my Lord and King;  
 O grave, where is thy victory?  
 O Death, where is thy sting?

ALICE CARY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## TWO ACTS OF SELF-DEVOTION.

THERE is little need to explain at any length why death-scenes, so sad to witness, are so interesting to read of. The fact is at any rate well known, and has been abundantly traded on by second-rate poets and novelists. Their favourite plan of introducing us to an innocent young victim whose chief use (if rather tedious in life) is to beguile us of our tears on a sentimental death-bed, has been often justly censured. This device, too, defeats its own end; for a thing which has scarcely *lived* cannot with any propriety of language be said to die. But when we are reading the description of a statesman's demeanour on the scaffold, or of a warrior breathing his last on a hardly-conquered field, the added interest with which we view the close of that career which we have been surveying throughout its progress, is perfectly legitimate. Nor can historian or biographer engrave their words at any time more deeply on our memories than when they are placing before us a man who is about (as Plutarch says\*) to flee from that altar of Life which has ceased to afford him protection, in order to seek shelter at the more awful inner shrine of Death. This interest we do right to extend to similar passages in great works of fiction, whether prose or verse, because they are as true to the facts of nature as history and biography, — often far truer. Thus most men could sooner forget the stirring fights of the Iliad than the death of Hector, the gardens of Armida than the baptism of the dying Clorinda. For a death scene, not sentimentally tricked out with affected prettinesses, but truthfully and powerfully painted, stirs in us that sense of the sublime which belongs to the terrible when not near enough to alarm; it awakens reverential pity in our breasts; above all, it makes its appeal to one of man's strongest desires, his insatiable curiosity about the unknown. As we read we pursue with our eyes a traveller along that road where every footprint points forward; we know that he cannot turn back to tell us what

the journey feels like, and yet we are assured that where we see him now standing we shall one day stand ourselves: no wonder, then, that we watch his every movement. That last march admits, properly speaking, of no rehearsals; if ill executed it cannot be recommenced with a view to its better performance; and so we like to rehearse it in imagination, and feel a strange excitement in studying our part beforehand.

No writer of fiction gratifies this desire with sounder judgment than Shakespeare. Grave, manly, yet full of human pity, his death-scenes arouse no maudlin sensibility; they instruct while they affect us. In them we study the emotions called forth by death's approach in very various characters — the dull and common-place man and the genius — the unusually guilty and the singularly good. We mark how, as the great teacher draws near him, the rude and thoughtless Hotspur becomes suddenly enlightened; how Hamlet's over-weighted mind is cleared of its perplexities by his touch. Who can read many of Shakespeare's finest passages without being reminded of his own words —

The setting sun, and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest last —  
Writ in remembrance, more than things long  
past?

And yet there is one omission in Shakespeare's death-scenes which, when we come to think of it, strikes us as hard to account for. None of his plays represents to us the noblest death of all — the free-will offering of a life on the altar of faith, home, or country. His plays abound with fair types of maiden modesty and grace; but he neither emulates Euripides by making one of his young girls stand forth, timid yet resolute, to die for her fatherland, nor yet does he lead the way in which Calderon and Massinger were to follow, by picturing a virgin's readiness to die for her God. Shakespeare's wives are models, many of them, of submissive and loving devotion to their husbands; but there is among them no Alcestis who ransoms her lord's life with her own. Lady Macbeth by her fierce and unscrupulous courage, Hamlet by the task of vengeance imposed upon him, recall to

\* Life of Demosthenes.



us the Clytemnestra and the Orestes of Æschylus; but Prometheus, the willing sufferer for the benefit of mankind, finds no counterpart in the Shakesperian drama. Lear and Cordelia remind us of the blind king at Colonos and his dutiful daughter, but there the resemblance stops; the Antigone of Sophocles has no parallel among Shakespeare's tragedies. Nor has our great dramatist conceded to a man's brow the crown which he has refused to place upon a woman's. The forgotten Latin bards, whose ballads survive for us in Livy's exquisite prose, fired the young Roman's imagination by many a story of how his ancestors had devoted themselves to death for their country. But the tale of early Rome which Shakespeare dramatizes is a history of selfishness rather than of self-sacrifice; he depicts to us Coriolanus marching against his country, not Regulus calmly going to certain death at Carthage for its sake.

It is impossible to assign with any certainty the reason why the greatest of dramatists thus turns away from what would seem the noblest of tragic subjects. Shall we say that it was a mere accident; that conspicuous acts of self-sacrifice were infrequent in those popular histories and tales of Shakespeare's day which were selected by circumstances rather than by his own deliberate choice as the groundwork of his plays? so judging, shall we deem that had the poet in his retirement at Stratford seen the years of the two great Greek tragedians, his lengthened leisure might (among other precious fruits) have rivalled or outdone their two masterpieces? Or shall we look deeper for a reason, and say instead, that self-devotion in its noblest form had been exemplified in England too recently when Shakespeare wrote for him to find pleasure in depicting its lower manifestations; while those fires which his father may have seen blazing in Smithfield, had consumed sacrifices too holy to be represented on the English stage? and that thus it was that innate reverence of the poet for sacred things which his readers must thankfully acknowledge, which fenced round from him the most awful grove of all the Muses' haunts, and bade

him beware how he trespassed there, as profaner feet have since? Besides, is it not possible that even Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature failed him when he tried to picture to himself the unfolding of the aloë-blossoms of the world's garden, the feelings of nobly exceptional men and women in hours which were exceptional even in their own good lives? Not content with such a comparatively external delineation as would have satisfied the Greek stage, may not Shakespeare, with the modesty of true genius, have owned to himself that he did not yet possess the materials requisite for the fuller portraiture? Let us hope that to the greatest uninspired student of human nature such rare instances of its excellence did not seem incredible. Let us feel assured that he did not deliberately reject them as subjects for his art, because he thought them uninteresting compared with creatures

Not too bright or good

For human nature's daily food;

since, had Shakespeare undertaken the task, he would have performed it with such due regard to the mingling of weakness with man's strength as to retain our fellow-feeling for a being still, however exalted, "of like passions with ourselves." But be the cause what it may, the fact is certain, that none of Shakespeare's plays turns on a death voluntarily endured for some great object; the English tragedies on such subjects are by inferior hands to his.

Not such has been the fate of themes of self-sacrifice in the two other great national European dramas, the Greek and the Spanish. In them they have engaged the attention of the greatest poets. As we have already said, of the few surviving tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles, in each case one represents an act of self-devotion. In the more numerous remains of Euripides, such subjects are only too common; they are made cheap by frequent repetition.

Like the Greek, the Spanish stage was founded on its country's religion. Each alike does not shrink from presenting to its spectators the most sacred personages of its creed. What Shakespeare gener-

ally is content with implying, the Spanish, like the Hellenic dramatists, openly express; the deepest truths known to them, the beliefs most cherished by their audience. That lively faith in the unseen, in which alone genuine self-sacrifice can have its root, is strong in Calderon as in Sophocles. The truths on which each based his tragedy were universally accepted by the spectators, and the assurance of their unfaltering sympathy supported the poet in his task. We can therefore place "The Steadfast Prince" of Calderon by the side of the "Antigone" of Sophocles, as the product of the same spirit in the romantic, as his in the classic, drama. Nor shall we do amiss, when seeking to imagine how Shakespeare would have treated a similar subject, if we take our idea of the plot from Calderon, and of the characters from Sophocles, prophetic as he often is of Shakespeare in his turns of thought. We must remember, however, that neither the Greek nor the Spaniard can give us any notion of that wit and humour which are the unique heritage of the English dramatist; playing, as they do in "Lear" or "Hamlet," like summer lightning before the advancing storm, only to enhance by contrast its awful and gloomy grandeur.

The "Antigone" is last, in order of time, of the three plays founded by Sophocles on the misfortunes of Œdipus and his house. Excelled by the first (the most complete of all tales of woe) in tragic horror, it is yet the most pathetic of the three in this, that it represents the sufferings of a perfectly innocent victim. Œdipus is the cause of his own miseries, by the rash blow which he aims at the unknown Laius. His daughter's sorrows are the result of her own right-doing. The "Antigone" does not, like the "King Œdipus," astonish the mind by an amazing reverse from the greatest outward prosperity to the most hopeless misery; it begins, as it ends, in woe. Its predecessors run through a longer scale of emotions, the first descending, the second in ascent; and therefore impress the mind more strongly. But to the original audience the "Antigone" would appear

as the sequel to all that had gone before, as the concluding acts of that great Theban tragedy with which Æschylus and Sophocles had previously made their stage resound. And to judge it rightly now, we must recall those former plays to our remembrance; the anguished despair of Œdipus on discovering the two crimes which he has unwittingly committed, the curse on his two sons, the gallant advance and downfall of the "Seven against Thebes," and the wail of the two sisters when Eteocles and Polynices have fallen by each other's hands — when "the Chorus echo the beat of the oars in that ship which is moving with the fallen chieftains' souls" \* over the ways of Acheron to the unseen land.† That funeral procession was disturbed by the entrance of the herald forbidding the burial of Polynices, as an enemy to his country. And the "Antigone" opens (as the "Seven against Thebes" closes) with the resolution of the heroine to resist that decree to the utmost. It proceeds from the new ruler of Thebes, Creon,‡ brother to the wretched Iocaste, whose own life (prolonged by Euripides in his "Phœnissæ" to the time of her sons' death) Sophocles has followed Homer by terminating as soon as she has discovered the fatal secret of her second marriage. The great question on which the play turns is the righteousness of such a decree; whether it can ever be just to punish the dead, or whether all vengeance directed against those who now stand before a higher tribunal than man's is not an impious thing.

\* Copleston's "Æschylus" ("Ancient Classics for English Readers").

† "Stirred by wind of wailing cries,  
Beat your heads in strokes that fall  
Timed to oars sad, musical,  
Which o'er Acheron ceaseless rise  
From that ship black-sailed and mourning;  
(Ship Apollo may not tread,  
By no sunbeam visited;  
Ship which opes her hold to all)  
To the unseen shore returning."

— *Seven against Thebes*, line 839, &c.

‡ This stern tyrant of the Greek stage appears in a more amiable, though supremely ludicrous light, in a juvenile production of Racine's "Les Frères Ennemis," where, transported with love for his niece, he readily reconciles himself to his son's death, with the exclamation, "J'étais père et sujet, je suis amant et roi."



This question being decided against Creon, by the common feeling of the tragedian and his audience, the second question is raised : how far active resistance to an unrighteous law is to be justified. An extreme case is purposely set forth ; that of a subject withstanding the ruler of the state, of a woman disobeying the man who has over her the authority of a father. And so the true justification of such disobedience is placed in the clearer light, as reverence to the higher law, through fear of transgressing which alone the lower is broken. Thus the irony of Sophocles (to use Bishop Thirlwall's phrase) is as conspicuous in the "Antigone" as in his other dramas. That strong sense of the startling contrasts frequent in human life between the apparent and the real, which in the "Philoctetes" delights to show us in a weak and suffering man the arm on which the fall of Troy, in truth, depends, sets before us here, in the king (the seeming asserter of the majesty of the law), a tyrant whose edicts violate that true law which is the foundation of all the rest ; in the maiden, who defies his authority and suffers for her crime, the real reverencer of that higher Law for the sake of keeping which she dies a martyr.

Sophocles does not depict his heroine as perplexed by any conflicting thoughts of the duties of citizenship and kindred. He ascribes to her that "honest heart which is the best casuist ;" that intuitive sense of right, which may find it hard (as Antigone does afterwards) to justify its own convictions to others, but which never falters in them itself. Never afterwards, not even when the gods seem to have declared against her, does Antigone wish her deed undone. The moral government of the universe, the after-consequences of right-doing, may seem to her for a moment painfully uncertain ; but she never allows herself to think that she *could* have acted differently. With this strong and noble maiden is contrasted a gentle, weaker sister, Ismene, who clings to her with a passionate attachment, which after a time lifts up her own feeble nature to a momentary heroism, but who is incapable of sharing Antigone's lofty purpose. She thus provokes her sister's greater but sorely-tried spirit, to treat her with scarcely warrantable harshness in the two critical moments in which alone we see them together ; that such harshness was the exception, not the rule, of their intercourse, we have the fullest assurance afterwards, when we see Ismene,

timid as she is, prefer death with her sister to life without her.

But in the first scene of the play the altercation waxes hot : —

*Ismene.* Mean'st thou to bury him against the law?

*Antigone.* My brother and thine also? Yea, even if

Thou aid not; ne'er will I be found a traitor.

Then Ismene raises her voice in behalf of prudence and caution. Women cannot be expected to fight against men ; the calamities of their house may well warn its two last survivors against rashness : "May my dead kindred forgive me," is her conclusion, "since I neglect them not by free-will, but by constraint ; but I shall obey the law : to act otherwise would show no good sense."

*Ant.* I would not bid thee do it; if thine aid Were freely offered now, I would not have it. Go where thou wilt, I go that man to bury. If for such deed I die, I die with honour, To lie, beloved, beside my brother loved, Righteous in my transgression; since 'twill profit

Longer to please the dead than please the living;

For with them I shall ever rest; but thou Despise (if such thy choice) what gods revere.

Ismene confesses herself too weak to share in the exploit, which she at once blames and admires her sister for performing ; and Antigone departs alone. When she is gone, the Chorus of citizens occupy the vacant stage. They sing of the recent deliverance of Thebes ; of the peril brought on his hapless country by Polynices, the chieftain whose body now lies unburied outside their gates ; the eagle about to swoop upon them, and rend them with his talons, but disappointed of his prey by the patron deity of their city : how

Seven chieftains fierce against the seven gates fighting

Found each his match, and lost their brazen arms,

Zeus at his will their manly hearts affrighting. But the two, brothers in their hate severe, Raised weapons, fraught for each with deadly harms,

And (common lot of death on both alighting) Fell each by brother's spear.

Presently Creon enters, to explain and glory in his law against the burial of Polynices before the assembled citizens. They assure him, with trembling lips, that no one will dare to break it ; and while they are doing so, the frightened guardian of the corpse appears with the

news that it has been transgressed. He details the tokens which prove that there has been a performance of sepulchral rites, hasty indeed, and imperfect, but sufficient according to Greek ideas, to avert those penalties which await the unburied in the under-world. Creon is very angry, and dismisses the watchman with the command to discover the transgressor or to suffer in his room. The interval caused by his absence is filled up, as usual, by a Choric Ode. But the suspense of the audience is not of long duration. It is soon terminated by the watchman's reappearance with the captive Antigone, whom he had seized while visiting her brother's body for the second time. He gives the king a circumstantial account of the maiden's horror on seeing it cruelly despoiled of the earth which her pitying hand had cast upon it; of her "shrill and bitter cry, like a bird that has found her nest emptied of its young;" of her attempt to renew her offerings, and of her capture undismayed and owning the whole charge. Then the tyrant and the maiden confront one another: the asserter of arbitrary power, and the maintainer of the justice of heaven.

*Cr.* Thou, thou who standest with eyes bent on earth,

Dost thou confess these deeds, or else deny?

*Ant.* I own I did them and deny them not.

*Cr. (to the Watchman.)*

Thou then betake thee where thou listest, free,  
By this acquittal, of a heavy charge.

*(To Antigone.)*

But thou, say briefly, not in long harangue,  
Knew'st thou this act had been proclaimed unlawful?

*Ant.* I did; how could I else? The law was public.

*Cr.* And yet hadst boldness to transgress the law?

*Ant.* Yea, for it was no Zeus who published it;

Nor Justice, dweller with the gods beneath, —  
They never made such laws for men to keep.  
Nor could I see strength in thy proclamations,  
Being mortal, such as to o'erstep the unwritten  
And never-to-be-shaken laws of gods.

For these began not now nor yesterday,  
But ever live, none having seen their birth.  
For breaking these, through fear of any man,  
I will not be condemned before the gods.  
Full well I know that I must die (who does not?)

E'en hadst thou held thy peace; but if for this  
I die before my time I count it gain.  
For who, as I, can live in many griefs  
And not by death be gainer? Thus to me  
To meet such fate shall not cause any pain.  
But had I left my mother's son, when dead,  
To lie a corpse unburied, then my heart  
Had pained me, as it does not pain me now.

If still thou count my deed for foolishness  
Haply a fool of folly finds me guilty.

The Chorus are terrified, Creon is irritated by this display of courage. He threatens instant death to Antigone and to her sister, her presumed accomplice. The same want of self-control which leaves him at the close of the play to sink beneath the burden of adversity, makes him now powerless in prosperity to bear opposition to his will. Furious at the thought of a woman's having dared to disobey him, he is even yet more enraged at her for afterwards glorying in the deed. To deprive her of that boast, he condescends for a moment to employ argument. He charges her with impiety towards her other brother, Eteocles, by paying honours to his slayer's corpse. Her answers are fine and pathetic.

*Ant.* It was no slave who perished, 'twas a brother.

*Cr.* Wasting this land — for which the other fought.

*Ant.* Still death demands that both have equal rites.

*Cr.* Not that the bad be equalled with the good.

*Ant.* Who knows if good be *there* the same as here?

*Cr.* Not even death can make our foe our friend.

*Ant.* Sharer of love, not hatred, was I born.

*Cr.* If thou must love our foe, go seek him out

Beneath the earth, and love him in his grave.

Ismene's entrance follows this brutal rejoinder. She stands as a mourner, bathed in tears, to plead for her sister's life; or, if that may not be, for leave to share her death. Her temporary courage, which is born of affection only, throws into stronger relief the higher and more enduring courage of Antigone, sprung as it is, not more from affection than from duty. No wonder that in the heroine's sight it is almost contemptible; that she can scarcely believe in the sincerity of this late offer to share in the glory and the danger of the deed which Ismene left itself unperformed; and that a proud satisfaction in knowing that Polynices' burial by one sister only, and that herself, will be the theme of future song, mingles with Antigone's softer gladness at the thought that, though *she* must die, yet her gentle young sister may live. But to us the timid, shrinking Ismene is an interesting figure; we are glad that her generous offer to share the responsibility of the deed from which she dissuaded her sister is rejected, — partly, in-



deed, because we fear that her brief courage might have failed her after all — but partly, also, because we could not bear to see such a fair young thing subjected to the terrible ordeal through which all Antigone's fortitude has much ado to bear her. It is thus that Ismene's entreaty for an after-share in her sister's glorious crime is rejected.

*Ant.* Seek not to die with me, nor make  
thine own  
The work thou didst not touch : my death suffices.

*Is.* What life can ever please me 'reft of thee?

*Ant.* Ask Creon, to whose son thou art betrothed.

*Is.* Woe is me! Am I not to share thy fate?

*Ant.* Yea; for thy-choice was life, but mine was death.

*Is.* But not without a warning word from me.

*Ant.* Thy words to thee seemed right, mine wise to me.

*Is.* Our error was alike.

*Ant.* Be of good cheer,  
For life is thine; but I died long ago,  
If so I might do service to the dead.

It is here that Creon interrupts the dialogue by sternly chiding Ismene for her madness in trying to cast in her lot with her sister; of whom he bids her speak as no longer living, but already dead. Ismene tries, at a last resource, the name of Hæmon, Creon's own son, and, in happier days, the betrothed of Antigone. "Hades shall stop that marriage," is the king's reply, as he commands his prisoners to be removed. But, after the Chorus have raised a strain of lamentation over the miseries of the house of Œdipus, over the scythe now uplifted to mow down its last hope, and over man's general infelicity, Hæmon himself enters; and the audience turn eagerly to watch the success of the latest effort for Antigone's deliverance.

The youth fears to provoke his father by freely showing the affection which he feels. He tries at first to disclaim personal interest in the matter, and to represent calmly that Antigone's execution would be a false step, shocking the citizens who have admired her action. But after each harsh reply of the father, the son becomes less able to restrain his feelings. Then Creon's wrath blazes out, and he threatens to slay the maiden before Hæmon's eyes. The youth swears that he will not survive her, and rushes forth, warning his father that he will see him again no more. Creon is too angry to

give serious heed to these threats, and provoked by them to greater fury, pronounces his hasty sentence. Antigone is to be led outside the city, and buried alive in a rocky cell; a little food beside her to make her death gradual enough to avert pollution from the state. "There let her call," the king savagely says, "on Hades, the only god she honours. Perchance he may deliver her; if not, she will be convinced of the vanity of her worship."

The Chorus begin to sing the overmastering power of love, in compassion for the hapless youth who is about to fall a victim to it. Ere their song is done, the guards appear leading Antigone to die. Then, in a grand lyric outburst of passionate sorrow, the ill-fated maiden utters her last farewells to life; the Chorus responding in feebler notes, expressive of their admiration (mixed with some disapproval) of her noble rashness, and of their pity. Antigone goes forth the innocent victim of her parents' crime, and bewails, as she goes, like Jephthah's daughter, the lost delight of youth, "the promise of her bridal bower." But it is the marriage to which she had looked in the abstract as the needful completion of her young life, not any special husband that she regrets. No word escapes her lips which tells us whether she in any degree returns that mighty passion, the full effects of which we have yet to see in her lover. Rather it would seem that in Antigone's mind, as in Hamlet's, the thoughts of love which may have delighted it in peaceful times, have been driven backward, far out of sight, by the onward rush of an overpowering calamity, and obliterated by solemn communion with the dead.

*Ant.* Look on me, dwellers in my native land,  
Treading the last dread way,  
Gazing my last on the sun's light,  
No more to see the day.

For me, still living, down to Acheron's strand  
(Closer of all eyes in night),  
Hades leads along,  
Before the day when I should wed,  
Unheard as yet my nuptial song, —  
Another bridegroom, Death, waits for the  
bride instead.

*Cho.* Glorious and well praised of man  
Thou departest to the tomb,  
Not by sickness wasted wan,  
Not by sword-stroke smitten, still  
Full of life, thou only of free-will  
Goest down to Hades' gloom.

*Ant.* Mournful the story which I heard of old  
How Phrygian Niobe

Perished beside Mount Sipylus :  
 Perpetual captive she,  
 To rocky clasp more tight than ivy's hold.  
 Men report she ever thus  
 Wastes away in rain  
 And ceaseless snow, which eyes despairing  
 Drop down her neck. Such bed of pain  
 As hers, a god's stern hand is now for me pre-  
 paring.

*Cho.* Yet she was sprung of gods, herself  
 divine :

We are but men of mortal line.  
 A lot with children of the gods allowed,  
 Might make a mortal maiden proud.

*Ant.* They mock me. By our father's gods,  
 ah! why

Insult ye me,  
 Not dead yet living, by your mocking cry ?  
 Oh, city! fellow-countrymen  
 Whose houses many treasures hide!  
 Waters from Dirce's fount that gently glide!  
 Thou woodland haunted glen  
 Of Thebe, the fair-charioted!  
 I call you all my witnesses to be,  
 How, without tear from friend,  
 Enforced I to my tomb descend,  
 My new-piled prison dread.  
 Ah me unhappy! denizen  
 Of neither world—the living nor the dead!

*Cho.* Boldly thou didst force thy way,  
 Up to Justice' threshold high;  
 Stumbling there, child, hopelessly,  
 Like thy sire a debt to pay.

*Ant.* Ah! thou hast touched upon my sorest  
 woe,

The thrice-renowned  
 Doom of my fathers; doom which all must  
 know

Who spring from Labdacus the Great.  
 Woe for the furies of our house!  
 Most wretched mother of thy son the spouse  
 Appointed by stern fate!

Ah! of what parents unto sorrow born  
 I now depart from hence, by curses bound,  
 Deprived of marriage rite,  
 To dwell with them remote from light!  
 Well, brother, may I mourn  
 That thou in evil hour didst mate :  
 Me living thy dead hand from life has torn.

*Cho.* The dead revering thou didst well re-  
 vere;

But might to monarch's hand assigned,  
 Let none defying cast off fear.  
 Thou diest for thy wilful mind.

*Ant.* Unwept, unfriended, and unwed,  
 Along the fated way,  
 I, hapless maid, am led,  
 The holy eye of yon bright torch of day,  
 Never, ah, never more to see!  
 Over my evil lot no tears are shed,  
 There wails no friend for me.

No version of this celebrated passage  
 can place it adequately before the Eng-  
 lish reader. We merely offer our own as  
 one more contribution added to the many  
 efforts which have been made already to  
 reproduce some portion of its unrivalled

pathos for those who cannot read it in the  
 original. Only those who can do so can  
 fully enter into Antigone's touching la-  
 mentation over her early-blighted youth,  
 and over its cause—the curse which,  
 resting on her ill-fated house, forbids any  
 child of Œdipus and Iocaste to die other-  
 wise than by a strange and fearful death.  
 To one of such a race there can be no  
 safe refuge but the grave. And yet, ming-  
 led with the shame and the anguish of  
 such thoughts, comes a mysterious sense  
 of a greatness in unparalleled misery,  
 which bids the maiden seek out a likeness  
 for herself amid the suffering children of  
 the gods. The Chorus, representing, as  
 usual, the average commonplace senti-  
 ments of the many, add to her pain by  
 failing to enter into her lofty thoughts,  
 and wound her by their want of sympathy.  
 Their censure of her daring deed suggests  
 the terrible thought to her that it may  
 have been uncalled for after all. At the  
 moment when she feels all the bitterness  
 of her sacrifice, she especially needs to  
 assure herself that she has not risked  
 and lost her life without adequate cause.  
 Hence, when Creon bids the lamentations  
 to cease, and commands the guard to hast-  
 en to the place of execution, Antigone  
 makes one last effort to place on record  
 the motives of her conduct. A part of her  
 reasoning, the cause assigned by her (as  
 by the wife of Intaphernes in Herodotus)  
 for a woman's preference\* of her brother  
 to her husband and children, sounds to us  
 strange and far-fetched. But (to say noth-  
 ing of the possibility that in the degrada-  
 tion of the idea of marriage through pa-  
 ganism, fraternal might seem a holier  
 sentiment than conjugal affection) this  
 argument, by its very sophistry, supplies  
 at once an example of a woman's aptness  
 to act rightly and to reason wrongly, and,  
 again, of that bewilderment which some-  
 times besets even a clear mind when sud-  
 denly called, in a moment of agony, to  
 justify its own instincts to others and to  
 itself. There is something inexpressibly  
 touching in the rest of the speech; the  
 uncertainty which its close reveals as to  
 the approbation of the gods exalts yet  
 more the heroism of the speaker; while  
 her appeal from the injustice of the living  
 to the affectionate applause of the dead,  
 gives an additional grandeur to her de-  
 parting form, as with one last outcry  
 against the wrong which she is enduring,  
 she vanishes from our eyes.

\* The speech of Althea in Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," is an English version of these sentiments.



*Ant.* O tomb! O bridal chamber! O abode!  
Dug to hold fast for ever! Thee I enter  
To join my kindred, of whom most already  
Persephone has numbered with her dead.  
Last of whom I, and with worst end by far,  
Go down, not having filled my time allotted.  
Yet go I with good hope to meet my father  
Pleased with me; thee, my mother, too well  
pleased;

And thee, my brother, most of all content.  
For you, in death, my parents, with this hand  
I washed and decked for burial, and libations  
Poured on your tombs; thy limbs but now  
composed

For burial, Polynices, death have earned me.  
That I did well thus honouring thee the wise  
Will own; for had I mother been of children,  
Neither for them, nor for my spouse in death,  
Had I discharged this office 'gainst the state.  
Ask ye what rule I follow speaking so?

A living husband may the dead succeed,  
A child born to him take the lost one's place;  
But, now my parents both in Hades sleep,  
Who a fresh brother can bring forth for me?  
Therefore I paid thee honour before all,  
And thought it righteous to break Creon's law,  
And to dare very greatly, O my brother!  
For this cause seizing me, to death he leads  
Thus spouseless; without nuptials, ere I know  
A wife's delight, or mother's care for son.  
So go I forth ill-fated, desolate,  
Through living burial, those I love to meet,  
Having transgressed what order of the gods?  
Ah! why should I, unhappy, to the gods  
Look any longer, or invoke their aid,  
Since to me piety for sin is reckoned?  
But if the gods approve such deeds, then when  
They strike, I needs must own that I have  
erred.

If they blame Creon, still let him nought worse  
Bear than he wrongfully inflicts on me.

*Cho.* Yet is her soul stirred by the same  
Blasts as before.

*Cr.* Your tarrying longer here, with foot-  
step lame,  
Ye shall deplore.

*Ant.* Alas! that word is spoken to proclaim  
My life is o'er.

*Cho.* We cannot say, be of good cheer;  
His deed makes good his word severe.

*Ant.* Oh, city of my Theban fatherland!  
God's of my fathers' line!

They lead me forth to die, none stays their  
hand.

Ye, chiefs of Thebes divine,  
Behold me, of your royal house the last,  
What things I of what men endure,  
Because with holy hand and pure  
I hallowed things hold fast!

This last appeal, disregarded below, is  
heard on high. The heroine has disap-  
peared from sight, and the Chorus are  
trying to soothe their own sorrow by fan-  
tastic parallels between her sufferings  
and those of famous ladies of old (per-  
haps with some latent hope that she may  
yet be delivered as they were), when an-

other form is seen advancing from the  
opposite side of the stage. It is that of  
the blind old Teiresias, the mighty sooth-  
sayer, who first warned Œdipus of his  
coming woe—the prophet at whose ever-  
true words even tyrants tremble. He  
has been warned by sure tokens of  
heaven's wrath to bid Creon cease from  
his unnatural warfare against the dead.  
And, after describing them, he closes his  
addresses to him by the significant  
words:—

These things, my son, consider; for to err  
Is common unto all men, and that man  
Is neither void of counsel nor unhappy  
Who, when he *has* sinned, straightway reme-  
dies

The ill incurred, nor shows a stubborn mind.

Creon derides the warning, and refuses  
the proffered advice. Then the insulted  
prophet bids him prepare to give a son's  
life in exchange for the unburied dead  
and the entombed living. And hinting  
at yet further calamities, he adds, "Soon  
shall wailing fill thine own house, and  
hostile arms surround this city." Hav-  
ing said this, he turns wrathfully from  
the misguided king, and retires to his  
own house in displeasure.

And now, to make the beholders' sor-  
row yet greater, a deliverance, which  
they feel assured will come too late, is  
procured for Antigone. Creon's soul is  
shaken by the fearful predictions of  
Teiresias; he yields to the persuasions  
of the Chorus, and departs to release his  
victim. But the passionate supplications  
which they pour forth after his departure  
to Bacchus, the Theban god, for aid in  
this sore extremity, prove vain. A mes-  
senger approaches, and Eurydice, Hæ-  
mon's mother, comes forth to receive from  
his lips the tidings of her son's death. A  
classic Romeo, Hæmon has slain himself  
in the grave of Antigone, into the recesses  
of which he had penetrated too late. For  
no sooner had its dreaded walls closed  
round the hapless maid, than, hopeless of  
rescue, she deemed it best to abridge her  
sufferings by strangling herself. To a  
Greek audience such an expedient would  
seem natural; a modern reader will al-  
ways wish that Sophocles had brought  
about his catastrophe by some other  
means, and spared his pious heroine the  
noose which more appropriately termi-  
nates the miseries of Iocaste, or the  
crimes of the wretched Phædra. But  
when Hæmon directly afterwards forces  
his way into the tomb, only to find there  
the lifeless body of Antigone, his shrieks

of despair strike his father's ear, as, bound on a similar errand, he is pausing to direct the long-delayed burial of Poly-nices. Hurrying forward at the sound, Creon finds his son maddened by his grief; who at first turns his sword against his father, but on second thought with surer aim sheathes it in his own breast. Then casting his arm round the dead maiden, the hapless Hæmon breathes his last breath forth on the cheek which he was not suffered to kiss in life, and (so the messenger concludes his doleful history)

There lies he dead, clasping the dead; receives  
His bride, poor wretched youth! in Hades'  
house.\*

The miserable Eurydice hears this sad tale in silence, and then departs, still without a word, to follow her son down to his doleful marriage-chamber. Her suicide accomplishes the prophecy of Teiresias, by paying from Creon's own house a woman's life for the woman, a man for the man, whom he had wronged. Creon's bitter cup is now full; and the play closes leaving him "a living corpse bereft of the life of life, joy," accusing himself as the murderer of his own son, and crying in the anguish of his soul for death.

The claims of poetic justice, as commonly understood, are thus satisfied, and Antigone is amply avenged. Nor has she died in vain, since in death she obtains for her brother those full burial-rites which she could not succeed in bestowing on him in life. To give any other reward to her lofty and pure devotion, the tragic Muse (waiting as yet amid darkness for the coming dawn) significantly owns herself incompetent. It is not in *her* power to explain or to justify Antigone's assurance that a welcome awaits her piety in the unseen world compared with which earthly love is as nothing. She cannot produce the same proof of the gods' approval of the maiden's self-devotion, as she can of their disapprobation of Creon. The "Antigone" of Sophocles suggests a question which it does not answer: it leaves the beholder with a chilling fear in his breast that, after all, the gods may not greatly regard man's struggles to hold fast the right; and yet not without a hope that "some better thing" has been provided for those who in comparison with righteous dealing have held earth's rewards cheap.

To descend to subordinate points. The death of Hæmon is the precursor of many a touching scene in romantic fiction, to which, rather than to classic, it seems to belong. Compared with the other extant remains of the Greek poets, it has a decidedly modern air. No other man in ancient poetry so much as offers to die for a woman's sake, even for a woman who loves him. The peerless pre-eminence of Antigone is indicated, as by other means, so by the youth's despair, to whom (unlike the Theban Princess in the plays of Racine and of Alfieri) she speaks no word of love, but who, nevertheless, cannot endure to survive her. We are the more impressed by the way in which Sophocles here makes the whole interest of his play to centre in his heroine, dwarfing all its other personages by comparison with her grand character, because in his other surviving dramas women are seldom prominent—one of them, the "Philoctetes," containing no female part at all. Did we possess, for example, his lost Iphigenia and his Polyxena, his Antigone might have had rivals in our esteem more formidable than she now has in Deianeira or in the submissive Tecmessa. Yet it is hard to imagine what picture, even from the hand of Sophocles himself, could have matched the one we have been contemplating; a sufferer at once so innocent and so majestic; a woman so masculine in her courage and yet so feminine in the source of that courage, her reverence for the charities of kindred and the sanctities of home.

The "Electra" of Sophocles challenges comparison in some points with his "Antigone;" but the sterner features are there deepened, and have less to relieve them; the heroine's object (to revenge her father's murder on her own mother) is a fearful kind of reverence for the dead when placed beside Antigone's; most of all, the halo of the martyr's crown which encircles the Theban maiden's head, is lacking to that of the haughty and successful Electra.

Last of a fated house, each stands alone  
Mourning a father's wrongs, yet proud defies  
A tyrant; each bewails with streaming eyes  
A brother, to the dead untimely gone.  
But in the urn o'er which One makes her moan  
Life stirs; o'erjoyed she sees the dead arise  
To slay the slayers,—and her eager cries  
To vengeance spur him,—and the work is  
done.

The Other all in vain bends o'er her dead,  
His cold grasp draws her down his tomb to  
share;

\* "C'è che'l viver non ebbe, abbia la morte."—TASSO.



One dies, one triumphs; but the dead are free,  
After the living stalk Avengers dread.  
Better still glooms than snake-wreathed torches'  
glare,  
More than Electra blessed, Antigone!

This reflection, which prompts every reader of the two plays to say, "Rather let me fail with Antigone, than succeed with Electra," testifies to the moral and spiritual beauty of the drama which we have been considering. One respect in which it exemplifies the "irony" of Sophocles, has already been referred to. With the mention of another we may conclude our somewhat imperfect sketch\* of the most beautiful of Hellenic tragedies.† In Creon's case the irony of fate is seen by making a man strong outwardly who is weak within; by removing from one who has no power to place restraint on his own passions all external restraint from circumstances; till (to use Plato's language) the tyrant, inwardly tyrannized over by the lawless inmates of his own breast, rushes to that hopeless ruin from before which his very prosperity has removed all the interposing barriers. In Antigone's case, the outward failure is as complete as in Creon's the success. Even her stealthy and scanty offering of earth is not suffered to remain on her brother's corpse; and she is herself removed to endure the punishment of the impious. She is the just sufferer of Plato's celebrated Dialogue. And yet, as he is pronounced happy by a sublime paradox which had to await its logical justification from revelation, so must she have been by the instincts of even a heathen audience. And thus the most startling and instructive of the Sopho-

clean contrasts is arrived at; that of misery without, enshrining goodness (which is virtually blessedness) within.

When we prepare to contrast a tragedy like the "Antigone" with any romantic drama, we must not forget that although they belong to the same genus, yet they are specimens of widely different species. The choric song, the lyric utterances of minds strung too high for ordinary speech in the classic, are hushed in the romantic drama; and instead, we hear the hum of more numerous and more natural voices. Each fair cold statue descends from its pedestal, like Hermione in the "Winter's Tale," and stands less stately, perhaps less graceful, than before, in warm and breathing life by our side. If we were to conceive of an Antigone as written by Shakespeare, we cannot imagine anything more grand than her speech on the majesty of law, or more beautiful than her pathetic lamentations, as proceeding even from him. But we should expect to be brought into more intimate acquaintance with the heroine under his guidance, instead of admiring her, as we now do, from a respectful distance; by a thousand little touches Shakespeare would have filled in the noble sketch till the portrait glowed life-like before us.\* The length of a play of Shakespeare's—nearly double that of one by Sophocles, and more than double when the dialogues are compared alone—gives added scope for this. But, alas! it is with no play of Shakespeare that we can propose to compare the "Antigone." We have instead to turn from this noble group of antique sculpture to the brilliant colours but often weak drawing of Calderon's long picture-gallery, and we take our stand before his "Steadfast Prince;" attracted thither, as in that well-known Spanish picture, "Padilla's Execution," by the grave, earnest face, stooping in manly grief over the fallen comrades for whom he sorrows more than for himself. Calderon is, as our readers probably know, a very great dramatist; we need scarcely add that his is not the genius of a Shakespeare. After the simple severity of the Greek drama especially, the Spanish tragedian seems somewhat over-florid, his language rather hyperbolic than forcible; his metaphors strike us as too lavishly scattered, his long harangues as requiring cutting down to more reasonable size. But these things belong to, and harmonize with, the semi-oriental genius of his nation; they are a part of the traditions of the Spanish, as the Chorus is of

\* We need scarcely say that a fuller account of several of the scenes, and specimens of the best translations of the "Antigone" will be found, along with many interesting observations on the play, in Mr. Collins's excellent "Sophocles," one of the now universally known series of "Ancient Classics for English Readers."

† Since this was written we have had the pleasure of reading Professor Campbell's (in many respects) excellent version of "Three Plays of Sophocles." He will pardon us for saying that, in our judgment, he has succeeded better with the "Electra" and the "Trachiniae" than with the "Antigone"—as might be expected, from the nature of his task. Of the two latter, we incline to prefer the last named; for though he has mostly well caught the pathos of the "Electra," the translator has not been always so fortunate as to escape commonplace—e.g., in such passages as the disguised messenger's introduction to Clytemnestra, or even in the finest scene. One cause of this is the introduction of rhymed couplets in the iambic dialogue, which are out of place in a classic drama, and would be better excluded in a future edition from the few scenes in which they occur in all these three plays. Deianira's most sad story is particularly well rendered by Mr. Campbell; and he has been especially happy in the first and last chorus, lines 94 and 823—and (in most respects) with the difficult speeches of the dying Heracles.

the Greek, stage. The speech of the dying hero, with its piles of similes and its interminable rush of verse, is conventional, like the solemn song of the dying heroine.

Some of Calderon's gifts as a dramatist are not displayed in his "Steadfast Prince;" of others, and those his highest, it gives full proof. Certainly, its simple story affords little space for that singular dexterity with which, in some of his other plays, he weaves and unravels the most complicated entanglements. Its want, also, of a Christian heroine, which leaves the play destitute of any love-scenes, save those which belong to a very secondary under-plot, deprives us of that dignified yet passionate love-making in which Calderon's romantic cavaliers generally distinguish themselves. But, on the other hand, we are gainers by the absence of most of those tedious attempts at wit, which in many of his other plays only make Calderon's deficient sense of humour the more conspicuous. The subject, too, of this tragedy, sufficiently remote both in time and place to allow the softening lights of poetry to play upon its personages, was still happily near enough in both to preserve its author from those astounding mistakes as to history and geography which often provoke a smile in his classic dramas; and of which the first instance which we remember, the march of Alexander the Great over the Peloponnesus, a *mountain in Asia*, may serve as a sample. More than that, it was a subject alike interesting to the author and to the audience. Sure of their sympathy, Calderon could not fail to set forth, with all the splendour at his command, a Crusade against the Infidel; prison and death braved and endured by a Christian prince in defence of the true faith. We here reach the source of the Spanish as of the Hellenic drama's strength—the tragedian's absolute certainty of a response when he touched certain chords. No Greek would doubt the sinfulness of leaving a brother's body unburied; no Spaniard that of abandoning Christian churches to the unbelievers: each would applaud the heroism which dies rather than prove false to such sacred obligations. Thus Sophocles and Calderon could alike feel strong in the strength of the foundation of their drama—the religious sentiment of their own nation. And thus, amidst the greatest diversity of form, their plays have a similarity of spirit. Like the heroine of Sophocles, Calderon's hero suffers apparent defeat,

and gains a real victory, like her he makes good with his life the sacred trust committed to him: for him, as for her, Heaven interposes in death, though human succour comes too late. But, happier far than she is, his calm serenity is perturbed by no doubts of his unseen Helper. The noblest heathens could but feel after an unknown God "like children crying for the light." Calderon's Portuguese hero "has the light, and fears no dark at all." He offers his life, with all a Christian's humility and a true knight's intrepid courage, as a willing sacrifice to his God and Saviour; and no fears perplex him as to how that sacrifice may be accepted.

The story of this Christian *Regulus* will be understood from a brief abstract of Calderon's play, which we need only preface by saying that in all its main outline it is true: Don Fernando, of Portugal (grandson, through his mother, to our own John of Gaunt), having been taken captive (as is here told) in an unfortunate African expedition, having refused liberty on the Moorish king's terms, and having died of the ill-treatment which he endured in consequence, though after more protracted sufferings than those which Calderon describes. In our extracts we shall exactly follow Calderon's structure of verse; his usual rhymed metre being the singularly graceful one peculiar to Spanish plays, diversified by occasional sonnets and by passages in triple, in octave, and in a broken heroic verse.

We shall only change (at least in the most important speech) the assonants—which, as in many Spanish ballads, give an imperfect rhyme to the remaining portions of the play—for full rhymes; being moved so to do by the consideration that in Spanish the vowels have an unchanging, in English a varying sound; and that therefore while *a* and *e*, for example, will strike the ear in line after line of a Spanish ballad—the altering consonants with which they recur preserving us from too great monotony—the same vowel in English changes its sound too much (as, for instance, in "angel," "wander," "handed," "father,") to do more than appeal to the eye, while it leaves the ear unsatisfied.

"The Steadfast Prince," begins by a scene at Fez, in the king's gardens; where the song of the Christian captives strikes the first note of the sad strain which we are to hear so frequently during its course. They are singing to the mournful accompaniment of their clank-



ing chains, for the gratification of Phœnix, the king's daughter. After their dismissal her father enters to prepare her for her intended marriage with the King of Morocco, whose portrait he places in her unwilling hand; her heart being secretly given already to Muley, the general of her father's army. That devoted lover, entering to make his report to the king on the proposed expedition against Ceuta, surprises the princess with the portrait in her hand. He stifles his jealousy till he has announced that the Portuguese have themselves taken the initiative, and instead of merely preparing to defend Ceuta, are about to attack Tangiers. Their leaders are the King of Portugal's brothers, Henry and Ferdinand, Grand Master of the Order of Avis. The King of Fez receives this news with defiant pride, and declares his purpose to keep Tangiers and storm Ceuta, in spite of any masters and princes in the world. He goes away; and then Muley's jealousy overcomes his respect for his princess, and he asks her angrily whose the portrait is. Phœnix at first replies that though she has condescended to allow Muley to love, yet she has given him no permission to insult her. Presently, however she enters on a further explanation, and then asks —

*Aow then sinned I, if my father  
Treats this marriage?*

*Muley.* How? by breaking  
Faith with me; that portrait taking  
And not saying, "Kill me rather."

*Phœnix.* Could I help it?

*Mu.* Easily.

*Ph.* How?

*Mu.* Inventions hast thou tried?

*Ph.* Which?

*Mu.* At least thou couldst have died:  
I would gladly die for thee.

The scene changes. For a time we leave the Moorish palace for the Christian army, and witness the disembarkation of the Portuguese princes on the African coast. Prince Henry falls as he takes his first step on land, and other previous evil omens combine to dismay his mind. Ferdinand, whom these in truth concern, bids him be of good courage. Like Hector, and like Hamlet, the young champion of the Cross defies auguries; and alas! as we shall see, with the same evil result, as far as temporal success goes. He says —

These common portents and these terrors vain  
Come to win credence from our Moorish foes,  
Not to dismay the knights of Christ's own  
train:

We two are such; not here in fight we close  
From vain desire of proud memorial  
Which in the scroll of history brightly shows  
When human eyes upon the record fall;  
The faith of God we come to magnify:  
His be the honour, His the glory all,  
If we with good success shall live and die.  
Fearing God's chastisements, we fear aright;  
But them no vain fears wrap when forth they  
dart;

We come to serve, not trespass in His sight,  
Christians are ye, as Christians act your part.

Disappointment swallows up these high hopes. All indeed goes well in the first encounter with the Moors: their general, Muley, is taken prisoner by Ferdinand, though set free with romantic generosity, when his captor beholds him weeping for his absent and perhaps faithless ladye. But the small Christian army is surprised after its advance to Tangiers, by the combined forces of the kings of Fez and Morocco: hopelessly outnumbered, it gives way in spite of prodigies of valour performed by its leaders—one of whom, Don Ferdinand, instead of dying for the faith as he had wished, is constrained to yield his sword to the King of Fez. That monarch has a parley with Prince Henry, in which he bids him go to Portugal and return with full power to effect Ferdinand's release. Ceuta (so he bids him tell his royal brother) is the only ransom which will be accepted for the captive prince. "Tell him," says the prisoner significantly, "to see that he act in this calamity as a Christian king should." The full sense of these words appears later on. The tears by which they are accompanied, reveal in them to the discerning spectators Ferdinand's last farewell to freedom and to life.

In the second act, we are again at Fez, where the king treats his captive with great respect, and permits him the diversion of the chase. The Christian prisoners gather round him as their consolation and their hope, since they know of his intention to stipulate for their liberty along with his own. But dark forebodings oppress Ferdinand's mind as he awaits his brother's return; and he studies, as he says, in the captives' sorrows how to bear those misfortunes which he may one day feel himself. At length the expected ship approaches: its sails are black, and Prince Henry lands, himself in mourning weeds, and announces his royal brother's death; hastened by grief for his army's defeat and for Ferdinand's capture. His last thoughts have been directed to his brother's release; and

Henry bears a mandate for the surrender of Ceuta to the King of Fez, in exchange for his deliverance. But he has no sooner said so than Ferdinand interrupts his speech, and forbids him to execute his commission. "What!" he exclaims with indignation; "shall the king abandon to the Moors the city which he gained with his own blood? Is it an action fit for a Portuguese, a Catholic, a Christian, to let the Crescent eclipse in its churches the light of the true Sun? to suffer those temples which have been so solemnly consecrated to Christ to be turned once more into mosques? How can we answer for the souls of those Christian inhabitants of the place, who, with their children, may be perverted from the truth? Why sacrifice so many to one? And to whom? To a prince? That name perished when I was taken captive. A slave (and such I now am) has no rights beyond other men. I am civilly dead: then why destroy the living for my sake? Let me tear the paper which authorizes such a deed. Let not the world even know that a Portuguese king and nobles had ever such a purpose." With these words the prince destroys the warrant for the surrender of Ceuta, and bids his brother go home to report that he has left him buried in Africa. The captives have gained a fresh companion in sorrow; the King of Fez another slave. "Do you call yourself my slave, and yet refuse me obedience in the thing on which my heart is set?" rejoins the king; "then as a slave will I treat you. Do you despise death—nay, even desire it? then live a life than death more bitter." He gives the order,—and the prince is clothed in a slave's common dress, loaded with fetters, and set to work among the other (now hopeless) captives; while his brother is scornfully bidden to return to Portugal, and there tell the state in which he has seen him. Don Henry mournfully departs, intending to come back in arms for Ferdinand's deliverance. But meanwhile the noble captive's sufferings grow daily more intense. He bears them without a murmur, grieving chiefly for the sorrows which he has added to those of his companions in misfortune. One day as he labours in the king's gardens, the princess bids him gather her some flowers, which he presents to her as symbols of his own fast approaching fate, with these words, which form one of the sonnets occasionally scattered by Calderon among his dramas:—

These which, at early dawn's first brightness  
waking,  
Arose a gladness and an exultation,  
Shall be at eve an empty lamentation,  
In arms of chilly night their last sleep taking.  
These tints, which vie with heaven in light out-  
breaking,  
Rainbows of gold, and snow, and red carna-  
tion,  
Shall teach us much in one day's brief duration  
For short-lived man a warning picture making.  
The roses sprang up early, fair to bloom;  
But, as they bloomed, old age came on apace;  
They, in one bud, their cradle found and tomb.  
Even suchlike fortune waits the human race,  
In one day to be born and die their doom;  
For ages passed and hours leave self-same  
trace.

There are still gleams of hope. Muley, grateful for Ferdinand's former kindness to him, wishes to plot his escape. But the generous prince refuses to expose him to his master's vengeance, and goes on suffering patiently.

When the third act begins (Calderon's plays only consist of three), that suffering is nearly at an end. Hunger, weariness, and ill-treatment have broken the strength, but not the spirit, of the Steadfast Prince. We hear how he lies, like Lazarus at the rich man's gates, before the king's palace, dying of a mortal disease; still attended, in spite of the king's prohibition, by two faithful friends. Like Sophocles in his "Philoctetes," Calderon dwells more here on the physical details of his hero's sufferings, which render him an object at once of horror and compassion to the beholders, than modern taste approves of. There is, however, this important difference, that whereas Philoctetes shrieks forth his own complaints, Ferdinand endures his anguish in silence. The lips of others report it to the king, in the vain hope of moving him to pity. He has just listened to the sad tale, and rejected his own daughter's entreaties for the noble prisoner's relief, when an ambassador is announced, who offers a rich ransom in gold, in place of the town which has been refused, for Ferdinand's liberty. "Ceuta, or nothing," is the king's answer; and the ambassador, who is in truth the prisoner's nephew, Alphonso, the new King of Portugal, disguised as his own messenger, retires to hasten on the advance of his troops.

On the morning after his departure, the poor captives discharge their usual kind office of bearing Ferdinand forth into the sunshine from the wretched place where he has passed the night, before they hasten to their daily toil. Reduced



to the last degree of weakness, he sees the end of his sufferings now near at hand, and his accents are those not merely of resignation, but of thankfulness at having been permitted to endure so much for the glory of God.

*Ferd.* Lay me in this place reclining  
To enjoy, in fulness poured,  
Light that heaven distributes shining.  
Infinite and tender Lord,  
Thanks I owe Thee unrepining!  
When, as I, Job wretched lay,  
Cursed he of his birth the day;  
But he meant to curse the sin  
Whence his life did first begin.  
I instead will bless each ray  
Of the light which God bestows  
For the grace that with it flows;  
Unto Him, each sunbeam sent  
(Brightness of His firmament)  
Shall a fiery tongue disclose  
Praise and thanks from me to send.

*Brito.* Is it well thus, lord, with thee?

*Ferd.* Better than I merit, friend! —  
How Thy succour graciously  
Thou, O Lord, to me dost lend!  
From chill dungeon when they lift me,  
Thou, to warm my frozen blood  
With thy glorious sun dost gift me;  
Bounteous art Thou, Lord, and good!

The captives leave him, much against their will, to perform their daily labour; his faithful friend, Juan, goes to look for food for him, now hardly to be obtained; Muley, the only person who dared to provide it in spite of the king's edict to the contrary, having been despatched to prepare an escort for the princess on her way to her intended marriage. Soon after the king is seen approaching with his train to feast his eyes on his victim's anguish; perhaps, too, with a lingering hope that it may at last have subdued his resolution. The contrast between the two reminds us of those which Sophocles loved to depict. The mighty king is powerless to shake his prisoner's steadfast will; the weak grasp of the dying man is strong enough to resist his tyrant's utmost efforts to wrest the Christian city from his hold. Only over this picture of antique heroism play lights from the eternal world. Ferdinand is not merely a brave man, withstanding injustice to the end. He is this because he is also a servant of God, who, having been appointed to glorify his Master by suffering rather than by acting for Him, has learned to rejoice in the task. To him has come that sacred thirst for martyrdom which led Ignatius of old to pant for the fierce wild beasts of the arena; he will ask for food because he knows that he has no

right to abridge his own sufferings by a single moment; he will implore the king to let him have the honour of actually shedding his last drops of blood for the faith; and then, when both requests are denied him, thankfully stretch out his hand for the last bitter cup,—ready even to kiss the cruel hand which presents it to him, as the unintentional opener of the gate of heaven.

*The KING, after contemplating FERDINAND in silence.*

Faith retained in this sad state,  
Wretched and unfortunate,  
Grieves, insults me more than all.  
Master! Prince!

*Brito.* The King doth call.

*Ferd.* Me? thou sure dost err; of late  
Neither Prince nor Master, nay,  
But the corpse of both am I,  
Which in earth long buried lay;  
Prince and Master formerly, —  
Neither is my name to-day.

*The King.* If not Prince nor Master, here  
Answer me as Ferdinand.

*Ferd.* At that summons I appear,  
Drag my frame, too weak to stand,  
Here to kiss thy foot.

*The King.* My fear  
Moves thee not; thus, bending low,  
Mean'st thou to submit, or brave  
My commandment?

*Ferd.* Thus I show  
All the reverence which I owe  
To my master as his slave.

At this point the structure of the verse changes; the linked sweetness of its peculiar rhyme is replaced by the ordinary Spanish ballad measure, the groundwork of Calderon's plays, as the choric ode is of those of Sophocles. With a bold disregard of probability, near two hundred lines are assigned to the dying man's speech: its earnest petition for death is prefaced by reflections on its certainty, which to us sound commonplace, and by a repetition of one truth under different and boldly imaginative metaphors, to appreciate which at all duly we must remember that they are not addressed to a matter-of-fact European mind, but to a semi-barbarian African despot. Ferdinand conjures the king to grant him the favour which he is about to implore, by the sacredness of that kingly office which can impart a certain consecration even to an unbaptized head. Kingship, he says, makes even brute creatures magnanimous. The lion will not tear an unresisting prey, the dolphin has rescued the shipwrecked, the eagle has been known to hinder the traveller from drinking of a poisoned spring, the pomegran-

ate (queen of fruits) will not let itself be made the vehicle for mischief without giving warning, the diamond (sovereign of the mineral kingdom) shivers at treason. He then proceeds : —

If then beasts and birds and fishes, plant and even lifeless stone,  
Each, enthroned in office kingly, has a heart of pity shown,  
Man, my lord, may show it; neither is thy differing creed a bar,  
For each faith forbid's that cruel God's own work in man we mar.  
Yet I would not move thy pity by my anguish and lament,  
Life to gain by earnest pleading, ah! not such my words' intent.  
For well know I that this sickness, which perturbing every thought  
Through my limbs runs chill and faintly, unto me with death is fraught.  
Well I know my wound is deadly, since my tongue no word can say  
But the breath, like sharp sword cutting, forth in anguish finds its way.  
Well I know that I am mortal, that no hour is safe to man,  
And that wisdom, therefore, moulded of one substance and one plan,  
Coffin in the cradle's likeness. Men when they receive a gift,  
Hands held close together, this wise, by a natural gesture lift.  
That same gesture, when it likes them gift received away to cast,  
Still they use; their hands turned downward empty of their contents fast.  
Thus the world at birth receives us, of its welcome giving sign,  
Where 'twixt cradle-sides turned upward little children safe recline.  
But when wrathful or disdainful it would fling us from its hold,  
Then it turns its hands united the same shape reversed to mould,  
Since what, upward turned, was cradle, downward turned becomes a tomb.  
Close as this we live to death, even thus near our last strait room  
To our cradle lies from birth-hour. Who hears this? what waits he for?  
What shall he who knows this seek for? Past a doubt, for life no more;  
Death, 'tis death for which I ask thee, that heaven so may gratify  
My desire, long dearly cherished, for our Holy Faith to die :  
Not despairing or life-wearied, nay, but longing life to give  
As a righteous champion fighting for that faith by which we live.  
And to yield both life and soul up unto God, an offering meet :  
Thus my motive makes it blameless if for death I now entreat.  
And if pity cannot bend thee, then let rigour. Lion, rise,

Rend with mighty roar thy foeman, thus avenge thine injuries;  
Eagle, with thy beak and talon, me, thy nest's despoiler, tear;  
Dolphin of the world's sea, tempest to the seaman rash declare;  
Royal tree, with branches leafless, show of God in storm the ire;  
Diamond, turned to dust, burn in me, raging with envenomed fire :  
Vainly all, for I, though greater torments suffering, greater pain,  
Though more anguish, though more miseries yet to call my tears remain,  
Though I bear more evil fortunes, greater hunger yet endure,  
Clothed in rags, on dunghill seated, yet my faith I hold secure;  
Faith, the sun which lights and guides me, — faith, my crown of laurel pure.  
Ride in triumph, proud, insulting, o'er the Church that shalt thou never;  
Over me, if so it likes thee, triumph on, but not for ever;  
God, my cause, one day, uprising, shall, most surely, take in hand,  
Since, though weak, His cause defending to my latest breath, I stand.

The king's answer is natural enough, from his own point of view. He replies : —

Canst thou boast, and consolation  
In thy very sufferings find?  
How then speak my condemnation,  
If they stir not my compassion,  
Stirring none in thine own mind?  
Since thy death from thine own hand  
Comes, and not from my command,  
Hope not any help from me;  
Pity first thyself, then see  
How I pity, Ferdinand!

With these words the king departs. The court follow him, pitying, horrified, but not daring to give help. When they are gone Juan enters, bringing to his friend the bread which it has cost him cruel blows from the Moors to obtain.

*Juan.* Take it.

*Ferd.* Faithful friend, too late  
Thou art come, for now my state  
Draws to death.

*Juan.* High heaven, bestow  
Comfort on me in such woe!

*Ferd.* But whereon doth death not wait?  
Since man ever walks near death,  
And in this perplexity  
Must his own infirmity  
Come one day to stop his breath.  
Man beware! the sky beneath  
Live not careless, truth pursue,  
Endless time keep full in view,  
Wait not till some other ill  
Warn thee; surest far to kill  
Is that weakness aye thy due.  
Treading on the solid ground  
Man perpetual movement makes,



And each footstep that he takes  
Falls on his sepulchral mound.  
Sentence, that may well confound  
Every heart, it is to know  
That each step must forward go,  
And that onward step once taken  
By stern law must stand unshaken, —  
God Himself cannot say No.  
Friends, mine end is coming fast;  
Lift and bear me from this place.

*Juan.* This shall be my last embrace.

*Ferd.* Juan, hear one prayer, — my last; —  
When my agony is past  
Strip me of these rags unmeet,  
Search the hut, our poor retreat,  
For my order's mantle, long  
Borne by me 'mid fighting throng,  
Use it for my winding-sheet.  
So inter me openly,  
Should the king from wrath relent  
And to burial-rites consent :  
Mark the place; my hope is high  
That, though captive here I die,  
Ransomed I shall share one day  
Prayers our priests at altars say;  
For since I, my God, to Thee  
Gave so many churches free  
One to me Thou must repay.

[*They bear him out.*]

The next scene sets before us the disembarkation of Alphonso's army, ready to accomplish this last desire. But as yet they hope to save the living, not to bury the dead. Their first encounter is with the troops of the King of Morocco, and a mystic form appears to cheer them on. The new-made martyr is suffered, as a distinguished sign of heaven's approbation, to do for his native troops all that S. Iago was wont to do for the Spanish hosts. The more experienced Henry is striving to dissuade his nephew from too rash an advance against the Moors.

*Pr. II.\** Do not forget that night,  
The gloomy-shadowed, has day's chariot bright  
In darkness hidden from our eyes away.

*K. Al.* Then in the dark begin the affray;  
Harkening to faith's clear call,  
No force, no season shall my heart appal.  
If, Ferdinand, thy pangs, borne with intent  
To honour God, thou unto Him present,  
Sure is our victory, —

The glory His, the honour mine to be.

*Pr. II.* Pride may thy prudence mar.

*FERDINAND* (*heard from within*).

Attack them, brave Alphonso! on to war!

[*A trumpet sounds.*]

*K. Al.* Heard'st thou a muffled cry  
Piercing the winds which sad and swift sweep  
by?

*Pr. II.* Yes. And I likewise heard  
Trumpets, that to an instant onset stirred.

\* Calderon's poetic feeling here guides him to an alteration in the structure of his verse, well qualified to express martial resolution, and to prepare the mind for the solemn awe of the coming apparition.

*K. Al.* Let us set on them, Henry, undismayed,  
Not doubting of Heaven's help.  
*FERDINAND* (*appears in the mantle of his order, holding a torch.*)

Yes : Heaven will aid.  
For God's high favour gained  
By zeal, devotion, and by faith unstained,  
To-day thy cause defends;  
To set me free from chains He succour sends,  
And by mysterious ways,  
My many churches with one church repays :  
I with this torch am sent  
Clear-shining, lit at fountain orient,  
Ever to march before  
And light thine army till the strife is o'er,  
And thou before Fez stand  
Victorious to thy wish, and reach thy hand  
Not where the sun-rise glows to crown thy  
head,  
But thence to free the ashes of the dead.

Thus encouraged, the Portuguese army attack and defeat the enemy.

Meantime, within the walls of Fez, to which they swiftly advance, Don Juan bears the dead prince in his open coffin into the old king's presence, who, enraged at the final loss of Ceuta, takes such vengeance as he can by sentencing the corpse to remain unrestored, unburied, and exposed to the insults of the passers-by. But scarcely has he proclaimed this barbarous determination, when the approach of the Christian soldiers is announced by their drums ; and the King of Fez, summoned to a parley, beholds with horror from his battlements his daughter and his intended son-in-law in the power of the victorious army. Just before the king's appearance, the mystic form, whose saintly protection has led the army swiftly and surely to its desired end, disappears from sight as the sun rises, with these words :—

*FERDINAND* (*torch in hand*).

I have guided thee in safety  
Through the horror of night's darkness  
By a path which no man knows;  
Now by sunrise mists are parted.  
Thou hast marched to Fez a conqueror,  
Great Alphonso! by me guarded;  
Lo, there stands the wall of Fez, —  
There to treat my ransom hasten.

[*Vanishes.*]

Uncertain as to the vision's meaning, Alphonso proposes an exchange of prisoners, threatening the princess with death if it is refused. Her father answers sadly that it is no longer practicable : the noble hostage for his daughter's life is dead, and he must prepare to see her blood flow to revenge him.

The Christian king's reply is worthy of his great kinsman : —

King of Fez, lest thou imagine  
 Ferdinand even dead, with rarest  
 Beauty matched in sight, less precious,  
 For his corpse I here exchange her.  
 Hasten, therefore, and send to us  
 Cold snow for this crystal's sparkle,  
 January for May's sunshine,  
 Faded rose for diamond's flashes,  
 A dead form in death unhappy  
 For a godlike shape of fairness.

The king, surprised and delighted, has the coffin lowered down the walls, releases his other prisoners, and hastens below to receive his daughter, and to thank her generous captor. The two princes embrace their martyred kinsman with awe and veneration. The King of Portugal praises Juan's fidelity to the dead, receiving for answer : —

*Juan.* Till he departed  
 I stood by him, nor forsook him  
 Till he freedom gained; I guarded  
 Both in life and death his body, —  
 Look, there lies he.

*K. Alphonso (turning to the corpse).*  
 Uncle, grant me  
 Thy dear hand; for, though unknowing  
 All too late I came to save thee,  
 Yet in death is proof of friendship.  
 I, to place — a trust most sacred —  
 In a stately high cathedral  
 Thy blest precious relics, hasten.

Then the sad procession forms. The young king places himself at its head, after first stipulating for the marriage of the restored princess with the general who had been honoured by the martyr's friendship; the captives carry their dead liberator's coffin forward, and the soldiers follow with arms reversed, and muffled drums sounding.

Thus, like the close of the "Antigone," the conclusion of "The Steadfast Prince" satisfies the claims of poetic justice. The proud oppressor is bowed down to bend low before his victim's bier, and left in humiliation and defeat. But Calderon's justice is here tempered with mercy as that of Sophocles is not. The stroke which abases the pride of the African tyrant is nothing to the series of crushing blows which descend on the Theban ruler. No cheerful note mixes with the hopeless lamentations which resound through the house of Creon; but the Steadfast Prince's funeral march has an undersong of gladness from the captives whom he has rescued, and the faithful pair of lovers whom he has united in his death. And this gleam of light, shot through that gloomy cloud in the one play, which in the other remains unparted to the end, is the symbol

of the most essential difference between this ancient and this modern presentment of an act of self-devotion: it is, as it were, a ray from that Light of Life and Immortality which the one possesses and the other does not. Otherwise through all the vast diversities which these two dramas exemplify, — the opposition between medieval Christendom and antique Paganism, in politics, in art, in the domestic relations and in religion, the different conceptions of dramatic art on which they proceed, and the vast inequality in genius of the men by whom those conceptions are here embodied, — the central thought of these two productions of such differing eras and such diverse powers is nevertheless the same, and their resemblances, even in minor points most striking. Each concentrates our interest on one noble sufferer, presented to us by no complex delineation full of light and shade, but in grand and simple outline. The protagonists of each are absorbed in one high mission which leaves no room in their hearts for the free play of human affection; for when Antigone first stands before us, she has ceased to have any concern with the gods of the living\* — Love among the rest: and Ferdinand shows amid Calderon's crowd of amorous cavaliers like a new Sir Galahad, who could say as truly as his prototype —

All my heart is drawn above,  
 My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:  
 I never felt the kiss of love,  
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
 Me mightier transports move and thrill;  
 So keep I fair through faith and prayer  
 A virgin heart in work and will.

Both, by dying for the highest truth they know, impress on the spectators the ennobling lesson that there are things which are better worth having than life; things losing which a generous mind finds life even intolerable. Each of these two plays is pervaded by the spirit of the second of Goethe's "Three Reverences;" exhibiting as it does to us a weakness which is stronger than mortal strength, a pain which is better than earthly pleasure. Both tragedies witness to man's instinctive anxiety about the fate of the dying mansion of his undying spirit: for Antigone gives her own life to secure funeral honours to her brother; Ferdinand's last desire is for burial in a Christian church. But here we encounter the contrast be-

\* Soph., Ajax, 590.



tween a Pagan's uncertainty and a Christian's certainty. Antigone can only hope to smooth her brother's passage to the land where he can, after all, but "move among shadows a shadow and wail by impassable streams." But the Steadfast Prince expects the prayer of the faithful at the altar to remove the last interposing barriers between himself and the Vision of God. Accordingly the one is sad and desponding, where the other is hopeful and exulting. Antigone goes to death mourning —

Emptied of all joy,  
Leaving the dance and song.

Ferdinand gladly meets a fate from which an ancient hero would have recoiled as from a degradation :

Not with cleaving of shields  
And their clash in thine ear  
When the lord of fought fields  
Breaketh spear-shaft from spear,

Thou art broken, our lord, thou art broken,  
with travail, and labour, and fear.

Not from his lips comes the cry, so natural to a dying sufferer who only knew one kind of heroism —

I would that in clamour of battle my hands  
had laid hold upon death;

for he well knows that he has fought a harder fight and gained a nobler victory, than those he came to seek. And when all is over, Antigone vanishes into silence : we strain eye and ear for a token that her offering has been an acceptable one, and only dim and uncertain indications struggle back to us through the gloom ; but we are permitted to follow Ferdinand's noble spirit, freed from the burden of the flesh, into the realms of light, up to his place among those champions of the faith who rest from their labours on the thrones of the Church triumphant.

Thus dramatists exemplify the "irony of fate" in their own persons as well as in those of their tragedies. The almost superhuman genius of Sophocles has less divine material laid before it than the more ordinary mind of Calderon, who is permitted to exhibit his characters with a background of infinity which the grander personages of the other lack. And Shakespeare, with more than the genius of Sophocles, with a purer religion than Calderon, lacks the score of years so liberally bestowed on common men, and dies at Stratford before he can approach the most supreme of the themes of dra-

matic art. Had he lived longer and girded himself to the task, how might his work have illustrated the saying of his contemporary Bacon, that "man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not attain"! How might the principal personage of *his* "act of self-devotion," religious and constant as the Steadfast Prince, grand and majestic as Antigone, have proved to us the truth of that other saying of Bacon's : "A mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolours of death ; but, above all, believe it, the sweetest cantic is 'Nunc dimittis,' when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations!"

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From The Graphic.

INNOCENT:

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "SALEM CHAPEL,"  
"THE MINISTER'S WIFE," "SQUIRE ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

A LOVE TALE.

I AM obliged at this moment to interrupt the history of Innocent's entrance into English life by the intrusion of another event which occurred quite suddenly, and without adequate preparation, a few days after the arrival of the traveller, and which threw Innocent for the moment altogether into the shade. It was not a deeply premeditated event, as perhaps it ought to have been, aiming as it did at such very important results, and affecting two lives in so momentous a way. On this particular afternoon there had been a flood of visitors at the Elms, such as now and then occurs without rhyme or reason—every acquaintance the Eastwoods possessed seeming to be moved by a unanimous impulse. From two o'clock until five the callers kept pouring in. On ordinary occasions one or two a day kept the house lively ; this was one of those accidental floods which obey, as philosophers tell us, some fantastic law of their own, like the number of undirected letters put into the post-office. Two gentlemen arrived among the latest, both of whom had hoped to find the ladies alone, and who grinned and shook hands with each other, and told each other the news with the most delightful amiability, though their inter-

nal emotions were less sweet. They arrived together, and as the room was still tolerably full, they became each other's companions, and stood in a corner talking with the most confidential aspect, after they had shaken hands with Mrs. Eastwood. Nelly was at the other extremity of the room, at the door-window which opened into the conservatory, talking to Sir Alexis Longueville, a man with a rent-roll as long as his name, whom both the gentlemen I have mentioned regarded with unfavourable feelings.

"What do you suppose people see in that old ass, Molyneux," said Major Railton, "that everybody kootoo's to him?"

"His money," said Molyneux, sententiously; and for ten minutes more these gentlemen crushed Sir Alexis under their heels as it were, and ground him into powder, though no feminine spite could be involved in their proceedings. He was not an old ass. He was a cynical middle-aged man of the world, who, notwithstanding his romantic name, had sustained a great many prosaic batterings and fierce encounters with the world. He had come to his fortune after his youth was over, and after he had learned to think badly enough of most people about him, an opinion which was not altered by the great social success he had when he reappeared as Sir Alexis, after a somewhat obscure and not much respected career as Colonel Longueville. It was now generally understood that this hero, the worse for the wear, was disposed to marry, and indeed was on the outlook for a suitable person to become Lady Longueville; a fact which his kind but vulgar sister Mrs. Barclay, who had married a millionaire, made known wherever she was received. He was "looking for a wife." Major Railton and Mr. Molyneux in their corner were both aware of this fact, and both of them were extremely bitter upon Mrs. Eastwood for allowing him, as she did quite placidly, to stand talking to Nelly "for hours," as Mr. Molyneux expressed it afterwards.

"What a pity that the best of women should be so mercenary!" he said to his companion.

"They will give anything for a handle to their names," said the misanthropical Major, stroking his moustache, with discomfiture in his countenance. He had come with an estimate in his pocket for the work that had to be done at the stables, and had calculated on an hour at least of confidential talk.

And Nelly stood and talked to Sir

Alexis, pointing out to him quite eagerly the different flowers that thrust their pretty heads against the glass, peering into the room. He knew about flowers. This innocent taste reigned strangely in his cynical bosom among many other inclinations much less praiseworthy. He laughed with Nelly over their Latin names, and told her stories about them and about his conservatories at Longueville. Perhaps he was not aware of the reckless way in which he was laying himself open to the remarks of the young men in the room, who did not leave him a shred of reputation to cover him, as they stood behind snarling to each other, and united in a common enmity. He was more amusing than either of them, and though he had no particular designs upon Nelly, he liked her fresh young face, and her interest in all that he said. Perhaps, too, a man who is aware of all the advantages of the youth which he has outlived, has a pleasure in proving himself more entertaining than younger men. He detained Nelly, and Nelly was not unwilling to be detained. She had perceived the entrance of the two at the end of the room, and rather, I fear, enjoyed their gloomy looks; or rather, she thought nothing whatever about Major Railton, but was guiltily glad to see the gloom on the countenance of young Molyneux.

"It will teach him to be full five days without calling," she said to herself. She had not acknowledged even to herself that she was in love with young Molyneux, but she had an inward conviction that he was in love with her, and on the whole liked him for it. Is it not always a sign of good taste at least? Therefore she stood and talked to Sir Alexis, looking up brightly in his face, till he, who had no designs that way, was half subjugated, and asked himself suddenly whether Nelly Eastwood would not do? which was going a very long way. Time, however, and Mrs. Barclay's horses, could not wait for ever, and at last the baronet was borne away.

"Come to me soon, Nelly, dear, and finish what you have begun," said that lady, whispering, in her ear, as she took leave. Finish what she had begun! Nelly had no idea what she could mean.

By this time most of the visitors were gone, and Nelly, after a few minutes' talk with the pair at the other end of the room, proceeded to execute some business which she had been kept from doing before. "I am sure Major Railton and Mr. Molyneux will excuse me," she said,



"but I must get my primroses now before any one else comes in——"

"I don't think you will find any," said Mrs. Eastwood, making her a sign to stay. But it was getting dark, and Nelly, who was perverse, pretended not to understand. Any pleasure she might have in the society of one of the two was neutralized by the presence of both, and perhaps there was even a thought in her mind that a young lover might take heart of grace and follow. In the conservatory her white-furred jacket and little flower basket were lying on a chair. Before she could throw on the wrap Molyneux had joined her. "I think Railton has some business to talk about," he said aloud, with a slight nod of concealed triumph to his adversary; "May I come upon the flower-gathering expedition? Gathering flowers by moonlight has quite a poetical sound."

"It is too cold to be poetical," said Nelly. There had been just enough between this girl and boy to give them both a thrill of the heart when they went, out of sight and hearing, into the stillness of the garden, where, indeed, to tell the truth, few primroses were as yet to be found. It was one of those lovely nights of early spring which sometimes succeed a boisterous day. The wind had fallen with the evening. The sky in the west was still full of colour, a pink flush extending far into the blue. The gorgeous sunset clouds had broken up, but this great rose-tinted pavilion still stood, spreading out its film of lovely colour over the house. On the garden side there was a stretch of clear sky, untinged by this dispersing veil of glory; clear, somewhat cold, pale, and luminous, with one star set in the midst of it; and, separated from this blue bit of heaven by billows of fleecy cloud, a soft, clear, young moon in her first quarter. It was cold, but to think of cold was impossible with such a heaven above them—impossible, at least, for these two, who were young, and who were together. They went along under the trees for some time without saying anything, except a little exclamation about the beauty of the sky.

"I am tired," said Nelly, at length; "I am so glad it is over. Calls are the stupidest of all things. If people would come in in the evening, as they do abroad—but English people will never understand."

"Your visitors were not all stupid, I think," said Molyneux, warming with the heat of combat.

"Oh no; Sir Alexis, for instance, was very amusing," said Nelly, feeling by instinct what was coming, and defying her fate.

"You seemed to think so," said the young man, with the loftiest tone of disinterested comment.

"And indeed I did think so; he is excellent company," said the girl.

Thus the first parallels of warfare were opened. The pair went on quite beyond the bit of lawn where the primroses grew, and the red in the west stretched out as if to cover them, and the moon in the east looked down as if it were hanging over some battlement of heaven to watch. Nelly's delicate nostrils had dilated a little with a sense of coming battle, and as for Molyneux, he held his head high like a war horse.

"Yes, I am aware that ladies take that view sometimes; he is not popular among men," he said, with lofty calm.

"I suppose men are jealous of him," said Nelly. "Oh dear, yes, men are very jealous of each other. If you think a girl can have been out two seasons without perceiving that——"

"I am sorry we should have given you such a bad opinion of us. I am at a loss to understand," said Mr. Molyneux solemnly, "what kind of creature the man could be who would be jealous of an old *roué* like Longueville. His character is too well known among men, I assure you, Miss Eastwood, to make any such feeling possible."

Nelly coloured with pride and shame. "He ought to have a label on him, then, to warn the ignorant. Not knowing what his crimes are, I cannot judge him; he is very amusing, that is all I know."

"And that, of course, makes up for everything; and when any one ventures to warn you, Miss Eastwood, instead of listening, you turn your displeasure against the unfortunate man who feels it on his conscience——"

"Mr. Molyneux," cried Nelly, quickly, interrupting him, "I don't know what right one gentleman, whom Mamma knows, has to warn me against another. Mamma is the person to be spoken to if there is really anything to say."

Thus the quarrel flashed and fizzed to the point of explosion; and what would have happened—whether they would have been driven apart in fragments, and their budding romance blown into dust and ruin in the ordinary course of events, had Molyneux responded in the same tone, I cannot say; but there are re-

sources at the command of lovers which are not open to the general public. He did not go on in the same tone. He became suddenly lachrymose, as young men in love are permitted to be on occasion.

"Miss Eastwood," he said dolefully, "there have been times when I have ventured to think that you would not quite place me on the same level with the last new-comer —"

"Oh, no," said Nelly, with compunction, "I beg your pardon, that was not what I meant. We have known you a long time, Mr. Molyneux, and I am sure have always looked upon you as—a friend."

"Well, as—a friend," he said, in the same pathetic tone, "might I not be allowed to say something when I saw that you were being deceived? Dear Miss Eastwood, could I stand by, do you think, knowing all I do of you, and see a man making his way into your esteem under false pretences?"

"Making his way into my esteem!" cried Nelly with frank laughter. "Please don't be so solemn. You can't think surely for a moment that I *cared* for that old Sir Alexis!"

"You are quite sure you don't?" cried the lover brightening up.

"Sure! Now didn't I say it was all jealousy?" cried Nelly, laughing; but when she had said the words she perceived the meaning they might bear, and blushed violently, and stopped short, as people in embarrassing circumstances constantly do.

"You are quite right, as you always are," said Molyneux, stopping too, and putting himself directly in front of her. If it were not that the women who are being proposed to are generally too much agitated to perceive it, a man about to propose has many very funny aspects. Young Molyneux placed himself directly in Nelly's way; he stood over her, making her withdraw a step in self-defence. His face became long, and his eyes large. He put out his hands, to take hers, if he could have got them. "Yes, you are right," he said, more lachrymose than ever; "you are always right. I should be jealous of an angel if he came too near you. I am jealous of everybody. Won't you say something? Won't you give me your hand? I don't care for anything in the world but you, or without you."

"Mr. Molyneux!" cried Nelly, drawing a little back, with her heart beating and her cheeks burning, in the soft, starry twilight. He had got her hands

somehow, in spite of her, and was advancing closer and closer. How unforeseen and unintended it all was! Neither of them had meant anything half-an-hour ago of this tremendous character. But Molyneux by this time felt sure that his life depended upon it, and that he had thought of nothing else for ages; and Nelly's heart beat so loud that she thought it must be heard half-a-mile off, and feared it would leap away from her altogether. Their voices grew lower and lower, their shadows more confused in the young moonlight, which made at the most but a faint outline of shadow. There grew to be at last only a murmur under the bare branches, all knotted with the buds of spring, and only one blot of shade upon the path, which was softly whitened by that poetic light. This happened in the Lady's Walk, which was on the other side of the lawn from the elm trees, narrower, and quite arched and overshadowed with branches. The pink had scarcely gone out of the sky overhead, and the one star was still shining serenely in its luminous opening, when the whole business was over. You might have been in the garden without seeing, and, certainly, without hearing; but then matters were delightfully arranged for such interviews in the leafy demesne of the elms.

"Oh, dear! I have forgotten my primroses," said Nelly, "and what will they think of us indoors?"

"Never mind; Railton has been very busy talking to your mother about bricks and slates," said Molyneux, with a laugh of irrepressible triumph. They both laughed, which was mean of Nelly.

"Oh, hush! What has poor Major Railton to do with it?" she said. She was leaning against a lime tree, a spot which she always remembered. It was cold, but neither of them felt it. Nelly's little toes were half frozen, and she did not mind.

"Look! all the sunset is dying away," said Molyneux. "It would not go, Nelly, till it knew how things were going to turn out. 'Go not, happy day, from the shining fields —'"

"Don't talk nonsense—you should say, from the sodden lawn," said Nelly. "Let us get the primroses now, or what can I say to Mamma?"

"We shall both have a great deal to say to her. She will never once think of the primroses, Nelly."

"Oh, don't call me 'Nelly' so loud; some one will hear you. Must we go and



tell directly?" said the girl, with a half-whimper, which the foolish young man thought celestial. This to be said by Nelly, a girl who had never in all her life kept a secret half-an-hour from her mother! The fact was that she wanted to have the telling herself, and quaked at the thought of presenting this ardent personage to her mother, and probably having her dignity compromised before that mother's very eyes by "some of his nonsense." Nelly was very shy, and half-ashamed of coming into the light and looking even her wooer himself in the face.

There were but a very few primroses, and these were half frozen, cowering among their leaves. Young Molyneux carried away a little cluster of them, and gave another to Nelly, which was not placed in her basket, and then they made another final round of the garden, and walked down the elm-tree avenue solemnly arm in arm. How quickly the mind gets accustomed to any revolution! This little concluding processional march threw them years in advance of the more agitating contiguity of the Lady's Walk.

"This is how we shall walk about everywhere ten years hence, when we are sober old married people," he said; and there glanced over the imaginations of both a sudden picture, which both would have been sadly disconcerted to have described. A little tremulous laugh went from one to the other. How much emotion that cannot express itself otherwise has vent in such soft laughter? And a sense of the calm of happiness to come so different from this delightful dream of the beginning, yet issuing naturally from it, stole over them and stilled their young hearts.

This was what was going on in the garden while Major Railton, not without many a horrible thought of his rival's advantages, was talking bricks and slates, as Molyneux flippantly said, to Mrs. Eastwood. They had come to the length of a pipe and water-butt for the rain water, and the plumber's estimate, when Nelly and Molyneux were gathering the primroses. How the gallant Major's heart was being torn asunder in the midst of those discussions, I dare not attempt to describe. He had seated himself so that he could see into the garden; but the flicker of the firelight filled the room, and the Lady's Walk was invisible from the windows.

"Don't you think Miss Eastwood will catch cold? There is an east wind, I

fear," he said, in the very midst of the discussion about the plumber.

"I told Nelly to wrap herself up," said Mrs. Eastwood, calmly. She was not afraid of the east wind. The Eastwoods had never been known to have any delicacy about the chest. And as for a more serious danger, Nelly's mother, secure in full possession of her child, had not even begun to think of that.

She was scarcely alarmed even when the two entered, somewhat flushed and embarrassed, as soon as Major Railton, who, poor man, had an engagement, had withdrawn, breathing fire and flame.

"What a colour you have, Nelly," said Mrs. Eastwood, innocently. "I suppose it is the wind. The Major tells me the wind is in the east. You should not have stayed out so long. Come to the fire and warm yourselves, both of you. I see you have got no primroses after all."

"There were none," said Nelly, guiltily, putting her hand over the little cluster in her belt. "It is too cold for them; but I don't think I ever was out on such a lovely night."

"You have no idea how beautiful it is," said young Molyneux—and then he took his leave in the most embarrassed way. When he clutched one of her hands and held it fast, and groped in the dark for the other, Nelly thanked heaven in mingled fright and gratitude that she had put a stop to his intention of at once telling her mother. What might he not have done before Mrs. Eastwood's very eyes?

"But Nelly," said the mother, when he was gone, "you should not have stayed so long out of doors. I don't want to be absurd, or to put things into your head; but Ernest Molyneux is quite a young man, and very nice-looking, and just the sort of person to have stories made up about him—and really what object you could both have, wandering about on a cold night, except chatter and nonsense—"

Nelly was kneeling before the fire, warming her cold little fingers. At this address she sidled up to her mother's side and put her flushed cheek down on Mrs. Eastwood's silken lap, and began with the most coaxing and melting of voices—

"Mamma!"

It is not to be wondered at if an event like this happening quite suddenly and unexpectedly in an innocent young house which had not yet begun to afflict itself with love-stories should for the moment

have eclipsed everything, and put the strange inmate and all the circumstances of her first appearance at once into the shade.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## CONSULTATIONS.

THE commotion produced in The Elms by the above event was very great. It was the first experience of the family in this kind of thing, and it affected everybody, from Mrs. Eastwood down to the kitchen-maid. Frederick was perhaps the least moved of all. He intimated it as his opinion that Molyneux was all right seeing that he had a father before him: that he wondered at Nelly's taste, but supposed it was her own look-out, and if she was pleased no one had any right to interfere. He made his speech rather disagreeable to his sister from the little shrug of the shoulders with which he announced his surprise at her taste; but otherwise he was friendly enough. Dick, for his part, said little, but he walked round her with a certain serious investigation in the intervals of his studies.

"You look exactly as you did yesterday; I can't see any difference," said Dick. "Why don't you put on another kind of gown, or pin Molyneux's card on you, to show you are disposed of?"

To this, however, Nelly paid no more attention than she did to the comments of Winks, who came and wagged his tail at her in a knowing, good-humoured sort of way. When Molyneux came to see Mrs. Eastwood next morning, Winks met him at the door, escorted him to the dining-room, where he was to have his audience, and then trotted in on three legs to where Nelly was sitting, and wagged his tail confidentially. "A very good fellow, on the whole, I assure you," he said as plainly as could be said by that medium of communication.

Nelly did not sit in awful suspense while her lover was unfolding himself to her mother. She knew that mother well enough to be sure that nothing untoward would come in the course of her true love. But she awaited their coming with a certain importance and expectation. They had a long conversation in the dining-room, longer perhaps than Nelly approved. Mr. Molyneux had a great deal to say to Mrs. Eastwood. No one could be less disposed to "repent at leisure" after the hot haste of his declaration, but yet it is very probable, had he had time to think, that he would have decided on the pru-

dence of waiting longer. When it occurred to him that he must tell Mrs. Eastwood that he was earning nothing, but lived on the allowance his father gave him, it made the young man uncomfortably hot and nervous. He avoided the mother's eye as he told this part of the story, dwelling much upon what he would do in the future, and his eagerness to provide for Nelly "all the comforts she had been used to." Mrs. Eastwood, though she was not a woman of business, knew enough about the world to shake her head at this. She was very well inclined to Molyneux, both for his own sake and for Nelly's. He was good-looking, well-mannered, and always nicely behaved to herself, which naturally has a certain influence upon a mother. And his connections were all that could be wished. Mr. Molyneux, Q.C., who was recognized by everybody as going to be Mr. Justice Molyneux at the very first vacancy, was perfectly satisfactory as a father-in-law for Nelly, and would secure for Nelly's family a comfortable certainty of being well-lawyered all their lives. And they were "nice people;" there was, on the whole nothing in the world to be said against Mrs. Molyneux, Ernest's mother, or the Misses Molyneux, his sisters. But, nevertheless, as it is strictly necessary for a young couple to have something to live on, Mrs. Eastwood shook her head.

"Nelly has five thousand pounds," she said, "but with my boys to place out in the world, I shall not be able to give her any more, and that is not much to depend upon. And, as a matter of principle, I don't like to see young people depending upon allowances from their fathers and mothers—unless it might be an eldest son, with landed property coming to him. I don't think it is the right way."

Molyneux was rather surprised at this display of wisdom. He thought some one must have put it into her head. He had meant to slur over his want of income in his interview with the mother, as he could not have done with a father. And then Mrs. Eastwood was so "jolly," so good natured, and kind, that he did not expect his position to be regarded as involving any want of principle. It must not be supposed, however, that the young man had any intention of deceiving, or that he was aware of having done wrong in obeying his impulse, and hastening by so many weeks or months his explanation with Nelly. Yet he felt that but for that over whelming impulse it might have been prudent to have postponed the explanation; and now he re-



ceived a sudden check, and for a moment experienced the sensations of a man who has been proceeding on false pretences, and did not know what to say.

"I am afraid you will think I have been premature," he said. "The fact is, I should have made my way first before I ventured—but then, Mrs. Eastwood, you must make allowances for me, and recollect that to see Nelly often, and yet to continue quite prudent and master of myself—"

"But you need not have seen Nelly quite so often," said Mrs. Eastwood with a smile.

"Supposing I had stayed away, what should you have thought of me? That I was a despicable fellow laying myself out to please her, and then running away when I thought I had gone too far."

"I don't think I should have thought anything of the kind," said Mrs. Eastwood, in that easy way which is so disconcerting to people who feel that the eyes of the world ought to be upon them. "I should have thought you were occupied, or had other engagements. Indeed, until Nelly told me last night, I never had distinctly identified you as being fond of her, Mr. Molyneux. No doubt it was my stupidity, but I should not have remarked it; I don't know whether she might have done so."

Molyneux felt considerably crushed by this calm and tolerant judgment, but he went on.

"You may be sure this state of things won't last," he said; "I have a motive now, and I shall set to work. Of course I cannot press for an early marriage, as I should otherwise have done had I been wise, and made my preparations first—"

"No, of course not," said Mrs. Eastwood. This gave her great pleasure, practically, but theoretically I am obliged to confess that she half despised her future son-in-law for his philosophy. It was quite right, and relieved her mind from a load. But still a woman likes her child to be wooed hotly, and prefers an impatient lover, unwilling to wait. Such an one she would have talked to and reasoned down into patience, but, theoretically, she would have liked him the best.

"You will not oppose me?" said Molyneux, taking her hand; "you will be a good mother to me, and let me see Nelly, and be a sort of new son, to make up to me for having to wait? You are always good, to everybody—you won't keep me at arm's length?"

"No," said Mrs. Eastwood, "I won't

keep you at arm's length, for that would be to punish Nelly; but I think you should not have spoken till your prospects were a little more clear."

"They are clear enough," said the anxious lover. "It is only that I have been idle, and wanted energy; but now no man can have a stronger motive—"

Mrs. Eastwood shook her head again, but she smiled likewise, and gave him her hand, and even permitted a filial salute, which reddened her comely cheek, and softened her heart to Nelly's betrothed. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it was permissible for a man to be imprudent. Molyneux spent the rest of the day in and about the Elms, appearing and disappearing, hanging about Nelly, disturbing all the household arrangements, and communicating to the visitors premature information as to what had happened. Not that he made any confidences, but that his mere presence there all the afternoon, his look of possession and triumph, the little air of being at home, which the young man could not resist taking upon himself, told the tale more clearly than words. Mrs. Barclay ran in "just for a moment," as she said, to beg Nelly to go with her next day to a Horticultural show, and "finish what you have begun, you little puss," she whispered in the girl's ear. "What have I begun?" Nelly asked, bewildered, while Molyneux, without any assignable reason, was so rude as to burst out laughing in his enjoyment of the joke. He put Mrs. Barclay into her carriage as if he had been the son of the house, she said afterwards, a proceeding which sent her away with a certain vague disquiet and resentment, though of course, as she allowed, she had no right to interfere. Major Railton, too, when he called about the plumber's work, was infinitely disgusted to find Molyneux there, and to leave him there, when, after long waiting, he was obliged to relinquish the hope of out-staying his rival. "I must go," he said at length, in tart and ill-tempered tones, "for, alas! I am not so lucky as you young fellows with nothing to do. I have my duties to attend to." This was a poisoned arrow, and struck the whole happy group, mother, daughter, and lover, with equal force.

"I am sure, Major Railton, you are an example to us all," said Mrs. Eastwood; "always so ready to serve others, and yet with so much of your own work to do. But I hope Mr. Molyneux has his duties, too."

"Yes, I have my duties," said the lover,

in his insolent happiness turning a beaming countenance upon the unsuccessful one. It was growing dark, and he was so impertinent as to give a little twitch to Nelly's sleeve in the obscurity, under Major Railton's very eyes; who did not, indeed, see this flaunting in his face of his adversary's banner, but felt that there was some bond unrevealed which joined the three before him in a common cause. He went away in a state of irritation for which he could not have given any just reason, and tore the plumber's estimate to pieces when he emerged from the shrubbery in front of the Elms. Mrs. Eastwood had not taken kindly even to his plumber. She had stood by a certain old Slater, an old jobbing Scotsman, for whom she had a national partiality.

"Why should I bother myself about their concerns? Let them get Molyneux to look after things," the Major said to himself with scorn that transcended all other expression; and he laughed what is sometimes described in literature as a "hollow laugh" of bitterness and sarcasm.

Indeed, I think Major Railton was right, and that Molyneux's supervision of the roofs and water-butts would have come to very little good.

It had been resolved in the family that nothing was to be said about the engagement for the present, as it would in all probability be a long one; and this was how they began to carry out their resolution. I do not need to add that the servants knew it the first evening, and had already settled where the young people were to live, and what sort of an establishment they would keep up. Winks, too, was aware of the fact from the first, and, as I have said, was confidentially humorous about it with Nelly, and kept up her courage during the interview between her mother and her lover. But, notwithstanding all we have been hearing lately about the communications made by dogs to their friends, I do not think he spread the news out of doors, or if he did whisper it to a crony, that crony was discreet.

On Saturday, which was the day following, Jenny came up from Eton to spend the Sunday with his adoring family. Jenny was extremely unlike his name—a big and bony boy of sixteen, promising to be the biggest of the family, though neither Frederick nor Dick were short. He had big joints and long limbs, and red wrists and prodigious knuckles projecting from the short sleeve of his coat.

But notwithstanding so many appearances against him, he was the most intellectual of Mrs. Eastwood's sons—a "sap" at school, and addicted to reading away from school, a fashion of Eton boy with which the world is not familiar. By way of making up for this, he was somewhat rough in his manners, and great in such exercises as demanded strength rather than skill. He was tremendous at football, though no one gave him the credit for clever play; and though his "form" was bad, and precluded all hope of "the boats," he could carry a skiff along at a pace which no one could keep up with, and against the stream was the greatest oar of his years afloat on Thames. In consideration of these qualifications the youth of Eton graciously looked over his "sapping," or rather were vaguely impressed by it—as, to do him justice, the modern schoolboy generally is when intellectual power is combined with the muscular force of which he has a clearer understanding. Jenny was not yet a "swell," but he was in a fair way for being a swell—a title which at Eton bears a very different meaning from its meaning elsewhere. But he was very good to his family when he went home, and tolerant of their ignorance. Jenny's name in the school list was all starred and ribboned, so to speak, with unknown orders of merit, such as the profane eye comprehends not. He had a big Roman letter before his name, and a little Greek one after it, and a double number after that—mystic signs of honours which the Eton man understands, but which I will not attempt to explain. It might have been confusing to a more mature intellect to contemplate all the novelties which were to dawn upon him on this visit; but Jenny was not emotional. He shook hands with his brother-in-law who was to be, with extreme composure.

"I suppose they have told you," said Mr. Molyneux, good-humouredly permitting himself to be inspected by this big boy.

"Yes, they have told me," said Jenny, "but I knew you before."

"You did not know me in my present capacity. Indeed, I am not generally known in my present capacity," said Molyneux; "and I don't quite see why you should have been told. You would never have found out."

"Oh, shouldn't I!" said Jenny. "Last time I was at home, I said, 'He's going to be Mr. Nelly, that fellow;' didn't I, Mamma? Of course you are Mr. Nelly.



Women don't get half justice in this world. I like her better than you, as a matter of course; so that's your distinction to me."

"Jenny goes in for Women's Rights," said his mother, with a smile.

"Of course I do: I'm a woman's son; oughtn't I to stand up for them? If you mean to tell me old Brownlow there has more sense than my mother, I tell you you're a fool, that's all. Nor Frederick hasn't — not half so much — though he thinks himself such a swell," said Jenny.

In point of negatives, boys, however learned in Greek and Latin, permit themselves occasionally, in English, a style of their own.

"I don't want a vote, you silly boy," said Mrs. Eastwood; "it is not in my way."

"You may please yourself about that — but it's a disgrace to England that you shouldn't have it if you like," cried the young politician, hotly. And then he sunk suddenly from this lofty elevation, and asked, "Where's the other girl?"

"Do you mean Innocent?"

"I mean her if that's her name," said the boy, colouring slightly. "Don't she stay with the rest of us? Ain't you good to her? Where has she gone?"

"We are as good as we know how to be," said Mrs. Eastwood, glad to plunge into a grievance, and with a new listener. "We don't know what to make of her, Jenny. She does not care for Nelly and me. We have tried to coax her, and we have tried to scold her; but she will stay by herself. She comes down when the bell rings, and she speaks when she is spoken to: that is all; and I am at my wit's end what to do."

"But that is everything a woman ought to be," said Molyneux. "Isn't there a proverb about being seen and not heard, &c. What a difference from some people! When I came in to-day, the first thing I heard was some one singing upstairs — singing so that I felt inclined to dance. I suppose it was not this Innocent?"

"It must be your fault," said Jenny, seriously, taking no notice of this interpellation.

"My fault, Jenny!" cried Mrs. Eastwood, getting red; and then she paused, and subdued her tones. "Do you know, dear, I often think it must be. But what can I do?" she said, humbly. "I try talking to her, and that fails; and then I try taking no notice. Yes, Jenny, I be-

lieve you are right. If I could love her heartily, right out, as I love Nelly —"

"That's unreasonable," said Jenny. "You can't do that, because, you see, we love Nelly by instinct, not for anything in her. She's not bad, for a girl — but if she were as disagreeable as an old cat, still we should have instinct to fall back upon. You have no instinct in respect to the other girl."

"What an odd boy you are," said Mrs. Eastwood, half affronted, half laughing; "and yet I believe there's something in it. But I do blame myself. I want to be kind, very kind, to her; whereas, you know, if I had not been kind to her, but only had loved her at once, I should have done better, I am sure. As for girls being seen and not heard, I don't think it applies to their families, Mr. Molyneux. It is all very well out in the world —"

"Out in the world one would rather they did say something now and then," said Molyneux. "It may be good, but it is dull. We are in a new cycle of opinion, and don't think as our grandfathers did. At the domestic hearth it might be very nice to have some one who would only speak when she was spoken to. There would be no quarrels then, Nelly; no settings up of independent judgment; no saying 'Hold your tongue, sir —'"

"That ought to be said, however, sometimes," said Nelly, making a little *monie*.

These were the light-horse skirmishings of conversation, part of that running dialogue about everything which these two young persons carried on in every corner, over everybody's head, and through everybody's talk. The others, to tell the truth, paid very little attention to their chatter, and Jenny came in with a steady march, as of the main body of the army along the beaten road.

"The question is, has she anything to say?" said Jenny. "I have felt myself, sometimes, What is the good of talking? I don't blame you for not being fond of her, mother; for that, I suppose, you could not help. But she should not be left to go about like a ghost. I don't believe in ghosts," said the youth, propping himself up against the mantelpiece; "they are generally deceptions, or else it is quite impossible to prove them. But when I saw that girl I thought *she* was one. Her face is a face out of a picture: I saw it once at the Louvre, the year we were abroad. And she has something very queer in her eyes; and she glides as if she had not any feet. Altogether she

is queer. Don't she take to anybody in the house?"

"She is fond of Frederick, I think," said Mrs. Eastwood, faltering. Jenny formed his lips into the appearance of saying "Whew!" He was taken by surprise.

"Fond of Frederick, and not care for *them*!" he said to himself, under his breath; this was a very curious indication of character. I am not sure that Jenny did not think, like most other human creatures, that it was possible his own attractions and influence might "bring out" Innocent. He gave her a considerable share of his attention that evening, and kept his eyes upon her. He was a theoretical sort of boy, and had read a great deal of modern poetry, and liked to think that he could analyze character like Mr. Browning. He tried to throw himself so strongly into her position that he should see the workings of her mind, and why she looked like a ghost. How Jenny succeeded in this noble pursuit of his will be seen hereafter. It occupied his mind very much all that Sunday, during which Nelly and young Molyneux were still in the ascendant, though the first novelty of their glory was beginning to fade.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

THE course of Nelly's true love did not, however, run so absolutely smooth as might have been supposed from this beginning. Her own family received it, as has been recorded, as a matter concerning Nelly's happiness, with little of those grave considerations about means and money which generally attend the formation of such contracts. Perhaps this might be because she had no father to consider that part of the question, though Mrs. Eastwood did her best to be businesslike. But then Mrs. Eastwood, being only a woman, believed in love, and chiefly considered Nelly's happiness—which after all, if it were involved, was of more importance than money. The other side cared nothing about Nelly's happiness, and not very much for her lover's—it concerned itself with things much more important, with the fact that five thousand pounds was but a small sum to pay for the honour of being daughter-in-law to Mr. Molyneux, Q.C., and that Ernest might have done better. And though Ellinor Eastwood was of better blood than the Molyneuxes, and

better connections, and really possessed something of her own, whereas her lover had nothing, his friends did not hesitate to say among themselves that Mrs. Eastwood had long had her eye upon him, that the Eastwoods had "made a dead set at him," and many other flattering expressions of the same kind, such as are liberally used in polite society whenever a young man is "caught" according to the equally polite expression, by the young woman who, of course, has been angling for him all her life long. This was the way in which the matter was regarded by Ernest's family, who were very much like other people, neither better nor worse, and took the conventional way of treating the subject. They had not a word to say against Nelly, but were convinced she "had made a dead set at him." Such is the way of the world.

A whole week passed before the Molyneuxes took any notice, and then it was announced to Mrs. Eastwood that the head of the house, the future Judge, was to call upon her before he went to his chambers in the morning. Mrs. Eastwood had been put upon her dignity by this treatment of her, and though she had allowed Ernest to come to the Elms constantly, and to dine there every evening, her manner had become day by day a little colder to him. This made Nelly unhappy, who coaxed and hung about her mother with appealing eyes.

"But you like Ernest? You are sure you like him?" she would ask ten times a day.

"I have nothing to say against Ernest. It is his family, who are not acting as we have a right to expect them," answered her mother; and she received with great gravity the announcement of Mr. Molyneux's intended visit. She would not allow to any one that she was excited by it, but the family breakfasted half an hour earlier on that particular morning, in order that everything might be cleared away, and the room in order for this interview. The dining-room was Mrs. Eastwood's business room, where she transacted all her more important affairs. There is something in the uncompromising character of a dining-room which suits business; the straight-backed chairs up and down, without compromising curves or softness, the severe square rectangular lines of the table, the sideboard ponderous and heavy, tons of solid mahogany—even the pictures on the walls, which were all portraits, and of a gravely severe aspect—made it an appropriate



state chamber for great occasions. When Mr. Molyneux was ushered in, he found Mrs. Eastwood seated on a hard chair before the table, with a large inkstand and all her housekeeping books before her. He was amused by the *pose*, being clever enough to perceive that it, at least, was not quite genuine, but he lacked the power to go further, and immediately made a vulgar estimate of her, such as vulgar-minded men invariably make of women whose youth and good looks are waning. Mr. Molyneux was a great speaker, a powerful pleader, but a vulgar-minded man notwithstanding. He was loosely made and loosely dressed, with a certain largeness and breadth about him which impressed his hearers as if it had been a moral quality—and his face was loquacious, especially the mouth, which had large lips, and lines about them bearing token of perpetual motion. These lips, and the peculiar way in which, in repose, they closed upon each other, were enough to prove to any spectator that his powers of speech were not to be despised. It was not an eloquent mouth. There is a great difference between powerful loquacity and real eloquence. He was not eloquent. A lofty subject would have disconcerted him, and when he attempted to treat an ordinary subject in a lofty way, his grandeur became bathos, and called forth laughter when tears were intended. But he was tremendously fluent, and he was popular. He did almost what he liked with the ordinary British jury, and his name in a bad case was almost as good as a verdict of acquittal.

When this man was ushered in by Brownlow with an importance befitting the occasion, Mrs. Eastwood momentarily felt her courage fail her. She knew him but slightly, and had never come into much personal contact with him, and she had that natural respect, just touched by a little dread of him, which women often entertain for men of public eminence who have gained for themselves a prominent place in the world. Nor did he do anything to diminish her agitation. He looked at her with cool grey eyes which twinkled from the folds and layers of eyelids that surrounded them, and with a half sarcastic smile on his face; and he called her "ma'am," as he was in the habit of doing when he meant to bully a female witness. Mrs. Eastwood, striving vaguely against the feeling, felt as if she too was going to be cross-examined and to commit herself, which was not a comfortable frame of mind.

"So our children, ma'am, have been making fools of themselves," he said, with a twinkle of his eyes, after the preliminary observations about her health and the weather were over. He followed the words with a chuckle at the folly of the idea; and Mrs. Eastwood, who was anxiously determined to fill the part of "mère noble," was taken aback, and scarcely knew what to reply.

"They have taken a step," she said, breathless, "which must very seriously affect their happiness——"

"Just so," said Mr. Molyneux, "and you and I must see what can be done about it. Ernest is not a bad fellow, ma'am, but he is sadly imprudent. He plunges into a step like this, without ever thinking what is to come of it. I suppose he has told you what his circumstances are?"

Mrs. Eastwood replied by a somewhat stiff inclination of the head.

"Precisely like him," said his father, chuckling. "Not a penny to bless himself with, nor the least idea where to find one; and accordingly he goes and proposes to a pretty girl, and makes up his mind, I suppose, to set up housekeeping directly—Heaven help him!—upon nothing a year."

"This is not what he has said to me," said Mrs. Eastwood. "In the first place, though frankly avowing that he had nothing—beyond his allowance from you—I have understood from him that by greater diligence in the pursuit of his profession——"

Mrs. Eastwood was interrupted here, by a low "Ho, ho!" of laughter from her visitor—a very uncomfortable kind of interruption. To tell the truth, feeling that things were against her, and determined not to let down Nelly's dignity, she had taken refuge in a grandeur of expression which she herself was conscious might be beyond the subject. No woman likes to be laughed at; and Mrs. Eastwood grew twenty times more dignified, as she became aware of the levity with which the other parent treated the whole affair.

"Ho! ho! ho! I recognize my boy in that," said Mr. Molyneux. "I beg your pardon, but Ernest is too great a wag to be resisted. Greater diligence in the pursuit of his profession! He ought to be made Lord Chancellor on the spot for that phrase. Are you aware, my dear ma'am, that he has never done anything, that boy of mine, in the pursuit of his profession, or otherwise, since he was born?"

"Am I to understand, Mr. Molyneux," said Mrs. Eastwood, slightly tremulous with offence and agitation, "that your object is to break off the engagement between my daughter and your son?"

"Nothing of the sort, ma'am; nothing of the sort," said Mr. Molyneux, cheerfully. "I have no objections to your daughter; and if it did not happen with her, it would happen with some one else. It is for both our interests, though, that they don't do anything foolish. What they intend is that we should pay the piper——"

"You must do me the favour to speak for yourself, and your son," said Mrs. Eastwood, with spirit. "My child has no such idea. She has never known anything about such calculations; and I am sure she will not begin now."

"I beg your pardon, and Miss Nelly's pardon," said the great man with an amused look. "I did not mean to reflect upon any one. But if she has not begun yet, I fear she will soon begin when she is Ernest's wife. They can't help it, ma'am. I am not blaming them. Once they are married, they must live; they must have a house over their heads, and a dinner daily. I've no doubt Miss Nelly's an angel; but even an angel, when she has weekly bills coming in, and nothing to pay them with, will begin to scheme."

"Such a thing appears to me quite impossible," said Mrs. Eastwood, in a flutter of suppressed indignation, and then she added, pausing to recover herself: "I must say at once, Mr. Molyneux, that if this is the way in which you are disposed to look at the matter, I should prefer to end the discussion. My daughter's happiness is very dear to me; but her credit, and my own credit, ought to be still more dear——"

"My dear ma'am," cried Mr. Molyneux, "now tell me, as a matter of curiosity, how your credit is concerned, or why you should be angry? My point of view is that, of course, the young people mean to get as much as they can out of us——"

"Perhaps your son does, sir!" cried Mrs. Eastwood, exasperated. "You ought to know him best."

"Of course, I know him best; and, of course, that is his object—to get as much as he can out of *me*," said Mr. Molyneux, pausing upon the pronoun. "Since you don't like it, I will leave the other side out of the question. I have known Ernest these eight and twenty years, and I ought to know what stuff he is made of. Now, as there are two parties to this bar-

gain, we had better know exactly what we mean on either side. I did not want Ernest to marry now, and in case he did marry, he ought to have looked higher. I don't mean to be unpleasant, but I should have liked him to look out—let us say, brutally—for more money. He has cost a deal of money in his day; and he ought to have brought in more. It is very likely, indeed, that your views were of a similar character. In that case, instead of wrangling, we ought to agree. Miss Nelly might have done better——"

"A great deal better," said the mother, firmly, and with decision.

"Exactly so. At bottom we mean the same thing, though I may speak too roughly; but, like a couple of young fools, they have gone and run their heads into a net. Privately, I admire your daughter very much," said Mr. Molyneux, with a certain oily change in his tone—a confession that the present subject under treatment was not to be bullied, but required more delicate dealing; "and though I say it that shouldn't, my son Ernest is a fine young fellow. They will make a handsome couple—just the kind of thing that would be delightful in a novel or in a poem—where they could live happy ever after, and never feel the want of money. But in this prosaic world things don't go on so comfortably. They have not a penny; that is the question that remains between you and me."

"Nelly has five thousand pounds; and he has—his profession," said Mrs. Eastwood, with a certain faltering in her voice.

"Well, well, well," said the wise man. "If we were all in a state of innocence, five thousand pounds would be something; and if we were a little wicked, his profession might count; but the world is not so litigious as might be desired. My son is too grand to demean himself to criminal cases like that inconsiderable mortal, his father. And do you mean them to live in London, my dear ma'am, upon Miss Nelly's twopence-halfpenny a year?"

"Indeed, I am not so foolish," cried Mrs. Eastwood; "beside thinking it wrong as a matter of principle. He must work, of course, before he can marry. He must have at least the prospect of a sufficient income before I should ever give my consent."

"A sufficient income earned by Ernest!" said Mr. Molyneux, with, again, that detestable "Ho, ho!" "Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Eastwood; but when I see how that boy has imposed upon you! No



—believe me, who know him better, that if anything is to come of it, it must be done by you and me.”

“I do not understand, Mr. Molyneux——”

“I quite believe it,” he said, relapsing into carelessness just touched with contempt. “Ladies seldom understand such matters. If you will tell me the name of your solicitor, perhaps it would be better for me to talk the matter over with him.”

“What is there to talk over?” said Mrs. Eastwood, once more roused into indignation. “I think, Mr. Molyneux, that we are speaking different languages. Nelly has her little fortune—as you know—and I am willing to allow her to wait till Ernest is in a position to claim her. I should not allow this without your approval, as his father. But as, so far, you have given your approval, what more does there remain to say?”

The great lawyer looked at his simple antagonist with a kind of stupefaction.

“We are indeed talking two different languages,” he said. “Tell me who is your solicitor, my dear lady, and he and I will talk it over——”

“In a matter so important,” said Mrs. Eastwood, plucking firmness from the emergency, “I prefer to act for myself.”

Perhaps at this moment she achieved the greatest success of her life, though she did not know it. Mr. Molyneux was struck dumb. He stared at her, and he scratched his head like any bumpkin. He could not swear, nor storm, nor threaten, as he would sometimes do with the hapless people in the witness-box. He was obliged to be civil, and smooth-spoken, and to treat her with a certain degree of politeness; for though he believed that Ernest might have done better, he had no desire to defy his son, who was, in his way, a formidable opponent, and he did not quite venture, knowing the sort of young man he had to deal with, to break off the match, or do anything violent tending that way.

“Then I must try what can be done by plainer language,” he said, hiding his bewilderment under a specious appearance of candour. “We must throw away all circumlocution. Let us be reasonable. I will give my son so much a year, if you will give your daughter so much a year. That is what it comes to. If we do this, there may be some possibility for them; but without this, nothing can be done; and of course, the allowance which you might be able to give her would deter-

mine to some extent what I should give him.”

“What I might be able to give my daughter?” said Mrs. Eastwood, in surprise; “but I have nothing to do with it. I give her nothing—she comes into it by her grandfather’s will.”

“The five thousand pounds—yes, yes, I understand all about that,” said Mr. Molyneux, with a mixture of disgust and weariness. This infinitesimal, but always recurring, morsel of money bored him. But he tried to keep his temper. He explained the duty of parents in such an emergency with great fulness. If a sacrifice had to be made, it must, he pointed out, be a mutual sacrifice. The question was not of five thousand pounds, or five thousand pence, but how to “make up an income” for the young people. Without an income there could be no marriage; it was not a matter of feeling, but of arrangement; if the one side did so much, the other side would do so much more. The great man explained the position with all his natural wealth of words, and with all the ease of wealth, to which a hundred or two more of expenditure in a year mattered comparatively little. But Mrs. Eastwood, who, as the reader is aware, had enough, but not too much, listened with a dismay which she could scarcely disguise. She, who had been obliged to put down her carriage, in order to free her son, was not in a position to give large allowances to either son or daughter. She made the best effort she could to maintain her ground.

“I should have thought that your son, in your profession, in which you are so eminent——” she began with an attempt to propitiate her amicable adversary, who had changed the question so entirely from what appeared to her its natural aspect.

“In my profession, ma’am, a man stands on his own merits, not his father’s,” Mr. Molyneux answered, interrupting her with brusque decision. What was poor Mrs. Eastwood to do? She could not give to Nelly without being unjust to her other children, and yet how was she to have the heart to crush Nelly’s happiness by refusing? A vision of her child, hollow-eyed and pale, casting pathetic glances at her, which would be worse than reproaches, flitted before her eyes. Girls have died ere now of separation from their lovers, and Nelly (the mother thought) was the kind of girl to break her heart without a complaint. Could she risk the breaking of Nelly’s

heart for a miserable question of money? This was an influence infinitely more subtle and potent than Mr. Molyneux's eloquence. While he talked the good mother fought it out in her own bosom. She gave her consent that he should see her solicitor and talk over the matter with a sort of despairing acquiescence and that desperate trust in Providence which springs up in an oppressed soul when driven to its last resources. Something might "come in the way." Nothing could be resolved upon at once; neither to-day nor to-morrow could call for immediate action, and something might come in the way.

Mr. Molyneux saw Nelly before he went away, and was kind and fatherly, kissing her on the forehead, an act which Mrs. Eastwood half resented, as somehow interfering with her absolute property in her child. The lover she tolerated, but the lover's father was odious to her. And this trial of her patience was all the more hard that she had to put the best face upon it before Nelly, and to say that Mr. Molyneux and she did not quite agree on some points, but that everything would come right by-and-by. Nelly had always been her mother's confidant, knowing everything and thrusting her ready youthful opinion and daring undoubting advice into whatever was going on, and to shut her out now from all participation in this crowning care was unspeakably hard.

And then the nature of the vexation which she had thus to conceal within herself was so doubly odious—a question of money, which made her appear even to herself as if she was a niggard where her child's happiness was involved, she who had never grudged Nelly anything all her life! Other disagreeables, too, mingled in the matter. To be roused from the pleasant confidence that all your friends think well of you by the sudden discovery that some of them, at least, hold very lightly the privilege of your special alliance, is not in itself consolatory. Everything connected with the subject turned somehow into pain. Since the time when the carriage was put down, no such incident had occurred in the family, and Frederick's debts, which were a kind of natural grief in their way (for has not every man debts?), were not half so overwhelming as this, nor did they bring half so many troubles in their train.

When the love of lovers comes into a house which has hitherto been kept warm and bright by the loves of parent

and children, brother and sister, the first thing it does in most cases is to make a rent and division. It calls out the sense of self and personal identity, it breaks the soft silken bonds of nature, and turns the hands a little while ago so closely linked almost against each other. Nelly thought her mother was hard to her Ernest, and Ernest thought his future mother-in-law was already developing the true mother-in-law character, and was about to become his natural enemy. He could not help giving hints of this to his betrothed, which made Nelly unhappy. And then her mother would find her crying, and on asking why, would be assailed with pitiful remonstrances.

"Dear mamma, why should you turn against Ernest? You used to like him well enough. Is it because I am fond of him that you turn against him?" Thus Nelly would moan, rending her mother's heart.

All this introduced the strangest new commotion into the peaceful household, and the reader will not wonder that poor Mrs. Eastwood, thus held on the rack, was a little impatient of other annoyances. On the very evening of the day on which she had the interview with Mr. Molyneux above recorded, when she was going through the hall on her way upstairs, another vexing and suggestive incident disturbed her. The hall was square, with one little deep window on one side of the door, the recess of which was filled with a window seat. Here some one was seated, half-visible in the darkness, with a head pressed against the window, gazing out. Nothing could be more unlike the large window of the Palazzo Scaramucci, but the attitude and act were the same. Mrs. Eastwood stopped, half alarmed, and watched the motionless figure. Then she went forward with a wondering uneasiness.

"Is it you, Innocent?" she said.

"Yes."

"What are you doing here? It is too cold to stand about in the hall, and besides it is not a proper place for you. Go into the drawing-room dear, or come upstairs with me. What are you doing here?"

"I am waiting," said Innocent.

"For what, for whom?" said the mother, alarmed.

"For Frederick," said the girl, with a long drawing out of the breath, which was almost a sigh.



From Fraser's Magazine.

## LECTURES ON MR. DARWIN'S PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MULLER.

## FIRST LECTURE,

DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION,  
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PHILOSOPHY is not, as is sometimes supposed, a mere intellectual luxury; it is, under varying disguises, the daily bread of the whole world. Though the workers and speakers must always be few, those for whom they work and speak are many; and though the waves run highest in the centres of literary life, the widening circles of philosophic thought reach in the end to the most distant shores. What is thought-out and written down in the study, is soon taught in the schools, preached from the pulpits, and discussed at the corners of the streets. There are at the present moment materialists and spiritualists, realists and idealists, postivists and mystics, evolutionists and specialists to be met with in the workshops as well as in the lecture-rooms, and it may safely be asserted that the intellectual vigour and moral health of a nation depend no more on the established religion than on the dominant philosophy of the realm.

No one who at the present moment watches the state of the intellectual atmosphere of Europe, can fail to see that we are on the eve of a storm which will shake the oldest convictions of the world, and upset everything that is not firmly rooted. Whether we look to England, France, or Germany, everywhere we see, in the recent manifestoes of their philosophers, the same thoughts struggling for recognition — thoughts not exactly new, but presented in a new and startling form. There is everywhere the same desire to explain the universe, such as we know it, without the admission of any plan, any object, any superintendence; a desire to remove all specific barriers, not only those which separate man from the animal, and the animal from the plant, but those also which separate organic from inorganic bodies; lastly, a desire to explain life as a mode of chemical action, and thought as a movement of nervous molecules.

It is difficult to find a general name for these philosophic tendencies, particularly as their principal representatives differ widely from each other. It would be unfair to class the coarse materialism of Büchner with the thoughtful realism of

Spencer. Nor does it seem right to use the name of Darwinism in that vague and undefined sense in which it has been used so frequently of late, comprehending under that title not only the carefully worded conclusions of that great observer and thinker, but likewise the bold generalizations of his numerous disciples. I shall mention only one, but a most important point, on which so-called Darwinism has evidently gone far beyond Mr. Darwin. It is well known that, according to Mr. Darwin, all animals and plants have descended from about eight or ten progenitors. He is satisfied with this and declines to follow the deceitful guidance of analogy, which would lead us to the admission of but one prototype. And he adds that even if he were to infer from analogy that all the organic beings which had ever lived on this earth had descended from some one primordial form, he would hold that life was first breathed into that primordial form by the Creator. Very different from this is the conclusion proclaimed by Professor Haeckel, the most distinguished and most strenuous advocate of Mr. Darwin's opinions in Germany. He maintains that in the present state of physiological knowledge, the idea of a Creator, a Maker, a Life-giver has become unscientific; that the admission of one primordial form is sufficient; and that that first primordial form was a Moneres, produced by self-generation.

I know, indeed, of no name sufficiently comprehensive for this broad stream of philosophic thought, but the name of "*Evolutionary Materialism*" is perhaps the best that can be framed. I am afraid that it will be objected to by those who imagine that materialism is a term of reproach. It is so in a moral sense, but no real student of the history of philosophy would use the word for such a purpose. In the historical evolution of philosophy, materialism has as much right as spiritualism, and it has taught us many lessons for which we ought to be most grateful. To say that materialism degrades mind to the level of matter is a false accusation, because what the materialist means by matter is totally different from what the spiritualist means by it, and from what it means in common parlance. The matter of the materialist contains, at least potentially, the highest attributes that can be assigned to any object of knowledge; the matter of the spiritualists is simply an illusion; while, in common parlance, matter is hardly more than

stuff and rubbish. Let each system of philosophy be judged out of its own mouth, and let us not wrangle about words more than we can help. Philosophical progress, like political progress, prospers best under party government, and the history of philosophy would lose half its charm and half its usefulness, if the struggle between the two great parties in the realm of thought, the spiritualist and the materialist, the idealist and the realist, were ever to cease. As thunderstorms are wanted in nature to clear the air and give us breath, the human mind, too, stands in need of its tempests, and never does it display greater vigour and freshness than after it has passed through one of the decisive battles in the world of thought.

But though allowing to the materialist philosophers all the honour that is due to a great and powerful party, the spiritualist may hate and detect materialism with the same hatred with which the conservative hates radicalism, or at all events with such a modicum of hatred as a philosopher is capable of; and he has a perfect right to oppose, by all the means at his disposal, the exclusive sway of materialistic opinions. Though from a purely philosophical point of view, we may admit that spiritualism is as one-sided as materialism, that they are both but two faces of the same head, that each can see but one half of the world, yet no one who has worked his way honestly through the problems of materialism and spiritualism would deny that the conclusions of Hume are more disheartening than those of Berkeley, and that the strongest natures only can live under the pressure of such opinions as those which were held by La Mettrie or Schopenhauer. To some people, I know, such considerations will seem beside the point. They hold that scientific research, whatever its discoveries may be, is never to be allowed to touch the deeper convictions of our souls. They seem to hold that the world may have been created twice, once according to Moses, and once according to Darwin. I confess I cannot adopt this artificial distinction, and I feel tempted to ask those cold-blooded philosophers the same question which the German peasant asked his bishop, who, as a prince, was amusing himself on week-days, and, as a bishop, praying on Sundays. "Your Highness, what will become of the bishop, if the Devil comes and takes the prince?" Scientific research is not intended for intellectual exercise and amusement only,

and our scientific convictions will not submit to being kept in quarantine. If we once embark on board the *Challenger*, we cannot rest with one foot on dry land. Wherever it leads us, we must follow; wherever it lands us there we must try to live. Now, it does make a difference whether we live in the atmosphere of Africa or of Europe, and it makes the same difference whether we live in the atmosphere of spiritualism or materialism. The view of the world and of our place in it, as indicated by Mr. Darwin, and more sharply defined by some of his followers, does not touch scientific interests only; it cuts to the very heart, and must become to every man to whom truth, whether you call it scientific or religious, is sacred, a question of life and death, in the deepest and fullest sense of the word.

In the short course of three Lectures which I have undertaken to give this year in this Institution, I do not intend to grapple with the whole problem of Evolutionary Materialism. My object is simply to point out a strange omission, and to call attention to one kind of evidence—I mean the evidence of language—which has been most unaccountably neglected, both in studying the development of the human intellect, and in determining the position which man holds in the system of the world. Is it not extraordinary, for instance, that in the latest work on Psychology, language should hardly ever be mentioned, language without which no thought can exist, or at all events, without which no thought has ever been realized or expressed? It does not matter what view of language we take; under all circumstances its intimate connection with thought cannot be doubted. Call language a mass of imitative cries, or a heap of conventional signs; let it be the tool or the work of thought; let it be the mere garment or the very embodiment of mind—whatever it is, surely it has something to do with the historical or palæontological, and with the individual or embryological evolution of the human self. It may be very interesting to the psychologist to know the marvellous machinery of the senses, beginning with the first formation of nervous channels, tracing the process in which the reflex action of the molecules of the afferent nerves produces a reaction in the molecules of the efferent nerves, following up the establishment of nervous centres and nervous plexuses, and laying bare the whole net-



work of the telegraphic wires through which messages are flashed from station to station. Yet much of that network and its functions admits, and can admit, of an hypothetical interpretation only; while we have before us another network—I mean language—in its endless variety, where every movement of the mind, from the first tremor to the last calm utterance of our philosophy, may be studied as in a faithful photograph. And while we know the nervous system only such as it is, or, if we adopt the system of evolution, such as it has gradually been brought from the lowest to the highest state of organization, but are never able to watch the actual historical or palæontological process of its formation, we know language, not only as it is, but can watch it in its constant genesis, and in its historical progress from simplicity to complexity, and again from complexity to simplicity. For let us not forget that language has two aspects. We, the historical races of mankind, use it, we speak and think it, but we do not make it. Though the faculty of language may be congenital, all languages are traditional. The words in which we think are channels of thought which we have not dug ourselves, but which we found ready-made for us. The work of making language belongs to a period in the history of mankind beyond the reach of tradition, and of which we, in our advanced state of mental development, can hardly form a conception. Yet that period must have had an historical reality as much as the period during which small annual deposits formed the strata of the globe on which we live. As during enormous periods of time the Earth was absorbed in producing the abundant carboniferous vegetation which still supplies us with the means of warmth, light, and life, there must have been a period during which the human mind had no other work but that of linguistic vegetation, the produce of which still supplies the stores of our grammars and dictionaries. After the great bulk of language was finished, a new work began, that of arranging and defining it, and of now and then coining a new word for a new thought. And all this we can still see with our own eyes, as it were, in the quarries opened by the Science of Language. No microscope will ever enable us to watch the formation of a new nervous ganglion, while the Science of Language shows us the formation of new mental ganglia in the formation of every new word. Besides, let us

not forget that the whole network of the nerves is outside the mind. A state of nervous action may be parallel, but it never is identical with a state of consciousness (*Principles of Psychology*, II. 592), and even the parallelism between nervous states and states of consciousness is, when we come to details, beyond all comprehension (*ib.* I. 149). Language, on the contrary, is not outside the mind, but is *the* outside of the mind. Language without thought is as impossible as thought without language; and although we may by abstraction distinguish between what the Greeks called inward and outward Logos, yet in reality and full actuality language is one and indivisible—language is very thought. On this more hereafter.

Just at the end of his interesting work on the *Principles of Psychology*, Mr. Herbert Spencer shows, by one remark, that he is well aware of the importance of language for a proper study of psychology.\* “Whether it be or be not a true saying,” he writes, “that mythology is a disease of language, it may be said with truth that metaphysics, in all its anti-realistic developments, is a disease of language.” No doubt it is; but think of the consequences that flow from this view of language for a proper study of psychology! If a disease of language can produce such hallucinations as mythology and metaphysics, what then is the health of language, and what its bearing on the healthy functions of the mind? Is this no problem for the psychologist? Nervous or cerebral disorders occupy a large portion in every work on psychology; yet they are in their nature obscure, and must always remain so. Why a hardening or softening of the brain should interfere with thought will never be explained, beyond the fact that the wires are somehow damaged, and do not properly receive and convey the nervous currents. But what we call a disease of language is perfectly intelligible; nay, it has been proved to be natural, and almost inevitable. In a lecture delivered in this Institution some time ago, I endeavoured to show that mythology, in the widest sense of the word, is the power exercised by language on thought in every possible sphere of mental activity, including metaphysics as well as religion; and I called the whole history of philosophy, from Thales down to Hegel, one uninterrupted battle against mythology, a con-

\* Spencer, *Principles of Psychology*, Vol. II. p. 502.

stant protest of thought against language. Not till we understand the real nature of language shall we understand the real nature of the human Self; and those who want to read the true history of the development of the soul of man, must learn to read it in language, the primeval and never-ending autobiography of our race.

In order to show the real bearing of the Philosophy of Language on the problem which occupies us at present, viz. the position of man in the animal world, it is absolutely necessary to go back to Hume and Kant. Nothing seems to me so much to be regretted in the philosophical discussions of our time as the neglect which is shown for the history of former struggles in which the same interests were at stake, and in which the same problems were discussed, not without leaving, one would have thought, something that is still worth remembering. A study of the history of philosophy cannot, at the present moment, be too strongly recommended, when one sees men of the highest eminence in their special spheres of study, approaching the old problems of mankind as if they had never been discussed before, and advancing opinions such as Sokrates would not have dared to place in the mouths of his antagonists. Even if a study of ancient philosophy, and particularly of Oriental philosophy, should appear too heavy a task, it seems at all events indispensable, that those who take an active part in the controversies on the theory of general evolution and development, as opposed to specific variety and a reign of law, should be familiar with the final results of that great debate which, about one hundred years ago, was carried on on very similar, nay, essentially the same topics, by such giants as Berkeley, Hume, and Kant. In the permanent philosophical parliament of the world there is, and there must be, an order of business. The representatives of the highest interests of mankind cannot be discussing all things at all times. At all events, if an old question is to be opened again, let it be opened in that form in which it was left at the end of the last debate.

In order to appreciate the full import of the questions now agitated by positivist and evolutionist philosophers, in order to understand their antecedents, and to do justice to their claims, we must go back to Hume and Kant. The position which Kant took and maintained against the materialist philosophy of Hume and the idealist philosophy of

Berkeley, may be attacked afresh, but it cannot be, and it ought not to be, ignored. Kant's answer was not simply the answer of one German professor, it was a vote carried in a full house, and at the time accepted as decisive by the whole world.

The circumstances under which Kant wrote his *Criticism of Pure Reason* show that his success was due, not only to his own qualifications, great as they were, but to the fact that the tide of materialism was on the turn, that a reaction had set in in the minds of independent thinkers, so that, when he wrote his great and decisive work, he was but lending the most powerful expression to the silent convictions of the world's growing majority. Unless we keep this in view, the success of Kant's philosophy would be inexplicable. He was a Professor in a small university of Eastern Prussia. He had never been out of his native province, never but once out of his native town. He began to lecture at Königsberg as a *Privat-Dozent* in 1755, just a year before the beginning of the Seven Years' War, when other questions rather, and not the certainty of synthetic judgments *à priori*, would seem to have interested the public mind of Germany. Kant worked on for sixteen years as an unpaid University lecturer; in 1766 he took a Librarianship which yielded him about 10*l.* a year, and it was not till he was forty-six years of age (1770) that he succeeded in obtaining a Professorship of Logic and Metaphysics with a salary of about 60*l.* a year. He lectured indefatigably on a great variety of subjects:—on Mathematics, Physics, Logic, Metaphysics, Natural Law, Morals, Natural Religion, Physical Geography, and Anthropology. He enjoyed a high reputation in his own University, but no more than many other professors in the numerous universities of Germany. His fame had certainly never spread beyond the academic circles of his own country, when in the year 1781, at the age of fifty-seven, he published at Riga his *Critik der reinen Vernunft* (*The Criticism of Pure Reason*), a work which in the onward stream of philosophic thought has stood, and will stand for ever, like the rocks of Niagara. There is nothing attractive in that book, nothing startling; far from it. It is badly written, in a heavy style, full of repetitions, all grey in grey, with hardly a single ray of light and sunshine from beginning to end. And yet that book soon became known all over Europe, at a time when



literary intelligence travelled much more slowly than at present. Lectures were given in London on Kant's new system, even at Paris the philosopher of Königsberg became an authority, and for the first time in the history of human thought the philosophical phraseology of the age became German.

How is this to be explained? I believe simply by the fact that Kant spoke the word which the world had been waiting for. No philosopher, from Thales down to Hegel, has ever told, has ever taken and held his place in the history of philosophy, whose speculations, however abstruse in appearance, however far removed at first sight from the interests of ordinary mortals, have not answered some deep yearning in the hearts of his fellow-men. What makes a philosopher great, or, at all events, what makes him really powerful, is what soldiers would call his feeling for the main body of the army in its advance from truth to truth; his perfect understanding of the human solitudes of his age, his sympathy with the historical progress of human thought. At the time of Kant's great triumph, the conclusions of Locke and Hume had remained unanswered for a long time, and seemed almost unanswerable. But for that very reason people longed for an answer. The problems which then disquieted not only philosophers, but all to whom their "Being and Knowing" were matters of real concern, were not new problems. They were the old problems of the world, the questions of the possibility of absolute certainty in the evidence of the senses, of reason, or of faith, the questions of the beginning and end of our existence, the question whether the Infinite is the shadow of a dream, or the substance of all substances. The same problems had exercised the sages of India, the thinkers of Greece, the students of Rome, the dreamers of Alexandria, the divines and scholars of the Middle Ages, the Realists and Nominalists, and again the schools of Descartes and Leibniz, in their conflict with the schools of Locke and Hume. But these old problems had in Kant's time, as in our own, assumed a new form and influence. If, in spite of its ever varying aspects, we may characterize the world-wide struggle by one word, as a struggle for the primacy between matter and mind, we can clearly see that in the middle of the last as again in the middle of our own century the materialistic view had gained the upper hand over the spiritualistic. Descartes, Male-

branche, Leibniz, and Wolf might influence the opinions of hard-working students and independent thinkers, but their language was hardly understood by the busy world outside the lecture-rooms; while the writings of Locke, and still more those of Hume and his French followers, penetrated alike into boudoirs and club-rooms. Never, perhaps, in the whole history of philosophy did the pendulum of philosophic thought swing so violently as in the middle of the eighteenth century, from one extreme to the other, from Berkeley to Hume; never did pure spiritualism and pure materialism find such outspoken and uncompromising advocates as in the Bishop of Cloyne,—who considered it the height of absurdity to imagine any object as existing without, or independent of, that which alone will produce an object, viz., the subject,\*—and the Librarian of the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, who looked upon the conception of a subjective mind as a mere illusion, founded on nothing but on that succession of sensations to which we wrongly assign a sentient cause. But it is easy to see, in the literature of the ages, that of these two solutions of the riddle of mind and matter, that which explained the mind as the mere outcome of matter, as the result of the impressions made on the senses, was far more in harmony with the general taste of the age than that which looked upon matter as the mere outcome of the mind. The former was regarded by the world as clever, the latter almost as silly.

That all-powerful, though most treacherous ally of philosophy, Common Sense, was stoutly opposed to Berkeley's idealism, and the typical representative of Common Sense, Dr. Samuel Johnson, maintained that he had only to strike his foot with characteristic force against a stone in order to convince the world that he had thoroughly refuted Berkeley and all idealists.† Voltaire, a less sincere believer in Common Sense, joked about ten thousand cannon balls and ten thousand dead men, being only ten thousand ideas; while Dean Swift is accused of having committed the sorry joke of keeping Bishop Berkeley, on a rainy day, waiting before his door, giving orders not to open it, because, he said, if his philosophy is true, he can as easily enter with the door shut as with the door open. Though at present philosophers are inclined to do more

\* *Berkeley's Works*, ed. Fraser, Vol. IV. p. 376.

† *Berkeley's Works*, Vol. IV. p. 368.

justice to Berkeley, yet they seldom speak of him without a suppressed smile, totally forgetting that the majority of real thinkers, nay, I should almost venture to say, the majority of mankind agree with Berkeley in looking upon the phenomenal or so-called real world as a mere mirage, as mere *Mâyā* or illusion of the thinking Self.

In the last century the current of public opinion—and we know how powerful, how overwhelming that current can be at times—had been decidedly in favour of materialism, when Kant stood forth to stem and to turn the tide. He came so exactly in the nick of time that one almost doubts whether the tide was turning, or whether he turned the tide. But what secures to Kant his position in the history of philosophy is, that he brought the battle back to that point where alone it could be decided, that he took up the thread in the philosophical woof of mankind at the very point where it threatened to ravel and to break. He wrote the whole of his *Criticism of Pure Reason*, with constant reference to Berkeley and Hume; and what I blame in modern philosophers is that, if they wish to go back to the position maintained by Hume, they should attempt to do it without taking into account the work achieved by Kant. To do this is to commit a philosophical anachronism, it is tantamount to removing the questions which now occupy us, from that historical stage on which alone they can be authoritatively decided.

It has sometimes been supposed that the rapid success of Kant's philosophy was due to its being a philosophy of compromise, neither spiritualistic, like Berkeley's, nor materialistic, like Hume's. I look upon Kant's philosophy, not as a compromise, but as a reconciliation of spiritualism and materialism, or rather of idealism and realism. But whatever view we may take of Kant, it is quite clear that, at the time when he wrote, neither Berkeley's nor Hume's followers would have accepted his terms. It is true that Kant differed from Berkeley in admitting that the raw material of our sensations and thoughts is given to us, that we accept it from without, not from within. So far the realistic school might claim him as their own. But when Kant demonstrates that we are not merely passive recipients, that the conception of a purely passive recipient involves in fact an absurdity, that what is given us we accept on our own terms, these terms being the forms of our sensuous perception, and the cate-

gories of our mind, then the realist would see that the ground under his feet was no longer safe, and that his new ally was more dangerous than his old enemy.

Kant's chief object in writing the *Criticism of Pure Reason* was to determine, once for all, the organs and the limits of our knowledge; and therefore, instead of criticizing, as was then the fashion, the results of our knowledge whether in religion, or in history, or in science, he boldly went to the root of the matter, and subjected Reason, pure and simple, to his searching analysis. In doing this he was certainly far more successful against Locke and Hume than against Berkeley. To call the human mind a *tabula rasa* was pure metaphor, it was mythology and nothing else. *Tabula rasa* means a tablet, smoothed and made ready to receive the impressions of the pencil (*γραφειον*). It makes very little difference whether the mind is called a *tabula rasa*, or a mirror, or wax, or anything else that the French call *impressionable*. Nor does it help us much if, instead of impressions, we speak of sensations, or states of consciousness, or manifestations. The question is, how these states of consciousness come to be, whether "to know" is an active or a passive verb, whether there is a knowing Self, and what it is like. If we begin with states of consciousness as ultimate facts, no doubt Hume and his followers are unassailable. Nothing can be more ingenious than the explanation of the process by which the primary impressions, by mere twisting and turning, develop at last into an intellect, the passive mirror growing into a conscious Self. The sensuous impressions, as they are succeeded by new impressions, are supposed to become fainter, and to settle down into what we call our memory. General ideas are explained as the inevitable result of repeated sensuous impressions. For instance, if we see a green leaf, the green sea, and a green bird, the leaf, the sea, and the bird leave each but one impression, while the impression of the green colour is repeated three times, and becomes therefore deeper, more permanent, more general. Again, if we see the leaf of an oak tree, of a fig tree, of a rose tree, or of any other plant or shrub, the peculiar outline of each individual leaf is more or less obliterated, and there remains, we are told, the general impression of a leaf. In the same manner, out of innumerable impressions of various trees arises the general impression of tree, out of the impressions of trees, shrubs, and herbs, the gen-



eral impression of plant, of vegetative species, and at last of substance, animate or inanimate. In this manner it was supposed that the whole furniture of the human mind could be explained as the inevitable result of repeated sensuous impressions; and further, as these sensuous impressions, which make up the whole of what is called Mind, *are received by animals as well as by men*, it followed, as a matter of course, that the difference between the two was a difference of degree only, and that it was a mere question of time and circumstances for a man-like ape to develop into an ape-like man.

We have now reached a point where the intimate connection between Hume's philosophy and that of the Evolutionist school will begin to be perceived.

If Mr. Darwin is right, if man is either the lineal or lateral descendant of some lower animal, then all the discussions between Locke and Berkeley, between Hume and Kant, have become useless and antiquated. We all agree that animals receive their knowledge through the senses only; and if man was developed from a lower animal, the human mind, too, must have been developed from a lower animal mind. There would be an end to all further discussions: Kant, and all who follow him, would simply be out of court.

But have the followers of Mr. Darwin no misgivings that possibly Kant's conclusions may be so strong as to resist even the hypothesis of evolution? Do they consider it quite safe in their victorious advance to leave such a fortress as Kant has erected unnoticed in the rear? If no attempt had ever been made at answering Hume, there would be no harm in speaking again of the mind of man and the mind of animals as a *tabula rasa* on which impressions are made which faint, and spontaneously develop into conceptions and general ideas. They might revive the old watchword of Locke's school—though it is really much older than Locke\*—"that there is nothing in the intellect that was not before in the senses," forgetting how it had been silenced by the triumphant answer of Kant's small army, "that there is nothing in the senses that was not at the same time in the intellect." But when one has watched these shouts and counter-shouts, when

one has seen the splendid feats of arms in the truly historical battles of the world, then to be simply told that all this is *passé*, that we now possess evidence which Berkeley, Locke, and Kant did not possess, and which renders all their lucubrations unnecessary; that, man being the descendant of some lower animal, the development of the human mind out of the mind of animals, or out of no mind, is a mere question of time, is certainly enough to make one feel a little impatient.

It is not for one moment maintained that, because Kant had proved that sensations are not the only ingredients of our consciousness, the question of the development of the human mind out of mere sensations is never to be opened again. Far from it. Only, if it is to be opened again, it should be done with a full appreciation of the labours of those who have come before us; otherwise philosophy itself will fall back into a state of prehistoric savagery.

What, then, is that *tabula rasa*, which sounds so learned, and yet is mere verbal jugglery? Let us accept the metaphor, that the mind is like a smooth writing tablet with nothing on it or in it, and what can be clearer even then, than that the impressions made on it must be determined by the nature of such a tablet? Impressions made on wax are different from impressions made on sand or water, and impressions made on the human Self must likewise be determined by the nature of the recipient. We see, therefore, that the conditions under which each recipient is capable of receiving impressions, constitute at the same time the conditions or terms to which all impressions must submit, whether they be made on a *tabula rasa*, or on the human Self, or on anything else.

And here is the place where Kant broke through the phalanx of the sensualistic school. That without which no impressions on the human mind are possible or conceivable, constitutes, he would say, the *transcendental* side of our knowledge. What, according to Kant, is *transcendental* is generally identified with what other philosophers call *à priori* or subjective. But this is true in a very limited sense only. Kant does not mean by transcendental what is merely biographically, i.e. in each individual, or even palæontologically, i.e. in the history of the whole race of man, *à priori*. The *à priori* in these two senses has to be discovered by experimental and historical psy-

\* Locke, 1632-1704. In a letter from Sir T. Bodley to Sir F. Bacon, February 1607, we read: "It being a maxim of all men's approving, in intellectu nihil est quod non prius fuit in sensu."

chology, and Kant would probably have no objection whatever to any of the conclusions arrived at in this domain of research by the most advanced evolutionist. The *à priori* which Kant tries to discover is that which makes the two other *à priori*'s possible; it is the ontological *à priori*. Let all the irritations of the senses, let all the raw material of our sensuous perceptions be given, the fact of our not simply yielding to these inroads, but resisting them, accepting them, realizing them, knowing them, all this shows a reacting and realizing power in the Self. If anything is to be seen, or heard, or felt, or known by *us*, such as we are — and, I suppose, we are something — if all is not to end with disturbances of the retina, or vibrations of the tympanum, or ringing of the bells at the receiving stations of the brain, then what is to be perceived by *us*, must submit to the conditions of *our* perceiving, what is to be known by *us*, must accept the conditions of *our* knowing. This point is of so much importance for the solution, or, at all events, for the right apprehension of the problem with which we have to deal, that we must examine Kant's view on the origin and on the conditions of our knowledge a little more carefully.

According to Kant, then, there are, first of all, two fundamental or inevitable conditions of all sensuous manifestations, viz. *Space* and *Time*. They are called by Kant pure intuitions, which means *à priori* forms to which all intuitions if they are to become *our* intuitions, must submit. By no effort can we do away with these forms of phenomenal existence. If we are to become conscious of anything, whether we call it an impression, or a manifestation, or a phase, we must place all phenomena side by side, or *in space*; and we can accept them only as following each other in succession, or *in time*. If we wanted to make it still clearer, that Time and Space are subjective, or at all events determined by the Self, we might say that there can be no *There* without a *Here*, there can be no *Then* without a *Now*, and both the *Here* and the *Now* depend on us as recipients, as measurers, as perceivers.

Mr. Herbert Spencer brings three arguments against Kant's view, that Space and Time are *à priori* forms of our sensuous intuition. He says it is absolutely impossible to think that these forms of intuition belong to the *ego*, and not to the *non-ego*. Now Kant does not, according to the nature of his system, commit him-

self to any assertion that some such forms may not belong to the *non-ego*, the *Ding an sich*; he only maintains that we have no means of knowing it. That Kant's view is perfectly thinkable, is proved by Berkeley and most Idealists.

Secondly, Mr. H. Spencer argues that if Space and Time are forms of thought, they can never be thought of, since it is impossible for anything to be at once the form of thought and the matter of thought. Against this argument it must be remarked that Kant never takes Space and Time as forms of thought. He carefully guards against this view, and calls them "*reine Formen sinnlicher Anschauung*" (pure forms of sensuous intuition). But even if this distinction between thought and intuition is eliminated by evolution, it remains still to be proved that the forms of thought can never become the matter of thought. The greater part of philosophy makes the forms of thought the matter of thought.

Thirdly, Mr. Spencer maintains that some of our sense-perceptions, and more particularly that of hearing, are not necessarily localized. This objection again seems to me to rest on a misunderstanding. Though it is true that we do not always know the exact place where sounds come from, we always know, even in the case of our ear ringing, that what we perceive is outside, is somewhere, comes towards us; and that is all that Kant requires.

But besides these fundamental forms of sensuous intuition, Space and Time, without which no sensuous perception is possible, Kant, by his analysis of Pure Reason, discovered other conditions of our knowledge, the so-called *Categories of the Intellect*. While the sensualistic school, beginning with the ordinary *à priori* of experience, looked upon these forms of thought as mere abstractions, the residue or shadow of repeated observations, Kant made it clear that without them no experience, not even the lowest, would be possible, and that therefore they could not by themselves be acquired by experience. Grant, he would say, that we have, we do not know how, the sensations of colour, sound, taste, smell, or touch. They are given, and we must accept them. But think of the enormous difference between a vibration and a sensation; and again between a succession and agglomeration of the sensations of yellowness, softness, sweetness, and roundness, and what we mean when we speak of an orange! The nerves may



vibrate for ever — what would that be to us? The sensations might rush in for ever through the different gates of our senses, the afferent nerves might deliver them to one central point, yet even then they would remain but so many excitations of nervous action, so many sensations, coming and going at pleasure, but they would never by themselves alone produce in us the perception of an orange. The common-sense view of the matter is that we perceive all these sensations together as an orange, because the orange, as such, exists without us as something substantial, and the qualities of yellowness, softness, sweetness, and roundness are inherent in it. This is, no doubt, very unphilosophical, and ignores the positive fact that all that we have consists and can consist only of sensations and phases of consciousness, and that nothing can ever carry us beyond. Yet there is this foundation of truth in the common-sense view, that it shows our utter inability of perceiving any sensations without referring them to something substantial which causes them, and is supposed to possess all those qualities which correspond to our sensations. But if we once know that what is given us consists only of phases of sensation, whatever their origin may be, it then becomes clear that it can only be our Self, or whatever else we like to call it, which adds all the rest, and does this, not consciously or deliberately, but of necessity, and, as it were, in the dark.

We cannot receive sensations without at once referring them to a substantial cause. To say that these sensations may have no origin at all, would be to commit an outrage against ourselves. And why? Simply because our mind is so constituted that to doubt whether anything phenomenal had a cause would be a logical suicide. Call it what you like, a law, a necessity, an unconscious instinct, a category of the understanding, it always remains the *fault* of our Self, that it cannot receive sensations without referring them to a substance of which they are supposed to tell us the attributes.\* And if this is so, we have a clear right to say with Kant, that that without which even the lowest perception of an object is impossible must be given, and cannot have been

acquired by repeated perception. The premiss in this argument, viz. that what we mean by cause has no warrant in the Non-ego, is indeed accepted, not only by Kant, but also by Hume; nay, there can be no doubt that on this point Kant owed very much to Hume's scepticism. Kant has nothing to say against Hume's argumentation that the ideas of *cause* and *effect*, of *substance* and *quality*, in that sense in which we use them, are not found in actual experience. But while Hume proceeded to discard those ideas as mere illusions, Kant, on the contrary, reclaimed them as the inevitable forms to which all phenomena must submit, if they are to be phenomena, if they are to become *our* phenomena, the perceptions of a human Self. He established their truth, or, what with him is the same, their inevitability in all phenomenal knowledge, and by showing their inapplicability to any but phenomenal knowledge, he once for all determined the limits of what is knowable and what is not.

These inevitable forms were reduced by Kant to twelve, and he arranged them systematically in his famous Table of Categories:—

- (1) Unity, Plurality, Universality;
- (2) Affirmation, Negation, Limitation;
- (3) Substantiality, Causality, Reciprocity;
- (4) Possibility, Reality, Necessity.

There is no time, I am afraid, to examine the true character of these categories in detail, or the forms which they take as *schemata*. What applies to one applies to all, viz. that without them no thought is possible. Take the categories of *quantity*, and try to think of anything without thinking of it at the same time as one or many, and you will find it is impossible. Nature does not count for us, we must count ourselves, and the talent of counting cannot have been acquired by counting, any more than a stone acquires the talent of swimming by being thrown into the water.

Put in the shortest way, I should say that the result of Kant's analysis of the Categories of the Understanding is, "*Nihil est in sensu, quod non fuerit in intellectu*." We cannot perceive any object, except by the aid of the intellect.

It is not easy to give in a few words a true abstract of Kant's philosophy, yet if we wish to gain a clear view of the progressive, or, it may be, retrogressive, movement of human thought from century to century, we must be satisfied with short abstracts, as long as they contain

\* Cf. Bacon, *Nov. Org.* I. 41. "Omnes perceptiones, tam Sensus quam Mentis, sunt ex analogia Hominis, non ex analogia universi. Estque Intellectus humanus instar speculi inæqualis ad radios rerum, qui suam naturam Nature rerum immiscet, eamque distorquet et inficit." — Liebmann, *Kant*, p. 48.

the essence of each system of philosophy. We may spend years in exploring the course of a river, and we may have in our note-books accurate sketches of its borders, of every nook and corner through which it winds. But for practical purposes we want a geographical map, more or less minute, according to the extent of the area which we wish to survey; and here the meandering outline of the river must vanish, and be replaced by a bold line, indicating the general direction of the river from one important point to another, and nothing else. The same is necessary if we draw, either for our own guidance or for the guidance of others, a map of the streams of philosophic thought. Whole pages, nay, whole volumes, must here be represented by one or two lines, and all that is essential is that we should not lose sight of the salient points in each system. It has been said that every system of philosophy lies in a nut-shell, and this is particularly true of great and decisive systems. They do not wander about much; they go straight to the point. What is really characteristic in them is the attitude which the philosopher assumes towards the old problems of the world: that attitude once understood, and everything else follows almost by necessity. In the philosophy of Kant two streams of philosophic thought, which had been running in separate beds for ages, meet for the first time, and we can clearly discover in his system the gradual mingling of the colours of Hume and Berkeley. Turning against the one-sided course of Hume's philosophy, Kant shows that there is something in our intellect which could never have been supplied by mere sensations; turning against Berkeley, he shows that there is something in our sensations which could never have been supplied by mere intellect. He maintains that Hume's sensations and Berkeley's intellect exist for each other, depend on each other, presuppose each other, form together a whole that should never have been torn asunder. And he likewise shows that the two factors of our knowledge, the matter of our sensations on one side, and their form on the other, are correlative, and that any attempt at using the forms of our intellect on anything which transcends the limits of our sensations is illegal. Hence his famous saying, *Begriffe ohne Anschauungen sind leer, Anschauungen ohne Begriffe sind blind*. ("Conceptions without Intuitions are empty, Intuitions without Conceptions are blind.") This last

protest against the use of the categories with regard to anything not supplied by the senses, is the crowning effort of Kant's philosophy, but, strange to say, it is a protest unheeded by almost all philosophers who follow after Kant. To my mind Kant's general solution of the problem which divided Hume and Berkeley is perfect; and however we may criticize the exact number of the inevitable forms of thought, his Table of Categories as a whole will for ever remain the Magna Charta of true philosophy.

In Germany, although Kant's system has been succeeded by other systems, his reply to Hume has never been challenged by any leading philosopher. It has been strengthened rather than weakened by subsequent systems which, though widely differing from Kant in their metaphysical conceptions never questioned his success in vindicating certain ingredients of our knowledge as belonging to mind, not to matter; to the subject, not to the object; to the understanding, not to sensation; to the *à priori*, not to experience. They have disregarded Kant's warning that *à priori* laws of thought must not be applied to anything outside the limits of sensuous experience, but they have never questioned the true *à priori* character of those laws themselves.

Nor can it be said that in France the step which Kant had made in advance of Hume has ever been retraced by those who represent in that country the historical progress of philosophy. One French philosopher only, whose position is in many respects anomalous, Auguste Comte, has ventured to propose a system of philosophy in which Kant's position is not indeed refuted but ignored. Comte did not know Kant's philosophy, and I do not think that it will be ascribed to any national prejudice of mine if I consider that this alone would be sufficient to exclude his name from the historical roll of philosophers. I should say just the same of Kant if he had written in ignorance of Locke and Hume and Berkeley, or of Spinoza if he had ignored the works of Descartes, or of Aristotle if he had ignored the teaching of Plato.

It is different, however, in England. Here a new school of British philosophy has sprung up, not entirely free, perhaps, from the influence of Comte, but supported by far greater learning, and real philosophical power — a school which deliberately denies the correctness of Kant's analysis, and falls back in the main on the position once occupied by Locke or Hume.



This same school has lately met with very powerful support in Germany, and it might seem almost as if the work achieved by Kant was at last to be undone in his own country. These modern philosophers do not ignore Kant, but in returning to the standpoint of Locke or Hume, they distinctly assert that Kant has not made good his case, whether in his analysis of the two feeders of knowledge, or in his admission of general truths, not attained and not attainable by experience. The law of causality on which the whole question of the *à priori* conditions of knowledge may be said to hinge, is treated again, as it was by Hume, as a mere illusion, produced by the repeated succession of events; and psychological analysis, strengthened by physiological research, is called in to prove that mind is but the transient outcome of matter, that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile. No phosphorus, no thought! is the triumphant war-cry of this school.

In speaking of the general tendencies of this school of thought, I have intentionally avoided mentioning any names, for it is curious to observe that hardly any two representatives of it agree even on the most essential points. No two names, for instance, are so frequently quoted together as representatives of modern English thought, as Mr. Stuart Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer, yet on the most critical point they are as diametrically opposed as Hume and Kant. Mr. Stuart Mill admits nothing *à priori* in the human mind; he stands on the same point as Locke, nay, if I interpret some of his paragraphs rightly, he goes as far as Hume. Mr. Herbert Spencer, on the contrary, fights against this view of human intellect with the same sharp weapon that Kant had used against them, and he arrives, like Kant, at the conclusion that there is in the human mind, such as we know it, something *à priori*, call it intuitions, categories, innate ideas or congenital dispositions, something at all events that cannot honestly be explained as the result of individual experience. Whether the prehistoric genesis of these congenital dispositions or inherited necessities of thought, as suggested by Mr. Herbert Spencer, be right or wrong, does not signify for the purpose which Kant had in view. In admitting that there is something in our mind, which is not the result of our own *à posteriori* experience, Mr. Herbert Spencer is a thorough Kantian, and we shall see that he is a Kantian in other respects too. If it could be proved

that nervous modifications, accumulated from generation to generation, could result in nervous structures that are fixed in proportion as the outer relations to which they answer are fixed, we, as followers of Kant, should only have to put in the place of Kant's intuitions of Space and Time, "the constant space relations, expressed in definite nervous structures, congenitally framed to act in definite ways, and incapable of acting in any other way." If Mr. Herbert Spencer had not misunderstood the exact meaning of what Kant calls the intuitions of Space and Time, he would have perceived that, barring his theory of the prehistoric origin of these intuitions, he was quite at one with Kant.

Some of the objections which Mr. Herbert Spencer urges against Kant's theory of innate intuitions of Space and Time were made so soon after the appearance of his work, that Kant himself was still able to reply to them.\* Thus he explains himself that by intuitions he does not mean anything innate in the form of ready-made ideas or images, but merely passive states or receptivities of the Ego, according to which, if affected in certain ways, it has certain forms in which it represents these affections, and that what is innate is not the representation itself, but simply the first formal cause of its possibility.

Nor do I think that Kant's view of causality, as one of the most important categories of the understanding, has been correctly apprehended by his English critics. All the arguments that are brought forward by the living followers of Hume, in order to show that the idea of cause is not an innate idea, but the result of repeated observations, and, it may be, a mere illusion, do not touch Kant at all. He moves in quite a different layer of thought. That each individual becomes conscious of causality by experience and education, he knows as well as the most determined follower of Hume; but what he means by the category of causality is something totally different. It is an unconscious process which, from a purely psychological point of view, might truly be called prehistoric. So far from being the result of repeated observations, Kant shows that what he means by the category of causality is the *sine quâ non* of the simplest perception, and that without it we might indeed have

\* See *Das Unbewusste*, p. 187, Kant's *Werke*, ed. Rosenkranz, B. 1, pp. 445, 446.

states of feeling, but never a sensation of *something*, an intuition of *an object*, or a perception of *a substance*. Were we to accept the theory of evolution which traces the human mind back to the inner life of a mollusc, we should even then be able to remain Kantians, in so far as it would be, even then, the category of causality that works in the mollusc, and makes it extend its tentacles towards the crumb of bread which has touched it, and has evoked in it a reflex action, a grasping after the prey. In this lowest form of animal life, therefore, the category of causality, if we may use such a term, would show itself simply as conscious, or at all events, as no longer involuntary, reaction; in human life, it shows itself in the first glance of recognition that lights up the infant's vacant stare.

This is what Kant means by the category of causality, and no new discoveries, either in the structure of the organs of sense or in the working of the mental faculties, have in any way, so far as I can see, invalidated his conclusions that that category, at all events, whatever we may think of the others, is *à priori* in every sense of the word.

Among German philosophers there is none so free from what is called German metaphysical tendencies as Schopenhauer, yet what does he say of Kant's view of causality?

"Sensation," he says, "is something essentially subjective, and its changes are brought to our cognizance in the form of the internal sense only, therefore in time, i.e. in succession.\* The understanding, through a form belonging to it and to it alone, viz. the form of causality, takes hold of the given sensations, *à priori*, previous to all experience (for experience is not yet possible), as effects which, as such, must have a cause; and through another form of the internal sense, viz. that of space, which is likewise pre-established in the intellect, it places that cause outside the organs of sense." And again: "As the visible world rises before us with the rising of the sun, the understanding, by its one simple function of referring all effects to a cause, changes with one stroke all dull and unmeaning sensations into intuitions. What is felt by the eye, the ear, the hand, is not intuition, but only the *data* of intuition. Only by the step which the understanding makes from effect to cause, the world is made, as intuition, extended in space,

changing in form, permanent in substance; for it is the understanding which combines Space and Time in the conception of matter, that is, of activity or force."

Professor Helmholtz, again, who has analyzed the external apparatus of the senses more minutely than any other philosopher, and who, in England, and, at all events, in this Institution, would not be denied the name of philosopher, arrives, though starting from a different point, at identically the same result as Schopenhauer.

"It is clear," he says, "that starting with the world of our sensations, we could never arrive at the conception of an external world, except by admitting from the changing of our sensations, the existence of external objects as the causes of change; though it is perfectly true that, after the conception of such objects has once been formed, we are hardly aware how we came to have this conception; because the conclusion is so self-evident that we do not look upon it as the result of a conclusion. We must admit, therefore, that the law of causality, by which from an effect we infer the existence of a cause, is to be recognized as a *law of our intellect, preceding all experience*. We cannot arrive at any experience of natural objects without having the law of causality acting within us; it is impossible, therefore, to admit that this law of causality is derived from experience."

Strengthened by such support from opposite quarters, we may sum up Kant's argument in favour of the transcendental or *à priori* character of this and the other categories in this short sentence:

"That without which no experience, not even the simplest perception of a stone or a tree, is possible, cannot be the result of repeated perceptions."

There are those who speak of Kant's philosophy as cloudy German metaphysics, but I doubt whether they have any idea of the real character of his philosophy. No one had dealt such heavy blows to what is meant by German metaphysics as Kant; no one has drawn so sharp a line between the Knowable and the Unknowable; no one, I believe, at the present critical moment, deserves such careful study as Kant. When I watch, as far as I am able, the philosophical controversies in England and Germany, I feel very strongly how much might be gained on both sides by a more frequent exchange of thought. Philosophy was far more international in the days of Leibniz and

\* Liebmann's *Objectiver Anblich*, p. 114.



Newton, and again in the days of Kant and Hume; and much mental energy seems wasted by this absence of a mutual understanding between the leaders of philosophic thought in England, Germany, France, and Italy. It is painful to read the sweeping condemnation of German metaphysics, and still more to see a man like Kant lectured like a schoolboy. One may differ from Kant, as one differs from Plato or Aristotle, but those who know Kant's writings, and the influence which he has exercised on the history of philosophy, would always speak of him with respect.

The blame, however, does not attach to the English side only. There are many philosophers in Germany who think that, since the days of Hume, there has been no philosophy in England, and who imagine they may safely ignore the great work that has been achieved by the living representatives of British philosophy. I confess that I almost shuddered when in a work by an eminent German professor of Strassburg, I saw the most advanced thinker of England, a mind of the future rather than of the present, spoken of as — *antediluvian*. That antediluvian philosopher is Mr. John Stuart Mill. Antediluvian, however, was meant only for Ante-Kantian, and in that sense Mr. Stuart Mill would probably gladly accept the name.

Yet, such things ought not to be: if nationality must still narrow our sympathies in other spheres of thought, surely philosophy ought to stand on a loftier pinnacle.

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From The St. James Magazine.

#### THE TWO BROTHERS.

A TALE BY MM. BRCKMANN-CHATRIAN, AUTHORS OF  
"THE CONSCRIPT," ETC.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE following day disclosed that the Rantzau brothers cared neither more nor less for each other than they had done before.

The cold caused much suffering, and remained very intense until the end of March; but at length, this bitter winter passed over, as all other winters do. The snow melted as soon as hard frosts decreased, when the valley was flooded and street-sweeping commenced. The mills and saw-yards of Father Lazarus were soon again in motion, then the next thing

heard was the early lark warbling his old high ditty in the pale sky, and its song drew our gaze and thoughts upwards.

"Spring! spring again!" was the cry on all lips. In a fortnight or three weeks the slope will be covered with yellow broom and pink heath: the trees will be clad in light green; myriads of buzzing insects will fly about in the warm air; joyous children will lead the cattle to pasture, blowing through their willow pipes, and cutting notches in the young birch-trees, thence to suck out the fresh sap. Then there is the fête of the "Tri maso" coming, when maidens, with green boughs in their bodices, will go from house to house singing that old spring ballad, which no one can understand now-a-days!

Tri mâso  
Solo mâ, et lo trimâ  
Solo tri mâso!

There is not a mountaineer but who can fancy all these things before they occur, and but who, as he stoops under his low door coming home from work does not once say, "I have heard the first lark to-day;" just as people who live in cities say, "I have seen the first swallow."

Nevertheless, March, April, and May are hard to tide over; for grain, fodder, and potatoes have all well-nigh run out, and the early crops have not yet been reaped; but at least it is no longer cold, and gaiety returns before plenty. While things were going on in this manner, (the way they will keep going on for hundreds and thousands of years to come, when we are no more,) fresh reports began to circulate about the country.

Firstly, there was a great report about the Dey of Algiers, who for some time back had been arresting seafarers, and actually selling them in the public slave-markets. This intelligence having spread, it became further known that the wretched man had struck our ambassador on the face with the end of his fan! It was an insult to France.

When Martin the Savoyard came on his usual tour through Chaumes, he sold us sheets of Epinal prints, illustrating the Dey, his slave-market, and his wives, the latter sitting cross-legged like tailors, playing on the guitar.

We were all at once apprized that our fleet had left to claim our unfortunate brother Christians, still kept in prison by the lawless infidels. This news caused universal joy. Every evening after I had done my work at the Mairie, I read the

*Moniteur de la Meurthe.* Having a map of Africa in my school-room, I next day showed the children all the different places mentioned, and the locality in which the pirates nestled, fancying the condition of our soldiers and sailors on the sea.

We, like every one else, formed fervent wishes for the success of the king's armies. I even took it on myself to offer up morning and evening prayers for the safety of our men, several of whom belonged to our village. I explained to the boys and girls that it was our duty to seek redress, and to assist the suffering. They understood this very well, for it is natural unto all human beings to love justice. Unfortunately, there were heavy gales, and other delays, which created great uneasiness; then there was all the anxiety about the landing of the troops followed by the storming of—not the city, a thing Germans do in civilized countries—but of the forts of Algiers. The barbarians were not behind at defending themselves; they beheaded our wounded men, and excitement increased every day.

There was an old soldier still living at Chaumes, who loved to talk of the Pyramids, Mosques, and places he had seen in the East, when a boy. He chewed tobacco, and went by the name of the "African." His hut at this time was always full of people, who called to obtain information concerning the campaign, for he was a man of experience; my wife, in particular, liked to listen to his talk.

Events dragged on in this way, when at the commencement of July the *Moniteur* contained intelligence that one of the forts had exploded, that the Arabs had fled by a back-gate to the mountains, and that the Dey had escaped with his wives, his convicts, and his live animals.

The news spread in no time, and all cried, "Long live the King!" Triboulet, the tax-gatherer, came through Chaumes in his *char-à-banc*, saying Parliament ought to be dissolved and that we should then have fresh elections. He had in his pocket the address of our Bishop, his grace Forbin-Janson, that ordained public thanksgivings in every parish of the diocese for the victory of the Church over infidels. New missions were also to be set on foot in our departments of the East for the conversion of Jews and Lutherans, a measure which greatly astonished me as neither were at war with us, being our own countrymen.

These old memories are still vivid. I remember, too, very well, that many

among us were greatly dissatisfied with the course of public affairs. Monsieur Jacques, especially, did not hesitate to say that it would be well for the Jesuits to sing their victories when they returned from a fight, but that the victories of France were no concern of theirs; that France fought for justice, not for the triumph of their congregation; and that all they wanted was for people to believe our armies were theirs.

This inconsiderate speech was carried back to Monsieur Jean, who was much vexed, and who had turned very devout since he had been nominated Mayor, neither missing mass nor any of the religious processions. He kept quiet for a time however; but when the first intelligence arrived of the rising of Paris against Charles X., and Nicolas Guette, Jean-Simon, Monsieur Jacques, with five or six other notables, gathered at the "Ox-foot Inn," where they actually sang some of Béranger's pieces, in which the King, the *noblesse*, and clergy were attacked, then only did our Mayor's real character come out.

I and he were alone at the Mairie; and as I happened to remark that really Parisians seemed to respect nothing and care for nobody, he, unable to contain his anger any longer, exclaimed,—

"The rascally set are not all in Paris, I can tell you, Monsieur Florent. There are a few in the remotest villages and who would enjoy nothing so much as standing in open arms to defy the legal authorities. But beware!—beware! Our eyes are wide open; the head of the *gendarmérie* is warned—manacles are ready—that's all I have to say, Monsieur Florent."

I had never seen a more ill-favoured face than that of Monsieur Jean at this moment. It made me shudder to reflect that the hate of this man was still so strong it might lead him to denounce his own brother! I moreover believe he had already informed against him, and that the gendarmes were ordered: but suddenly we heard the Parisians had murdered the Royal Guard; that they were masters everywhere; that Charles X. had fled; and finally, that Louis Philippe of Orleans had been appointed Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.

At about the same time more intelligence reached us. Bishop Forbin-Janson had been driven out of Nancy, where his palace had been ransacked! The day which followed this terrible piece of news saw public fury rage in our place.



The mountaineers rose in all directions; from hour to hour something or other occurred. I, of course, had nothing to do but keep aloof in my school-room.

"In the name of Heaven!" besought Marie-Barbe, "keep out of all this, Florent; say not a word—hold your tongue."

I had not the slightest desire to speak or to take any share in such proceedings. There was not the least fear to be entertained on that head. I should have preferred shutting up. Unfortunately I had to keep everything open, though the better part of my school-room remained empty. The only thing I could not help hearing was,—

"The people from Dâbo are coming! —they mean to settle their accounts with the forest-keepers — they are on the way now—oh, dear! They are already at the 'Grand Soldat!'—they are coming on very fast."

At length, one day, five or six bare-footed lads ran through the village, shouting as they rushed by,—

"Here they are! Here they come!"

I went to the window that looked out in the direction of the slope, and saw them emerge from the wood by hundreds — men, women, and children, armed with guns, pitchforks, and hatchets. They entered the path leading across the hemp-fields, out of which the top of their pitchforks could only be seen; but there was no end of others behind, pouring out of the wood.

The clock just then struck ten, so I sent my scholars home, telling them to run as fast as they could. As soon as I had seen them off I locked our door, and led Paul and Juliett up to my top room.

The head column of mountaineers had already reached the farther end of the village. They were making as much noise as a flight of crows, shouting,—

"The warrants! the warrants! Down with forest-keepers! Down with the *curés*! Down with church-rats, tax-gatherers, and all the others! We are masters now; the wood is all ours! Vive Lafayette!"

They thus proceeded to the Manager-General's, where they destroyed all documents, fancying that would put an end to pursuits, ignoring, poor wretched people, that duplicates of these reports were lying at the Sarrebourg tribunal. They would listen to no one who could have taught them better, but went on in a long line as far as one could see; a varied procession of riotous malcontents in

blouses, jackets, shirt-sleeves, wooden shoes, bare-footed, unkempt, and disfigured by rage.

It was a sultry day and I had closed the shutters, but I could see through the cracks that they filled the whole village. Our anxiety can be fancied, though they bore no ill-will to any but the head-for-ester. A great hum could be heard in the distance, broken now and then by the crash of window-panes or by doors falling in, and by shouts and quarrelling. My wife shook like a leaf. I did my best to tranquillize her, saying that this was no concern of ours, and that school-masters never came to grief in hubbubs of this description. The little ones had got to a corner, and as I noticed they listened with their eyes wide open, I assumed an unconcerned and indifferent way, inwardly shrinking at every heavy blow at the doors, for I expected our own would burst open next. Neither could I help leaving the room every now and then to lean over the staircase and listen to what was going on outside.

It had long struck twelve, yet no one thought of dinner. At about three I ventured to open the shutters, and saw the ruffianly bands filing off towards the mountain. Some of the men were intoxicated, but the majority were in their right senses, and cried,—

"They are all torn—all burnt. Everything is done away with and paid for. Vive Lafayette!"

I waited full a quarter of an hour, during which they continued to disappear by degrees. My wife now felt a little safer, and picked up enough courage to put bread, cheese, and a little cold meat for the children on the table. We felt it was high time to take something ourselves, for our fright, as well as the sight of the woodcutters, smugglers, coalmen, and the whole set of delinquents swarming over our village, had quite upset us. However, I was very desirous to ascertain what really had happened before I sat down to dinner, and, perceiving that a few loiterers only tarried behind, I walked out.

Our neighbour's mother, Nanette Bouveret, was, as usual, quietly spinning at her door.

"There is nothing to fear," said she, looking up at me; "they have gone. What a clear-out they have made of it!"

This old woman was called the "Jacobine," because her husband had in his day presided at the club of Saint Quirin, under Robespierre. She did not wonder

at any species of goings-on, having seen so great a variety in her lifetime.

"It is beginning all over again—all over again!" she went on, with a chuckle.

Without any questioning she proceeded to tell me that as many of the gang who could get in, had forced themselves into the head-forester's house. Monsieur Botte, having been warned in good time, had escaped by crossing the Saar, and had thus reached the woods of Baraques; but the mountaineers, on finding this out, had smashed the windows and burst the door open, after which they had, with extraordinary fury, torn and burnt all the documents they could lay their hands on.

Our Mayor, Monsieur Jean Rantzau, having come forward to put a stop to the pillage, had been soundly shaken by the ruffians, who called him, out of derision, a "skull-cap," thus alluding to his attachment to the clergy; and they had been bold enough to hold up their doubled fists right under his nose. In fact, he had with great difficulty extricated himself from their hands. Towards two, Monsieur Jacques had come out, and gathered the chief leaders in his yard, where he had bread, cheese, and wine distributed among them in large quantities, and where he promised he would write to Lafayette, and claim for them their old forest privileges. Hereupon they had quietly turned homewards. Granny Nannette's air and tone as she told me all this were quite lively.

I can, however, bear witness that a revolution is a horrible thing, especially up in the mountains, where the unfortunate people, who are entirely ignorant, exact impossibilities and give themselves up to every kind of excess. They are totally devoid of true religion likewise, for no sooner do they think they are rid of gendarmes than they turn round on the clergy, accusing church people, and bringing them down in the most humiliating way.

The Dâbo people having once come to Chaumes, it was not unlikely they would return a second time; our enjoyment at this future prospect can be imagined. Luckily they had not time to do so. Louis Philippe of Orleans was immediately elected King of France, and by the very same deputies that Charles X. had been desirous to dismiss. All, who it had been thought were going to be arrested a fortnight before, now came in for exceptional marks of favour. Monsieur Jacques was appointed Mayor in his brother's place; grocer Claudel had the management of

a tobacco-bureau, a thing he had solicited for some time; and though Nicolas Guette had been heard to cry "Vive the Duke of Reichstadt!" he received a pension of one hundred and fifty francs, which modest sum calmed down his enthusiasm for the Emperor's son.

I was afraid I should lose my situation at the Mairie; but Monsieur Jacques, remembering my affection for his son, sent for me, and in presence of the notables, told me that a peaceable, well-informed man, filling the duties of my station as I did, deserved an increase of salary, and that he intended to move at the next municipal council that I should receive the same.

It was a great satisfaction to find things taking a pleasanter aspect, and I expressed my heartfelt thanks to the new Mayor. Some time later he increased my salary by a hundred francs, a very welcome thing indeed.

The mountaineers having commenced felling the timber of the State forests on their own account, the National Guard and troops had to march out against them.

Monsieur Jacques showed great courage on this occasion. He went alone all the way to Dâbo to tell the rebels that if they went on with their work of destruction the better part of the villagers would end in prison. They would not believe it, and went on cutting down brushwood and plantations without discrimination, piling logs up under their sheds in their gardens and outhouses in such quantities that the stacks came up higher than their roofs. They meant to sell it all later at a good price. The consequence was that troops, gendarmes, forest-keepers, and all others whose functions make it incumbent on them that they should lend a strong hand to the authorities, had to surround their villages. It was not difficult to prove their misdeeds, the wood that had been pilfered all standing in full view at the back of their dwellings. Accordingly the people were taken in charge and marched off to Nancy.

There they remained for more than a year, and were then sent to the Court of Assizes, where the ringleaders, those who had torn and burnt the documents, were sentenced to hard labour at Brest or Toulon. The others, those who had only been guilty of picking up wood in the forest, were allowed to return home; but they were ruined for life, and, instead of becoming good peasantry, turned into outlaws and smugglers.



All this misery was caused, in the first instance, by Louis Philippe, who dethroned his benefactor, Charles X., and put himself in his place.

This is the way of the world!

However the curés were most to be pitied. No sooner were two or three to be seen coming along the road, in their black cassocks and three-cornered hats, than there rose among the villagers such a cawing, "Couac ! couac ! couac !" and it was heard from one end of Chaumes to the other. Men, women, and children would join in, the day-labourers putting down their rakes and spades to raise their hands to their mouths and imitate the raven's harsh note.

It is useless, after all this, to maintain that religion exerts much influence over the masses and that the clergy support government. Without being a very clear-sighted man, I am of opinion that if the State did not maintain the clergy, priests would live very poorly and soon leave that profession.

It is a very sad and deplorable case, for true religion is a great blessing ; but a man must be blind, or must have never witnessed a revolution, to ignore that a gendarme's hat produces a very different effect on the peasantry than would that of all the cassocks of a diocese put together.

Monsieur Jannequin bitterly lamented all this on a certain day when we were alone. We had returned from a christening, and I was helping him take off his vestments.

"My dear Monsieur Florent," said he, "what a blow ! I thought I should end my days here in peace. I have never done any one harm, and I believe I have done some little good, yet here I am compelled to look emigration again in the face. This time, however, I will *not* flee ; no, they will have to kill me !"

I was greatly concerned, and replied,—

"No one bears you the slightest ill-will, Monsieur le Curé ; that man would be hardhearted indeed, who felt no kind of love for you."

"Do you not hear the cry of hatred behind our backs ?" he asked. "France is no longer Catholic : she has lost the faith. The Jesuits have killed religion." Then, getting warmer, he went on : "What a mistake it has been, and what a lesson ! When religion becomes a stepping-stone for the ambition of a few insatiable beings — when it has been used to stultify and enslave the people for the sake of an order that is hateful to the up-

right — then does such reaction as we are going through now appear justifiable ; and we, wretched victims, have no right to complain, having been made the partakers of this iniquity !"

This good man's words have always been present to my memory, and I have often since thought of them, pitying our unfortunate curés and attributing the rebellion of the people to the founding of missions, congregations, and the number of different ceremonies we had had to attend for the last fifteen years, all of which Monsieur Jaques, our new Mayor, styled "high comedy."

But these events have passed over long ago, and I trust we shall never see the like again.

#### CHAPTER IX.

FOR several years after these great perturbations people thought of nothing but making fortunes in all manner of ways. Dealers came from Paris, Nancy, and Strasbourg as far out as our remote villages, where, instead of the old fairs to which our housekeepers were accustomed to repair for the purchase of their stores once a year, these tradesmen sold everything. They even gave credit to those who appeared to be in a position to pay at the end of a few months. It was as if they were absolutely compelled to get rid of their wares at any price.

Newspapers and reviews, called *useful* publications, were founded for the advancement of agriculture, trade, industry, and education. Gentlemen from the cities took our well-being to heart, giving us excellent advice, out of which they made money. New weaving-factories and others were established in our valleys ; forges, hardware and glass manufactures, everything had to work apace.

The Rantzau brothers were more bitter enemies than ever ; but both being active and enterprising, had taken shares in the new foundations, even in those at Schirmeck, and they grew richer and richer.

Monsieur Jacques was soon appointed member of the General Council of our arrondissement, whereas Monsieur Jean refused to be anything, openly siding with legitimate kings and the rights of the holy Church.

No one could tell which of the two was richest, and this became a subject of discussion with beer-house loungers every evening. George and Louise, laden with prizes, returned from school and college every year ; they were considered the wealthiest young people of the country :

both had preserved their old attachment for me. I used to see Louise, growing more handsome and graceful than ever, drive by in her father's *char-à-bancs*; while George, who had inherited his father's eagle-beaked nose, would call out every time he galloped by, "Good-day, Monsieur Florent." He had grown broad and bold; in fact, he was about the same sort of man as his father, only thirty years younger. Sometimes he would draw up at my door, to inquire after my health; and Louise would send me pots of preserves she had taken the trouble to make herself. It was easy to see, in these little things that the good children loved their old master, and did not forget him as others had done.

My children grew likewise.

Paul was a gifted lad, but as I had no fortune I did not know what to bring him up to. I had of late been very uneasy about him, when Monsieur Jacques, probably guessing the cause of my sad musings, said, as we were one evening both sitting at the Mairie, he to give me orders and I to receive them, —

"How old is Paul, Monsieur Florent?"

"He is going on for fourteen, Monsieur le Maire."

"Fourteen! What do you mean to make of him? It is time you should think of it."

"I think of it very often, Monsieur le Maire; unfortunately, I don't know; money is wanting for every business career, and . . ."

"Bah!" cried he, "the boy has ability. You are satisfied, are you not, with his application?"

"He has been my best scholar since George left."

Monsieur Jacques rose, walked round the room, looking down on the floor, and with his arms crossed behind him. Then he suddenly stopped, —

"Well!" said he abruptly, "we must try and get him a scholarship at the primary school of Nancy. You have a certain right to this in your capacity as a teacher; and I, as Mayor, can use a little influence in support of your right. George is a good boy, and his personal appearance speaks much in his favour. What say you, Monsieur Florent?"

"I say, Monsieur le Maire," replied I, with tears in my eyes, "that I cannot express all my gratitude — for —"

"Then you accept?"

"It is the wish of my heart."

"Then it is an understood thing. We

have a meeting at Saarbours next week, when the Municipal Council is to vote the supplementary centimes for our primary schools. I will move the subject, and if necessary I will write to our member, Monsieur Chevaudier, — he will be in want of me for the coming elections, — and we are likely to carry our project through."

He said nothing more on the subject, but I felt how much this would be doing for me, and thanked him for his good wishes; but he was a man of bluff disposition, and shortly replied, —

"That is enough, dear Monsieur Florent. I shall exert myself for Paul, because he is a worthy lad; and because I wish to render you a personal service, for you are deserving in every respect." He then left the Mairie, shaking hands with me.

Six weeks later I discovered he had a long arm, for all he had announced came to pass. When Inspector Pitte passed through Chaumes, he examined my boy on grammar, history, and geography. It was from Monsieur Jacques' own lips that I heard Paul was admitted, with a scholarship, to the upper school — news which filled me with joy.

I never should have believed that so harsh a man could take such an interest in me. I only regretted it was not in my power to do anything for him proportioned to the excess of my gratitude. I frequently thought of it, but could come to no conclusion as to the manner of returning so great a favour, neither had I any hope of ever being able to do so.

Paul left home at the end of the holidays. There was henceforth no cause for uneasiness about him, for at each of the Inspector's visits he would congratulate me on his abilities and good conduct; so I was the happiest of men.

Then I began to think about Juliette, who was just twelve, and had to be provided for. No sooner is one source of disquiet over than another arises. Thanks to Heaven, this fresh care was soon dispelled however.

Industry was spreading very fast, and at about this period speculators in embroidery came to our village with everything that was necessary for such delicate work — materials to sew on, thread, designs, &c. They promised a very fair salary to girls who would get on fastest with their needles — from thirty to forty sous per day — but they had to be clever, have good eyes, and sit to their work.

Juliette was one of the first to give sat-



isfaction, and from that time forward I felt easy about her.

Industry and trade would have made still further progress if we had had good roads for travellers and their goods.

Under Charles X., unfortunately, nothing had been thought of but religious processions, expiations, the erection of crosses, laws on birthright and on sacrilege, &c.; the rest had been left to the will of God. Our roads, therefore, were nothing but ruts and hollows, in which stagnant pools lay dormant for weeks and months together. There were not one of our drivers but who daily sunk in up to the middle of his wheels and had to pull his horses out by the bridle, yet not one of them had sense enough to throw in a few stones and a shovelful or two of sand to fill up the gaps; no, indeed, they were afraid this would benefit some one else.

Heavy cartloads, such as clay and grit-stone, for the manufacture of glass and crucibles, often stuck in the middle of the village a good part of winter, so firmly wedged in quagmires of such depth that they could not be extricated before spring.

How many a time have poor travellers in their jolted, smashed vehicles left Chaumes in a perfect fury, calling us insane, and shouting out that we did not understand our real interests! It had no effect; just about as much as if they said nothing at all.

Our curés had recovered from the shock they had undergone in 1830; and now, instead of preaching that men should unite for the purpose of laying filth and rust aside, gave out from the pulpit that this state of dirt preserved us from the corruption of the century; that it was a blessing not to have any roads, and that it was infinitely wiser to be miserable in this world than eternally damned in the other!

This would have lasted for ever if vicinal roads at about this time had not been started all over France, and if the Alsations had not given us an example by opening means of communication between their villages and their neighbours, thus drawing all our trade to themselves.

As it then became obvious that they were getting rich at our expense, a few thought it would not be a bad idea to follow the lead, and make a road for ourselves over the mountains. Monsieur Jacques was the first to declare we wanted a good road leading to the police-office, corn-market, tribunal, and under-prefec-

ture; that it had become indispensable, and he hoped each would willingly contribute his share of the expenses.

Monsieur Jean was alive to the great advantages of a road, as well as his brother; it was plain common sense besides, and as he was very well off, he knew he would be the first to benefit by it; but it sufficed that Monsieur Jacques advocated a novelty for him to set his face against it.

"Our Mayor," said he, with a laugh of scorn, "has set his heart on nothing but roads; he is always in want of roads! What interest can he have in our contributions, in taxing us with supplementary centimes, and laying *corvées* (forced labour) on us? He is making up to the Government, and wants to get the *croix*." He went on in this way for some length, his words being repeated in the village. As the inconsiderate and ignorant are ever in the majority everywhere, the larger portion of the municipal council went over to his side immediately.

Monsieur Jacques was, however, not to be deterred from drawing out his plans, and when fine weather set in he called the Municipal Council together in a meeting at which I was present as Secretary of the *Mairie*.

On that day shouts of anger were heard in the large upper hall at about two in the afternoon. That was the time to see cartwright Dominique Bokion rise and bring his heavy fist down on the table, and give out with bloodshot eyes that the woods of the Counts of Dâbo belonged to *us*; that we were to keep them for ourselves; that, if a road were made, the people from Saarbours, Blamont, and further on still, would come to fetch our timber, planks, beams, and boards! That our yoke-elm made the best wheels, best ladders, best ploughs; that it would all go out of Chaumes; that our hay, oats, and straw would disappear the same way; that we should have no meat, butter, eggs, or vegetables left, as it would all be sold at Lorquin or Saarbours; that we should be overrun with business travellers commissioned to sell us paltry cloth, cotton, and inferior utensils, all machine-made, besides adulterated spirits, in return for our excellent products, our good kirsch, our solid, forged tools, our home-spun flax, and woven linen cloth, which lasted twenty times longer than any other.

He delivered all this in a perfect rage, and with the exception of grocer Claudel, every member of the council thought as he did. Monsieur Jacques endeavoured

to interrupt him at each word, but in vain, crying,—

"And the money? The money? If you sell your products you will be paid for them. We have too much timber and no money—timber dries in our woods as it stands."

He could not be heard for stamping and shouting.

"No roads! no contributions! no *corvées*! no supplementary centimes! No, no, no! We don't want to be better off. The others want to get here—they must be kept out—we have roads enough as it is."

From my desk in the corner I admired Monsieur Jacques' pluck; he faced all his antagonists, asking, "Are we to remain in this barbarous condition all our lives? While the neighbouring departments are becoming civilized, are we, of our own free will, to live like wolves in the woods?" At this question the indignation of the municipals increased.

"We are no more wolves than other people," cried the most excited. "We want to keep what belongs to us, and we will not let others come here to rob us."

Monsieur Jacques could obtain nothing on that day, not even a hearing. At five o'clock the affair had not progressed farther than at two.

This delighted Monsieur Jean.

On hearing an account of the proceedings his first words were, "I perceive common sense has not quite abandoned this part of the world. It is all very true. What we want here is religion; we have quite enough money; there are too many good-for-nothings already, who sell their consciences for tobacco-bureaux, the *croix*, and pensions. This vicinal road would be the ruin of the honest, and the glory of thieves."

He laughed outright when he saw Monsieur Jacques go by after the sitting, in pensive mood, on his way home; but our Mayor was not a man to give up after he had set his mind on a thing, and the idea of beating his brother Jean, of humbling him before all the commune, would have sufficed to deter him from going back.

He accordingly went to the under-prefecture the next day and thence to the chief town of our department. Four or five days later he returned from Nancy, and gathered the council together towards one o'clock. Every one of the members attended, all fearing lest contributions and forced labour would be voted in their absence. On entering, Bournic, the wood-merchant, said that Monsieur Claudel

only wanted a road for the sake of getting his wares cheaper; to which Monsieur Claudel retorted that if he did get them cheaper he would sell them cheaper, and this would be benefiting the whole commune; but Bournic could not be made to see this argument, and said Claudel would put the profits in his own pocket.

Just then Monsieur Jacques entered, and a general silence ensued. All took their places; then the Mayor from his armchair at the head of the table made me a sign that I was to take note of the proceedings, stood up, and delivered the following speech:—

"Gentlemen of the Municipal Council, I have given an account of your last debates at the prefecture. The Prefect, his secretary, and council would scarcely believe me. They were very much astonished; but the past being over we will say no more about it.

"Now this is what I have to tell you personally. Our commune annually produces, one year with the other, bad and good put together, an average of 3000 'cordes' of timber. The price of forest timber at the present time is eight francs per *corde*. On the opposite side of Saarbours the same quantity fetches twenty-four francs; and if we get a good road we shall be able to charge eight francs extra per carriage-load, which will bring the price of our timber to sixteen francs instead of eight.

"Now, are you willing to have sixteen francs instead of eight? Herein lies all the question.

"I reply in the affirmative, as far as I am concerned, for such a profit as this suits my way of thinking; but if it does not suit yours you are free to leave it alone.

"My house, gentlemen, my fields, meadows, and saw-mills, will all be benefited in the same proportion. There is a great difference between eight and sixteen. When the road is completed everything will fetch double price. I should consider myself a great fool if I refused to see this; however, every man has his peculiar way of looking at things.

"The above reasons have induced me to hand over a vote for the road at the council of our *arrondissement*, and that too, in spite of your protestations, which I knew beforehand would be opposed to this measure. I consider it is an affair of general interest. I —"

This speech was interrupted by cries of indignation; but Monsieur Jacques weathered the storm, pretending not to



hear. When the fury of great Bokion de Bournic was a little exhausted, he continued,—

“If it does not suit you, I say you can send in your resignations; another council will be better disposed to vote what we desire.

“You must see that the arrondissement and the department cannot tolerate a handful of people here who, out of obstinacy, set themselves against having a road. The department wants roads; 400,000 people cannot be inconvenienced for the sake of a dozen of the Chaumes peasantry, who don’t know what is good for them! France and the department are also in want of planks and boards. We have too many, and shall be well paid for all we can sell. Supposing we were a set of people even more eaten up by prejudice and ignorance than we are now, is that a reason why France should be kept out of this place? In your own interest I advise you to vote what is just; and, as we are to be the gainers, it is but equitable each of us should contribute his share. If you refuse to do so, there are people at the general council who will put down to the charge of our village the same sums paid by other localities, only, instead of your being able to exempt yourselves of this tax by contributing help and by *corvées*, you will have to put your hands in your pockets. Others will be found, fast enough, who are willing to carry sand and stones in return for our money; and as these helps will come from some distance they will be paid higher salaries, to make up for their loss of time going backwards and forwards, morn and noon. Now that the whole thing is made clear to you, choose the course you mean to pursue.”

The result of this speech was, that, with the exception of grocer Claudel, all voted against the road. The meeting closed in great tumult.

The road was, however, commenced that same spring. Workmen arrived from the environs, and a fortnight later every man who had a cart of his own at Chaumes, begged to exonerate himself of his share of expenses by supplying stones and sand; others came forward for the *corvées*. The Mayor accepted their help most joyfully; and, towards the end of July the following year, we had, in spite of Monsieur Jean’s inward vexation, a splendid vicinal road that went from Chaumes to Saarbourg. It was as solid as iron underground; it was all paved with large stones for the

water to run through; above, came smaller stones and good earth; on the top, sand and pebbles; and there were gutters, right and left, a foot deep. It was slightly curved instead of being quite flat, and no better road has ever been made since, for it is still in excellent condition, though it was begun over five and thirty years ago.

George was to complete his studies that same year. His father had often spoken of him with great satisfaction, saying he had given up all idea of becoming a forester, and meant to learn the timber trade as soon as he left college. Within the last two years Monsieur Jacques had been getting aged; he had rheumatism in his left leg, which sometimes kept him indoors, and the idea of seeing his son succeed him in the business quite comforted him.

Towards the end of August we were one evening sitting over supper when we heard a stranger’s footfall on our stairs. I was somewhat surprised, as no one ever looked in at so late an hour. Juliette rose to see who it was, when the door opened and our Mayor in person stood before us.

“It is I; do not let me disturb you, Monsieur Florent. I have to beg you will go with me to Phalsbourg to-morrow. It is the distribution of prizes at George’s college, and he writes to say he should like to take from your hands the wreath that is to be awarded to him. I thought you might like to accompany me.”

“Indeed I shall be most happy, Monsieur le Maire.”

I offered him a chair, but he would not sit down, and said,—

“Then you will come? I shall fetch you at six in the morning. We will drive to Phalsbourg in the *char-à-bancs* and make a day of it.” He chuckled in joyful anticipation of the morrow, adding, “Good bye, Madame Florent.”

I was going to show him down, but he stopped me, saying he could find the way out all alone.

Juliette held the light on the top of the staircase, and when he had left we were very much astonished, for Monsieur le Maire had never put his foot in our house before.

My wife laid my clothes out before she went to bed, and I and Monsieur Jacques started, as we had settled, the following morning.

I had never seen him in such excellent spirits. His *char-à-bancs*, drawn by two little nimble steeds, flew on as fast as the

mail-post. The Mayor looked at his watch every now and then, exclaiming, —

“Here we are, I declare, at Nitting; here we are at Hesse! We should not have done this in two hours before the road was made, and we have not been fifty minutes! We shall be at Phalsbourg before ten!”

The landscape was lovely; for the reapers were harvesting, and innumerable quantities of golden corn, bound in sheaves, rose over the fields. The good people turned round and stopped in the middle of their work to look at us go by.

“Hé!” cried Monsieur Jacques, touching up his horses, “one can get along now; there is no one wanted to push the wheels forward, eh?”

“Oh no, Monsieur le Maire,” answered they; “we are getting on splendidly.”

At ten o'clock we reached Phalsbourg, and Monsieur Jacques pulled his watch out for the last time.

“Now what did I tell you?” he asked. “We have done it in four hours, and it would have taken us ten or twelve a year ago. We should still be sticking over head and ears in the mire if my brother Jean’s ideas had been carried out. Al-lons! here is Mother Antoni coming to welcome us. Hue!”

The *char-à-bancs* was crossing the principal square that was full of people, and we stopped in front of the Bâle inn. The relatives of the college students from Alsace and Lorraine, their fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers all stopped here. In this period of vicinal roads and new prosperity the Bâle inn, therefore, did a large business. It cost no less than thirty sous to get a dinner there; but the great carriers, the business travellers, and land-owners of the environs, who had their stand under the entrance, or in the courtyard of this large establishment, did not mind expense.

Madame Antoni, a fine, dark, buxom matron, in a high white cap, ran out, exclaiming, —

“So here you are, Monsieur le Maire! coming again to see your young man take his prizes? Kaspar, Kaspar, come and attend to Monsieur le Maire’s horses. Quick! Of course you will dine here, Monsieur Rantzau?”

“I shall, Madame Antoni, between two and three o'clock, after the prizes. You will lay covers for three.”

“Oh! I’ll settle that nicely. I will see you are attended to.”

Madame Antoni was a woman of uncommon energy. She was wonderfully

active, for her husband, Monsieur Antoni, did nothing but smoke his pipe and drink white wine. How did she conduct such a tremendous concern as that inn all alone, how did she look over the cooks and lodgings, supervise the attendance, and never forget a single thing in such a state of high pressure? I can only say she was a very clever woman. She had scarcely left us when the servant came to lead our horses to the stable, then we shook the dust off our coats and went to the college, where George had been looking out for us the whole morning.

I shall not relate all that took place on this day; nothing about the college, the head master, the professors, the students, the speeches, nor the ceremony of the distribution of prizes. It would be too long a story. Let each fancy the best thing he has seen in this line; the military music, the fathers and mothers sitting in the hall, and shedding tears of emotion when they placed the wreaths that were passed to them on the brows of their children. Let each fancy George, now a great boy, with a slight moustache and beard like his father’s. Any one can imagine him coming up to embrace me with glistening eyes when I gave him his prize with my blessing, and placed a beautiful oaken wreath on his forehead.

Such touching scenes cannot be described. And then, to think I had had that boy in my school, he who had become one of the best scholars among the philosophers, and who still remembered me, I was beside myself—and I could not help admitting there are happy days in a lifetime after all.

This was one of them. George carried off the French prize for elocution, and the prize for Latin discourse, also the prizes for natural history, geography, and mathematics; he knew ten times more than I did, and was a *savant*!

That is what it is to have a wealthy father who does not look at the money he spends on his son’s education. How many unfortunate young men there are in this world who are gifted with sterling abilities, and who, with a little outlay, would become both useful and remarkable members of society; but who, all means failing, turn out dangerous beings, good for nothing, but finding fault with everything. When such as these compare themselves to men placed above them, they naturally feel their superiority and pick everything to pieces, showing this bad example to others beneath them, who are soon led away. I had noticed



this all my life, more particularly in 1830, when the mountaineers rose against the foresters. I now maintain that for want of grafting, the most promising and the healthiest fruit sapling will bear nothing but sour berries.

When the distribution was over we went straight to the inn laden with books and wreaths. "That's the old school-master! That's the father!" I heard people say on all sides, and felt very proud.

Then we dined — such a dinner! There was no end to it. Big Alsations turned about Monsieur Jacques all the time while he sat in his glory, ordering all sorts of wines — claret, burgundy, and even champagne! I did not know what I was drinking at length, and had we not been obliged to keep up our dignity after our triumphs, I really think we should have sung. I who had never sung anywhere but in the choir, and who had never danced in my life, I could have sung and danced too. I laughed without knowing why, and embraced my pupil in fits of effusion.

There is nothing extraordinary in a man being a little too merry once in fifty years, he has gone through a good deal of trouble and misery in that time, and one happy day out of the number is a thing long to be remembered. It was five when Monsieur Jacques settled the reckoning, and paid, I do not know how much. We then left Phalsbourg with George, carrying all his things with us, for he was leaving college for good.

Thank God, Monsieur le Maire's eyesight was not at all troubled. If I had had to drive we should have gone clear over the parapet of the bridge. When we were once out in the open air, however, I began to recover, and finding that the horses were galloping along through the fields, I said within myself, "Florent, my good friend, you can pride yourself on having taken a little over your usual measure for once."

At Saarbours I was all right again.

As to George, he was delighted to have finished off at college with all the honours, and to see me enjoy myself. All the way back to Chaumes I did nothing but talk, recalling the most unimportant circumstances of his boyhood; how he had learnt to spell; how he had formed his first upstrokes; and how he had put his figures down on the slate. In fact, I left nothing untold, and George went on saying he remembered it all very well.

Monsieur Jacques whipped up the

horses in high glee; now and then shouting out, "We have gained five prizes; our name will be mentioned in the *Moniteur de la Meurthe*; how we are getting along! Hue!"

It only took us three hours to reach Chaumes. The *char-à-bancs* stopped about three minutes in front of my door. I got down, shook hands, and had not gone up more than two steps before I heard it rattling off again through the village.

I kissed my wife as if I had not seen her for three years — and laughed.

Marie-Barbe was quite surprised. Fortunately, I reflected it had never been a habit of mine to go on in this way. I understood how the matter stood, put on my old clothes, and sat down with much gravity to tell my wife and Juliette, who had just come home, all the occurrences of this memorable day. Both shared my joy.

I went to bed that night without any supper, and slept like a top until seven the following morning, when my wife had to wake me up for school.

The events of this happy day being now recorded, I must get on with my story, for one chapter is no sooner over than another begins.

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From Chambers' Journal.

#### MALINGERING.

OF the art of simulating disease, with view to escape some irksome duty, which is familiarly known as "malingering," many curious examples are related. The principal qualities necessary in a good simulator are acute powers of observation, a talent for mimicry, some knowledge of human nature, and great tenacity of purpose. The last-named quality is usually the only one to which the common type of malingerer can lay claim. To assume a simple rôle, such as inability to hear, or articulate, or move a limb, and doggedly to stick to it, often in the face of the plainest exposure of the fraud, is all that he considers necessary. But the higher class of practitioners take a much more enlightened and ambitious view of the requisites of their art. Some of them evince a power of observing the minuter manifestations of disease which would not discredit a practitioner of the healing art, joined to a faculty of imitation which would enable them at least to earn a livelihood in some departments of

histrionic art. As a rule, over-acting is the common æsthetic vice of simulators. The sham paralytic, though he shows no difficulty in protruding his tongue, will turn it a trifle too much to one side; the spurious lunatic will be much too inconsequential in his ideas and actions; the counterfeit deaf-mute fails not only to recognize the loudest sounds, but even the vibrations of the sound-wave produced by striking a resonant body on which he may be standing, to which a real deaf-mute is never insensible. But some are able to render the characteristic symptoms of particular maladies with remarkable fidelity. One of the most extraordinary cases of successful simulation on record is one which, despite modern facilities of detection, occurred in recent years. This artist, who, up to last year, was a frequent inmate in one or other of the London hospitals, visiting some of them more than once, shewed his confidence in his own powers by selecting one of the most difficult parts presented in the whole range of disease. To feign paralysis of one half of the body, which he frequently did, is not so uncommon a thing; but his leading part was tetanus, a condition in which the muscles are thrown into a state of violent and continuous contraction. Some medical jurists had, indeed, pronounced it impossible to simulate this affection with even tolerable accuracy. To do so must require not only extraordinary command over the muscular system, but must involve a very considerable and constant expenditure of physical energy, with great discomfort, through a weary succession of restless days and sleepless nights. In spite, however, of all these difficulties and inconveniences, this man rendered the part so well as to deceive the practised eyes which watched him. At first, as was to be expected, his acting contained a few mistakes; but these were often considered merely anomalous deviations from the usual course of the disease, which rendered his case in a medical view all the more interesting. Like a careful artist, however, he gradually perfected himself in his part. Anything which in one hospital he gathered not to be strictly according to rule, was rectified on his appearance at another, until, it is said, he could render the disease from its onset through the different gradations of symptoms from slight to grave with almost faultless fidelity. One would like to know something of the thoughts of the rascal when a learned professor on one occasion delivered a

clinical lecture to his students on his very interesting case. He must have needed all the artistic satisfaction which he experienced to enable him to brave the discomforts of his position. How he stood the variety of active treatment to which he was subjected, is something wonderful. Enormous quantities of powerful drugs, including some very potent poisons, were administered internally, while his head and back were kept externally at something like the temperature of an iceberg. On one occasion his death appearing imminent, the services of the chaplain were called in, and the sufferer viewed his approaching end with patience and Christian fortitude. He proceeded to settle his worldly affairs, made his will, in which he considerably left a round sum, "free of legacy duty," to the hospital which sheltered him, not forgetting also the physician's assistant who had charge of him. In return for so much consideration, the hospital authorities looked well after his comforts, allowed him any quantity of stimulants, with soups specially procured for him. His career at this institution was at last put an end to by one of his previous dupes happening to call and expose him. It is probable that this genius, after a very successful run on several metropolitan boards, is now starring it in the provinces.

The way in which artists in disease have occasionally been balked of their hard-earned success, after they had all but attained it, must have not a little tantalized them. A seaman of the navy feigned a chronic decline so well that he was on the point of being discharged when the real nature of his disease was very unexpectedly elucidated. The mail from the seaport at which the man was in hospital had been robbed, and the letters broken open with a view to search for money. The burglars were captured, however, and the letters recovered. Among them was one from the sick seaman to his wife, in which he told her his scheme had succeeded, that he was to be invalided on a certain day, and desiring her to make good cheer against his arrival. The feelings of the malingerer may be imagined when his own letter was read to him. A soldier who avowed that he had lost the power of locomotion was detected by a very simple *ruse*, after other means had failed. The doctor gently tapped at the window of the room in which the paralyzed man was sitting alone after dark, at the same time softly calling his name, when he at once appeared at the



window. "How long have you been dumb, my friend?" said a passenger on shipboard once to a pretended mute. "Three weeks, sir," replied the incautious simpleton. An old device of army surgeons, in suspicious cases of deafness, was to commence a conversation in a high tone, and gradually to lower the voice to an ordinary pitch. A common malingerer would probably continue to reply to the questions put, from not observing the alteration. The most remarkable example on record of success in simulating deaf-dumbness (or deafness from birth) is that of a Frenchman, best known under his assumed name of Victor Foy, at the beginning of the present century. This young man travelled about, ostensibly in search of his father, but really, in his character of a deaf-mute, to escape military conscription. For four years his extraordinary ingenuity baffled all the tests to which he was subjected by some of the most scientific men in France, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, and Italy. In Switzerland he was tempted to avow the deceit by a young, rich, and beautiful woman offering him her hand; but even this bait did not take. In the prison at Rochelle, the turnkey was ordered to watch him closely, to sleep with him, and never to quit him; and even the prisoners were encouraged to make him betray himself. To throw him off his guard, he was often violently awakened out of sleep, but his fright was expressed only in the usual plaintive cry of a mute; and it is said that even in his dreams only guttural sounds were heard. At last, the Abbé Sicard, director of the institution for deaf-mutes at Paris, to whom a specimen of his writing had been transmitted, promptly pronounced him an impostor, on the ground that his blunders in spelling were phonetic in their character—that he wrote, not as he saw, but as he *heard*. M. Sicard afterwards subjected him to a personal examination, at the end of which he was obliged to confess the imposture.

A very simple incident will often suffice to throw a good simulator off his guard. The letter-carrier, on entering a French barrack-room on one occasion, called out the names of the men for whom he had letters, and among them that of a man believed by everybody to be labouring under almost total deafness. For one moment he forgot his part, and answered to his name. Casper, the celebrated German medical jurist, on one occasion neatly exposed a case of counterfeit deaf-

ness in open court. The panel, an old woman, pretended to be as deaf as a post. "You are accused," roared Casper in her ear, "of severely injuring the woman Lemke." "It is not true." "But," roared Casper again, "the woman Lemke asserts that it is true," and then rapidly added in a low tone, "and she is certainly not a liar." Her wrath for a moment got the better of her consistency, and she rejoined, to the amusement of the whole court: "Yes, indeed, she *is* a liar." Possibly the nationality of the hero of the following incident is chargeable with the impulsive imprudence which betrayed him. An Irish army recruit who had suddenly lost his hearing was sent into hospital, and put, by the doctor's order, on spoon-meat. For nine days the latter in his visits passed the deaf man's bed without seeming to notice him; on the tenth day, after examining the state of his tongue and pulse, he asked the attendant what kind of food the patient was getting. On being told he was on spoon-meat, he affected to be very angry. "Are you not ashamed of yourself?" said he to the nurse. "The poor fellow is almost starved to death. Let him at once have a beef-steak and a pint of porter." "God bless your honour!" blurted out the deaf recruit; "you are the best gentleman I have seen for many a day!" Under the influence of strong emotion of any kind, only a limited class of malingerers have sufficient self-command to play their parts. An amusing example of the way in which, in the heat of passion, every vestige of pretence is sometimes thrown away, is related by a surgeon of the navy, to whose experiences we have already been indebted. A seaman on board a frigate, who pretended to be totally blind, and was believed to be so, was on one occasion allowed to go on shore with an attendant to lead him. The pair happened to quarrel, and come to blows; when the blind man, finding himself unduly handicapped, instantly regained his sight, and got the better of his astonished guide. The latter took to flight, was pursued through a great part of the town by his late protégé, and finally got a severe drubbing from him. The application of the cat-o'-nine-tails next day to the back of the impostor, effectually cured him of any further tendency to defect of vision.

The amount of fortitude—call it obstinacy, if you will—displayed by some of this class of impostors is something amazing. Day and night they will remain in

the most constrained and irksome positions. For weeks, and even months, men have sat and walked with their bodies bent double. A man feigning palsy of the lower limbs was placed by himself in a room with food which he could reach only by walking to the place where it was laid, and at the end of two days he had not tasted it. Another, simulating paralysis of the arm, allowed the amputating knife to be placed beneath it, and would have submitted to the operation for its removal. A soldier counterfeiting blindness was placed on the steep bank of a river, and ordered to march forward, which he unhesitatingly did, and fell into the stream. The medical writer who relates this case queries whether the cheat would have gone forward had a precipice instead of a river been before him. No doubt these may be called exceptional instances of fortitude, as the great majority of malingerers are made of more commonplace stuff. A mere hint from a navy surgeon that an equivocal complaint would be benefited by transference to an African climate, or the application of the actual cautery, has been the means of effecting a miraculously rapid cure. A French physician, after watching a spurious epileptic fit for some time, put his hand on the heart of the cheat, and turning to the attendants, said: "It is all over with him; carry him to the dead-house." Immediate resuscitation was the result, and the man never had another attack. A Shetland clergyman was greatly annoyed at the weekly occurrence of a kind of contagious convulsions which attacked many of his congregation in church. At length the good man hit on a plan which put a speedy termination to the infliction. He announced from the pulpit that he had learned that no treatment was so efficacious as an immediate ducking in cold water; and as his kirk was fortunately contiguous to a fresh-water lake, the proper hydropathic treatment could always be secured. It is a most unfortunate coincidence for the malingerer that the means which would be the most beneficial in the treatment of the real disease are often the most distasteful to him.

The difficulties and discomforts to be endured in this department of art in attaining the desired object, no doubt enhance the enjoyment of it in those few cases in which success at last crowns their labours. A convict sentenced to seven years' penal servitude kept his right knee bent so as not to touch the

ground with his foot during all that period, and, on account of his infirmity, was exempted from the usual kinds of convict labour, and employed at work which he could do in a sitting posture. When being discharged at the expiry of his period of involuntary service, he coolly observed to an official: "I will try to put down my leg: it may be of use to me now." He was as good as his word, threw away his crutch, and walked off with a firm step! With some, the temptation to give an airing to the little secret which they have been obliged to keep so long, and which has stood them in such good part, is wholly irresistible. Without this flaunting of their imposture in the face of their victims, some rascals would deem their triumph only half achieved. A trooper who pretended he had lost the use of his right arm, after resisting for a length of time the most testing hospital discipline, at last succeeded in procuring his discharge. When he was leaving the regiment, and fairly seated on the top of the coach, he waved the *paralytic* arm in triumph, and cheered at the success of his stratagem. An Irish soldier, reported unfit for service from loss of power of the lower limbs, arranged for a more dramatic avowal of his deceit. Having obtained his discharge, he caused himself to be taken on a field-day in a cart to the Phoenix Park, Dublin, in front of his regiment, which was drawn up in line. He had the cart driven under a tree, on which he hung his crutches, jumped suddenly with agility out of the cart, sprang three times from the ground before the faces of his astonished comrades, then turned his back to the regiment, and after a series of expressive gestures, which we cannot particularly describe, scampered off at full speed! In a case of deception once practised in a New York court of sessions, there seems to have been no pre-arrangement of the dénouement which occurred. A man who had been for some time in prison awaiting his trial for perjury, had a paralytic seizure a few days before the period fixed for the trial, and one of his sides was thus rendered completely powerless. In this helpless condition he was carried on a bed from prison into court. During the trial he became so faint that a recess was granted to enable him to recover, the prosecuting attorney kindly lending his assistance in conveying him out of court. The sight of an infirm fellow-being trembling on the brink of the grave had a visible influence on the court and the jury. The



evidence, however, was conclusive, and the jury convicted him. The court, in view of his speedily being called to a higher tribunal, instead of sentencing him to the state prison, simply imposed a small fine, which his brother, who manifested the utmost fraternal solicitude, promptly paid. The next day the prosecuting attorney met the fellow apparently in good health on the street. The latter laughingly told him that he had recovered, and dropping his arm, and contracting his leg, hopped off, leaving the learned counsel to his own reflections.

It is, however, a rare thing nowadays for a clinical artist to attain his end and enjoy the full fruition of his labours. In most cases he has no other reward than the pleasure received from the exercise of his art. This æsthetic satisfaction would need to be great to enable him to bear even the prosaic hardships and discomforts of his lot. But in addition to these, he is sometimes overtaken by a species of poetical justice in the shape of a penalty paid in kind. The feigned disease, in fact, occasionally becomes a real one. Montaigne mentions some curious instances of this occurring within his own experience. It is chiefly in simulating the class of nervous diseases that the danger lies of this avenging Nemesis. The continued repetition of the manifestations of the affection seems eventually to make an ineradicable impression on the nervous centres. Two French sailors taken prisoners by the English in the wars of the First Napoleon, successfully feigned insanity for six months, and at the end of that period got the reward of their clever deception by recovering their liberty; but it was at the expense of their reason, which was really gone. The means adopted to simulate one disease have sometimes produced another of a more serious kind. Soldiers have so persistently kept up a state of irritation in a factitious sore as to bring on a disease which required amputation of the limb. Others have lost their sight by the methods taken to induce a temporary inflammation in the eye. The historian Robertson mentions a case which, whether true or not, is, at all events, physiologically possible. He says that Pope Julius III. feigned sickness to avoid holding a consistory, and in order to give the greater colour of probability to his illness, he not only confined himself to his apartment, but changed his diet and usual mode of life. By persisting in this plan, however, he contracted

a real disease, from which he died in a few days.

From The Spectator.

#### THE LITERARY SIN OF SINGULARITY.

WHY is it that most people are affected in a curiously unpleasant way, — unpleasant and irritating, but without either the anguish or the solacement of great and dignified pain, by what is new-fangled? This adjective we take to indicate innovation which is unnecessary, capricious, and accompanied by no demonstrable improvement upon what went before. Is the unpleasantness of arbitrary innovation due to a lurking conservatism in every breast, which instinctively throws the *onus probandi* upon him who substitutes the new for the old? Or is it that mere habit, and the profound, though unreasoned wisdom of keeping the inevitable friction of life at a *minimum*, lend a charm to the old as compared with the new? Even if it were allowed that habit makes fools of us, yet habit's fools are too numerous to be despised; and the fools of habit have as much right to their prejudices as the coxcombs of the schools to their affectations. What is quite certain is, that sudden change from what we are accustomed to, unless pointedly for the better, is fidgetting; and no man can be pronounced without qualification a public benefactor, who adds to the fidgets of existence. An amount of deference to the feelings of the majority, rigorously limited, no doubt, by the requirements of duty and self-respect, but still considerable, falls within the claims of social courtesy. A lawyer's wig may be an extremely foolish thing, and anyone setting forth that it has neither utility nor beauty would, if he spoke well, deserve a hearing; but were a sucking barrister to start up suddenly in court and commence pleading a case without a wig, no degree of rationality in the proceeding itself, no engaging audacity of countenance or splendour of hair, would preclude his being voted a prig.

It must be admitted that authors of great genius have not always been sufficiently regardful of what we stoutly maintain to be one of the rights of man, the right not to be fidgetted. Mr. Carlyle, for example, has in all his books paraded certain German mannerisms, with merciless unconcern for the habitudes of common English readers. All substantives, for

one thing, or almost all, were initialed with capital letters, a usage peculiarly unfortunate for Mr. Carlyle, whose metaphors are those of a poet, and who was under no temptation to personify the beautiful with the assistance of a big B. Mr. Carlyle, however is not only a man of genius, but a man whose genius is recognized as a special, personal quality, and there is some fairness therefore in looking upon him as a privileged person. Younger men who have not proved themselves to possess transcendent genius, have no right to give themselves airs. It may in all candour be doubted whether the meaning of some of these would not generally be clear enough, without our being informed that the realities of which they treat are "objective," or the ideas they define "subjective." Philosophical precision may be promoted by the use of the terms "egoistic" and "altruistic," but a good many of the budding sages who perpetually introduce them might make shift with our old-fashioned friends, "selfish" and "unselfish." Occasionally the pedantry takes the form of fastidious exclusiveness put in force against a particular word. The adjective "reliable," for instance, has of late been fiercely ostracised by our literary coxcombs, and it requires some boldness in a writer to decline to substitute for it in every connection the word "trustworthy." Both are excellent words, but in meaning they are not absolutely identical. There is a faint shade of difference between the significance of the one and the significance of the other. You speak of an official trustworthy in all situations, and of a soldier reliable in every emergency. The one word leans on permanence and the qualities which create deliberate confidence, the other is suggestive of qualities required in startling difficulty and sudden danger. Of the two, however, "reliable" strikes us as the more comprehensive. You speak of a trustworthy merchant, but of a reliable man. Even if it is insisted that the two words mean the same thing, we refuse to admit that one of them ought to be on that account drummed out of the language. English, as compared, for example, with German, is not particularly rich in terms, and a variation of sound is sometimes only a less advantage than an additional touch of meaning.

Mr. John Morley is no literary coxcomb or dainty academic pedant, and has something much better than crotchety egotism by which to command the attention of readers; but in perusing his forci-

ble volumes on Rousseau, we have been conscious of a perpetual small irritation from his elaborate scorn for some of those modes or usages which, to the best of our knowledge, have been uniformly observed by English authors. Mr. Morley denies the capital letter to a number of words which have always been so honoured. Not only does he write "trinity" and "christian," but "god." We have "belief in god," "love of god," "the idea of god," "the word of god," the "supreme being." The word "god" is thus printed in phrases taken from the Bible. Mr. Morley remarks, for example, that "in the old ages of holy men there were not a few whom love for the god whom they had not seen, constrained to active love of their brethren whom they had seen," an antithesis borrowed from the New Testament. The term is constantly occurring in Mr. Morley's pages, and whenever it occurs, a minute prick of surprise and irritation will certainly be experienced by a large proportion of English readers.

On the mere ground that it is new-fangled, this innovation is objectionable, but we venture to affirm that it lies open to graver exceptions than can be based on its uncalled-for newness. Is Mr. Morley sure that the usage he adopts is in a grammatical sense correct? Does the word "god" convey the meaning which, in some cases at least, he must intend it to bear? He is doubtless of opinion that belief in a living God is so completely obliterated from the minds of men that the word is a mere cipher for certain abstract notions, as the word "freedom" or the word "patience" is a cipher for certain abstract notions. He infers, therefore, that the word "God" is not a proper name. His premiss we need hardly say, appears to us a wild as well as false assumption; but even if it were correct, there remains a sense in which the word is a proper name. There is none other by which to designate the object of worship revered by Christians, as distinguished from Mahometans, Jews, or Chinese. Mr. Morley may say that there are no Christians; but even he will admit that there *once* were; and he has left himself no term by which to specify the Divinity worshipped by St. Paul and St. Bernard. He must have recourse to some such ugly circumlocution as "the christian god." The Being referred to in the Biblical phrases which Mr. Morley quotes — the Being worshipped in Europe in the mediæval time — is, on any showing, as real as the mythological personages of the



*Iliad*; and Mr. Morley recognizes their designations as proper names. He does not degrade his Aphrodite into aphrodite. In like manner, he speaks not of mars, but of Mars. The only ground on which Mr. Morley's usage can be grammatically defended is that the Christian God is a more purely imaginary entity than any of those which Homer or Virgil celebrated. The only name by which the former has ever been designated in literature is derived from the appropriation, in a specific sense, of the generic term "god"; and in its specific application it becomes a proper name.

It can hardly be a matter of conscience with Mr. Morley to refuse to print the word "God." The mind cannot grasp the idea of duty as absolutely enjoining a man to exhibit disrespect of what, to him, are vanishing or vanished illusions. If he was free to adopt a different course from that which he has chosen, civility and a reasonable consideration for his readers might have pleaded persuasively in favour of the common usage. It is one which is endeared to the English public by associations which it is not, we trust, cant to call sacred. It is the usage of the Bible, of the Prayer-Book, of every-day correspondence, of the newspaper press, of universal English literature. To dismiss the word "God" from literature would be to initiate a great change. Not only is it the sole designation of the God of the New Testament; it has the largest generic application, as well as this specific appropriation, for it indicates more comprehensively than any other term the monotheistic element in all religions. It is on the strength of a common use of this word that Her Majesty's Indian subjects can remonstrate with the Archbishop of Canterbury when he calls them heathens. Every one acquainted with Greek and Latin authors must have remarked that, though they ordinarily speak of a crowd of gods, they have a way also of speaking of God, when they refer to no one god in particular. A spontaneous belief in one God seems to have constituted the natural and universal religion of mankind. The All-Father whom the old Germans worshipped in their woods was in like manner a monotheistic conception. A usage which appeals to the faith and the sympathy of the whole human race in the present and in the past ought not to be flippantly cast aside.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
GODCHILDREN.

To renounce the devil and all his works on behalf of a full-grown and pious individual would be an enterprise sufficiently hazardous; but to do so in the name of an infant, over whose destinies one is likely to have not the slightest control, is one of those things that merit consideration, and which, generally speaking, obtain none. You become godfather as you become jurymen or sheriff, with a thought only to the present discomfort of the thing and not recking the responsibilities that will surely dog you from the moment you have stammered, "I renounce them all." And here, be it noticed, we allude only to the Nemesis which will keep its attentive eye on you in this world, having nothing to say as to what may await you under other conditions of being. To begin with, then, it may be observed that there are certain men especially marked out for the visitation of sponsorship. Be sure that so soon as you have settled down into a snug form of existence—bachelor quarters, a teapot of your own, and occasional returns on dividend day—an appeal will be made to you to confer your name on a lusty little object bawling itself hoarse in swaddling clothes. You must certainly at some time or other have a cousin or a friend with a baby, and to disregard his invitation would argue a strength of mind and hardness of heart of which few men are capable. The French, who are a great people for forms, used to surround the functions of godfather with peculiar and costly terrors. The ceremonial cost a mint of money, and was attended with an amount of racing about among vestries and bon-bon shops which inspired harrowing reflections during many a month afterwards. In England, you could formerly get clear of your scrape with the gift of a caudle-cup to the mother; of a silver knife, fork, and spoon to the baby; but civilization, which does so much towards improving everything, has suppressed the caudle-cup and inaugurated claret-jugs, tea-urns, or coffee services; while it is a pleasure to remark that the knives, forks, and spoons, which used to be trifling objects of insignificant value, have been growing more artistic and presentable and dearer every year. If your godchild be a boy, you may occasionally rely upon a partner in your misery; but not always, for certain fathers have contracted the habit of themselves acting as second sponsors, which leaves you the undivided honour of fee-

ing the parson, beadle and clerk; of bestowing a gratuity on the wet-nurse, and of paying for all the vehicles which have transported an enthusiastic tribe of female relatives to the church. However, every year has its wet days, and if you have been admired for your generosity, praised for your good-nature, and have surmounted the kissing of the baby, you may go to bed with the idea that this sort of thing does not occur every day. No; but eleven months after, or near abouts, it cannot but gratify you to be invited to the celebration of your godson's birthday, and to be assured that the dear child is growing so lovable and intelligent in every way. This suggests a second present, and what can you give? The dilemma begins to loom ahead clear and unavoidable. If you offer something valuable this year you must continue to do so every year under pain of being thought to evince a diminishing interest in an innocent child who has done nothing to deserve neglect; if, on the other hand, you pay your respects with a fluff ball or a few sticks of barley sugar, how escape the humiliating conviction that your best friend will regret not having confided the office of godfather to a person more regardful of the decencies of life and of the obligations incurred at the font? Be a man under such circumstances; remember that you can do very well without that new double-barrelled breech-loader you had set your heart on; and go to the jeweller, who will help you to select something chaste and appropriate, highly suitable for a wedding or birthday present. Of course, if you are suspected to be very well off, this will not always be deemed enough. Certain sponsors, imbued with the responsibilities of their mission, invest a fixed sum in the funds every year in their godchildren's names; and you may generally venture upon a similar course without any fear that cold water will be thrown on so happy an idea. At this time, though, you may count upon a period of comparative immunity. You pay your yearly tribute, send a gift of grapes and a note of congratulation when your little protégé recovers from the measles; but no extra taxation will be laid upon you till towards the tenth birthday. The godson is then growing apace; he is blessed with an appetite which may cause you to meditate upon those sinful lusts of the flesh which he was to be free from; and his parents display an affectionate anxiety for consigning him to a schoolmaster, hinting, as they announce this, how generously another godfather has

behaved to dear Harry (dear Harry is your godson's brother), for whom a nomination has been obtained at the Bluefriars' school regardless of expense. At this don't frown, or wish anybody off to Beersheba; for, after all, why should your poor little wretch of a godchild be compelled to hang his head among his brethren at possessing a curmudgeon godfather? Set off at once for Redfriars School, which is a more luxurious place than Bluefriars; pay up the entrance fees as though you liked it; and if the grateful father, whilst thanking you for your kindness, express a doubt as to whether he can afford to keep dear Tommy at so crack an academy as this, assure him without pulling a face that you had all along contemplated taking the expenses of dear Tommy's education on your own shoulders. That is the way to do business; and depend upon it your godson will show his gratitude. He will never omit to call upon you for a tip before going back to school; he will let you know when he thinks the time come for buying him a watch; and if you visit him during his school half, regale him with a dinner, and offer him a couple of sovereigns; you may be persuaded he will welcome you with affability and describe you to his comrades as a brick—which, as things go, is a fair return for the money. Possibly, however, when later you are dragged into a disbursement of capital to afford Tommy a fair start in life, it may occur to you that, at this price, you might just as well have married and begotten a son of your own. But pray dismiss this notion. In the first place, it is too late to recall what is past; and in the next place, think how delighted you would have been to have a godfather do for you what you are doing for Tommy.

It is well to remark here that the man who discharges his first duties as a godfather with spirit and liberality will probably find himself obliged to stand sponsor on many subsequent occasions. Good godfathers are, indeed, quoted in the social share list quite as highly as good dinner givers and smart croquet-players. Well-stuffed seats are provided for them in places of festive resort, mothers of families are pleased to see them looking so healthy, great care is taken to enumerate to them all the moral imperfections of any lady they may have thought of marrying, and they are generally saddled with a pretty goddaughter or two in addition to their godsons. Now, goddaughters open to spheres of activity and dis-



bursement which remain unexplored in the case of boys. Boys cannot appeal to the softer side of one's nature with worsted slippers which they have worked with their own hands. If they want to go to Ascot or Wimbledon they can well go alone, without asking you to convey them in a barouche in the company of their mother and sisters, and with a hamper of refreshments hanging from behind. Then if they fall in love you are not exposed to seeing them break into your chambers with their veils down, and implore you, on their knees, to intercede with their parents that they may be allowed to marry a sub-lieutenant without sixpence. Girls do these things, and when beauty and profuse weeping combine to render them persuasive, where is the godfather who would not espouse the cause of the sub-lieutenant, sixpenceless or with sixpence? There are painful anecdotes current of godfathers who have been beguiled in this way into acts of magnanimity which they had not foreseen. For instance, the young lady's father has yielded to their eloquence, but he has introduced this proviso, that the sponsor shall himself pay for the housekeeping establishment of the young people whom he has rendered so happy. This is, no doubt, disa-

greeable, and it takes a good many pairs of worsted slippers to make one forget the purchase and furnishing of a semi-detached villa at Richmond. But then, be it recollected, sponsorship was never intended to be a vain amusement; and if a godfather cannot debar his charges from the pomps and vanities which he solemnly promised they should forego, the least he can do is to initiate them to these pomps with as little cost and deception to themselves as may be. For this reason we would advise godfathers to be self-denying, and to save up as much of their substance as they can for their friends' children. It is on record that a few godfathers have had handsome tombstones erected to them by those they had benefited; but without asking any one to speculate on such gratitude as this, we would submit that it is a sweet thing at the evening of life to receive from one of the young ladies one has married to a sub-lieutenant a letter beginning—"My dear, dear godfather,—As you were always so kind to me, I cannot better prove my thankfulness than by asking you to stand sponsor to my darling baby just born." This would be a case for saying, *Finis coronat opus*.

For the Early English Text Society's proposed volume of early travels to the Holy Land, some curious directions to intending travellers are being copied from the Cotton Appendix VIII., leaf 108, back, which are not all out of place now. The first bit of advice is to be "softe and of faire speche atte alle tymes; for meny ben rude, and somme right malycious and full of debate." Another, as to the Italian spring, is, "In ytaile and alle his parties is grete hete in the said moneth of Marche | And sone after suche abundance of ffrite as were not good for none englissh man sodenly comyng ther atte that tyme of the yere | but yef he were well aged, and coude kepe him the better." A third warns the virtuoso: "Be warre atte Venyse and atte alle such other places as ye fynden eny preçious stones, Jewelles, or Relikes ynnē | for meny that ben right slye will be right besy to desseyve you and youres." After advice for the return journey "thorough the streites of Marroke," to "Lisbone," or to "Burdeux," and "fro thens into Ingeland," the old counsellor winds up

with, "And no more: for the further ye go | the more ye shall se and knowe."

Athenæum.

#### REST.

O EARTH, lie heavily upon her eyes;  
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth;  
Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth  
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.  
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,  
Hushed in and curtained with a blessed  
dearth  
Of all that irked her from the hour of birth;  
With stillness that is almost Paradise.  
Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,  
Silence more musical than any song;  
Even her very heart has ceased to stir;  
Until the morning of eternity  
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;  
And when she wakes she will not think it long.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

SUCH beautiful, beautiful hands!  
 They're neither white nor small,  
 And you, I know, would scarcely think  
 That they were fair at all.  
 I've looked on hands whose form and hue  
 A sculptor's dream might be,  
 Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands  
 Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!  
 Though heart were weary and sad,  
 These patient hands kept toiling on  
 That children might be glad.  
 I almost weep, as looking back  
 To childhood's distant day,  
 I think how these hands rested not,  
 When mine were at their play.

But oh! beyond this shadow land —  
 Where all is bright and fair,  
 I know full well those dear old hands  
 Will palms of victory bear;  
 Where crystal streams, through endless time,  
 Flow over golden sands,  
 And where the old grow young again,  
 I'll clasp my mother's hands.

## ECHO.

COME to me in the silence of the night;  
 Come in the speaking silence of a dream;  
 Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as  
 bright  
 As sunlight on a stream;  
 Come back in tears  
 O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream, how sweet, too sweet, too bitter  
 sweet,  
 Whose wakening should have been in Para-  
 dise,  
 Where souls brimful of love abide and meet;  
 Where thirsting longing eyes  
 Watch the slow door  
 That opening, lets in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams that I may live  
 My very life again, though cold in death;  
 Come back to me in dreams that I may give  
 Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:  
 Speak low, lean low,  
 As long ago, my love, how long ago!

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

## HOPE DEFERRED.

A DREARINESS came o'er me  
 Once, on a dim spring day;  
 The summer on before me  
 Seemed far and far away.

Full dark had reigned the winter,  
 With cloud, and mist and gloom;

My spirit longed to enter  
 Into the fields of bloom.

The tempest's wild repining,  
 Made sorrow in my soul;  
 I craved the cheerful shining  
 When heavy clouds unroll.

I saw a gleam on heather,  
 Stray through a rifted cloud;  
 The masses swept together,  
 The winds spoke fierce and loud.

The mist upon the mountain  
 Dropped down in hopeless rain;  
 Fell in a bitter fountain  
 Over the grieving plain.

All The Year Round.

## SONNET.—LOVE FOR THE YOUNG.

NOT only for yourselves, but for the years  
 Which you, not knowing, bring to me anew,  
 Are you so dear that I consider you  
 With this persistency of quiet tears;  
 For many silent tones are in your speech,  
 And dead hopes rise and tremble when you  
 smile,

Making me fancy for a little while  
 That hands I cannot clasp are in my reach;  
 And my soul cries, "What can I do or bear"  
 (I that have lost so much and wept so long)  
 "How make myself your servant, to re-  
 move

The sting and weight of that remembered  
 Love

Which was my joy, but may have had some  
 wrong  
 From slights unknown, ere Time had taught  
 me care!"

Good Words.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

WELCOME Thy gentle scourge, Thou precious  
 Lord;

Small are the cords Thy love hath inter-  
 twined,  
 And light the stroke. I own Thy just award  
 Of stripes, when in Thy temple Thou dost  
 find

Unmeet intruders, traffickers abhorred,  
 That grieve Thy loving Spirit's gracious  
 mind,

Making the holy place where Thou should'st  
 reign

Alone a den of earthliness again.

Thou wilt destroy this temple; for within  
 A fretting leprosy is on the walls,  
 Nor can the plague-spot of indwelling sin

Be purified, until the fabric falls;  
 And though at times to feel Thy work begin  
 Dismays the sinking flesh, yet faith recalls  
 The blessed hope, that, as Thy word is true,  
 Thou wilt return and build it up anew.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE STATE OF ENGLISH PAINTING.\*

THE announcement at a Royal Academy dinner that large sums of money are given for pictures is no evidence that Art is flourishing among us. When one or two thousand pounds are paid for a Chelsea vase, we need not assume that similar sums given for paintings by popular artists indicate anything more than abundant wealth and corresponding vanity. The price set upon a picture by art-traders and in the sale-room, has, in nine cases out of ten, nothing whatever to do with the real value of the work. The whims of individuals, the despotism of fashion, the catchword of the frivolous and ignorant, often carry a temporary influence with them, before the deliberative judgment of the thoughtful has been able to come to a definite conclusion. But he who neither bounds his horizon by the motives of the moment, nor shares the unreflecting prejudices of his time, will take a broader view. He will be little disposed to submit to the unquestioning tyranny of the present, but casting his eye over the whole kingdom of Art he will contrast the capabilities and powers that it displayed in the past with the aimless waywardness and trivial self-seeking that characterize its dissipated efforts now. The astute and judicious lover of Art for its own sake will follow quite another lead than that of an illusory prestige in gratifying his æsthetic tastes. He will look patiently and closely to the genuine qualities of what he selects; choosing that which suits his own temperament and sympathies, without reference to the false touchstone of popularity; and though unknown out of his circle as an art-patron, he may find ultimately that, in surrounding himself with artistic work thus carefully and independently chosen, he will have ob-

tained something more and better than that which the pretentious canvases of show-painters bring to the walls of those millionaires who invest their superfluous thousands in them. Perhaps we should hardly go beyond the truth in saying that scarcely one of the ambitious collectors who crowd their dining-rooms and drawing rooms with pictures selected from a fashionable and materialistic point of view, would be found willing to give five pounds for a picture by Titian or Tintoretto not inscribed with his name or otherwise externally authenticated. It is difficult to make such "patrons" understand that the buying of a name is not the buying of a picture; and that a genuine work of art has quite another kind of value than that of a Dutch tulip or a piece of Dresden china. This vulgar and commercial Mæcenism is the bane of art; it gives fictitious money-value to bad work, and by ill-judged expenditure robs the true artist of his merited reward. It exorbitantly raises the commercial value of the work of fashionable favourites, and depresses that of all others, however worthy it may be. Its tendency is to develop shallow sentiment, and by a clever meretricious execution—a mere facility of representation—to supersede artistic dignity and genuine seriousness of aim and purpose.

For these and other reasons which we shall examine, we find our English Art in so depressed a state as to suggest the inquiry if we have Art at all existing as a school among us. The epic spirit certainly has left our canvases, the idyllic too has vanished, and in their stead we find merely clever imitations in detail of nature, analytic studies, infinite variety of material means; but of the spirit that could bring these into contact with the highest sentiments and feelings, we have nothing left. The dramatic idealism and concentration of Hogarth; the imaginative grace of Reynolds and Gainsborough; the picturesque diffusiveness of rustic Morland; the scenic breadth of plain, downright John Crome; the suffused tenderness and poetic glow of Richard Wilson; the idyllic simplicity and sweetness of Stothard; the glory of the

\* 1. *The Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts.* London, 1872.

2. *A Descriptive Handbook for the Pictures in the House of Parliament.* By T. J. Gullick. London, 1866.

3. *Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of the Pictures of the National Gallery, with Biographical Notes of the Painters.* By R. N. Wornum. London, 1872.

4. *Catalogo degli Oggetti d'Arte esposti al Pubblico nella R. Accademia di Belle Arti in Venezia.* Venezia, 1872.



early Turner, are all passed away. These things are as far above the mere vulgar imitation of nature and the dexterous painting of draperies or flesh, as the dramatic scenes and characters of Shakespeare or of Scott transcend the dull routine of ordinary life. Our recent pictures are of an entirely different class. Compare the huge masses of raw white, the hard lines, the bald literalisms of some of our most celebrated modern paintings, with the diffused tone, the eclectic consistency, the intellectual ease and refinement, the thoroughly-felt and well-balanced values, both æsthetic and materialistic, of Reynolds and Gainsborough. In our modern pictures we have a heterogeneous network of lights and shadows, a dispersion of colour utterly without centrality, and perplexing alike to the eye and the mind. All arrangement is lost, and there is no more trace of mental effort, of the exercise of the art-function, than is mechanically displayed by the lens of the photographer. A noble, thoughtful style, broad and vigorous views, healthy and natural motive, united with wholesome moral meaning, have given place to mere cleverness of touch and slavish imitations of nature.

One of the chief causes of our present shortcomings is undoubtedly the nature of the Art education prosecuted at the Government schools of Art throughout the kingdom. Of course drawing, as a piece of general education, or as an universal "accomplishment," is entirely distinct from the art of expressing individual ideas and sentiments in a picturesque manner. This cannot be taught, and can only be directed. We must not therefore expect too much from these useful, but far from perfect institutions. But while all are taught the use of lines and the elements of form, there is no reason why instruction should not be given in those forms and those lines which contain an artistic idea. At present this is by no means the case. The endless use of geometric examples in the "flat" (geometric, at least, in a more or less modified form), the absolute indifference to anything like an artistic sentiment, and the complete slavery to a mere photographic

correctness in the studies from both the "flat" and the "round," though not wholly reprehensible in themselves (having, in fact, something to be said for them), are yet parts of an erroneous method, and are highly detrimental to the future destiny of the true artist. We must, nevertheless, protest unreservedly against one element of the teaching pursued in these schools, which allows an unlimited repetition of similar forms within the same piece of design, supposed to be "ornamental." A number of geometric or conventional figures are constructed; they are then reversed to fill up a corresponding portion of the allotted space, and the result is called "ornamental design," though without any of that vitality of principle which in dealing with decorative forms strives to make them subservient to some ruling idea or mental plan which can alone confer a right to the title, and have the power to please the eye and satisfy the mind from a right point of view. This mode of training is almost sure to be disadvantageous to those students who should afterwards extend their practice to the painting of pictures, as their works must naturally exhibit traces of it in a formality of arrangement and distribution quite as fatal to the spirit of Art in the one case as the other.

A singular instance of the correction of repetition, and at the same time protest against its use, occurs on the façade of a small church at Pistoia, across which runs a simple stone moulding, consisting, with a slight exception, of repeated forms. The artist has been well aware that if his ornament had been allowed to repeat itself punctually throughout its whole course, a single glance at the first of its component elements would have sufficed the spectator; but, wishing his moulding to be more particularly examined, he has sculptured a symbolical eagle quite out of character with the rest of his design about one-third of the distance across; consequently when the eye falls upon this it is at once arrested and is compelled to make a careful examination of the remainder, if only to ascertain if there are more irregularities. One, however, has been sufficient. It has caused a careful

and thorough examination of the whole piece of workmanship, and it is quite beautiful enough to preclude disappointment, which is all the artist desired. A lesson like this in its full instruction, could only come out of an artistic mind capable of finding a remedy for every evil. Such an expedient would have no significance in our day, and would be sufficient to condemn the work of the most hopeful pupil or developed artist, if it ever occurred to him and he should have the hardihood to adopt it.

Another hindrance to the progress of true Art is the tone of modern criticism. For every other faculty or function an education is supposed to be required; for that of art-critic none is exacted. Without any attempt to ascertain the æsthetic laws and principles by a process of induction from universally accepted standards, only to be gained by long courses of study and observation, we continually find personal opinions thrust forward as the statutes and canons of judgment, without regard to any central principle whatever, as if, indeed, no such thing existed. It is true that a thing may be good or bad according to the point of view taken; but that does not annul the fact that nevertheless there is something undoubtedly good and something undoubtedly bad. For example, it is a sound and established certainty that the Venetians, at their good time, painted on the whole good pictures, and that the Bolognese on the whole, at all times, painted very bad pictures. From the highest point of view—the point of view which refers all works of Art to a central artistic principle, not only dwelling in the eye but rooted in the mind—there is no more doubts as to what is a good painting or a bad painting than there is as to whether a piece of glass be dim or transparent. All men do not love apples or potatoes, but the common judgment, and undoubtedly the true one, accounts them both good and wholesome. The same thing holds true of works of Art. Their intrinsic value is not a matter of supposition or personal opinion at all, but a matter of fact, to be ascertained from an application of rules and principles not the less

solid and certain because they are difficult to express or explain. Modern criticism, for the most part, not only avoids the trouble and repudiates the necessity of mastering these principles, but actually denies their existence altogether; and, as every one can see if a line be crooked or straight, and perceive if a colour be deeper or paler or different from that which is found in nature, criticism is confined to these qualities alone, the ulterior object of all lines and colour in painting being entirely overlooked. Under such a supervision as this, true and large Art, the Art which appeals to the instincts of the soul rather than the criterion of measure and rule, must necessarily at first languish and then fail altogether. It is precisely in this condition that we find ourselves; and until the general tone of criticism, both of the public and the press, is altered, its depressing influence must be felt in every kind of Art and in every picture that is painted.

Another cause of injury to Art is the large use of machinery in art manufactures, in which all trace of human work is lost, and the mind but faintly reflected or not at all. The very essence and nature of a work of Art is its visible expression of some human sentiment, emotion, or conception. Everything destitute of this expression loses claim to the title of Art, whatever may be its qualities or recommendation. We do not say that these universal means of reproduction may not bring special advantages of their own in other ways; but they bring none of the genuine artistic kind. What makes art-manufactured reproductions the more mischievous is, that generally the worst things instead of the best are chosen. In articles of domestic use, at least, fine shapes and good designs might be preferred; since the one kind is quite as easy to produce as the other, and it would also be natural, that in selecting examples of picturesque art for reproduction, worth should obtain a preference over worthlessness; the contrary, however, is the case. It is thus that we are so over-ridden by the emasculated smoothness and regularity of machine-work and other appliances of the time, that if it should



be desired to obtain anything of the freshness, raciness, or natural irregularity of a free and untrammelled artistic expression, we are driven to imitate it by a reflex process from the outside. As an example of what we mean, we may instance the mode of producing and printing modern etchings. The asperity and roughness of texture of the best specimens, which result spontaneously from the vigour with which they have been executed, and the simplicity of the means used in their production, is actually imitated by artificial contrivances; this shows the way in which our age gives prominence to the mechanism of Art, how much we think of our material, and how little of that which it ought to subserve.

The deterioration of Art among us is in some measure also due to the number of drawings continually in preparation to be poured from the press in the shape of cuts for our periodicals, newspapers, and illustrated books. These are generally required to be done on the spur of the moment, allowing no time for the completion of a well-digested design, so that the artist, to assist the imagination, or rather to find a substitute for it, is compelled to summon the aid of models or sitters before he has the least notion of what he wishes to say, and by their various arrangement and combination to adapt himself to every occasion. Of course, this is quite fatal to every valuable quality in Art. Over and over again we see reproduced the same figures, the same dresses or costume, the same attitudes, without a single fresh sentiment or any effort to reach one. What this endless reproduction and repetition of the same or similar elements is intended to serve, it would be difficult to say; for we never arrive at a new idea, excepting, perhaps, occasionally in the direction of a line; we never get a glimpse into the mind of the artist, who has become, indeed, a mere draughtsman or drawing-machine; we never rise a hair's breadth above his material; he has nothing to reveal, nothing to tell; but only to give us the endless repetition of interminable pencil-strokes, which at last become a vexation to the eye, and a burden to the printed page. If we had a tenth part of this numerous progeny well conceived, thoroughly digested, and faithfully wrought out, it would be infinitely cheaper at the price paid for mere quantity, and would give us more than ten times the pleasure; the national taste

might become cultivated instead of vitiated, and some noble purpose of Art might be served. As it is, we are flooded with slovenly workmanship, or with a shallow and easy facility which is still worse, unrelieved by any touch of mental power or the slightest sense of spiritual meaning.

Other bad influences also are at work: the vast numbers of periodicals and the dissipations of ephemeral literature, which do not allow men's minds to settle long on any one consideration, however important it may be; the constant flow of fugitive ideas that submerges all things in its course; an inconsiderate and superficial haste, which prevents repose and permits nothing to be done with thoroughness, nor any man to be at ease or at his best; and perhaps above all, the inordinate love of wealth, to which is sacrificed the fine solid qualities upon which alone true reputation can be built. Most centuries have left us something in Art more or less worth keeping; what shall we leave behind us in any form of it which future generations will prize or cherish? Our public buildings, as a rule, are but monuments of a national decay, as far as Art is concerned; our paintings and innumerable illustrations bear witness to our incapacity for all elevated thought, and we shall be known to succeeding generations as belonging to an age in which almost every spark of the epic and heroic had been quenched in the grave of a hopeless materialism.

Combined with the causes above stated, no doubt photography has been injurious to Art. Not that it ought to have been so. Its sphere of usefulness is so accurately defined, so clearly out of the range of the artistic idea, that there should be no confusion of the two, the one being a record of facts, the other a registration of ideas. Nevertheless it would seem as if many painters thought their artistic mission fulfilled in the attempt to rival photography on its own ground.

Added to the detrimental agencies already set forth may be reckoned the desire continually to furnish something new; but always in material or manner, and never from the side of simple power of conception. Generally this emulation shows itself in pure caprice, and in the tendency to work at once to death the slightest happy hint which may arise from the prolific and too dexterous brushwork of the day. No sooner is some novelty of knack or cleverness displayed,

than, without regarding its eligibility or otherwise, a hundred copyists are ready to sacrifice their own individuality to its imitation, quite forgetful of the infinitely nobler examples always within their reach, if they would only choose to study them. Nothing indeed can exemplify the power of whim so strongly as the walls of a modern exhibition of paintings; there is the white key, the yellow key, the black key; the dry manner, the glutinous manner, the hard manner, and the fuzzy manner: no centrality anywhere, no concentration of force towards any one point, by which alone supreme excellence can be achieved, no aim, in fact, at any speciality, but simply that each may excel the others in any possible variety of evil, as if every one strove to outrival his neighbour's faults.

Against our advocacy of the abstract rather than the concrete in Art it might be urged that mere local and literal representation has its position and function in painting as well as the other. This may be so; but in that case it lies quite out of the category of imaginative Art, and therefore does not come within our present scope. We also wish it to be clearly understood that the observations we have made are not altogether unexceptional in their application, though they are quite true of the English school of painting in the main. There are a few among us whose delicate discernment and whose right intentions only want the support and accumulative impetus of a school, to assume a high position in the art-history of their time. In fact, there is no want of capability to do things good and great—in this respect, perhaps, our age is quite as generally gifted as any other; but we require clear mental vision, that we may see what should be done, and disinterested energy of purpose faithfully to do it. It is more in direction than in ability that we fail; all our best activities are lost in dispersed aims, meretricious motives, and want of a leading generalship of idea.

When we say the epic has gone from amongst us, we do not refer to the academically stiff and spiritless groupings of a West or a David, dignified in their time by the name of "High Art," and which chiefly consisted of an arrangement of certain useless and unwearable draperies on the loins and shoulders of lay-figures, or a more or less orderly distribution of stage-dummies in masquerade costume (a mode which is unfortunately not altogether yet extinct); but by the

epic we mean the subservience of the lesser fact to the larger truth, a recognition of the great principle that circumstances and things, when used for an artistic end, are in themselves only of value as ministering to the ultimate idea and purpose of the artist, and are not to be dwelt on for their own sakes or for any manipulatory power or ability that may be displayed in their representation.

In entering upon a critical inquiry into the condition of the English School of Painting, it would be but wholesale condemnation and a waste of time to advance a standard to which the school does not even pretend to appeal, and which is foreign to its main tendencies and aims. We propose, then, first to examine some of the more representative works of those painters of the school who stand most prominently before the public, or who, it is supposed, may be likely to be influential either in a right or a wrong direction; criticizing them from their own standard and point of view, trying to place them with the utmost fairness in their true light and position. We shall endeavour to test them by no individual judgment, but by that which we believe would be represented by a jury of fairly educated art-critics, or, still better, by the average high-toned artist with the true instinct of his profession, without the trammels of egotism, interest, or personal feeling. After disposing of this part of our inquiry, we will take up the question of school or kind, in order to find out the relative position of the English school; how far it submits to laws that evidently prescribed and formed the characteristics of all other worthy schools; how nearly it adheres to those tenets which have always been the ruling laws of Art, or in what respects it may reject or disregard them. In order to do this, the more effectually we will supplement our inquiry by comparing our school with another, which affords us the best criterion or test of excellence, showing in what that excellence consists, and the means used to attain it. We will begin, therefore, with the period of our latest art-revolution.

About half a lifetime ago a few young men set themselves to form a new theory of Art, or at least to revive one so old that at that time it had all the force and freshness of novelty. Pre-Raphaelism was the first result of this endeavour, though we are afraid it was but the repetition of the old fable of the Mountain



and the Mouse. This hideous worship of stocks and stones, we are thankful to say, has at last vanished in all but its consequences and effects, which are serious enough, and likely to remain so for some time to come. In common fairness, however, we must allow that its results are not to be wholly charged to the few over-enthusiastic young men who started it. In its highest aspect it had a finer significance than was ever popularly understood or appreciated, and to this its minuteness of detail was but an accessory. It was one of those egregious delusions which its founders have long since had the good sense to abandon, but which, in the hands of the ever-ready and uninquiring followers of new forms and modes, became the vehicle and perpetuation of perhaps as much mistaken workmanship as the name of Art can cover. Its ill-consequences were deepened by the eloquent advocacy, we cannot fairly say exposition, of a vivid and powerful thinker, many of whose most vehement opinions have since been retracted or recalled. These opinions had at that time a very large influence upon the young and unformed; and all the more because they were associated with so much doctrine that was sound, noble, and inspiring. But though the actual substance of pre-Raphaelism is gone, its shambling awkwardness, ugly purples, flaring scarlets, raw blues, and glaring greens, with the utter abnegation of tone and aerial perspective, live like a nightmare in the memory of us all. One of its most fervent disciples was Mr. Holman Hunt, in whose works some of its worst features still survive without the redeeming quality of that fine interior spiritualism, which gave a certain reach of power to his serious and impressive "Light of the World," and to the solemn lesson of the "Scape-goat." In his "Christ in the Temple" the realistic hardness and wasteful labour of finish, resigning every appeal from the side of Art, address principally the eye, and scarcely at all the mind, of the spectator. In Mr. Hunt's latest works that we have seen he keeps the same hardness of line and ungraceful finish, which seems to believe in no answering faculty in the beholder, in no responsive recognition of the broken hint which the mind feels so deeply, but which the hand despairs to reveal. When we have looked at Mr. Hunt's pictures there is no more to be said about them. They convey nothing but what is seen with the eye; the soul and the imagination are starved before them. Their vi-

talities are frozen in their harsh lineaments and inartistic colouring. As a rule they hold no key to sentiment, and stimulate no emotion. They are photographs of fact through a mind which communicates little or nothing to them; wonders of handling and technical skill, which stop there and never get beyond.

The studies of Mr. J. F. Lewis may also be practically ranked in this class of Art, which, however valuable as transcripts of Oriental scenery, life, and character, with all their truth and faithfulness, cannot claim a high value from any other point of view.

We believe that Mr. D. G. Rossetti was one of the principal originators, as he was the most intelligent exponent, of pre-Raphaelism. With him, however, it was realism no longer, and though it perhaps retained a more archaic treatment and distribution than was usual with other painters, it was never the slave of material, but appealed by mental images, rather than by the rigid imitation of facts. Full of dislocations and awkward crowdedness, it yet always held by the sounder theory, which sought truth of mental impression rather than the reality of substantial detail. Neither has the result of pre-Raphaelism been so disastrous with Mr. Rossetti as with others of the school. In the later pictures we have seen of this painter much of its unnatural mechanism has been abandoned, and a freer treatment introduced. Though disfigured to some extent by the affectation of archaic mannerism, and wanting in the freedom, air, and ease, of the noblest eras of Art, they are not to be classed with the works of insincerity and thoughtlessness. They are sometimes open to the censure which we have passed upon his poetry, and there is an intellectual strain distinctly perceptible in them; but the poetic idea, rather than the mechanical execution, is the leading object of the work.

Work like this is the more valuable because so little strenuous and noble work is now attempted. Here, indeed, lies one of our special grievances. No one thinks it worth while any longer to undertake a serious or epic work requiring indefinite devotion and thoughtfulness. Of the paintings which appear on the walls of the Academy from year to year, there are scarcely any that from the small amount of intellectual labour they reveal might not be included in the category of what artists call "pot-boilers." Generally, as far as thought and subject go, they have no more in them than might fitly serve to

illustrate the "annuals." An artist now is not content to repay himself for effort of mind and stretch of capability by doing a noble work which might raise the public mind to its own level, and last beyond his own day. If he can paint pictures quickly, and get large prices for them, he is quite contented. A figure or two, conventionally posed, without any immediate object or purpose, but with tolerably pretty faces for the women, is thought quite sufficient to constitute an approved picture; and if the textures are well imitated, the flesh freely and dexterously handled, and the folds accurately disposed, no more is asked for or wanted. The question of motive never arises, nor any doubts as to intrinsic worth of subject. No painter, except he be very young, and have what is called a "reputation" to make, ever thinks of giving us his best; and then his best must necessarily fall short of excellence. No one asks whether it is not as much worth while to live *for Art* as *by Art*; or if, in the splendid function which is the heritage of the painter there may not be attached to conscientious labour and devotion of purpose a greater and nobler reward than money can buy or a temporary popularity have it in its power to bestow.

In the school of what might be called the esoteric painters, we may class the works of Mr. Burne Jones. Some of them which we have seen (for Mr. Jones, like the rest of his brotherhood, is a sparse exhibitor), though distinguished by a certain kind of artistic power, are open to the serious objection of an unhealthy morbidness of conception. They resemble the poems of Shelley in their intensity of emotion, and sometimes border on the vague and passionate frenzy of Blake. They have no pretensions to be transcripts from nature or the life, but are rather the embodiment of those twilight broodings which belong to the fluctuating region of dreams. They have occasionally elements of seriousness, and an elevated sense of poetry in choice and distribution; but qualities like these are liable to become a mere conventional mannerism under a constant repetition of the same class of subjects, always regarded from the same point of view. Indeed, it is one of the main objections to this school that its adherents always choose the same unnatural form of face and abnormal type of feature, the same exaggerated drawing, the same dislocated movement of the figure, the same overstrained accessories and glimmering background,

which are always made to tell in the same way; so that they resemble in some manner the symbols used in heraldry; the subject being given, the old forms might be distributed almost as well by description as by the pencil. It is the sacrifice and abandonment of every other good and worthy thing to one, until that one becomes fatiguing and tiresome from its too persistent repetition. There is also another fundamental mistake underlying this form of art. It is far too intense to be largely loved and appreciated; or, indeed, to be good for us. Pictures should not require the utmost stretch of transcendental emotion in order that we may appreciate them. One of the most precious qualities, perhaps, that belongs to Art is its capacity of bestowing repose. To be roused to an excess of passion without adequate reason, without being the nobler or better for it, without even knowing precisely why one *is* roused, is not a desirable thing; is, in fact, what we very naturally resent. We all know what it is to be in the company of a nervous and excitable person, whose fatiguing demands on the sympathies are without any corresponding object or satisfaction. It is the same thing with this class of Art. It seizes upon you in whatever mood of mind, and insists that you shall become one with it: for unless the mind is worked up in a greater or less degree into its own dithyrambic condition, it is impossible to receive the full influence of the burning eyes, wild contortions, and evolutions of the actors, in these highly-wrought sensational melodramas. It is a far more gracious office to bestow repose on the mind, than to disturb it with the aimless and objectless ebullitions of a false emotion. Titian, in his sweet summer pastorals, and Giorgione, with his courtly companies enjoying the delights of a "refined rusticity," Reynolds and Gainsborough, and equable Thomas Stothard, with his pathetic touches, conceived a better mission for their pencils. The greatest masters of emotion knew when to lay the tragic pencil down, and give us tranquil glimpses of the world and life, and of those daily social and domestic joys with which we all can sympathize. But the spasmodic painters of our day know no repose from the continual access of fire added to fever, and delirium heaped upon frenzy, with all the reckless abandonment of a Cybelean novice.

This class of works is typical of much resulting from the present state of Art among us. True "Art" has almost



passed away; Painting, as we are told by excellent authority, is now become a manufacture and a knack. It has its tradesmen and its travellers. Show-rooms are opened, and the names of well-known artists, advertised in local papers, draw the wealthy and half-educated parvenu to spend his "thousand" in some addled work, that he is told is fine and of distinguished origin. And thus, by easy transfer, he becomes what he desires — "distinguished" — as the owner of the celebrated masterpiece. Among the well-informed, however, he is thenceforth known, not as the owner, but, conversely, as "belonging to" the picture.

Painting and picture-dealing are now "speculative" and a field for "operations;" and names and works rise, fluctuate, and fall in market value without any just proportion to their merit or intrinsic worth. Patrons and collectors are for the most part merely jobbers, or "invest" with a shrewd eye to future gain upon a rising market. To "accommodate" these "patrons" and their protégés we see announced a "Fine Arts financial association," propounded by some "merchants" and a "shipowner" — "to advance money to artists and others on works of Art, and" — naturally — "to effect the sale of the same, under conditions mutually advantageous" — of course — "to the borrowers and the company." Here is the "mont-de-piété" of Art. This is a private venture of the ordinary kind; but in its care for public morals the bewildered Legislature made a delicate exception "in the interest of Art," and gambling, it was told, would "do much good," "promoting love of Art," as if mere greed had any love at all. For many years we have not visited an exhibition of Art. Union pictures, but the memory of these collections enables us to say that "Art" treats all its liberal "patrons" with a strict impartiality, and that the gambling section seems to have no preference above the jobbers. Their exhibitions are as well supplied with "speculative" trash as any we have lately seen in Piccadilly or Trafalgar Square.

These words remind us of a public obligation, and we would here record the expression of our thanks to the "Academy" for their annual show of paintings by old masters. In this year's exhibition was a painting which we beg the studious reader to recall to mind. Sandro Botticelli's picture of the Assumption of the Virgin was commissioned by Matteo Palmieri, who, it is said, "gave the whole

scheme of the work." It is, in fact, the marvellous but natural result of the combined efforts, with a single aim, of the employer and the painter, with no help possible from legal gambling or commercial jobbing. The result here is high excellence, where now we have confusion dire and every evil work. Greed, then, and "speculation," do not bring good to Art. Sandro knew nothing about these. He worked, and had his wages and the careful constant sympathy of his employer; and we know that sympathy, like love, works wonders. The charming consequence is seen in Botticelli's picture, which alone is worth the thousand pictures that were shown last year on the same walls.

This, then, is our moral: Let anyone who would obtain a worthy work of Art, order it of the painter, and, confiding in his honour, at whatever salary, engage him by the day, and then confer with him in constant friendly counsel. The "patron" will soon find that his interest in the painting has become far greater than the money value represents. His pleasure will not be in a mere purchased possession, but in the memory of his cordial help in the production of the work. The painter, too, receiving sympathetic aid and criticism from a friend whose thoughts are hourly stirred by intercourse with men, will have his mind strengthened and braced to work with constant zeal and vigorous imagination. How great a contrast this to the gregarious studio conversation of our modern artists, men whose individuality is nearly swamped in cliques, whose thoughts are "in-and-in," whose minds follow their fingers and who are emphatically "led by the hand," whose works, by natural result, are small, however broad may be the canvas.

We are within the walls of the Academy. Let us, in our cursory review, select the most successful of its members. Mr. Millais was a chief leader of the pre-Raphaelitic movement, and at one time was esteemed the Achilles of the school. He, more than the rest, has not merely relaxed its strictest tenets, but almost abandoned them; and he now holds a position which it is hard to define in one word, but which perhaps might be called that of the leader of the exoteric school, since it is altogether opposed in manner and purpose to the one already described. Instead of attempting to reproduce mental visions in forms merely indicative and more or less symbolic, Mr. Millais has a fact, or is supposed to have one, for

everything he paints. He has no definite or ulterior aim in his work as a whole; that is, he has adopted no special mission, and cannot be said to express any particular sentiment as the ruling order of his work, for the reason that he gets it all from the outside. Mr. Millais' subjects are simple enough; they require no intellectual acumen to fathom, no particular education to appreciate, consequently he is the popular painter of the day by distinction; for having no more to say than his skilful pencil can represent, and no more to represent than anyone can easily appreciate, his merits, which are principally of one order and all upon the surface, are patent to all, and, for those who look for nothing further, complete and satisfactory. In the broad question of Art, however, it is necessary to bring another criterion to bear upon them. If Art means anything more than a simple power over material, a certain deftness of perception in the subtle limitations of form, an appreciation of tender and delicate passages of colour, and a faculty of obtaining fine surface qualities of manipulation, perhaps the works of Mr. Millais will not be found altogether satisfactory. With considerable graces of pencil Mr. Millais combines an easy society-nonchalance of treatment, which in some drawing-rooms may be appreciated, and in other places goes for everything, and which even among painters receives a wide measure, perhaps too wide a measure, of recognition. The highest form of Art, however, exacts something more than this. A deep and genuine mission scarcely lies within the compass of a tea-table gossip, or in the easy requirements of the lower world of fashion and convention—the playthings of a day. A wider circle is commended by those nobler aims and powers which despise the butterfly elements of society-pleasing, and set little store by the pleasant flatteries of young-ladyism and old-fogyism. Mr. Millais, we are very sure, is not at his best; for, although we doubt if either his "Huguenot" or "Order of Release" are pictures of all time, their tender earnestness being injured by their hardness of line and realistic rigidity, yet the sweet, indefinite poetry of "Autumn Leaves" could only be born out of a mind in which there was more of the same kind, and this very much better than anything he has given us for a long time past. It is with pain and regret that we see powers like his used to so little advantage. The trifling and utterly

unworthy subjects upon which his best energies are for the most part spent, make this regret all the deeper, and it is still further increased by the evidence of manipulatory gifts and powers so rare. He has nothing to tell us but what he has seen; any accidental event serves to hang his picture upon, a fire, a flood, a dreary day, and his message is done, his tale is told, and we are expected to be satisfied. But is this all we have a right to ask or demand from the pencils of our masters? Mr. Millais' manner also is one of a highly dangerous tendency. His free use of raw white, his frequent chalkiness of surface and actual slovenliness of execution, are both unsatisfactory to the mind and disappointing to the taste. The tender and innocent sweetness of a few of his faces of infancy and childhood survives with happy recollection; but others of this class, with numerous transcripts from the life and nature, which it is impossible precisely to define or classify, can hardly maintain a reputation bought at so cheap a price. Perhaps an examination of Mr. Millais' portraits would lead us to the most unsatisfactory conclusions of all. Without tone or any high sense of colour, relying wholly on their texture and surface qualities, united with the ease before alluded to, we know not where to place them. Put them, in regard to aim and intention alone, beside the well-accredited examples of any school—beside the paintings of Velasquez, Tintoretto, or Titian, the portraits of Reynolds and Gainsborough, or even of Romney—and they have hardly a single quality to support the comparison. They utterly lack all the inward sweetness and harmony, the natural artistic ease, the suffused hints of a keenly-felt sentiment for colour, which inform and penetrate the pictures of these and every other treasured school of portraiture, however high the key of colour used and however cool the tone chosen for the picture. In last year's exhibition Mr. Millais' pictures held their usual place in prominence and popularity; but the chief impression they left upon us was the artist's remarkable facility of work and his sense of time's immeasurable value, which combined with art must lead to fortune.

What is most disastrous, Mr. Millais' faults become exaggerated in his imitators. His slovenly treatment and frequent looseness of line, his vagueness of general purpose, his bareness of sentiment, poverty of tone, and want of ful-



ness in colour, without his graphic dexterity, not only tend to destroy all art-power in their work, but also to vitiate and to weaken the public taste by making it accustomed to such meagre offerings—the slender antepast, instead of the full feast and ample satisfaction of the æsthetic appetite.

Leaving the works of this painter, a not unpleasant nor unmasterly display of characteristic realism is to be found in those of Mr. J. C. Hook. They bear with them a fresh and wholesome atmosphere, laden with sea-wind and odour of the brine. There is great sameness of subject and treatment in them all, which has sometimes a tendency to become mannerism. He has no revelations to make, but his one story, as far as it goes, is generally well told, and, on the whole, is an agreeable and refreshing one to listen to.

Another order of realism brings us to the works of Mr. G. D. Leslie, which are characterized by an easy social tone embodying a sentiment which, though not very large or important, is readily appreciable. Solid and somewhat cumbrous in manner, they have a certain speciality of mission, and a unity of purpose in their composition displayed throughout in a sufficiently broad manner, without any super-eminent qualities of refinement and delicacy. Sometimes his landscape has an agreeable harmony of treatment. His figures are graceful and elegant, with a dash of the sentimentality of the drawing-room and the boudoir. Mr. Leslie's pictures have some pretensions to the idyllic—pretty pastorals of the lawn and river-side; but the shepherds have left their crooks and the shepherdesses their lambs for the delights of Belgravia and Mayfair—their dog-roses are changed for "standards," their posies have become bouquets, and are composed of exotics, or at least garden-flowers of the most approved culture; if they pick a daisy it is a curiosity, and they are quite as well acquainted with the artificial flora of the ball-room as with that of their own garden-beds, and would certainly be found much better adepts at the game of croquet than at the preparation of those

Country messes

Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses.

Mr. Leslie's verdurous carpets are kept in order by the mowing-machine, and know the trimming-shears of the gardener. His colour is pale and timid—his quality opaque, dry, and loaded—his

general treatment never giving free reins to the painter and colourist with a full faith in his material.

A painter who more distinctly partakes of the deficiencies just mentioned, and who may be said to stand within the limits of the materialistic school, is Mr. A. Moore, whose speciality is far less congenial and harmonious. His hybrid Greek fancies are aimed at what would be perhaps vulgarly called "the classic," but it is really of a very pseudo-classic order. Mr. Moore tries to introduce a pure Greek sentiment into nineteenth-century England, which has pretty much the same effect as a modern bonnet would have had on the head of Aspasia. He is the slave of lines and form; his figures are Grecian and his draperies are Grecian; but within the same canvas Mr. Moore can place the modern violin and introduce other discordant accessories. The mental perplexity arising from such combinations is extremely irritating and provoking. His drawing is executed with the utmost care, his conscientiousness is extreme, even to fastidiousness; but all this quite fails to reconcile us to such incongruous elements. The principle on which they are assorted is utterly and entirely false. They are an attempt to import a sculpturesque character into painting. The noblest mission of the Art, as far as expression is concerned, is abandoned; the use of colour is altogether forsworn, excepting in a quite subsidiary and altogether decorative way, in order to carry out this anomalous idea. The flat and unrelieved design is worked in washy tints and sickly whites, the very denudation and solstitial winter of painting. It is true Mantegna made large use of the limbs and draperies of the ancient marbles; but with what a robustness of infused power and fine vigour are they endowed! They are not the effeminate dreamers of a summer day, but brawny men with backbone and sinew, strong-limbed bearers of burdens, Centaurs and mighty sea-monsters bellowing in the brine, whose hoarse cries seem to resound in their pictures as they rend each other in the flying foam. If Mr. Moore does use colour in those of his subjects which are a little less classic, it is always under protest. It is kept dead and flat and pale, so that it appears unnecessary and even objectionable, as it never fails to convey a sentiment of weakness, however powerful the lines that limit its extension. Mr. Moore has certainly mistaken the true object of his Art. Rav-

ished with the exquisite beauty of the marbles of the Parthenon, he has sacrificed everything to the reproduction of their fine majestic movement and grand line. But this can never be the painter's chiefest aim. Had Mr. Moore a wider education in the sentiment of Art, he would not fail to know that painting has ideas of its own as noble and significant as those which find expression in the superhuman forms and half-etherial plaited drapery of these ancient monuments. It is certainly not the most important mission of the painter to elaborately tell us how a fold of drapery should fall or float upon the wind; neither does it lie in the assurance that, under given circumstances and conditions, the true line of a leg or an arm falls to a hair's breadth in a certain place and in no other. A single breath of imaginative vitality would outweigh all such punctilios; one vigorous independent thought would be well worth an endless sequence of such adventitious erroneous compositions, which, after all, are but the withered leaves that hang upon a broken bough.

At a still greater extreme of waywardness, and with the materialistic tendency more pronounced, is Mr. Whistler, with whose clever etchings most Art-lovers are familiar. His rule of painting seems to be as simple in its theory as it is difficult in practice and unsatisfactory in result. The theory is that no stroke is to be repeated, and that no portion of the canvas is to be re-touched; such at least, is the inference we draw from the manner in which the crude masses of pigment lie upon its surface. It is true there are certain qualities to be got in this way, which can be attained in no other; but it would be well to ask if they may not be bought at too dear a price. Some of his later portraits, with all their promptness of execution, are wearisomely monotonous. It is grievous to see a painter of any artistic power thus employed in spurious imitations of Oriental ingenuity and taste, making tints and tones a substitute for every grander quality, and reducing painting to the level of an ornamental knack chiefly valued by house-decorators, and by them called "High Art." So wedded is Mr. Whistler to his material, and so oblivious of everything else, that he has been content to abandon even the pretence of a subject, and to name his very pictures from the colours used in painting them. As to his "studies," and "symphonies," and "nocturnes" in this or that colour or combination of colours, which

consist in passing the loaded brush a few times from one side of the canvas to the other—even allowing the best for them, that they represent some prevailing tone or colour of the day or night—we would ask what purpose can they serve? At what are they directed? Is motion supposed to be represented by a streak? It seems to us that Mr. Whistler, in these capricious and fantastic productions, resembles an orator from whose lips we are expecting an important message, but who should treat us to "studies" in the verb "to be" or to some "arrangement" of adverbs and prepositions. To perceive the full unworthiness of such empirical expedients as these, it is only necessary to turn to any of the nobler names in Art, and to compare the simple method of their work with any specimen of Mr. Whistler's "artifice."

It is refreshing to leave these vagaries for something better and nobler in its nature and object. There is another school or section of a school to which we might give the name of epic or heroic, rather, however, by way of distinction than of designation; since its inchoate development and faint pronunciation are too feeble and uncertain to make good and absolute the title. This school is in its work best represented by Messrs. Leighton, Watts, and Walker, and by the late George Mason. The artists we have mentioned differ from each other widely; but yet, in certain fundamental attributes they have much resemblance. None of them idolize the mere material of their work; they never lose sight of their picture as a whole, nor for a moment disregard its meaning and its purpose; they are not mere texture copyists; the language of their Art is made entirely subservient to their idea; accessories are never elevated to the chief rank; the subject of the work is equally removed from violence and tameness, and is adapted to address the soul in all its moods in an artistic manner usually right in aim and in intention.

The method of this school, in some respects, is most distinctively displayed by Mr. Watts. The earliest works of this painter, with which we are familiar, are "Alfred inciting the Saxons to repel the Danes," now in the House of Parliament, of which we shall speak presently, and his large fresco in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, representing the "School of Legislation." If he had done nothing more than the latter work, it would have been quite enough to distinguish him creditably in an age so slight as the present. It is



composed of numerous figures disposed in a somewhat similar manner to those in Raphael's "School of Athens": indeed we think that in arrangement he has followed his great master much too closely. His subject has been thoughtfully conceived, and throughout regarded from a noble point of view. The distribution is large and broad; the massing is distinctive, weighty, and unencumbered; the colouring harmonious and grave. The character and object proper for such painting have been so intelligently grasped, the material is so well understood, and the result so satisfactory, that it may be considered a sign of the debasement of our present School of Painting that such work has so little influence on the artistic movements of the time. It is true the work is only in the nature of a revival, and on that account can have but a secondary or diminished influence. Although Mr. Watts has evidently studied the sentiment of the Roman school in this picture, the result is not wholly of a Roman character. It rather resembles the Siennese manner, and might very well have been painted by Beccafumi or Baldassare Peruzzi; for in this school we find the same largeness of arrangement, the same rightness of perception, as in that of Rome, but with less elaboration of material, less command of means, less scholasticism, and more of a simplicity bordering on inadequacy, with just that want of condensation and directness of purpose which is required to give vigour to expression, and to make its utterance absolute and irresistible. This fresco appears to have stood the test of time tolerably well—it is fifteen or sixteen years, if we remember rightly, since it was painted—though we believe Mr. Watts has had some trouble with it since that time.

These remarks are also mainly true of Mr. Watts's works in general. Even when the result is unsatisfactory, as is not unfrequently the case, his paintings still command attention for their plan and aim. His epic is generally well constructed, his conception large, his mode of working equable, and his manner good; and now and then we receive from him something as near to what is great as the Art-education of the age and our peculiar social circumstances will allow, but his particular power is in a great measure lost for want of the nutriment of that congeniality of circumstances which adds force to energy and gives to power a new robustness. Mr. Watts requires the sup-

port of a large Art-sentiment from outside to correct, expand, and fortify him. As it is, he gains nothing from his surroundings. Thus his faults and excellences are all his own, and there is no extraneous healthy influence to correct the one or to advance the other. The great want of the time to which we allude is the spiritual energy which should stimulate imagination in the picturesque direction, and make the artist's work as much that of his age and his public as his own. Mr. Watts's works, in spite of their frequent grandeur and largeness, want, for the most part, a more defined and specially directed significance. However impressive may be the external treatment of his subjects, their inward mission has no corresponding power. They are like "a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong." The arrangement of a multitude of figures within the compass of a canvas, small or large, however delicate in feeling and noble in composition, and broad and dignified in manner, may yet want weight of purpose. The imagination and the intellect must be combined to make Art powerful and its influence great; still there are exceptions to the general want of purpose in this artist's work. In his "Love and Death," exhibited a year or two ago, a preponderating sentiment reached to the true epic, both in conception and realization, crowning his work with a very noble end. In many of his pictures he is not so happy. The crowded nude or semi-nude figures which leave no part of his canvas unoccupied, are often but the embodiments of a certain measure of artistic skill without that power which alone can carry a message to the heart or mind of the spectator. His portrait heads are often fine, far finer than Mr. Millais'; but they lack the certainty and confidence of treatment which would place them among the very finest. They are also, for the most part, too much encumbered by the painter and his Art, smack too closely of the studio, and adhere too strictly to the specialities of a style which seems to be midway between the worlds of imagination and reality, and essentially to belong to neither. A mode of work, in which the real and the ideal are mingled without being combined, is in principle absurd, and in practice nugatory and inconsistent.

We should like to say a few words about Mr. Watts's manipulation. It is not always the same; but his early fuller treatment is to be preferred to the later and drier one. He has of late used some

very volatile medium, which leaves a dry mealiness of surface anything but pleasant to the eye. His colour, too, is black, opaque, and dead. Sometimes, particularly in the foreground of his larger pictures, he uses the dangerous expedient of glazing so largely as quite to frustrate its end, and to produce heaviness and opacity just where he wants lightness and transparency of quality. If Mr. Watts would permit us to give him a word of advice, we would suggest that he should rely less on surface work, abandon the use of heavy glazes, and endeavour to gain transparency from the ground of the picture after the manner, which we intend presently to examine, of his great masters the Venetians.

Mr. Leighton has been more influenced by the French school and the earlier Italian painters, but there is nothing archaic or affected in his painting. In looking at his work one is struck with the firm grasp which he always appears to have of his subject. This is as apparent in his earlier as in his later pictures, in his "Procession of Cimabue's Picture" and "Roméo and Juliet," as in the last of his works on the walls of the Royal Academy. His talent partakes of the decorative, not the ornamentally decorative, but that of a scenic and dramatic kind. His large treatment and broadly-felt surfaces might be well adapted for mural painting, if there were any use for it in an age of uncertain aims and unstable habitations. He is not powerful as a colourist; indeed his pictures are little better than an apology for colour of any high order; but they are a very good apology. He now and then strikes a fine key; but, on the whole, colour with him is but a form of intellectual expression—an intellectual symbol, so to speak, that belongs more to the mind than the soul, and never constitutes the speciality of his work. He is always manly, broad, and serious, and has the reticence that consorts with a large appeal and rightly directed aims. But we have a serious remonstrance with him, in that he seems almost to have given up anything like a large purpose in his Art as far as importance of subject is concerned. With some exceptions, he has scarcely yet justified the promise of his early works in this respect; not from lack of ability but from want of enterprise. With so great a capability of drawing as is revealed even in his illustrations of "Romola," it is evident that he has few technical difficulties to encounter. Mr. Leighton's paintings for a long time

past have, with one or two exceptions, represented very little intellectual labour, and move only in a narrow way. We understand, however, that he is engaged upon some large public works, which, it is to be hoped, will cancel this complaint.

Among the rising painters of this school (allowing for the differences of speciality before alluded to) is Mr. F. Walker. His character is thoroughly English. We do not know if he has ever studied in the great schools of Europe; but if he has done so, there is no relic or reminiscence of them in his work, and yet in some respects he has reached their higher qualities, particularly in his later works, which display great picturesque power in their calm breadth of treatment and repose. Now and then his smaller works are excellent. There was, for instance, a picture lately exhibited (we believe the study, if it may be called so, for a larger one) of a girl or woman in a court of justice, which, though measuring but a few inches, had in it all the elements of the largest work; and we mention it here as an example that large epic treatment may lie within very narrow limits, and does not necessarily demand great size. Mr. Walker's pictures, nevertheless, are open to serious exception in other directions. The prevailing colour, or tone-colour, if it may be so called, is very objectionable. It is almost always an unnatural yellow or a forced and heated orange. The element of greyness, at least as a reserve, is, above all, necessary and desirable in works of a large intellectual intention. For want of this quality his pictures become very fatiguing, and ultimately irritating to the eye. Mr. Walker also dwells sometimes too long on the individual parts of his picture, which perhaps would be right, if his object were less broad and serious. But even in respect of object or intention, we should like to see Mr. Walker take a higher level. His pictures, particularly of figures, have too much the appearance of transcriptions, and too little of the signs of mental formative power in them to stamp them as epic in the highest sense.

The last example we shall give of the broad and artistic class of painters now under consideration is that of the late Mr. Mason, whose recent death is in every respect much to be deplored. His works are some of the most hopeful in the modern English school of painting: even where they are promises rather than performances, indications rather than



completions, they are always widely suggestive and infinitely instructive. Mr. Mason was emphatically the artist's painter, the most discerning of whom are always ready to excuse inadequacies of manipulatory power, when the primary and most essential element of all is manifest.

Mr. Mason was a lover of twilight, of the gentle hour which is so touching to all poetic minds, when a dreamy glimmer pervades the still and solemn landscape and stars become visible. So much has he loved these tender moments, that it would almost seem as if he had lived in them in a kind of delicate sympathy. What adds, perhaps, to the impressiveness of his scenes is the reminiscence that they seem to bear of a more southern climate than our own, where the hues of the sky are a tone deeper than ours and the solemn greys of the landscape a thought more rich, as he had seen them in the soft lines, broken with mournful tints of crumbling masonry on the sad Campagna of Rome. Even his figures partake of the same spiritual seriousness that his scenes inspire; the bustle of the day and noise of the busy world are hushed and tranquillized in the calm peace of an idyllic repose.

His subjects are not very various; but one never grows tired of them. It is now a shepherd seated at the root of an old tree piping to some maidens, whose quiet movements are in perfect harmony with the scene around them, bringing back the old Arcadia and witnessing that the bucolic sweetnesses of Theocritus and Virgil still survive among us, and that the genius of an ancient rural life is not yet destroyed; now it may be a sweet-faced country-girl going home with her gleanings, while the sloping upland, crowned with yellow sheaves, takes the last glow of day: now it is a group of merry children dragging along a refractory calf or donkey, or driving a flock of hissing geese; and now a weary labourer, who returns homewards with his team leisurely through the twilight, or a group of mowers from the cornfield, with long scythes, against the light of a golden harvest-moon. Here we have almost all Mr. Mason's material elements; and yet they are quite sufficient for the expression of a deep and genuine poetic feeling. With a few exceptional cases we find that the painter is forgotten in his work as we enter into his magic world and make it our own. One or two of these exceptions we will take the opportunity of mentioning. We think his

"Evening Hymn" is liable to a rather strong objection on this score, fine and noble as is its general sentiment. The singing-girls are far too artificially posed and modelled. The picture is so evidently balanced by the two figures separated from the main group on each side as to materially interfere with its simplicity and naturalness. Another objection may be made to the dog in the "Girls Dancing by the Sea," as it regards earnestly the bag suspended from the bough, which, however natural an incident here interferes somewhat with the main calm interest of the picture, and divides the attention with perhaps one of the sweetest bits of English landscape ever put upon canvas.

As Mr. Mason was a deep lover, so was he a close student, of Nature, even a copyist, from a right point of view. We have understood that he was indefatigable in his outdoor studies; and yet these are efforts after the sentiment of nature rather than the portrayal of her facts. He aimed at reproducing her appearances as they affect the poetic mind, rather than her formal representation, which, indeed, he always avoided. Careful and capable draughtsman though he was, there is not a bit of texture, and very little of absolute form pronounced definitely as such, to be found in any of his pictures. They are pictures of aspect or mental impression rather than the actual substance of what he saw, and hold their place more in the mind than in the eye.

It is difficult to play the critic on pictures like these; yet to define his true place in the history of Art every part of Mr. Mason's artistic character must be regarded. He is not always uniformly happy. There is a hardness and coldness in some of his works compared with others. There is occasionally, too, a tendency to confusion, and even in his finished works a want of articulation and definition which interferes a little with their higher qualities. This arises perhaps from the desire to place before the spectator the painter's full impression encumbered with as little material as possible: and, besides this, there is often in imaginative minds, feeling acutely in certain directions, a want of expressional power, a lack of the consummating faculty; which is an excusable defect to those gifted in the same direction, but an obvious fault to those of a less sentimental and more objectively constructed nature and character. It is interesting to see how Mr. Mason felt his way through his sketches

to the peculiar qualities he desired. Some are wholly of a tentative nature, the merest blurs of colour, a species of artistic short-hand, yet intelligible to the initiated as containing a compendium of synopsis of the completed picture. Pursuing the function of censors, we may notice also that Mr. Mason's skies are occasionally somewhat muddy in quality, and are only partially cleared at some expense to the landscape. It may be said, with every respect for what he has left us, that his works, on the whole, show rather what the mind yearns to accomplish than what the hand is able to perform; the refined and elegant instinct of the able and imaginative amateur, rather than the commanding utterances of the representative of a school of a broadly diffused and healthily developing artistic sentiment.

It is hard to say whether the influence of a painter so delicately constituted is likely to be advantageous or otherwise: indeed, this wholly depends on the character and idiosyncrasy of his pupils or followers. The action of special genius or power on a robust mind is to cause it to develop its own capacities and gifts without attempting any close or external imitation of what it sees and admires, excepting incidentally as one of the elements of its own education. This sound method teaches the mind to measure and assert its individual capabilities and powers, and does not lead it to ignore them or to submit to any foreign influence, however great or noble that may be. In such an instance as the present no material imitation would be of the least service to appropriate or "convey" the tender influence diffused from these contemplative and subjective works, which suggest qualities so rare and impalpable that the artist himself was not always able to grasp or retain them. Such paintings can only be regarded as intimations or indications in the abstract of the rich results of thoughtful and conscientious labour, and as a testimony that good Art has not yet lost all her resources, but that there are new aspects and ideals still for disinterested and devoted, persevering and imaginative, workmen.

There is still another group of works, in all respects antithetical to the one we have just examined, and which, in spite of its general popularity, must be called the debased school, since the elements of the artistic principle are utterly ignored, misunderstood or otherwise altogether perverted in its hard literalisms and unimaginative transcriptions. This

constitutes a very wide section of modern painting, so wide as to include immeasurably the larger proportion of it. We will take, however, the names of two or three as the representatives of its most distinctive features; say Mr. Frith, Mr. Brett, and Mr. Birket Foster.

With Mr. Frith it is very hard to deal, as he holds a place so remote from the genuine function of right Art, and so closely bordering on that of the mere illustrator, that it is difficult to say if his works come under the category of Art at all. There is, it is true, a degree of interest in looking at his pictures of the "Seaside," the "Railway Station," and the "Derby Day," with their various realistic groups and circumstances, but it is the interest of an illustration or pictorial representation without any shade of the artistic sentiment or any foundation of true Art whatever. Indeed, we suppose that Mr. Frith does not intend to make any broader appeal than that of being the mere transcriber or photographer of the promiscuous crowds of men and women which he may see anywhere around him. His pictures have no moral and no meaning in them. A comparison of his works with those of Hogarth, who was quite as accurate a painter of the men and women of his time, will show exactly what we mean. With the latter we have everything set before us subordinate to an artistic purpose, the purpose of the whole picture. Setting aside the qualities of painting which they exhibit (which are now too much overlooked), they possess the highest characteristics of the social epic. We have a hundred lessons taught us, a hundred suggestions made to us, by the subtle art of the painter. These are all put before the mind in so delicate and insensible a manner that we think the painter's generalizations our own, and the compendium of human nature with which he supplies us, its follies, its vanities, and sins, presented to us with the consummate art of one of the most philosophic students of life and character, seem like the results of our own observations and reflection. Again, if we compare Mr. Frith's pictures with those of Wilkie, how lamentable is the difference! In place of a centralized motive we get confusion and perplexity; in place of the nice perception of the various shades of character given with a sweet artistic refinement, we have the coarseness of the excursion-train and the breeding of the tavern-bar; instead of the subtle poetry which Art ought to be able to find in all grades of life and to in-



fuse into all her works, we get an uncongenial prose that reflects its most discordant elements and introduces its most disagreeable associations.

If we look in Mr. Frith's work for the high qualities which distinguish the works of the painters we have just referred to, we do not find any of them or any trace of them, but a jumble of heterogeneous figures and circumstances, unselected, unassorted, and absolutely commonplace. There is no indication of a governing or ruling principle or purpose; and after the first gaze they fatigue the mind and pall upon the eye from their wearisome vacuity, their slender trivialities, and their utter denial of every kind of inward appeal which constitutes the soul of Art and makes the better part of every noble picture.

Neither is Mr. Frith's workmanship happy. He ignores atmosphere in the glare of a vulgar realism, and outrages colour in the absence of any prevailing sentiment of eclectic distribution: he sets tone aside as useless in the distraction of a hundred different keys. His faces have a hardness of quality with nothing beneath them; while the dresses and costumes of his undignified men and women, borrow no character from those by whom they are worn, and only remind one of the "set up" of a Bond Street tailor, or, conversely, of the rags of a theatrical wardrobe.

Mr. Brett has imported the same vicious mode of treatment into landscape Art. His metallic seas, woolly clouds, grass without softness, and trees without any touch of the verdurous plasticity of nature, only oppress the mind with a sense of bondage which shuts out every congenial and sympathetic influence that we are accustomed to receive from Nature. In Mr. Brett's pictures Nature has ceased to express herself, her generous inspirations are destroyed, her fine ministrations overlooked or disregarded. The freezing wand of the enchanter has passed over her palpitating vitalities, and they are reduced to the condition of congealed and inexpressive petrifications. His unsuggestive workmanship rather hinders and obscures our own interpretation of Nature: than assists us to any fresh significance and character that he may have found in it.

Our ungracious task only gives us one example more of this mistaken school of painters. Grateful as we must feel to Mr. Birket Foster for the number of pretty landscape vignettes with which

he has ornamented our drawing-room tables, necessity compels us to protest against the field of Art, or rather the mode of expressing himself, which he has chosen; particularly in his water-colour drawings, whose exhaustive manipulation and conventional textures prevent the mind at once from going a step beyond them. If Mr. Foster merely aims at reaching the admiration of unreflective observers or non-observers — of those to whom "a primrose by a river's brim" is but a primrose and is "nothing more," bringing no glow into the soul, and having no associative connection with the world that lies within — he may succeed; but to those who see beyond the substance, to whom substance is but the symbol of the interior essence, who are ever ready to seize an indication, whose souls only need the significant letter set before them in order to read its deeper meaning, all Mr. Foster's laborious "finish" will but obscure the inward vision and exclude those exquisite glimpses and "warm excursions of the mind" which are the most indispensable complement and the noblest addition to the true artist's labour, without whose help, indeed, his toil will be in vain.

It is useless to pursue our subject as a special criticism any farther. We have already passed under review some of the most important features of our present school of painting, and have said quite enough to make our stand-point clearly appreciable. As to some of the older elements which have overlived their time and are now dying out, they may be left in peace. They will do no more harm, as they are doing no good; and we may safely leave them to the end they merit. We do not, however, pretend to have exhausted our subject. There are many notable names and works which, perhaps, might be advantageously criticized in one way or another; but as our object here is rather to elucidate a thesis — to make clear the actual and relative position of the English school of painting — than to give a comprehensive or detailed account of it in all its various manifestations, which within our limits would be impossible, we must leave them unnoticed. The works, for example, of Sir Edwin Landseer, whose intelligent interpretation of animal life has made for him a field entirely his own, since none of his numerous imitators have been able to follow him with any considerable degree of success, might perhaps have found a

place in our inquiries; but as they would not be specially or additionally illustrative of the large question we have in view, and as our position is a defined one, it is not necessary to discuss them.

Our inquiry, however, into the present condition of the English school of painting would hardly be complete unless we were to make some observations on the paintings which ought to best interpret its highest skill and embody its loftiest powers. We allude to those works in the Houses of Parliament, upon which so much time, money, and deliberation have been spent, with most unsatisfactory results. Without entering into the question of how they have been done, and what it might have been better or best to do, we will at once advance to the examination of their qualities as the representatives of the national Art-standard.

On our entrance into the Royal Gallery we are confronted with the two vast works of Maclise, the "Meeting of Wellington and Blücher after the Battle of Waterloo" and the "Death of Nelson." They are painted, as is well known, in simple water-colour, with the superimposition of water-glass or silicate of potassium, which, in another form, is the basis of the manufactured glass of common use. But it is in vain we try to imitate the subtle chemistry of nature. However accurately balanced our compounds may be, the diamond is unattainable. In this case, owing either to disintegration or precipitation, or to the numerous external influences at work upon it, the indestructible medium has already given way, and some portion of the earliest painted of these pictures is partially destroyed. To speak of the pictures themselves: the labour and devotion bestowed upon them inspire respect. They are not by any means artists' pictures, yet they have large claims in their own way and from their own centre. If they were upon canvas they would be amenable to another kind of criticism in regard to quality of workmanship; their hard lines, which never lose themselves, their sturdy and unwavering realism, their rigid and uncompromising treatment, their unrelieved inflexibility and metallic colouring, would at once exclude them from a category of the greatest works; but, on the other hand, their dramatic multitudinousness and energy, their robust power, their conscientious thoroughness from their own point of view, demand a considerate notice. In some situations

they would be intolerable; but in their present position they are not inharmounious with what surrounds them; for they are monumental in subject, as they are in some respects as paintings. At least we may say this of them, that no one else could have given them to us in their great grasp and high-spirited and vigorous portrayal of facts. They are very superior to the excessively overpraised Munich frescoes. Their chief interest, however, is not an artistic but merely a human one. One cannot help being impressed with the scenic probability of many of the most touching episodes, as the dying men, who with a last effort, raise their swords in the presence of the Duke; the stern peacefulness on the countenance of the dead trumpeter, whose head is pillowed on the broken wheel of a piece of artillery; the gentle expression on the face of the youthful officer, "young gallant Howard," borne by two pitying soldiers; the monk who holds the crucifix before the closed eyes of the apparently-departed Hanoverian; or the grey, middle-aged warriors, half-buried in the carnage, whose last thought has been of home and the dear ones left behind. There is something, too, of genuine artistic power expressed in the face of the Duke of Wellington, whose stern and grimy features are filled with a mingled expression of fatigue, triumph, and suppressed excitement, the central figure in this scene of confusion, bloodshed, and death.

The picture of the "Death of Nelson" is not nearly so notable as the other. It has less incident and variety, and the story is less powerfully told. The face of the mortally-wounded hero is overspread with a ghastly spasm, whose painful contortions are horrible to look upon. One would much rather have seen him portrayed with the soft expression associated with the last "Kiss me, Hardy," on his lips, even if it had been at the sacrifice of the literal truthfulness of the circumstance considered at the precise moment chosen by the painter.

Of Mr. Herbert's large, and in some respects more pretentious picture of "Moses Descending from the Mount" in the Peers' Robing Room, we cannot say so much: for though executed from a presumably higher point of view than the pictures just described, and though more agreeable in some qualities of manipulation, it appears to have been done rather with the cautious calculation of the academic than with the enthusiasm of a



master great with his idea. A measure of realism may not only be admitted, but is perhaps desirable, in the representation of an historical event of comparatively recent occurrence; but in a didactic work—which appeals, or ought to appeal, purely and entirely to the moral nature, in which the fact does not depend in the least degree upon any special set of circumstances for its impressiveness, and is, indeed, already removed out of time and place by the infinitely more important contingency of its having been raised to the quality of a religious abstraction, addressing itself wholly to the mind, and not at all to the eye, in its essential object and design—a purely realistic treatment is not only misplaced, but is likely to act as a barrier to the special influence of the occasion. Mr. Herbert's picture may rather be said to be a huge study made in the alphabet of Art than the embodiment of a masterly conception in the mind of the painter. Its claims are those of an illustration more than of an artistic representation. The posed models which personate the figures have evidently been drawn with the closest fidelity to the life, the draperies have all been disposed with the nicest care, the attitudes have been adjusted with the strictest regard to propriety, the various expressions have been inserted into the faces in the most correct manner, and yet the result is wholly unsatisfactory. One can never believe that the tall figure with the two stone slabs in his hands is really like the majestic Moses who ruled the Israelites, whose "anger had waxed hot" when he had broken the first tables and ground the golden calf to powder—whom Michel Angelo has given to us in marble with so much dignity and power. Even were the dramatic interest preserved in the figures, it would have been quite ruined by the background. Mr. Herbert, with so noble and lofty a story to tell, should not distract the thoughts of the spectators from its intrinsic impressiveness to the details of a background worked up with photographic care. That he will not allow the eye to pause or rest for a moment in any unmanipulated place, shows that he is not deeply moved by the grandeur of his idea, and that he chooses to display the shell and outer covering of his subject rather than to develop and surround us with its inner sentiment. Better a thousand mistakes in the technicalities of Art or the probabilities of circumstance (for, indeed, the best and most exact imitation

possible is nothing but a probability) than this lack-life system of composition and arrangement, which comes from the head and hand, but never from the heart; which kindles no answering enthusiasm within us and awakens no thought beyond that, at most, of the skill of the artist and the possibilities of his material. Infinitely worse than the picture itself is the fatal tendency and principle involved in it. Mr. Herbert has thought of nothing but a cold realization of the circumstances of his subject, and never for a moment of giving us its inner meaning and central power. It is a mere statement of facts with which we are all familiar and to which the pictorial representation adds nothing.

In other respects also we think this work a mistake. Mr. Herbert has laid his ground in white, consequently it stands in far too high a key to be impressive from any serious or picturesque point of view. The effect is that of a solemn piece of music played in a key eight or ten tones higher than that for which it has been composed, or upon a light and airy instrument instead of a grave and sober one. All solemnity of effect is destroyed, and all rightness and fitness of decoration ignored. The glaring sky, the garish background, the inharmonious and commonplace figures fill the room with an insatiable impertinence which quite outsteps the end and purpose of such a work. Perhaps it would be profitless to point Mr. Herbert to the works of those who have always and everywhere been considered the first masters in this kind of decoration, to refer him to the walls and ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the Stanze of the Vatican or the halls of the Ducal Palace, where the noble breadth, grand proportions, and subdued appeal of these great masters reach and impress the mind without wearying the eye. They do not thrust themselves unduly on our notice, or offend the taste with an unseasonable persistence that will not be forgotten nor for a single instant overlooked. In this respect a lesson might have been taken from Mr. Watts's less obtrusive, but at the same time quite as powerful, fresco at Lincoln's Inn.

Of the works of Mr. Cope in the Peers' Corridor, nothing more favourable can be reported. Under every disadvantage of situation and ill-lighting, they are still more unfortunate in their inartistic manipulation, unimaginative treatment, and utter want of the least perception of the

requirements of the material, or of the nature and fitness of the place and occasion. Every epic sentiment or heroic feeling is set aside for a wearisome labour of the pencil, that carries no enthusiasm with it, and fails to wake one stirring thought in the mind of the spectator. Nor are the works of Mr. Ward in the Commons' Corridor more impressive. Academical figures in theatrical costume are distributed freely on their surface; but for one touch of the heroic, one tender glimpse that appeals to anything beyond the eye, one single hint of that which "makes the whole world kin," we may look in vain. In the frescoes or wall-paintings of simpler times and peoples, conceived in a genuine art-atmosphere, one is often touched into unexpected emotion. Take, for instance, those of Fra Angelico in the convent of St. Mark at Florence. With the baldest simplicity of means, with the least complex system of expression which Art is capable of assuming, he has done so much that, in passing from one to another, all the finest feelings of the soul are awakened, and something like an unbidden tear will from time to time force itself into the eyes. Turn to the Arena Chapel or Municipal Hall at Padua. By what slight means are we moved! A few figures in various acts or amid circumstances in themselves not at all exciting—sometimes only a single figure—and our whole nature receives a new property, making fresh discoveries within itself; a glow suffuses the soul, the inner fountains of life and being are opened up, we rejoice in the painter and his work, and thank him for exciting within us new emotions of the purest kind. And why is all this? It is because these emotions are drawn from the painter's own soul; because he has only thought of his lines as conveying some spiritual message, and not at all as the means of putting together accurately constructed pictures. He has not approached his pictures from the side of lines, and hues, and figures, but having his mind filled with emotion by the circumstance of his representation, he has sought to express *that*, allowing the forms to arrange themselves in accordance with it in the best way they might. But in our modern English works we find no real sense of subject at all, not the least attempt on the part of the artist to unite himself with the centrality of his theme, and move us by the sheer force of its power. He abandons that entirely. He appeals to us by lines, composition, tex-

ture, colour; anything but the thing itself. We are called upon to look at the hand-work of the painter, not to be thrilled by his large feeling of a great event, not to be kindled into warmth with the new aspect in which he presents it to us, nor to have a fresh world of inward light revealed. These things are not the artist's object, but he does inform us that this is the same grass, these are the stones, whereon the event took place, and those the very dresses the personages wore on the occasion. This would be well enough, though unnecessary, under an overmastering enthusiasm, but as a substitute for the infinitely nobler part of the artistic work it is no more than the obscuring dust that settles on the sapless petals of a faded flower. We are none of us anyway the better for it; but in reality a great deal the worse: for under the semblance of truth it gives us a meaningless falsehood, a cold and heartless apology for a picture, a spiritless delineation for a soul-moving fact. All this elaboration of detail, and local and circumstantial verisimilitude is certainly not worth the sacrifice of every particle of artistic sentiment and spiritual force, or the impoverishment of a nation in all that appertains to a genuine and intelligent taste, and the utter annihilation of every æsthetic principle; yet this is what we are paying for it. As long as this pernicious dogma of an inflexible realism is held up before us in the kingdom of Art as a right and true one, it is impossible that we can expand in any more lofty direction. Under such a doctrine our eyes must constantly get more obscured with dark materialistic film, which presently will shut us in from every glimpse of the celestial vision, and effectually exclude us from participation in the "faculty divine."

Of a much better character than any of the already mentioned works are Mr. Dyce's frescoes, in the Queen's Robing Room, of some of the social and religious virtues, as embodied in the Arthurian legend. They are executed with a due regard to their vehicle, they are simple in their distribution, and sufficiently broad in their execution, their general tone is good; that is to say, that, without being dull or dark, they exactly keep their place on the wall: in this respect there is no attempt to vie with the scene-painter. They are not works, however, of very great power; there is no overmastering enthusiasm in them; the figures, too, are often stiff and awkward, showing that the painter was little at home in the manage-



ment of so large a surface and its requirements; a deficiency for which his time is as much responsible as himself.

Of the works in the House of Lords, which it is impossible to see in their full merits or demerits, on account of their situation, there appears to be nothing very important to add. Those of Mr. Maclise are conceived in the same chivalrous spirit which distinguishes his other paintings, partaking largely of the modern German manner, as interpreted by some of its most celebrated masters. Those of Mr. Cope do not show quite to so great disadvantage as his Corridor pictures; while Mr. Dyce, in his "Baptism of Ethelbert," still, perhaps, bears the palm in quietness and fitness of tone and keeping, but with the same stiffness and want of ease and naturalness in his figures before alluded to, and with a total want of true artistic manner and perception in the pictorial treatment of the architectural features of the scene. In all these works, however, there is almost an entire absence of that genuine heroic spirit, both in sentiment and execution, which ought to constitute the essential and overpowering quality of such works.

Mr. Watts's "Alfred inciting the Saxons to prevent the landing of the Danes," before mentioned, forms the chief ornament of one of the Committee Rooms; and its quiet tone, broad and diffusive manner, as well as agreeable and harmonious colour, show in favourable contrast to the other pictorial decorations of this chamber. It is on canvas, and very large, reminding one in many respects of the fine examples of the Venetian school. Nothing can be more commendable than the spirit in which this picture is produced. Perhaps Mr. Watts has done nothing better. Its modesty, reticence, and large grasp, both in arrangement and material, are highly creditable, and do honour to the place that the picture occupies.

Of the works in the Upper Waiting Hall, or Poets' Hall, as it has been called, so little remains, that, as we believe they were amongst the first paintings of the palace, and, therefore, may be considered tentative efforts rather than completed and conclusive performances, it will be only charitable to leave them in the hands of time, and hope for something greater and better when they have quite vanished from the walls.

We have thus completed a cursory survey of some of the principal works of

the Westminster Palace, of which it may be said that, on the whole, the national conclusion is, that its artistic decoration is a failure. Setting aside the intrinsic value of the works themselves, their utter inability to stand the climate and atmosphere of London is so forcibly thrust upon us, that the work has been all but abandoned. Mural painting in every form seems alike perishable, so that unless some other plan of decoration be suggested or discovered than that of using the wall surface, time, money, and trouble will be lost upon it. There are, however, at least two alternatives open to us: mosaic on the one hand, and canvas painting on the other. The latter might be removed at any time, and the safety of the painting would be more efficiently secured by its being detached than by its forming a part of the wall. The former—already respectably inaugurated in Mr. Poynter's "St. George" (of which, perhaps, a little more might have been made)—would be indestructible; \* but it would only do for very broad designs, and these must be decorative as well as picturesque. But this would be infinitely better if done boldly and bravely, than either nothing at all, or the scabrous surfaces of mural pictures which now present so unsightly an appearance. We might at least have *ideas* before us, however broadly or generally expressed. There is no doubt that working in this material would contribute to largeness of conception and compel a dependence upon sound artistic qualities, since there would be no concealment of weakness in material, no glossing over incapacity of internal power by means of surface-texture, colour, or any other adventitious accessory. The work must be at least vigorous and intellectual, and be done from a high point of view, or its failure would be apparent, and its condemnation inevitable. If we adopted this method our oil-paintings might be preserved in more carefully-constructed galleries, removed from the deleterious influences of a building lighted with gas and on the banks of a river. As a precedent we might instance St. Peter's at Rome, almost all the large altar-pieces of which are executed in mosaic. Many of the churches also of Rome and Ravenna, to say nothing of St. Mark's at Venice, exhibit this kind of decoration with great nobility, power, and effect.

\* "Usava dire Domenico, la pittura essere il disegno, e la vera pittura per la eternità essere il mosaico." — Vasari "Vita di Domenico Ghirlandajo."

The other alternative is that of adopting canvas pictures in oil, which, when properly painted, are known to be indestructible by ordinary agents, always excepting the natural decay of time. This would allow the full play of artistic genius in a medium to which the public are accustomed, and with which painters are perfectly well acquainted. It might be done as well on a large scale as a small one. Some of the largest pictures in Venice are rendered in this material: and even for decorative purposes, when kept in a right tone, it offers quite as many advantages as the unproved means we have recently adopted, without the same danger of insecurity. It would be desirable, that the simplest earths and purest oils should be used, and allowed to get quite dry and hard before being submitted to the gaseous dampness of the Westminster walls.

Perhaps the great secret of the failure of the Westminster Palace paintings is an over-elaboration of means. With all the most durable frescoes of Italy the means of production were of the simplest. Fortunately the painters of the time at which they were executed did not know too much. With every complexity, every additional material, the danger is increased, the chances of permanency lessened. There have been far too much money, time, labour, and talk spent upon these works of ours. Even if we accept the present material as the best that could have been devised or thought of, the whole process of decorative painting is for the most part so thoroughly misunderstood, that their failure as works of Art in relation to place and purpose is equally signal. A few vigorous, unobtrusive strokes from the hand of a master (if such could be found) with a proper sense of fitness and propriety, struck out of the power within him, rather than indebted for their expression to the means without, would have been worth all the agglomerations of pigment and misdirected elaborations which, as a rule, rather disfigure than ornament the walls upon which they are laid. As an example of how much may be conveyed by the simplest means, we may instance the floor of the Cathedral at Siena, which is laid in two or three colours of marble. This material has been found sufficient to express some of the noblest scenes and circumstances of Scripture, with a force, vivacity, and grandeur, no trace of which is discernible in the overworked studies at Westminster. If these had only been

done, as we suggest, in a simpler manner, and made their appeal from the force of the idea conveyed, rather by a few grand lines than an infinitesimal number of pencil-touches and a realism which is alike inartistic and offensive, in case they had exhibited symptoms of decay, we might have afforded to lose some of their technical qualities, without the destruction of everything that was valuable in them; and even if they had gone altogether, we might have found an available power, if not able fully to supply their place, at least capable of giving us something from the same point of view. As it is, our failures remain to us a monument of our weakness and inability to meet what ought, in a nation possessed of our wealth and means of culture, to be a common and not at all an extraordinary occasion.

All that remains to us now of our prescribed task is to compare the modern English school of painting with another of universally accredited soundness and excellence, which embodies in the largest degree the general elements required for the formation of all good art, of whatever school or manner. These are chiefly harmony of colour, unity of line, directness of appeal and impressiveness of action, skilful massing, comprehensive and easy distribution, together with that union or fusion of all these qualities, which places every part of the work in a perfect consonance and agreement, both with itself and with the harmonies of nature, on whatever key the work may be constructed or in whatever relationship it may be viewed.

For this purpose there is room for a pretty wide selection among those distinguished for undoubted excellence: some of them, indeed, reaching to what would appear to be the utmost perfection of which their manner and material are capable; each differing from the other, nevertheless, in the broad ideal set before it: for the function of Art is various; it has many missions and many modes of fulfilling them. There is one school, however, universally allowed to combine more noble qualities than any other; and that is the Venetian school of the early part of the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries. In it culminated all the accumulated excellence of the best thinkers and workers, when Art was not an amusement nor a commercial business, but a mission of the soul, an inspiration from heaven, a vocation of the highest, by which the minds of men were fed with



lessons of wisdom and truth ; a serious calling, having an object before it real and definite, with no regard to merely pleasing the eyes of children and diletanti. Generally the subject was a religious one, sometimes social or ceremonial ; but in either case the object was always stern, solid, unmistakable in its end as it was decided and definite in its utterance. That this Art should have assumed its highest phase in Venice is neither inexplicable nor surprising. It was there, between sea and sky, that men's minds were touched by the loftiest and tenderest tones of thought. For who could see the wakening dawn stealing over the silent city, and not have his soul kindled by it ; or who could watch the glowing evening pour out his gold on turret and campanile, or the silvery moon rise above the blue lagoon, and not be soothed by it to tender and beautiful thoughts ? Who could go among her palaces, and see her robed senators and picturesque populace pass to and fro, and not long to paint them ? Every human emotion was pent within the city. Wealth and power found their fittest symbols in its rulers and its people. "Religion" assumed her most splendid garb. Nothing was wanting to generate and sustain the conditions, external and internal, of a noble school of art. It was inevitable that Venice should attain it.

It is far too late in the history of Art to begin to point out the special characteristics of the transcendent masters of this school—the subdued glory of Carpaccio, the glowing splendour of Titian, the titanic power of Tintoretto and Paul Veronese, the penetrating sweetness of John Bellini, the spiritual grace and stately simplicity of Palma Vecchio, the full-blown richness of Bonifazio and Giorgione—for they are already sufficiently well known. We will at once, therefore, enter on an analysis of their work in general, without actually instituting a close comparison with modern Art at every stage of the inquiry, but leaving the intelligent reader to form his own conclusions from that which we shall lay before him.

For the clearer elucidation of this part of our subject it will be better to divide it into three separate heads for consideration : first, the character of Venetian painting ; second, its manner ; third, the mechanical means used in its production. It may also be premised that the following observations will roughly embody the results of many months' very careful study

of the Venetian school of painting at Venice, where it can alone be studied to perfection. In the illustration, however, of the principles arrived at, we shall refer, whenever it is possible, to the works of the masters of this school in our National Gallery, or to those otherwise accessible to stay-at-home students.

First, then, as to character : by this is meant choice of subject and general mode of thinking. This had a wide range, but not an unlimited one. For instance, it never included the modern imitation for imitation's sake. It took no delight in furniture or fine clothes ; nor even in flowers and landscapes, except in so far as they were accessories to something, for them, infinitely more important : that is, to men and women. Not that the Venetians were incapable of producing these and every other object to the utmost perfection if they wished it. In the low-toned pictures of Bassano the various vessels, vegetables, viands and articles of domestic economy are reproduced with the faithfulness of a Dutch painting. They, however, centralized all their great powers on humanity, its feelings and emotions. The human face was the most lovely and interesting thing they could find, therefore they painted it again and again, and were never tired of painting it ; and although their interminable Madonnas and saints may be pronounced tedious by sacrilegious tourists, to the thoughtful student each face in the best pictures of these noble masters—many of them overflowing even to rapture with the most delicious tenderness of the sweetest of all earthly relationships, that of a mother, "the holiest thing alive,"—will speak with a new and powerful voice to him who listens to it.

It is hardly necessary to pursue this branch of the subject farther, since all are familiar with the Venetian character, as to choice and composition, by means of engravings, photographs, or other reproductions, even where the pictures from which they are taken are unknown.

Of its manner a little more may be said ; for, in a great measure, it was special and representative. It did not propose to itself many or diverse ends, but where it aimed it reached the mark. One is almost amazed at the simplicity of means these painters used. No sparkling lights flickered about their canvases, disturbing the mind and dazzling and perplexing the eyes of the spectator ; there were no spots of scattered colour to introduce distraction into their work and

act as barriers to the introduction of the mind into the heart of their conception, no fragments of light and shade to crown confusion with confusion, destroying repose and unity of appeal: for these was substituted an ordered assemblage of facts that the mind could take in at once, whose interest and fulness increased the more they were contemplated; a great massing by which one thing was never repeated in the same picture, nor two elements introduced into the same thing. If they painted a red dress, for example, its shadows were not laid in with purple or brown, nor its lights put on with purple or pink or blue; but it was what a red dress always is, red all over, and nothing else but red. Nor was there the least confusion or uncertainty in their lights or shadows. One part of their picture took the highest light, and was thus separated from all the rest: and there was one lowest shade or shadow distinguishing itself from every other. These give the keynote to their picture, and all the rest is in beautiful harmony without repetition and without confusion. Another secret of their power is, that their pictures were generally painted in planes: usually three or four; rarely more than five or six. These always harmonized with each other; so much so that they are not seen unless looked for, although the æsthetic faculty does not fail to make use of the explicitness the picture gains thereby. A few examples of this mode of treatment may be given, which any one can test by a visit to our National Gallery.

This simplicity of construction is very apparent in the central portion of the altar-piece by Girolamo Romani. It may be said to consist of five planes or compositional parts, distinctly separable as follows: 1. the whole of the figures above and below; 2. wall behind the figures; 3 and 4. landscape (including two planes); 5. sky. It will be observed in this picture the half-tints in the drapery of the Madonna are made little of, every part of it being correspondingly toned down to its proper plane, undisturbed by any foreign high lights or shadows. Again, Titian's "Venus and Adonis" is easily reducible to four elementary parts: the massing of the light figures; the dark trees; the dogs, forming the middle or connecting tone between them; and the sky. In the nameless picture of "A Warrior adoring Christ" we have in the first plane, the whole group of figures and horse; 2. the middle distance, comprising trees and landscape; 3. blue distance; 4. sky.

The "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Titian does not offer quite so simple an exposition of the rule; yet it is, nevertheless, sufficiently discernible: 1. figures and tree; 2. warm landscape; 3. blue distance; 4. sky. In the fine "Christ appearing to Mary" it is obvious enough: 1. figures; 2. landscape, with dark tree rising into the sky; 3. blue sea; 4. warm, rich sky.

Many more examples might be given of these simple reductions, but the above are sufficient for the purpose of illustration. In all Venetian Art of the great period they are conspicuous or traceable, and generally more or less so according to the greater or less power of the work. The value of this mode of looking at picturesque facts or material is a potency of appeal, a punctuation of purpose, so to speak, a solidity and grasp of expression which crushes the centrality of the picture into the mind of the observer with irresistible force and weight without the disturbance of impertinent detail or anything to divide the attention and interfere with its proper mission. The lesson to be learned from this is, that if a single flower has to be painted, it must be painted thoroughly, as for itself alone; that if a field has to be represented for its own sake, it must shine in all its wealth of colour and bloom — though, even here there is wide room for choice and selection\* — but that these and all other objects serving as accessories to a large subject or idea must be used only as adjuncts in which all distinctive treatment for their own sakes or for any speciality of execution will be more than thrown away, for it will be positively injurious. True Art never deifies her material at the expense of its significance. She makes her symbols inconsiderable that their meaning may be the plainer and more immediately penetrative, just as the master rhetorician who has anything to say worth the telling abandons the flowers of oratory for a simple statement of his ideas, well assured that if they are of a sterling sort, they will reach their mark more certainly and effectually by that means than any other. Thus Art will frequently make more of a pebble than a ruby, and out of pure reticence set aside her glistening silks for unobtrusive folds of sober serge, content to be nothing so that her end be accomplished, her mission well and faithfully executed.

\* Turner's "Crossing the Brook" and "Frosty Morning" in the National Gallery will show how much art, and a broad interpretation of nature, go to form the epic in landscape painting.



One reason for the present unimaginative want of largeness in English painting is undoubtedly the confusion of Art and Nature. The Art which influences men's minds the most permanently and in the largest degree is not even an attempted reproduction of nature as it really appears. The "Transfiguration" of Raphael has no pretensions to literal truthfulness of treatment in any part of it. Form and figure and fold express all that he wanted them to express, and nothing would have been gained by a closer following of nature and the life. It is not possible that one of the celebrated cartoons or Vatican frescoes could enter into the registry of fact; some of the figures in these works are even conventional types adopted from previous painters. Many of the most renowned pictures represent several stages of the same dramatic action. So little was actual reproduction or even verisimilitude aimed at by the greatest painters that those who stand highest in the best schools never scrupled to place names and inscriptions with the utmost ingenuousness on their works: and in this they were quite right; for they knew and felt that their Art was altogether something else than a poor apology for nature, and thus they threw it wholly on its own basis and bearing by getting rid of the notion that it was ever their intention or desire to approach the actual in any degree whatsoever. A Hamlet, a Sylvia, or a Desdemona, never existed in real life as Shakespeare has portrayed them. We never see people act, or hear them speak, precisely as they act and speak. Their prototypes, it is true, are found among us, but, we repeat, in no one particular are the characters of Shakespeare, or those of any true artist, mere draughts of those they have seen around them. This holds good from Æschylus to Michel Angelo, and from Michel Angelo to Walter Scott. Titian's tree is a painter's, not a naturalist's tree. It is an organism, but an organism of his own mind, not of nature. Even on his faces he has bestowed as much as he found in them. Nature must be the artist's servant, not his master: his language and expressional medium, not the ruler and usurper of his ideas; and if she must be reproduced at all, she must be translated through Art, not mimicked by artifice.

To return to the subject immediately under consideration, there is another means of gaining impressiveness sometimes made use of by the Venetian paint-

ers which is worth noticing. It is that of removing their figures or groups wholly from the background: not bestowing the light or shadow partly on the background and partly on the figure, but making the one altogether lighter or darker than the other. This, of course, is by no means a rule: but where it is used, it constitutes a great element of force and power. It is perhaps, however, more generally the case in regard to the distinctive separation of colour than light.

One of the most marvellous instances of power in order and mastery of breadth is the large picture of "Paradise" by Tintoretto in the Ducal Palace at Venice. It is said to be the largest picture ever painted upon canvas, and contains an innumerable number of faces and figures. Under any other treatment than that of one of these giants in Art such a picture must have been more or less in confusion: but it is not so here. Each of these sweet and heavenly faces is an individual, and yet the picture is made up of masses—is, indeed, simply constructed, considering the nature of the representation. It is painted in planes. There is a rich, dark, warm plane; there is a light and glowing one; there is a soft, tender, pearly-grey one: all separated from each other, all harmonized with each other, all contributing to make a picture as individual in its parts as it is grand in its entirety; a world brought by the painter's magic power into the compass of a canvas: one broad glance will see it as a picture; days of study will not exhaust its almost ungraspable wealth of material.

It has been said that the Venetian painters seldom disturbed their breadth of appeal by tints or tones other than local, or such as are produced by large conditions of circumstance: but this, it should be remarked, is not invariably the case. Sometimes in the draperies of Paul Veronese and Tintoretto we find varying elements introduced to a certain extent. This, however, does not invalidate the rule. They did it subject to the dominant idea of this law of breadth, and for that reason these variations did not disturb their pictures nearly so much as would be the case in a modern picture painted from no such centrality of principle. It ought to be observed that in their very finest works these freedoms are never introduced. If we compare the "Adoration of the Magi" of Paul Veronese in our National Gallery with its (for him) unusual number of scattered

lights, with the broader and grander "Family of Darius before Alexander," we see how much majesty and power is gained by their absence. The four masterpieces of Tintoretto in the Guard Room of the Ducal Palace at Venice, "Bacchus and Ariadne," the "Three Graces," and their companion pictures, are characterized by the most perfect repose in this respect; as are also the fine "Europa" of Paul Veronese, and almost all the works on the walls and ceiling of that wonderful art treasury. Whatever liberties they may have permitted themselves, they never for a moment forgot their keynote or outstepped the tonic limits of their picture.

It remains to say something of the third part of our subject: of the Venetian painters' means or manipulatory mode of expressing their ideas. A studious inspection of their works will render it apparent that many of their finest qualities, particularly as regards tone, were obtained by a skilful use of their ground. This ground appears to have been laid in with transparent colour without any admixture of white: not flat, but indicating with more or less precision the ultimate tones of the picture. Whenever it is visible, it is rich, warm, and low-toned: never blue, grey, or cold. The painting upon this has been very thin, except in the high lights: sometimes, from a clear knowledge of the use of the ground, a mere whisk of the brush has been all that was necessary. Over this a final glaze has been sometimes given, generally rather sparing and tender than copious. In the "Miracle of St. Mark," by Tintoretto, and the "Fisherman Presenting the Ring to the Doge," by Paris Bordone, in the Accademia, it would seem as if the whole tone of the picture had been modified by a flat warm glaze: but, we believe, in the one instance it is known to have been applied subsequently to the painter's lifetime; possibly this may also have been the case with the other. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that the real value of the pictures of this school lies in a great measure beneath, not on the surface. This may be proved, firstly from a very instructive picture by Titian in the Gallery of the Uffizi at Florence, of the "Madonna and Child" (which appears to have been a study for his large "Pesaro Family" in the church of the Frati at Venice). The work is little more than commenced, and it is seen that the ground is laid in with a somewhat broken,

but very rich pinky grey. It has then received a first painting in parts, the half-tones being got from the ground, which has been thinly painted or scumbled over; or, in some parts, scarcely touched at all. If he had finished the picture, judging from precedent, he never would have lost these. In the "Three Ages," in the Doria Palace in Rome, he has made large uses of his ground. The piece of blue drapery which covers the loins of the youth seated is only a little bluish semi-transparent grey passed lightly over the ground of his canvas.\*

Many examples of this mode of treatment might be adduced from Tintoretto, who frequently owes the principal power of his picture to it, as far as manipulatory treatment goes. Two may be given. One, the Angel's head in his "Paradise" in the Ducal Palace, at the bottom in the centre of the picture. If examined carefully and closely, it will be seen to consist of a few light sweeps of pearly pink or grey over the deep, rich, warm ground of the canvas. It leaves nothing to be desired in colour, sentiment, and tenderness. The other example is in those marvels of manipulation in the foreground of the "Miracle of St. Mark," a broken axe, a hammer, a splinter of wood, and a piece of rope. Within the proper limit of observation, they scarcely seem to be painted at all; there is a dab of the brush for a shadow, a touch for the high light, and that is all, except the final glaze before alluded to, which appears to go over the whole picture. At the right distance, however, all of them come into perfect roundness and solidity, as if they might be picked up. Yet there is nothing vulgar in the imitation of these objects, owing to the large manner in which they are done. In the painting of them, it should be noted, Tintoretto has not used the first ground, but the already painted foreground of the picture. By this means, on the same system as if the former had been the basis, he has got the form of the object, its shadow, reflected light: everything, in fact, but the high light, which is just touched on with a bit of opaque colour. There is a remarkable

\* We do not remember if the same thing is observable in the replica of this picture in the Bridgewater Collection.

It may be remarked that the mode of painting described above was not limited to the Venetian school, but was used by others scarcely less celebrated. There was a picture by Velasquez in the last Winter Exhibition of the Works of Old Masters at Burlington House, begun in the same way. There are also a head by Van Dyck in Rome, and a picture by Leonardo da Vinci at Florence, laid-in in a similar manner.



instance of the painter's power over the faculty of vision in one of the splinters of the handle of the axe (not the one with the high light), which he has only indicated, commenced as it were, relying on the eye of the spectator to point it, which it actually does; for what the eye seems to perceive at the proper distance vanishes altogether on a nearer approach. Another proof of what is stated above may be found in the "Widow of Nain" by Palmer Vecchio in the Accademia at Venice. In this picture, which is painted on the panel, there is a head in the background which consists entirely of the ground colour, just touched here and there as thinly as possible for the lighter parts. It is evident also that the later pictures of John Bellini were painted in the same manner. This is apparent in the three pictures collocated in the Sacristy of the Redentore at Venice, one in his earliest, another in his transitional, and the third in his perfected manner. The first has been painted without any preparation; the second appears to have received it; in the third a rich, low-toned ground has been used; with what advantage — aided, it is true, by a more finely developed sentiment — he who has seen those sweet eyes which look into the soul of the observer will clearly be able to judge. The same thing is also illustrated in the noble "Madonna and Six Saints" by this painter in the Accademia.

Although these latter observations are derived from notes made in Venice, a reference to such of the works of the painters mentioned above as are to be found in our National Gallery will illustrate more or less clearly the views here laid down.

It must, however, be distinctly understood that there is no method of painting that should exclude all others; also that the painters whose works are here quoted as illustrating principles might not always and invariably have followed the same system. It is enough if it be proved that therein lay their greatest force and highest speciality, and that they were educationally influenced by such a mode of painting where they did not absolutely or exclusively follow it.

We have thus examined some of the external elements of the power which characterizes the painting of these great men: but, of course, their real vital force lay within. This is not a thing of sense and mechanism at all, and any portion of it is only to be attained by profound

æsthetic and spiritual training. Weighed in respect of this quality of force, our own Art shows itself lamentably insufficient. The study of the artistic mission — of what should properly constitute its expressional aim — seems to be almost utterly disregarded. Not even is the picture always, perhaps hardly generally, thought out substantially and clearly before its commencement. With all great schools the reverse is always the case, whatever alterations may be subsequently made. The Venetians always began with an exact knowledge of what had to be done, alterations on their canvases being rare, and commonly limited to the direction of a line; seldom or never to a whole figure or group. The simplicity of the means used and the thinness of the painting generally render these alterations perceptible where they have been made. With many of our modern painters it is vastly different: a want of certainty of plan, both in regard to manipulation and conception, involving so many changes as to almost destroy all delicacy and tenderness of workmanship. Indeed it is pretty evident that many must depend entirely on their pencil (as a spurious composer of music on his instrument) and the adventitious aid of externals, even for the sentiment and motive of their pictures, as far as they can be said to have sentiment or motive at all. There is clearly no distinct mental image formed to begin with, which makes every step towards its realization an ordered progress undisturbed by any uncertainty of plan. All genuinely great Art, however imperfect in its means, or deficient in technical skill, must be definite and firm in intention. The thoughtful and laborious workmen who have covered the walls of St. Mark's at Venice with their quaint and fanciful designs have been perfectly regardless of their own shortcomings in the plastic language; but their ideas are not the less clearly set before us on that account — indeed they are perhaps sometimes more impressive from the simplicity and inadequacy of their expressional faculty: they are certainly more touching. Should any one come before us as a spokesman or in a literary capacity, we expect he has something to tell us, and accordingly look for something more than a skilful use and arrangement of words and phrases; but the artist of to-day has no misgivings in coming forward with no other object than to display a clever use of his material and to exercise his power of picturesque management: that is to say, these

are the primary object of his effort, and not secondary, as they ought to be. His work is not an attempt to dress up a noble or worthy idea in the best form, but a struggle to obtain some resemblance to a central motive from the mere shifting of lines and varying shades of colour; so that often enough, when he has completed his picture, he is so vague as to his own meaning or intention in producing it that he does not even know what to call it, or what special significance to impute to it. The most trivial and worthless subjects are made the medium of all the art-dexterity he possesses, and the lay public must be content with his jejune trifles as the best that the noble vehicle of painting has it in its power to convey and express. In place of the coolness and tranquillity of a dignified ease, the true and artistic interpretation of nature, a refined grace of treatment, a sentiment of colour which never forgets either tone or harmony—all softened and soothed by the artistic eye, we have scoriated portraits, mechanically disposed folds of drapery, photographic transcripts of nature, coarse masses of pigment, frequently not only struggling to outdo every other extravagance, but actually so reckless in the utter abandonment of consistency as to make one part of the picture play against the other; introducing all possible keys within the limits of the same canvas; thus crowning disorder with confusion.

Doubtless one reason why form and external phenomena are now so exclusively dwelt upon is, that painters, having so little of their own to say, are fain to take refuge among the verities they see around them, and allow themselves to be made the mirror of the mere appearances of things. It is an abuse very difficult to rectify, seeing that the appearances of objects must inevitably form the substantial basis of everything done in plastic Art. It is impossible, therefore, to define exactly from the outside how much of the literality of nature must enter into any given form of Art. The true workman, however, will have no difficulty in practically solving the question: for he will use precisely so much of nature as may be required for his own expression. He will be just so literal as to obtain a clear and precise language for his utterance, and so ideal as to keep himself free from anything approaching to an enslaving materialism. He will avoid scholasticism and pedantry in externals in order to gain force for his central meaning.

Towards this end the art-workman will acquire more from his observation than from his pencil, with whatever persistency this may be used. Form and pictorial circumstance will have for him the importance of a scientific study. With a mind well stored with observation and reflection, he will be enabled to produce the forms of nature with a wider meaning, enisouling them with so much of his own spirit as will impress them with a new force and aspect on the minds of others. This will not be found an easy mode of study: in fact it will prove far more difficult than that of the pencil; but it will have upon the workman all the power of a moral training, and will develop and bestow the better and the nobler elements and gifts of Art; it will need an uniting devotion, calling forth the most refined and subtle perception, together with a constant exercise of the reflective powers to ennoble and glorify the drudgery of imitation by the vivifying light of Law. The artist of this elevated type will not look at Nature with the eye of a casual observer, but he will commune with her in all her aspects as an intimate and inseparable friend, admitted, as it were, into her arcana and secret workshop. She will teach him her principles, she will show him her resources, informing him of her width and vastness; so that he will become a sort of ambassador or delegate of her powers, an interpreter of her laws and her expressions, not merely an imitator of her appearances and accidents. In his early training he may give himself frankly to a thoughtful reproduction of her forms and conditions with this higher sentiment behind his labour; just as the literary man or the orator practises himself upon various models in the use of his language; but he will never mistake the repetition of the symbol for the ultimate object of his art, nor lose the essence in the substance, the spirit in the letter.

It does not lie within the compass of these observations to enter into any wide consideration of what ought to constitute the proper mission of Art, beyond what has been embodied in the course of our enquiry. It is enough here to say that it is but the function of something infinitely more noble than all Art: that however much it says, it must always leave immeasurably more unspoken: that the right artist must be greater than anything he does or can do, having that within him to which the outward can only offer a more or less inadequate means of expres-



sion; feeling that something better still lies behind his best, and being able to say with all true and worthy ministers of the ideal,

Howso'er the figures do excel,  
The gods themselves with us do dwell.\*

\* Andrew Marvell.

From The Graphic.  
INNOCENT:

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "SALEM CHAPEL,"  
"THE MINISTER'S WIFE," "SQUIRE ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A SUNDAY AT HOME.

INNOCENT, it may well be supposed, had been thrown into the shade by these great events in Nelly's history, and yet she was, notwithstanding, a most important element in the discomfort which began to creep into the house. The very first day after her arrival she had begun her strange career. Brought down stairs for meals she would sit very quietly, eating or pretending to eat what was offered to her—and much of what was offered to her was so strange to her that she fared but badly, poor child, until a new habit had begun to form, and the wholesome appetite of youth had driven away her prejudices. It is a whimsical thought, and one which we are aware the British intellect in general declines to contemplate, that frog-eating foreigners, or those still more miserable specimens of humanity who are brought up upon macaroni and polenta, should not when they come among us take any more enthusiastically to our richer fare than we do to theirs; but yet, strange to say, this is unquestionably the case—and poor Innocent had very little to eat for the first few days, not knowing the looks of things, and hesitating, as the inexperienced always do, to venture upon the unknown. When the meal was over, unless absolute moral force was exerted to restrain her, she escaped at once to her own room, her constant occupancy of which became at once a standing grievance of the housemaid, who immediately settled in her mind that this unusual course of procedure was suggested by an ardent desire to spy upon her movements, and to report her imperfections to her mistress. There were countless complaints from this quarter about the impossibility of "cleaning out"

Miss Innocent's room, or even of "cleaning out" Miss Ellinor's room, which added, or, in short, of doing anything whatever under the constant inspection of the stranger's eyes. What with this offence against the housemaid of being constantly in her bed-room, and the offence against the cook of never being satisfied with anything at table, and the offence against Brownlow of paying no attention to his intimations that dinner was ready, Innocent was in bad odour with all the servants except Alice, who stood by her quietly, without any warmer applause, however, than that there was no "hairm in the girl." In the higher regions Innocent made a still more puzzling and painful impression. When she could be retained among them she sat dumb in a corner, generally near one of the windows, saying nothing, answering Yes and No to the questions addressed to her, doing nothing, presenting a blank impenetrable surface of silence to all the attempts at friendly intercourse made by the lively and genial group which she intruded herself amongst like a figure of stone. She would obey when absolutely commanded, and for the immediate moment of command—but then only as by machinery, without the least appearance of entering into the spirit of the directions given her, or wishing to please, or desiring to bring herself into accord with her surroundings. No idea indeed of putting herself in accord with her surroundings seemed ever to enter into her mind. She was an alien in her own consciousness, altogether untouched by the distress, the vexation, the bewilderment, caused by her self-isolation. Perhaps if, as Mrs. Eastwood said, they had been able to love the girl heartily, and by nature, without any action of hers to call it forth, they might have thawed the snow-image. But beyond the natural bounds of the family, love ceases to be given in this instinctive causeless way, and nobody can long resist the repellant effect of a perpetual non-response. The girl was a worry and vexation to Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly, and she was the cause of much suppressed merriment to Dick, who held that she was sulky, and giving herself airs, and ought to be laughed at. Jenny, as the reader has been informed, looked at the matter in a more philosophical way; but neither nature nor philosophy threw any light upon the darkness, or suggested any way of mending the matter. The strange girl in their midst occupied the ladies (before the moment of

Nelly's engagement) perpetually. They took her out, they tried to amuse her, they tried to sympathize with her, they asked countless questions, and elicited many details of her former life, but they never moved her with all their pettings and coaxings to say one word to them, or to stay one moment with them longer than she was compelled.

This was the outside aspect of affairs, as seen by those surrounding her, who were much discouraged in every way by the strange passiveness of the newcomer; but to Innocent herself the world bore a different appearance, as may be supposed. She had been brought up in utter solitude; her father, who cared little for her, and took little notice of her, and Niccolo, who had done everything, were the two sole figures with which she was familiar. Other human forms she had seen going about the streets, gliding round her in a strange dull phantasmagoria, without touching her. Her intellect was feeble, or so partially awakened that she had never yet begun to think of her own position either present or future, or connection with the rest of humanity. All that life had yet been to her was a window through which she had seen other people, bearing no connection with herself, moving about with mysterious comings and goings through a world not realized. She had watched them with a certain dull wonder. Their occupations and their activity surprised without interesting her. Why should they take so much trouble, why keep so constantly in motion? And then the whirlwind had seemed to seize herself, to whirl her through air and space, through a still stranger phantasmagoria—moving pictures of sea and land, and to set her down in the very heart of one of those strange groups of people who were so unlike anything she had ever known, people who clustered together and talked and laughed and had a great deal to do with each other, but among whom she felt as strange as a stray olive leaf dropped among the cast-off garments of English beech and elm. She could not mix with them. She felt no interest in what they did or said, and had no desire to feel any interest. She was even secretly vexed, as much as her dulled nature would allow, by all the care taken of her, the demands which she was daily conscious they made, the disappointment with her irresponsiveness, which more or less they all showed. Why could not they let her alone? She had not, as Nelly sometimes supposed, any conven-

tional prepossession in her mind, or feeling that she, the penniless niece and dependent, must be of necessity slighted and kept down, an idea which does take possession of some natures, and cause much unreasonable mischief. Such a notion, however, was much too complicated, much too profound for the mind of Innocent. It was not so much that she had a false impression about her relationship with them as that she had no real conception of any relationship at all. She accepted her external surroundings mechanically, without even asking herself what right she had to be an inmate of her aunt's house, or to be cared for as she was. Gratitude was more than impossible to her; she did not know what the word meant. She had never asked to be brought to Mrs. Eastwood's house; it occurred to her in her ignorance that she would rather have stayed in Pisa, but it never occurred to her to ask why she could not stay in Pisa, why Niccolo had been sent away, and she brought here. She had never possessed more than a franc or two in her life, and had no idea of the value of money or its necessity. In short, the development of her mind was rather that of six than sixteen. Nothing was formed in her except the striking personality and individuality that shut her up within herself as within a husk, and kept her from mingling with others. This absence of all capability of thought or feeling, this perfect blank and stupefaction of intellect and heart, took away from her all that lively sense of novelty, all that interest in the unknown which is so strong and so beneficent in youth. She did not ask to understand either the things or persons round her. She accepted them duly, as she would have accepted any other order of things; they did not affect her at all; they moved her neither to love nor to hatred, scarcely even to wonder; through them all she pursued her own dull way, crossed by these other threads of existence perforce, but never entangling with them, or allowing herself to be woven into the common web. Their outcries and laughter, their manifestations of feeling, their fondness for each other, the perpetual movement of life among them, affected her only with a vague surprise too faint for that lively title, and a still more languid contempt. She had nothing in common with them; they were, it seemed to her, restless, afflicted with a fever of activity, bound by some treadmill necessity to talk, and walk, and



move about, and be always doing, of which her frame and mind were totally unconscious. A vague resentment against them—the girl scarcely knew why—for disturbing her with their companionship, and subjecting her to such strange demands for a sympathy which she had not to give, and an affection for which she felt no need, gave a certain reality to the mistiness of her sensations. But that was all? she came among them like a thing dropped out of another sphere, having no business, no pleasure, nothing whatever to do or to learn upon this alien earth.

But there was an exception to this rule. Innocent clung to Frederick as a savage might cling to the one white man who had brought her out of her woods from among her people into the strange and beautiful world of civilized life. She knew him, though she knew no one else. Frederick was her revelation, her one discovery out of the darkness which surrounded every other nature. She formed no very close or distinct estimate of him, but at least she was conscious of another existence which affected her own, and upon which she was to some degree dependent. When Mrs. Eastwood found her lurking in the hall in the cold and darkness, waiting for Frederick, an immediate and full-grown love tale glimmered before the unfortunate mother's eyes, filling her with dismay. But Innocent's thoughts had taken no such form. She was as unconscious of love as of any other passion, and had as little idea of anything to follow as a baby. It was, however, her only point of human interest, the sole thing which drew her out of herself. When Frederick was present she had eyes only for him; when he spoke, she listened, not much understanding what he said, but vaguely stimulated by the very sound of his voice. When he told her to do anything she made an effort to bring her mind to bear upon it, and somehow took in what he said. The moment when he came home was the moment to which she looked forward the whole day through. A vague sense that he understood her, that he did not ask too much from her like the others, made no bewildering demand on her comprehension, but accepted what she gave with a matter-of-fact simplicity equal to her own, gave her confidence in him. Could she have been with Frederick alone she would have been happy; or would he even have permitted her to sit close to him, or hold his hand while the

bewildering conversation of others—conversation which they expected her to join in and understand—was going on around, Innocent would have been more able to bear it. This, however, he had privately explained to her could not be.

"When we are alone I do not mind," he said, with a condescension which suited his natural temper, "but when we are with the others it makes you ridiculous, Innocent; and what is more, it makes me ridiculous. They laugh at both you and me."

"Why should they laugh?" asked the girl.

"Because it is absurd," he said, frowning. "I cannot allow you to make me a laughing-stock. Of course, as I tell you, I don't mind so much when we are alone."

And he stroked her hair with a caressing kindness which was at that time about the best sentiment in the young man's mind. He was often embarrassed by her, and sometimes had asked himself the question, What on earth was it to come to? for he too, like his mother, believed that Innocent was in love with him; and the love of such a girl, so manifested, was more absurd than gratifying. But yet he was always kind to her. Evil impulses enough of one kind and another were in his mind, and he could have made of this girl anything he pleased, his slave, the servant of his will in any way. But he never treated her otherwise than as his little sister, and was kind, and put up with her demonstrative affection, and did his best to advise her "for her good."

"You must not shrink so from my mother and Nelly," he said. "They want to be kind to you. If you could only take to them it would be much better for you than taking to a fellow like me—"

"I don't like women," said Innocent. "My father always said so. I cannot help being one myself, but I hate them. And nobody is like you."

"That is very pleasant for me," said Frederick, "but you must not keep up that notion about women. Your father was a capital judge, I have no doubt, but he might have taught you something more useful. Depend upon it, you will never be happy till you make friends with your own sex. They may be dangerous to men, though men are not generally of your opinion," continued the moralist, "but for you, Innocent, mark my words, it is far your best policy to make the women your friends."

"What is policy?" she asked, stealing

her hand into his, much as a dog puts his nose into his master's hand.

"Pshaw!" said Frederick. His mother had come into the room, and had seen this pantomime. "You ought to be put to school and learn English," he added, somewhat roughly. "I don't believe she understands half of what we say."

"Indeed, I should not be sorry to think so," said Mrs. Eastwood, not without severity in her tone. But the severity was lost upon Innocent. She understood, as she did always by some strange magic understand Frederick, that she was now to withdraw from him, and do her best to appear indifferent. It was a Sunday afternoon, rainy and miserable—and a rainy Sunday afternoon, when English domestic virtue shuts up all its ordinary occupations, is, it must be allowed, a dreary moment. I do not at all agree in the ordinary conventional notion of the dreariness of English Sundays generally, but I allow that a Sunday afternoon, when all the good people are at home, when the children are forbidden to play, and the women's work is carefully put away, as if innocent embroidery were sin, and the men do not know what to do with themselves, is trying. It you are musical to the extent of Handel you may be happy, but the only thing to be done otherwise in a good orthodox respectable family bound by all the excellent English traditions, is to pick a quarrel with some one. About five o'clock or so, with the rain pouring steadily down into the garden, the flower-beds becoming puddles before your eyes, the trees looking in upon you like pitiful ghosts—if you have not dared the elements, and gone to afternoon church, you must quarrel or you must die.

Mrs. Eastwood felt the necessity. She called Frederick close to her, and she addressed him in an undertone. Innocent had gone away, and placed herself in a chair close by the window. She had not even "taken a book"—the impossibility of making her ever "take a book" was one of the miseries of the house. She was gazing blankly out upon the rain, upon the trees that shivered and seemed to ask for shelter, and the beds, where a dragged line of closed-up crocuses were leaning their bosoms upon the mud. Her beautiful profile was outlined distinctly against the pale gray dreary light. *It was* a beautiful profile always, more beautiful than the full face, which wanted life. Blank as the day itself was her counte-

nance, with that motiveless gaze which was, indeed, almost mystic in its absolute want of animation. Her hands were crossed upon her lap, her whole limp, girlish figure seemed to sympathize with the dreariness outside. Mrs. Eastwood looked with a mixture of pity, sympathy, and disapproval at this apathetic, immovable being, so self-absorbed, and yet so childish and pitiful in her self-absorption. She drew Frederick to her, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Frederick, look there," she said in a low tone, "if you were not in the room Innocent would rush off upstairs. She stays only for you. I saw you just now with her as I came in. For God's sake take care what you are about. You are turning that child's head."

"Bah! nonsense," said Frederick, freeing himself with a complacent smile.

"It is not nonsense. I have watched her since ever she came. She has neither eyes nor ears but for you."

"Is that my fault?" said Frederick, making a motion as if to break away.

"I do not say it is your fault. Stop and hear what I have to say. It was very good of you, no doubt, to be so kind to her on the journey, to gain her confidence——"

"Your words are very nice, mother," said Frederick, "but your tone implies that it was anything but good of me, as if I had gained her confidence with an evil intention——"

"Frederick! how dare you put such a suggestion into my lips? If I were to answer you as you deserve, I should say that only a guilty mind could have thought of such a thing, or thought that I could think of it," cried Mrs. Eastwood, becoming involved in expression as she lost her temper. This heat on both sides was entirely to be attributed to the Sunday afternoon. On arriving so near the brink of the quarrel as this, Mrs. Eastwood paused.

"Sunday is not a day for quarrelling," she said, "and, heaven knows I have no wish to quarrel with any one, much less my own boy; but Frederick, dear, you must let me warn you. You do not know the world as I do" (Heaven help the innocent soul!) "nor how people are led on further than they have any intention; nor how the simplest kindness on your part may affect the imagination of a girl. She is not much more than a child——"

"She is an utter child—and a fool besides," said Frederick, throwing the female creature about whom he was being



lectured, overboard at once, as a sacrifice to the waves, according to the wont of man.

"I would not say that," said Mrs. Eastwood, doubtfully. "She is a very strange girl, but I do not like to think she is a fool; and as for being a child—a child of sixteen is very near a woman—and, my dear, without meaning it, without thinking of it, you might do a great deal of harm. With a brooding sort of girl like this, you can never tell what may be going on. If she was to speak out and say what she is thinking like my Nelly——"

"Nelly! Well, to do her justice, she is very different from Nelly," said Frederick, with that natural depreciation of his sister which is also usual enough, and which was largely increased by Sunday-afternoonishness.

"No, indeed, she is not like Nelly, more's the pity," said Mrs. Eastwood, fortunately not detecting the injurious tone. "She is so shut up in herself that you can never tell what may be going on within her. I am sure you don't mean it, Frederick, but sometimes I think, for Innocent's own sake, it would be better if you were not quite so kind. I don't like her waiting for you in the hall, and that sort of thing. There is no harm in it I know—but I don't like it. It is always an unpleasant thing to have ideas—which she would be better without—put into a girl's head."

"You are too mysterious for me to follow," said Frederick. "What ideas? If you will be a little more plain in your definition——"

She was his mother, and thought she knew a great deal more than he did about life; but she blushed as red as a girl at this half contemptuous question.

"Frederick, you know very well what I mean," she said, quickly, "and I hope you will not try to make me sorry that I have appealed to you at all. You may make Innocent more fond of you than will be good for her, poor child, and that can produce nothing but unhappiness. I am not finding fault, I am only warning you. Her I cannot warn, because she so shuts herself up. She is a mystery," said poor Mrs. Eastwood, shaking her head.

"Whip her," said Frederick, with a little scornful laugh; and he walked off to the library, where Dick was pretending to read, and really teaching Winks, who had been having a *mauvais quart d'heure*, and whose patience was so utterly exhausted that nothing but his regard for

the family could have kept him from snapping. Winks made his escape when the door was opened, and rushed to the drawing-room, where nobody was allowed to insult his intellect by tricks. He came and sat up before his mistress on his hind legs, waving his feathery forepaws in expostulation. She understood him, which is consolatory alike to dogs and men. The tears had come into her eyes at the unkind scorn of Frederick's tone, but this other complaint brought a little laughter and carried off the sharpness. "Yes, Winks, they are wicked boys," she said, half laughing, half crying. Dick declared after that Winks had been "sneaking," and I think the dog himself was a little ashamed of having told; but it did the mother good, and set her thinking of her Dick, who was not too bright, nor yet very industrious, but the honestest fellow!—and that thought made her laugh, and healed the little prick in her heart.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### INNOCENT'S FIRST ADVENTURE.

INNOCENT had remained quite unconscious that she was the subject of this conversation. She was still a little in doubt even of the words of a dialogue carried on by others. The quickness of utterance which strikes every one when hearing an unaccustomed language, the half completed phrases, the words half said, confused her mind, which was not equal to such a strain, and her want of interest in the matter limited her comprehension tenfold more. She sat with her profile marked out against the light, the line of the curtains falling just beyond her, the garden furnishing a vague background, until some time after Frederick had left the room. She had scarcely moved while she sat there; there was nothing to look at, nothing to occupy her, but that did not matter to Innocent. When Frederick was gone she, too, moved a little, and after a few minutes stole out and upstairs like a ghost. She went to her room, stealing through Nelly's, where her cousin was occupied about some of the little legitimate Sunday employments which a good English girl may permit herself on a rainy Sunday. Nelly made some little friendly observation, but Innocent glided past, and closed the door upon her. Innocent, however, had nothing to do; she sat down by the fireplace, where, Mrs. Eastwood being extravagant in this particular, there burned a cheery little fire. But the fire was no comfort to

her. So far as she had any feeling at all, she disliked the warm little room, with all its cushions and curtains, and its position so close to her cousin's. Now and then she thought of the cold and bare rooms at the Palazzo Scaramucci, so large and empty, and lonely, with something like a sigh. Her life there, which was so void of any interest, so blank and companionless, came back upon her as if it had been something better, more natural than this. There no one bade her talk, bade her do anything; no one cared what she was about. She might stand for hours at the window, looking out, and no one would chide her, or ask why she did so. Books and music, and such perplexing additions to life, had no existence there: and in Pisa there was room enough to move about, and air enough to breathe. With the help of a scaldino, and the old velvet cloak, which she kept in her box now, she had been able to keep the cold at bay; but here she grew drowsy over the fire, and had no need for her cloak. There, too, she might do what she pleased, and no one ever said, Why?—no one, except Niccolo, who did not matter. Whereas now she could not go in or out of her room without being observed, without having somebody to peep at her, and to say, "Ah, it is you." What did it matter who it was? If people would but let her alone! I do not know how long she had been alone, shut up in the little room, when Nelly knocked at the door. During the short time since Innocent's arrival Nelly had gone through a great many different states of mind respecting her. She had been eager, she had been sympathetic, she had been sorry, she had been angry, and then she had recommenced and been sympathetic, sorry, and indignant again. The only thing Nelly could not do, though she advised her mother with great fervour to do it, was to let the stranger alone.

"Leave her to herself, Mamma," Nelly said with precocious wisdom, "let us have patience, and by-and-by she will see that we mean her nothing but good, and she will come to herself."

This was admirable advice if Nelly herself could only have taken it. But she could not; a dangerous softness would come over her at the very height of her resolution. She would say to herself, "Poor Innocent, how lonely she must be!" and would go again and commit herself, and endeavour in another and yet another way to melt the unmeltable. On this Sunday she had begun the day very

strongly in the mind that it was best to leave Innocent alone; but the sight of the pale girl gliding past, escaping to her solitude, shutting herself up alone, was too much for Nelly. The soft-hearted creature resisted her impulse as long as possible, and then she gave in. Surely this time there must be an opening somehow to the shut-up heart. She knocked softly at the closed door, which, indeed, Innocent had almost closed upon her. "May I come in?" she said softly. It was not easy to make out the answer which came reluctantly from within; but Nelly interpreted it to mean consent. She went in and sat down by the fire, and began to talk. It was before her engagement, and she had not that one unfailing subject to excite Innocent's interest upon, if that were possible; but she chattered as only a well-conditioned good-hearted girl can do, trying to draw the other from her own thoughts. Then she proposed suddenly an examination of the house. "You have never been over the house, Innocent; come, there is no harm in doing that on Sunday. There is a whole floor of attics over this, and the funniest hiding holes; and there are some curiosities, which if we only could find room for them, are well worth seeing. Are you fond of china, or pictures? Tell me what you like most."

"No," said Innocent, "nothing."

"Oh, that is just because you don't know. China is my delight. If I had my way I would cram the drawing-room; but Mamma is no true connoisseur; she likes only what is pretty. Come along, and I will show you the house."

Innocent rose, more to avoid controversy than from any interest in the house. Nelly showed her a great many interesting things in the attics; an old screen, which you or I, dear reader, would have given our ears for; a whole set of old oak furniture, which had once been in the library; old prints, turned with their faces to the wall; and one or two family portraits. The girl moved quite unaffected through all these delights. She neither knew their value nor saw their beauty. She answered Nelly's questions with Yes or No, and vaguely longed to get away again. To do what?—nothing. Once, and only once, she was moved a little. It was when Nelly introduced her into the old school-room, a bare room, with a sloping roof, and two windows, looking away over the elms to the suburban road some distance off, which led into London, and showed moving specks of figures,



carriages and people, diminished by the distance, over the bare tops of the trees. There were neither curtains nor carpets in this bare place. It was cold and deserted, apart from the other rooms, up a little staircase by itself. Innocent gave a cry of something like pleasure when she went in. "I like this room," she said, and it was about the first unsuggested observation she had made since her arrival. "May I come and live here?"

"Here! far away from us all?" cried Nelly, "with no furniture, no pictures, nothing to make you cheerful! It would seem like banishment to put you here. You do not mean to say you like this bare little place?"

"Yes," said the girl, "I can breathe here. I can see out of the windows; and I should not trouble anybody. I like this best."

"Innocent, you must not talk of troubling anybody. All that troubles us is when we think you are not happy."

"I should be happy here," she said, wistfully, sitting down on the ledge of the window, which was low, and turning her gaze to the distant road.

"Oh, Innocent!" said Nelly, half inclined to cry in her disappointment; "if you knew how much I wished to make your room pretty, how I worked at it, and how anxious Mamma and I were to make it look like home to you! We thought you would feel less lonely if you were close to us, and felt that we were within call night and day. We hoped you would grow fond of us, Innocent! You don't really mean that you would like to get away from mamma and me?"

To this appeal Innocent made no immediate answer. She looked far away over the tree tops, and watched the omnibuses, crawling like flies along the road. It was not a beautiful or exciting sight, but it soothed her somehow, like "the woven paces and the waving hands" of Merlin's spell—the subtle influence of motion apart from herself, which acted upon her like a cadence and rhythm. Then she said slowly as if to herself, "I like this best."

"Oh, you cold-hearted, unkind thing!" cried impetuous Nelly, growing red and angry. "After all we have done and tried to do to make you comfortable! Don't you care for anything or any one? Good heavens! how can any girl be so indifferent! You deserve to have nobody care for you; you deserve to be kept by yourself, to be allowed to do whatever you please, never to be minded or thought

of. You deserve—to be shaken!" said Nelly, with all the heat of sudden passion.

Innocent turned round and looked at her, vaguely wondering; though she did not comprehend the gentler emotions, she knew what it was to be scolded. It was an experience she had gone through before. Her father and Niccolo had both scolded her, and the sound was familiar. Perhaps it might even have penetrated her apathy, and roused some sort of life in her, had not poor Nelly been smitten by instant compunction, and gone down metaphorically on her knees to expiate her fault.

"Oh, what a wretch I am," cried Nelly, "to lose patience with you like this, you poor, dear, little lonely child. I daresay you will care for us in time. I did not mean to be disagreeable, Innocent. It was only disappointment and vexation, and my horrid temper. Forgive me, won't you?" she said, taking the girl's hand. Innocent let it drop as soon as she could extricate her fingers. She was moved only to wonder, and a feeling scarcely lively enough to be called impatience—weariness of this perpetual emotion. Nelly seemed to her to be always laughing or crying, always demanding sympathy, requiring to be responded to, asking answers which by no strain of her nature could Innocent give.

"Oh, don't!" she said, as her cousin put her arms round her and pleaded for pardon. Poor Nelly, transported with anger and repulsed kindness, had nearly blazed up again, but fortunately restrained herself, looking with a kind of dismay at the other's composure, which, indeed, was a little disturbed by confused amazement, but nothing more.

"You are a very strange girl," she said, drawing away with a feeling of offence which had never before surmounted her friendliness and pity; "but if you will keep us all at arm's length I suppose you must be allowed to do it. If you wish for it very much Mamma, I am sure, will let you have this room."

"I could sleep there," said Innocent, pointing to a hard little settee, which Nelly knew was far from luxurious.

"Oh, you need not be afraid. I shall take care that you are comfortable," said indignant Nelly, and she went away down stairs with dignity to lay the case before her mother. "You know the way back to your own room?" she said, pausing at the door. "As it is Sunday we cannot make the change to-day." Innocent heard, and gazed at her, but made no answer.

She did not know how she had offended her cousin; neither, it is true, did she care; but yet a certain surprise awoke in her mind. Why was Nelly angry? What was there to make any one angry? Innocent did not connect the "scolding" which she was aware of with anything that might have called it forth. Scolding was in her experience a phenomenon by itself, not attached by way of cause and effect to any other phenomena. Many times in her life she had been scolded; but very seldom could she have told why. In this present case the cause was one entirely beyond her moral grasp. If she had broken a china teacup or torn a dress these would have been tangible causes of displeasure, which her mind could have taken in; but this was altogether mysterious. Perhaps it was partially owing to the strange way in which she had been brought up, and the absence of natural love in her early life that Innocent's entire mental constitution was of so peculiar a kind. She had no consciousness of the home affections, no need of them, no perception of their sweetness. Whether there might not be in her the capacity for a great love was yet unproved; but she had no affections. Such a condition of nature is not so rare perhaps as we think. There are both men and women who can love with passion the lover or the mistress, the husband or the wife; but who remain through all the warmth of that one possibility cold as death to all other affections. The decorous guise of ordinary life prevents such natures from making themselves fully visible in many cases. But Innocent was like a savage; she was unaware of the necessity of those gentle pretences and veils of apparent feeling which hold civilized life together. Therefore she sinned openly, and, so to speak, innocently against the softer natural sentiments which are general to humanity, yet did not exist in her own bosom. She knew nothing about them, and she had never been taught to feign a virtue which she did not possess.

She sat in her newly-found refuge till she was thoroughly chilled with cold, and gazing from the window she found out an object which exercised some influence upon her afterwards, and got her into some immediate trouble. This was a little chapel in the distant road, which some freak of her imagination connected with that little church of the Spina which she had been in the habit of frequenting in Pisa in so strange and passive a way. I need not tell the gentle reader that the

Methodist Chapel in the Brighton Road was profoundly unlike any Chapel ever dedicated to Our Lady. This particular Little Bethel, however, was ornamented in front with some stucco pinnacles and tabernacle work, which caught at a stray corner of Innocent's memory. She had been taken to church that very morning, to a church utterly unlike Santa Maria della Spina—a huge place, with pews and galleries full of people, where she had looked on at a service of which she had very little knowledge, and listened to a sermon which she never attempted to understand. A longing for her old haunt came upon her as she saw the place which seemed to recall it to her mind. If she could but get there it seemed to her that part of her old life—with which she had never been dissatisfied—would come back.

Innocent had so far felt the thrill of awakening novelty and change as to know that her present life was not satisfactory, though rather in the instinctive way of sensation than by any conscious thought. The little chapel possessed her not with any idea of improvement or knowledge to be gained, but only as a possible means of drawing back to her a scrap of the past. Innocent had a consciousness that were she to rush out immediately to find this place she would be stopped and "scolded," or perhaps locked in, and prevented for ever from gratifying her wish, so she resisted her impulse to go at once. The dreary afternoon by this time was over, and the dressing bell sounded its welcome summons through the house. Frederick was dining out, so that there was nothing to detain her in the drawing-room during the evening. She stole up to her room as soon as dinner was over, and, taking her old velvet cloak from her trunk, and the old black hat which she had worn in Pisa, stole very carefully downstairs, and out into the darkness. Nobody saw her making her stealthy exit, and it was with a strange sense of bewildered freedom mixed with fear that she found herself out of doors alone, in the drizzling rain and darkness. She had no superstitious terrors, however, of any kind, her imagination being too little active to make them possible, and she had run down the long dark stairs of the Palazzo Scaramucci too often to be afraid merely of the dark. It was the novelty, the uncertainty as to how to turn and where to go that moved her. However, Innocent had the good fortune which so often attends the beginning of a foolish enterprise. By a



maze of muddy turnings, which she took aright by mere luck, and without making any note of them for guidance on her return, she managed to make her way to the chapel. It was resounding with the clangour of a hymn, chanted at the top of their voices by the young men and young women who form in all places and in all churches the majority of the evening worshippers. The noise startled this poor little pilgrim; but she stole in notwithstanding, to the mean little building full of pews and glaring gas lights, which was like and yet unlike Mr. Browning's wonderful description. The sight of the place inside startled Innocent still more. The quaint darkness of her little Italian church, the silent people kneeling and sitting here and there, the priest proceeding with his uncomprehended mystery at the altar, the glimmer of the tapers, the odour of the incense, were strangely replaced by the glare of light, the clangour of the hymn, the people packed close in their pews, who stared at the lonely girl as she entered. The chapel was very full; but Innocent, whose instinct led her to the dark corners, found a refuge in a dim pew close to the door, underneath the little gallery, where after a while a grim old pew-opener with a black bonnet, came and sat beside her. Innocent went through her own little simple formula; she kneeled down and said the Lord's Prayer; and then she seated herself and gazed towards the pulpit, which stood in place of the altar. I do not know whether the sermon that followed would of itself have attracted her attention any more than the more regular and decorous one which she had heard in the morning. But while poor Innocent sat looking rather than listening, and began to think of repeating her prayer and going away again, the old woman at her side uttered a groan which chilled the very blood in her veins. The girl shrank away from her into the corner of the pew as far as she could go, and turned her eyes from the pulpit to her terrible neighbour. But no sooner had she recoiled thus than a man in front of her uttered another exclamation. The preacher was one famous in the Wesleyan connexion, whose appearance prepared his audience for excitement, and as he went on the exclamations grew louder and louder. Innocent, who had no understanding of this proceeding at all, who could not make out even the words of those cries which rose around her, was first startled into fright, and then frozen into physical terror. I

don't know what dreadful vision of savages and cannibals and human sacrifices came into her bewildered mind; a mixture of fairy tales, and those horrors of ghosts and vampires which still linger about Italy, and which she had heard, though at an ordinary moment her memory would not have retained them. The old woman by her side was pale and haggard, with long teeth and large jaws. She groaned at regular intervals, so regular that Innocent got to be prepared for them, though they made her jump each time, they sounded on her. When her endurance was almost at an end and she had become sick with very fear, there came a lull in the proceedings; a hymn was sung, and part of the congregation went out. Innocent made an anxious effort to go too, but the old woman stood immovable between her and the door, and the girl watched with agony the last figures retiring, and an evident movement to begin again taking place. "Let me go. Let me go!" she cried in her terror. The old woman clutched her shoulder with long lean fingers, which looked like claws to the girl's excited fancy. She approached her face to Innocent's ear, and hoarsely whispered something which she did not understand. Innocent was half frantic with fear. She did not know what might be the next step. It seemed to her that other people were approaching her, and that she saw the gleam of knives, an idea which was natural enough to her Italian breeding. She uttered one loud shriek, and springing over into the pew in front rushed out of the chapel, pushing down some one in her passage. It seemed to her that she heard steps pursuing as she flew madly along the dimly-lighted road. She had taken the turn towards London in her bewilderment, and by the time she lost breath and was obliged to stop had come to the verge of a greater thoroughfare, crowded and noisy. No one had come after her, though she had thought she heard steps resounding close behind. She stopped short, panting for breath; and, leaning against a wall, looked round her in dismay up at the dark sky, and down at the muddy road, and along the long line of dim lamps and passing figures, all strange, and without help for her. When the full sense of her helplessness, her loneliness, her desolation, burst upon her she crouched down upon the pavement close to the wall, and burst into tears. "Niccolo! Niccolo!" she cried, with a wail of childish despair. Another girl in

such circumstances would have called upon God or her mother; but Innocent knew nothing of her mother, and very little of God. The only being who had always been helpful to her was Niccolo. She called upon him with a bitter cry of helplessness. Niccolo in Pisa—how could he come to her? What could he do for her? But other help—less tender, less sure than Niccolo's—was approaching slowly to her along the crowded way.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## FREDERICK TO THE RESCUE.

"WHAT is wrong?" said one of two young men who were coming along the road.

"Bah! what does it matter to us?" said his companion.

This companion was Frederick Eastwood. He had dined out, and he had looked in for half an hour at his club, and he was now walking leisurely home with a friend who was going the same way. Why should two gentlemen thus making their way homewards on a Sunday evening pay any attention to a group of people gathered on the muddy pavement? But the curiosity of his companion was stronger than Frederick's indifference. There were a dozen or so of people standing round some one who was crouching down against the wall, and there was a policeman in the middle.

"Ask her her name: even if she's fur-rin' she'll give some sort of an answer to that," was suggested by one of the bystanders.

"It is some tipsy woman," said Frederick; but the next moment he changed colour, and stepped into the midst of the crowd.

"Call me a cab," he said to his amazed friend, and put out his hand to grasp, not very gently, at the old cloak which he recognized. "Heaven and earth! what has brought you here?" he said in a tone of passion. The crouching figure uttered a cry, and, springing up at once, rushed upon him and clung to his arm.

"She's found her young man at last," said some one in the crowd; and the very policeman grinned as he cast the light of his lantern upon poor Innocent, who, pale and scared, and dazzled by the light, clung closer and closer to her cousin.

"Oh, Frederick, I lost my way. Take me home! take me home!" she cried piteously.

"Why did you ever leave home, you

little fool?" he asked, and thrust her savagely into the cab which drove up. He threw a coin to the policeman, and waved a good-night to his companion. He did not give any explanation. It was better, he thought, to leave his friend to suppose that this was some adventure—some disreputable acquaintance whom he took the trouble to help, than to let him know who it really was whom he had found in such a position. But he was savage when he got into the cab, and thrust away the girl, who put out her trembling hands, to cling to him once more.

"How can you be such an idiot?" he said. "Where next must I pick you out of? Do you know you are behaving like a shameless creature, and doubly like a fool? Did you come out after me? or why are you here, and where were you going? By heaven, it is enough to drive a man mad to see a girl making an idiot of herself like this!"

Poor Innocent could not stand against this torrent of reproof. She shrank back into a corner, and cried and sobbed. It seemed to her that heaven and earth had risen up against her, now that Frederick "scolded" her too. She had done no harm. But what an evening, what a round of miserable adventures she had gone through! Her limbs were aching with fatigue, and her mind with fright and terror. He had seemed to her the very messenger of heaven for her deliverance. Her cry when she saw him was one of those outcries of pure joy which sound keen and sharp as if a pang were in them. Out of the darkness, the forlornness, the utter misery, he appeared to her like an angel. But when the angel began to scold her, poor Innocent, muddy and wretched, shrank up into her corner. For the first time a consciousness of her own foolishness came across her mind. How could he, so spotless and smooth as he was, touch or look at her, with mud on her dress, with her old cloak wet with the rain, and her hair hanging limp and damp upon her shoulders? Yes, she deserved to be scolded: she perceived this for, perhaps, the first time in her life.

"When you have done crying," said Frederick, still savage, "perhaps you will explain to me what ridiculous cause brought you to this plight. Have you run away entirely? Where were you going? What do you want? You little fool! They are far kinder to you at home than any one would be anywhere else.



You would gain very little, I can tell you, by running away."

"I did not mean to run away," said Innocent, crying softly, as it were, under her breath.

"You will find no other people so foolish," said Frederick, savagely. "What did you want? what were you thinking of? Good heavens! you are a girl, are you, and not a spirit of mischief? Fancy my dismay when I saw you—you, who ought to have been safe and sound at home, questioned by a policeman in the midst of a London crowd! Try and imagine how disgraceful such a thing is to yourself—how exasperating to me."

"Oh, Frederick!" cried the girl, overwhelmed by his reproaches, and roused into understanding by the sharpness of the pain to which she was subjected, "I did not mean it. Do not be angry: it was not my fault——"

"Not your fault!" he cried in his rage. "Good heavens! if it had not been that I was afraid you might get into some still more disgraceful scrape, I should have left you to your fate. The thought did go through my mind. If this were known, nobody would ever speak to you again; nobody would believe your excuses. Not your fault! What made you come out at all, away from home?"

"Oh, don't be angry," she cried, piteously, and put out her trembling hand to touch his coat, to propitiate and pacify him with abject self-humiliation. By this time his passion had begun to wear itself out, but he would not give her any sign of forgiveness. When the cab reached the gate of the Elms, it was thrown open to them by all the servants in a body, who were searching about among the shrubbery with lights.

"Oh, here she is, with Mr. Frederick. I know'd she'd be found with Mr. Frederick," said one of the maids, whom Frederick overheard.

Mrs. Eastwood met them at the door, looking pale and frightened. "Oh, thank God, here she is at last!" she cried to Nelly, who was behind.

Innocent clutched tightly at Frederick's arm, as she stepped down, bewildered and dazzled by the lights that flashed everywhere around her. He had scolded her cruelly, but yet she clung to him in preference to the women who had been so kind to her. He felt the implied compliment, even in the midst of his wrath.

"Yes, I have brought the little fool home," he cried, loudly, that all might

hear him. "Where do you think I found her? In the middle of the Brompton Road, with a crowd round, crying, and unable to tell where she came from. What were you thinking of, mother, to let such a child go out alone?"

"I! let her go out alone!" cried Mrs. Eastwood, astonished at the undeserved blame. "Are you mad, Frederick? I have been more unhappy about her than I can say. The gardener has gone out to look everywhere, and we have been all over the grounds with lanterns. But bring her in—bring her in. Thank God we have her safe at last!"

With the lights apparently flashing all round her, dazzling her eyes, Innocent went in, half-dragged by Frederick, to whom she kept clinging. He pushed her roughly into a chair, pulling away his arm. "There! let us see if you can give any account of your escapade," he said, harshly.

The tones of his voice, his harsh words, sunk into poor Innocent's heart like stones sinking into water. She remembered nothing else afterwards, and the pain seemed something more than she could bear. She sat and gazed at them all, holding her old faded cloak round her closely, and showing the stains of mud on it and upon her black frock. Her hair fell limp to her neck: her poor little hat was pushed back from her head. The excitement and distress threw out, as nothing before had done, the peculiar beauty of her face, but a more forlorn figure could not have been seen. Mrs. Eastwood was more anxious and more compassionate than her son.

"How was it, Innocent?" she asked: "I am sure you could not mean any harm. Tell me where were you going? where had you been?"

The girl sat silent, like one under a spell, eager yet dumb, on the point of utterance. She seemed to struggle with some force which prevented her from speaking. She turned her eyes from one to another, eager, miserable—trying, it seemed, to tell her story—incapable of beginning. At last she surmounted the spell, and burst suddenly into wild tears.

"I did not mean it. I saw the church from the window—I thought it was like the Spina. Oh—h! it was not a church at all: it was some dreadful place. They tried to kill me, and then I fled—fled! and I did not know the way——"

"What is the Spina?" said Mrs. Eastwood, wondering. "You frighten her, Frederick, making those grimaces. In-

nocent, no one will be hard upon you. Tell me plainly; what sort of a dreadful place was it? Why did you go?"

The girl looked round her at them all, one after another. Why did she go? She did not really understand the question, but it seemed to drive her to that necessity for an answer which sometimes brings the truth from our lips, and sometimes calls up an involuntary fiction which appears like truth to other minds, and sometimes to that of the speaker. "I was — lonely," she said, after a long pause.

Mrs. Eastwood gave a cry of pain. She turned her back upon them all, and walked up and down the room two or three times with an agitation that no one understood. Then she came and stood by Innocent, and put one arm round her. "Oh, Nelly," she cried, "Nelly, this is our fault!"

It would be wrong to say that Nelly was less tender-hearted than her mother, except in so far as youth is always less considerate, less tolerant than experience; but on this occasion she stood unmoved, feeling more indignant than sorry. She, too, had made her essay at sympathy, and she had not got the better of its rejection. She stood by without any particular demonstration, while by degrees some sort of account of the evening was got from her cousin. Innocent told them in broken words all that had happened to her. She shuddered as she described the groans. She was sure she had seen the gleam of the knives, and heard the steps approaching of the men who were going to kill her. This curious Italian version of a very common-place incident puzzled the family greatly, to whose imagination knives were quite strange and impossible things. When she had told her tale somehow, she sat, looking at them all, one after the other, with strained eyes, not knowing what they might do to her for the crime she seemed to have committed, without knowing it to be a crime. She did not catch the sense of what they said to each other, though her eyes followed every word, trying to divine it on the lips of the speaker.

"I was lonely," she repeated, with a curious mixture of wistful misery, and the childish cunning of the perception that she had made a successful stroke with these words before.

The result, so far as Innocent was concerned, was that she was taken tenderly upstairs, and committed to the care of Alice, who put her to bed, and questioned

her over again, making her own reflections on the adventure. Innocent cried herself to sleep, sobbing while drowsiness crept over her, and waking up to sob again. The groans of the old woman in the chapel possessed her brain, and the strange black desolation of the streets, which every time she dropped asleep seemed to enfold her again, frightening her back out of the world of dreams to feel for the first time the soothing of the firelight, and the kindly warmth and comfort of her little room. These, however, were but superficial tortures. The one which gave them their hold upon her, and which had indeed produced a sort of half-awakening of her spiritual nature, was the terrible disappointment of being "scolded" by Frederick. She knew no more tragical word to use, even in her own mind. He had forsaken her. She dwelt upon the fact with an acute pang, almost like the birth-pang of the soul which had not yet come to life within her. Almost, but not altogether — for the impulses of that high and potent inspiration of pain died off, when they reached the intolerable point, into vague childish moaning over an unexpected unkindness. Her only moral standing-ground in this vague uncertain world had failed her — Frederick had scolded her. The two things sound very different, yet in the feverish and confused musings of this poor undeveloped nature they were the same.

The party in the drawing-room were moved by very different feelings. The young people could not understand their mother. She had been crying, with her head bent down into her hands. To Nelly the incident was disagreeable and annoying, but not tragic; while to Frederick it had become chiefly an occasion of fault-finding. To think that it was somebody's fault was a great relief to his mind.

"Why do you let her stray about as she likes? Why don't you make her stay in the room with you? Why don't you give her something to do? Surely there are people enough in the house to see that a child like that is not wandering about at her own will wherever she pleases," he said.

This view of the subject relieved him from the indefinite uneasiness which had begun to steal into his mind as to his own sharp words to Innocent. He was quite right in using those sharp words. She must be made to see (he thought) that something more was required of her



than to yield to every impulse — that she must learn, being a girl, to respect the limits which society draws around a girl's path from her earliest beginning. She ought to have known them by instinct; but as she did not know them it was necessary she should be taught, and the sooner and more effectually the better. But, besides this, it was good to have somebody at home to blame for her foolishness. If she had been properly watched it could not have happened. Why did not some one keep her in their eye? Why not force her to remain with the others, if force was necessary? Why not? — There was no end to Frederick's whys; everybody was wrong who had anything to do with the management of the girl; while he managed her, nothing of this sort had happened. But it was not in the nature of things that he could go on looking after a girl of sixteen — and the moment she got into the hands of the women, her natural guardians, this was the issue. It was just like women's way — they wanted to do men's work, and they would not take the trouble to do their own.

That Nelly should have accepted this challenge hotly and fiercely was natural enough; but Mrs. Eastwood took no notice. It was only when the discussion grew furious that she roused herself and interfered.

"Children," she said, in her usual words, but with a more serious tone than usual, "don't wrangle. It does not become you, Frederick, to speak against women who have brought you up, and done everything for you; and it is foolish of you, Nelly, to argue, as if it was a thing for argument. If Frederick thinks I am a fool, and you are a fool, seeing us every day as he does, and knowing all about us, what good will arguing do him?"

"I did not mean that, mother," said Frederick, momentarily ashamed of himself.

"You said it then, my dear, which is a very common thing among men," said Mrs. Eastwood, "and curious when you come to think of it. But, as I say, talk will not change any one's opinion. And here is something very much more serious to call for our attention. Something must be done about Innocent. Her mother made me very unhappy when I was young. She was not affectionate either. She was secret; nobody could ever make sure what was going on in her mind. When she ran away and married

Mr. Vane, none of us had the least suspicion of what was going on. I am afraid of Innocent doing something of the same kind."

"Running away and marrying — some one?" asked Frederick. An ineffable smile of secret complacency came over the young man's face. He gave a short little laugh of pleased embarrassment. "I think you may feel yourself safe against any such danger. Running away — or, at least, marrying — requires two —"

Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly looked at each other with secret feminine indignation, thus relieving their minds; but the mother replied with a composure which she was far from feeling.

"There are more ways of going wrong than making a foolish marriage. That is very wrong, Heaven knows; when you consider how much the very character of the family and its standing in the world depends upon the wife whom a young man may marry in a sudden fancy —"

"If you are referring to me, mother," said Frederick catching fire, "you may make yourself perfectly easy. I look upon Innocent as no more than a child. It seems to me a kind of insult to suppose for a moment that I could be capable —"

"Of running away with Innocent?" said his mother, looking him calmly in the face. "Be comforted, Frederick; I never imagined that you were likely so to compromise yourself. The danger I warned you against was of a very different kind. — But we need not return to that. Nobody can say you have been too kind to her to-night."

"I am not sentimental," he cried, getting up from his chair, and glad of an excuse for being angry, and withdrawing from unpleasant discussion. He went off whistling an opera air, to show his perfect indifference, and was heard next moment pitching coals on the fire in the library, and wheeling the chairs about violently, to get himself the most comfortable place. This Sunday night was not so peaceable as a Sunday night ought to be in a respectable English household, which strove to do its duty. Dick came in immediately after Frederick's withdrawal, with muddy boots, and rain on his rough coat, but his cheeks pink with the cold air outside, and the serenity of an easy mind in his good-natured countenance. Dick seldom wrangled, and never allowed any event to disturb him very deeply. His honest matter-of-fact

character was always a comfort whatever went wrong.

"So she has come back?" he said; "that's a blessing. I went as far as Piccadilly without seeing anything of her. I say, weren't they making a row in that little chapel in the Road — groaning as if they'd groan their heads off. Had Innocent gone after Frederick, as the maids say? or where had she been?"

Dick was much amused when they told him the facts of the case, and saw great possibilities of laughter in the idea.

"I say, what jolly fun," he cried — "thought they were going to kill her? Oh, ho, ho! What a stupid I was not to go in. Poor little soul though, I hope you didn't scold her — not more than you could help, Mamma! I suppose it's right to scold — to a certain point — but she's so scared and so bewildered."

"And you are my own good Dick," cried his mother, giving him a kiss, which the boy did not understand.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," he said, with a brightening of pleasure, "though hang me if I know why. Ain't I muddy, rather! You never saw such a night. Honest fog is a joke to it. Drizzle, drizzle for ever; and the sky is so low you could touch it. I'm glad she's in all right, and safe in bed; and I hope you didn't whip her. If I'm to be up at seven to those dear mathematics," Dick added, making a face, "I suppose I had better go to bed, too —"

"And don't forget to get up when you are called, dear," said Mrs. Eastwood; "and do work, there's a good boy. I am sure you have plenty of brains, if you will only take the trouble."

Dick shrugged his shoulders, as he went off cheerful after his long walk. I don't know that his brains were at all superabundant; and he was not fond of work; but after the clever and refined Frederick, the very sight of this honest fellow, weighted to the ground as he was by the burden of the coming Exam., was a consolation to everybody belonging to him. The mother and daughter had a final consultation before they, too, left the drawing-room. There had to be beer ordered for the gardener, who came in much more overwhelmed by the fatigue of his bootless walk than Dick was, depressed about things in general, and taking a dark view of Innocent's prospects in particular.

"Gentlemen don't like to be followed about like that," he said, oracularly, "no more nor I would myself. Women should

know as their place is at 'ome, and make up their minds to it."

This, it is true, was said downstairs to a sympathetic housemaid; but, being an old servant, the gardener felt that he might unfold his mind a little, even to his mistress.

"I'd give the young lady a word, mum," he said, strong in his own sense of injury, as having lost his Sunday evening's ease and leisure through her means. "I'd let her know, whatever may be furrin' ways, as this sort o' thing won't do — not in England. It ain't the thing for a young gell. In furrin' parts there's many ways as ain't like ours — so I'm told — dancing all over the place of Sundays, and that sort; but not to be hard upon her the first time, nor nothing violent, I'd jest give her a word — that it won't do, not here."

"You may be sure I will say all that is necessary," said Mrs. Eastwood, half laughing, half angry. "My niece went out to go to church, and went to the little chapel in the Road, and got frightened, poor child. That is the whole matter."

"Ah, ma'am, you're a simple 'earted one," said the man, shaking his head with a scepticism that no asseveration could have touched.

The maids, too, were of opinion that Mrs. Eastwood was a very simple 'earted one; though not where they themselves were concerned. She had not the same faith in their excuses as she seemed to put in this patent deception attempted by "the French girl," who was a likely one to get into trouble by going to church surely. The kitchen and all its dependencies laughed the idea to scorn, though, perhaps, respecting Innocent more for the cleverness and invention she had displayed in finding out such an excuse. But the story was laid up against her, with a fulness of detail and circumstance such as might have made a historian despair. How she followed Frederick to his dinner-party, and watched him through the window, and went after him to the club, was all known to the housemaid, as particularly as if she had been there.

"And I hope he'll reward her, when he's free and can please hisself," said Jane in the kitchen, who was romantic.

"Get along with you," cried the cook. "Do you think gentlemen care for a chit like that?"

"And one as follows 'em about," said Susan solemnly, whose younger sister Jane was.



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THE SONS OF HAM.

I HAD been working for several years in one of the worst localities of the east of London, when circumstances occurred which led me to seek for occupation elsewhere. I had not found what I sought, when one night, before turning into my room, I looked into another apartment to say "good-night" to its occupant, a youth of noble ambitions, who was associated with me, whom I found lying on the floor rolled up in a blanket.

"What on earth are you doing there? Get up, you silly fellow," said I, touching him with my toe.

"Not so silly either," said he, "for if I am to go to Central Africa, I think it no bad move to get used to the sort of sleeping accommodation I am likely to get there."

"That may be," was my response, "but get into bed now, or I will thrash you; and to-morrow we will talk about Timbuctoo."

The upshot of this incident was, he stayed in England, and several months afterwards I found myself in the neighbourhood of the Lake Nyassa.

Now, I am not going to tell a story of perilous adventures with wild animals, or daring deeds with savage men, for I love sport so little that I would not go ten yards to shoot the finest beast that ever trod the earth, and though I have courage enough to do my duty, to the feeling which seeks danger for itself I am a perfect stranger. But I have some observations to make by the light of my experience in Africa upon certain prejudices which find place amongst ourselves with reference to the sons of Ham, which, though they do not absolutely chase them from the current of our blood, do practically divorce them from our sympathies as beings whose nature is in harmony with our own. Much of the antipathy which we white people have to the Africans is, without doubt, simply owing to the difference which exists between us and them in colour of skin and form of feature. I had a strong repugnance to them myself on this account, and did not really lose it until I was brought face to face with them in their own land. This feeling is somewhat excusable; for it is rarely out of Africa that we meet with Africans who are calculated to win our admiration or regard. In England we usually meet with certain miserable specimens of the West Coast negro races, or some spoiled and petted creature, for

whom perhaps our money is solicited, that he may be kept in a state of idleness; and who excites our contempt by an aping of gentility, which sits upon him with an ill grace, or disgusts us with an assumption of superior piety, in which we cannot believe. In America and the West Indies we find only slaves, or the descendants of slaves, who are more or less weighed down and degraded by the burden of their past or present servitude, and in whom, therefore, we find but little that is calculated to remove the barrier which exists to our unreserved acceptance of the African as "a man and a brother." From these and such as these, who are almost invariably connected with the negro races of western Africa, who are certainly not the most favoured of the sons of Ham, we have formed our opinions, and have had our feelings excited upon the Africans in general. But though the negro is an African, all Africans are not negroes. There are the same varieties to be observed in the descendants of Ham as in those of Shem and Japheth. All are distinctly African; but the retreating forehead, prominent jaws, and ill-formed body with which the negro is generally credited, are not common. It is not only the Manyema, of whom we have lately heard from Dr. Livingstone, who are beautiful in form and feature, for I have met with their counterparts in regions less unknown. In South Africa there is a remarkable illustration of the physical and mental differences which may exist in tribes that are almost contiguous. The Bosjesmen are dwarfed in body and stunted in mind. Their language in its utterance seems to be not far removed from the unintelligent gibbering of the ape. Their habits are those of wild beasts rather than of human beings. They occupy about the lowest position in the scale of humanity. Yet we shall look in vain for finer specimens of the genus homo than the Zulu Kafirs. They are tall in stature, manly in bearing, and graceful in movement. Their language is pleasant to the ear, and capable of expressing almost any thought the human mind is capable of conceiving. They are logical in reasoning, patient in argument, and acute in observation. They are warlike, for they are pastoral in their pursuits; and since the days of the Hyksos, the old shepherd kings who were the terror of Egypt, the lovers of flocks and herds have been fond of fighting. When their blood is up their anger rages unchecked by tender regard or the claims

of pity; but they do not brood over their wrongs, and they readily forget and forgive. "They fought us like men, and during a truce they behaved themselves like gentlemen," was said of them by a friend of mine who had been engaged in war against them. In times of peace they are courteous to strangers, liberal in hospitality, and to the trust reposed in them they respond with an Arab-like fidelity. When once the host has kissed the hand of his guest, there needs neither guards nor weapons, for his life and property are perfectly secure. It is quite true that they in common with all Africans are black, or nearly so; yet you cannot be with them or with other of the higher races of Africa long, without feeling that the affinity between them and the fair-skinned man is perfect in every material point; and the sympathies of a common nature soon bridge over the chasm which at first seems to exist between ourselves and them on account of the difference of colour. Indeed I soon nearly forgot that they were black; and when I recollected it, it was sometimes to their advantage, for in Africa black is a far better colour to wear than white, inasmuch as a white man's complexion, after he has had two or three touches of fever, is apt to turn into a dirty-looking yellow; and then, as my glass assured me more than once, he is not a pleasant object to look at. As a matter of taste, I should not like to see the skin of my own countryfolk darkened, but as a matter of fact I now find it impossible to regard the Africans with any feeling of repugnance because of the sable hue of their epidermis; and I have never met with anyone who has had personal knowledge of them in their own native wilds who could.

But with many the root of this antipathy to the sons of Ham is more than skin deep. It is thought by some that through the operations of an ancestral curse they are branded with an indelible degradation, whereby the instinct of servitude has become an inalienable part of their nature; and by others that, owing to a different origin, they are naturally inferior, and incapable therefore of rising to the high standards of life to which Europeans and some Asiatics have reached.

To justify the position of those who yet believe in the degrading influence of the curse of Noah upon the Africans—and their name is legion—it is necessary to prove that they are the descendants of Canaan, at whom alone the curse was launched, and that slavery has been spe-

cially associated with them. But there is abundant evidence, sacred and profane, to show that, of all the sons of Ham, Canaan was the only one who never entered Africa. His descendants occupied without exception Asiatic localities. We are told in Genesis x. 19, "The border of the Canaanites was from Sidon, as thou goest unto Sodom, and Gomorrah, and Admah, and Zeboim, even unto Lasha." Whereby Palestine is unmistakably indicated. And Josephus also says, "Canaan, the fourth son of Ham, inhabited the country now called Judea, and called it from his own name, Canaan." From which it is evident that the Africans are not the descendants of Canaan, and that there is no foundation therefore for the assertion that they are of some mysterious spiritual necessity doomed to be the "servant of servants," inasmuch as Noah's malediction, which is gravely supposed to entail this degradation, cannot be shown to apply to them. That it was ever thought to do so is but another proof of the power of self-interest and prejudice to stultify the mind and pervert the conscience. Slavery, however, has existed in Africa during every stage of its history, but there are no people with whom slavery has not at some period been a national institution, and there are few if any races of men who have been exempted from it. Slavery, as it exists with the Africans themselves, varies with the character and pursuits of the various tribes. In its different features it finds resemblance, probably, to every system of slavery that has obtained amongst men, save that which took its rise in the sixteenth century, when the Spaniards turned towards Africa for labourers to fill up the places they had made vacant by their exterminating treatment of the natives of the West Indies. That system stands alone as the outcome of the Christian civilization of modern times. Amongst the Zulus, and other warlike tribes, the slaves are for the most part composed of those who are the captives of the sword and the spear. Their position for some time is a hard one doubtless, for there is at first but little sympathy between the conquerors and the conquered. The latter are treated with Spartan-like rigor. Life is but lightly regarded by the Zulus and such like folk; and their anger frequently finds expression in the death of the slave who may have provoked it. Dr. Livingstone brought from the interior in 1860 a number of men from the Makololo country of whom however, only two were really



Makololo. The others belonged either to the Batoka or the Bashubia, tribes that had been subjugated by the Makololo. I knew these men well, and had frequent opportunities of observing the bearing of the Makololo towards the rest. They never seemed to forget, or to let the others forget that they belonged to the dominant race. Livingstone regarded and treated them all as free men, and kept in check the despotic tendencies of the dominating two; but I have heard them, when angered by any of the others, say, "Yes, you escape now, but if we were at Linyanti (the capital of the Makololo) I would kill you." And I have no doubt that in their own country they had over such people the power of life and death. When these men were left by Livingstone, he armed them all equally. For a time the Makololo succeeded in maintaining some kind of authority over the rest, but eventually the Batoka and the Bashubia, who knew how to use their guns, freed themselves from all control, and each set up as a chief for himself, and established over the gentler-natured natives with whom they gained power, the same harsh tyranny under which they themselves had groaned. The presence of myself and friends in their neighbourhood operated as a considerable restraint upon their actions, nevertheless they exercised such severity upon those who were brought under their control, that it was not difficult to imagine what their conduct would have been had we not been near at hand to modify it. As an illustration of their discipline, a young man came to us one day who was in the employ of perhaps the most truculent of the Bashubia, with a considerable portion of his skull laid literally bare—the effect of a punishment which he had just received from his employer for some act of disobedience. Yet these men were not by any means savages—upon the whole they were very good fellows—they simply acted according to the custom of their people, and no worse than most barbarians. I doubt indeed, if their conduct towards their dependents was so bad as that of the ancient Greeks and Romans towards their slaves, of whom the greater part were certainly not Africans; or of the Anglo-Saxons towards their thralls; or, until just lately, of the Russians towards their serfs. It is violent, but not morally degrading. There is no denial of brotherhood with the subjugated, who sooner or later are invariably incorporated with their conquerors, and made partakers of all their rights and privileges :

that is, where the slave trade as inaugurated by ourselves is not in force; for where that has penetrated the conquered are frequently exchanged for guns and other articles of European manufacture, which are now known throughout a greater part of Africa, and eagerly sought for by the natives.

The Manganja and some other tribes with whom I was more immediately concerned, were given to agriculture, were of gentle dispositions, not warlike, averse to deeds of violence, and held life almost as sacred as we do. With these tribes, the position of the slave was that of the child born in the house, rather than of an enemy brought to it by force. Indeed, with them slavery assumed a patriarchal form; there was no such distinction as master and slave: the word slave had no proper equivalent in their language; the bond were called children, and those to whom they were in bondage fathers. The slaves amongst these people were obtained by inheritance, purchase, or by the operation of certain customs whereby liberty was forfeited; and the Manganja were most ingenious in devising means for the accomplishment of this end. It was with them as with the Siamese, a regular code of slave laws existed. In Siam, until within the last five or six years, there were those who had become slaves by war, purchase, inheritance, and debt; and, under certain conditions, a man might sell his wife, his children, and even himself. And this was literally true of the Manganja. Yet the difference of condition between the bond and the free was not painfully marked. All lived alike, all followed the same occupations. A stranger passing through the land would not know, from anything he saw to remind him of it, that slavery existed. But, inasmuch as the "fathers" were responsible for their "children," the latter were not allowed to roam, save by permission, beyond the boundaries of their owners' possessions, but within these limits they had as much liberty of action as the free. An incident was brought under my notice, which placed the necessity for this restriction clearly before me. One morning a man was discovered imprisoned in a hut in our village with his arms and legs tightly bound with bow strings. This led me to suppose that he was placed there in reserve for the slave dealers, who were known to be in the neighbourhood, and in violation of the covenant, under which the people of this district had placed themselves, to have

no further dealings with slave traders. But the chief of the village said it was not so; that the man had been arrested by his orders; that he was a "child" of a friend of his, a vagabond who would not stay with his wife and children, but went prowling about the country after other men's wives, and that his name, Tabara — the adulterer — indicated the crime of which he was frequently guilty, and for which his "father" had to pay. This statement was confirmed by the arrival of the "father," who said he did not wish to sell his vagabond "child," or to hurt him in any way, it not being the custom of the Manganja to be cruel to their children. All he desired was that Tabara should conduct himself like other men, stay at home with his own wife, cultivate his garden, and not get into trouble himself, or bring trouble upon others. The great men among the Manganja multiplied "children," not that they might profit by their labour, but that by increasing the number of their retinue, they might add to their dignity and importance when, as was of frequent occurrence, they paid a visit to some brother chief. During seasons of pleasure the Manganja chiefs showed none of the proud reserve of the Makololo, who held themselves aloof from the amusements of their inferiors, for with ready sympathies they responded to the summons to dance, and bond and free danced together, the one without any sense of degradation, the other without being reminded of their inferiority. But though this form of slavery seems to be comparatively innocent in its immediate results, it is an evil, inasmuch as the chiefs can dispose at will of any who are in any way in bondage to them; and it is therefore, to a considerable extent, the feeder of the abominable slave trade. Such fellows as Tabara frequently find their way into the slave-dealer's hands, in order that his owner may be reimbursed by his sale, for the expense to which he may have been put by his depredations; and cupidity, petty spite, jealousy, and fear, all help to swell the number of the trader's victims. Nevertheless, I think it will be seen from these two examples which represent the extreme positions assumed by it in Africa, that slavery amongst the Africans themselves differs in nothing from that which has existed with other races, in all ages, and in every part of the world.

Yet, inasmuch as the Africans have during the last four hundred years monopolized the miseries of slavery in

America, and some other lands, it is supposed that they of all people are peculiarly fitted for slavery. This is a mistake. It is true that the demand for labour in the West Indies was met by the forcible substitution of the negro for the Indian, and that the negro and some other tribes have been reduced to a perpetual servitude, and kept in bondage without great difficulty. But those who have been enslaved form but a small section of the African people. There are many tribes who have never submitted to slavery; who have resisted every effort that has been made to enslave them; and who, in their love of freedom, seem not unlike the North American Indian. A section of the Zulu family, for instance, occupies South-eastern Africa, from the northern frontiers of Natal to the south bank of the Zambesi. They are the terror of the Portuguese, and make them pay tribute for all their establishments on the southern bank of the river. Before this exaction was complied with, the Portuguese endeavoured to overcome their foes in warfare, and failed. In the various conflicts that took place many of these natives were taken prisoners, and efforts were made to reduce them to the condition of slaves; but in no single instance did such efforts succeed. A professional slave-breaker once told me that he had done his utmost to break their spirit, for he was ambitious of the reputation of having accomplished what others had failed to do, but he spent his strength in vain. They were petted, they were tortured, they were starved, and they died under this discipline, cursing and defying their enemies to the last. And what is thus true of this people, is true also of the Massai, the Gallas, and other powerful tribes who hold the country between the Zanzibar territory and the Red Sea. The instinct of servitude is as foreign to their natures as to our own. It is no wonder that men aided by superior knowledge, and by more deadly weapons of war, were able to enslave some of the Africans; and having done so, it is not surprising that they should seek to palliate their injustice by depreciating them, by speaking of them as though they were in nature essentially inferior, and incapable of living in self-governing communities: or that the condition of Hayti is pointed to as an illustration of the truth of this last assertion. I do not, however, think that Hayti affords a fair criterion of what the Africans are capable in the way of self-government. For what are the facts of



the case with reference to this island? Under the guidance of a few men, who were far ahead of all the rest in intelligence, the negroes, after a desperate and sanguinary struggle, during which both whites and blacks fought like wild beasts, and were guilty of almost unimaginable barbarities, achieved their independence. Slaves in nature still, yet with wildest ideas of liberty, semi-barbarous, hating, and being hated, ignorant, and yet suspicious of the power which knowledge gives, it is scarcely to be wondered at that they have excited the pity of their friends and the contempt of their enemies. Nevertheless, I doubt if the present position of Hayti is so bad as that of some of the South American Republics.

But against Hayti we may fairly claim to place Liberia. Most of the citizens of that republic are the descendants of men who were slaves in the United States. Under the fostering care of the American Colonization Society, they were established at Liberia, where they acquired territory by purchase from the aboriginal owners. In 1847, this little community of freed men formed themselves into an independent republic. Since then their numbers have considerably increased by emigration from America, and by accessions from native tribes. From time to time, as circumstances required, the boundaries of their territory have been enlarged, not by conquest, but by honourable purchase from the owners of the soil. Towns and villages, schools and churches, hospitals and public buildings have been erected, without ostentation, yet with wise forethought. The affairs of the republic are prudently and modestly administered, laws are enacted and obeyed, taxes are granted and paid. National life is showing itself to be a reality, and not a sham; not in showy demonstrations, but in manly efforts to develop the resources of the country, in commerce, education, law, and religion. Palm oil, cam wood, ivory, sugar, molasses, coffee, and some other things are now exported, to the value of at least 500,000 dollars a year, while the imports amount to about three-fourths of that sum. To the ability of the President of Liberia, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, when in England, bore witness. Speaking at a meeting of working men in London upon the folly of supposing that any class or race of men were branded with an ineradicable mental inferiority, he stated that he had just seen a despatch that was written by the President of Liberia, a pure-blooded African,

which in ability would not suffer by comparison with the despatches of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli. The progress of Liberia had been really good; it is fast winning the confidence of those who prophesied its failure; and its prospects are probably great. Indeed, to its most enthusiastic friends, it seems not unlikely that it may justify the opinion of the *Westminster Review*, which spoke of its foundation as "a greater event probably, in its consequences, than any that has yet occurred since Columbus set sail for the New World." I cannot but think, however, that the truest test of the capacity of the Africans for governing themselves is best afforded by the various forms of government which exist in Africa itself. There is abundant evidence to prove that the original government was patriarchal; but the ambition of some, and the weakness of others, have in the course of time produced as many revolutions there as elsewhere; and now you may find almost every form of government, from a despotism where law is the unrestrained expression of the chief's will, to a state of things where prompt action becomes almost impossible, through the power of unlimited debate which is accorded to all upon any question affecting the social and political welfare of the tribe.

The Zulus who live north of Natal are paramount amongst the tribes of South Africa, and they gained this pre-eminence through the commanding energy and ability of one man, Chaka, who, had he been a European, would surely have been called "the Great"; but being only an African barbarian, is simply surnamed "the Bloody." Previous to his reign his people were least amongst their brethren. They occupied a tract of land of not more than ten or twelve square miles in extent. Chaka was a son of the chief of this little community. From some peculiar circumstances attending upon his birth he was regarded by the people as the possessor of super-human gifts. Probably his mother in her ambition for her child suborned the medicine men to fabricate a lying wonder on his behalf. But as he grew in years he did not disappoint the expectations that were thus formed of him. He was tall in stature, great in strength, and in all deeds of daring and energy he outstripped those of his own age. The reputation which these qualities obtained for him, excited the jealousy of his father, and Chaka, to save his life, fled to the Amatetwe, a neighbouring tribe, whose chief gave him

protection. With these people, he remained until he was thirty years of age, when his father died, and by which time he was distinguished above all men as the possessor of gifts that are in high esteem with the Zulus. By the aid of some of the Amatetwe he made himself chief of his own people; and the first act that signalized his reign was the putting to death of all whom he suspected of being hostile to himself. This was sanguinary, but from his point of view no worse, and fully as necessary as the *coup d'état* by which more civilized potentates have obtained the supreme power. His next exploit was to make war upon and to subdue the tribe that had protected him when he was an exile. This was ungrateful, but men of great ambition nearer home have contemplated ingratitude as great. Then he abolished the old laws, and enacted the Code Chaka, by which as chief he was invested with absolute personal authority, and, as in more enlightened lands, the entire nation was made subservient to the production and maintenance of an army. Then he introduced a new system of warfare. He marshalled his troops into regiments, which were formed into three divisions, a portion of each being incorporated with every force that took the field. Instead of the ordinary bush fighting he made his men fight at close quarters; and for the slender javelin which was thrown from a distance, he substituted a single stabbing spear of stouter materials, the loss of which was punished with death. For defensive purposes he gave to each man a large shield made out of buffalo hide. His discipline was severe. His soldiers had no alternative but to conquer or to die, for retreat, even when compelled thereto by superior numbers, was visited by him with death. But such a punishment was rarely necessary; for Chaka was a consummate general, and had the art of inspiring his followers with his own irresistible spirit. He made war upon all around him, and tribe after tribe was conquered, until he had been proclaimed victorious from the Mapoota to the Umzimvubu. Having thus satisfied his warlike ambition, he directed his energies to the consolidation of his empire. And in the doing of this he seems to have earned his terrible surname as much by the merciless exercise of his despotic power upon those who had become "his people," as by his warfare upon enemies. As he grew old his natural force abated, his servants conspired against him, and

he was murdered on the 23rd of September, 1828. Many rejoiced at his death; but the Zulus cherish the memory of his greatness, swear by the terror of his name, and have made his war song their national anthem. And judging him by the standard of his possibilities he was worthy of this honour. Out of a number of petty and conflicting kingdoms he made an empire which did not disappear at his death. Out of an undisciplined rabble he organized an army of a hundred thousand men, which has been found to be irresistible by every native force against which it has been hurled. And the influence of his life has extended far beyond the boundaries of his own dominions. For the name of Mosilikatsi is almost as much known in Africa as that of Chaka. He was one of Chaka's generals; but being entrusted with the command of an important military post on the frontier of the Zulu territory, he betrayed his trust, and marched off with his soldiers towards the north west, where, putting into force the art of war which he had learnt from his master, he subjugated and destroyed, until he became the lord paramount of an extensive kingdom, and the exponent of an irresponsible power. Manikoo also was another of Chaka's men. He was sent with a large force to drive the Portuguese out of their possessions around Delagoa Bay; but failing to do that, inasmuch as they retired to their forts on the coast, from which having no guns, he could not dislodge them, instead of returning to be slaughtered by his chief for having failed, he made himself master of the men under his command, and speedily subdued the tribes from Delagoa Bay to the river Zambesi. His successors have in all things shown themselves to be apt disciples of Chaka. And yet it must not be supposed that the unrestrained authority which these men possess, is as a rule exercised capriciously, and in a manner injurious to the interests of the tribe, or indeed of individuals. It is not so. Much wisdom as well as much power is frequently shown by these despots in the administration of their own law. An instance of the method in which Sebituane governed the Makololo will serve to show this.

For some time the Makololo had suffered from a great social grievance. The men who had obtained power and wealth under Sebituane while he was gaining for himself a kingdom, contrived by their position and riches to procure for themselves the most desirable women of the tribe, and they so multiplied their wives,



that for the rest of the men but few women were left, and they for the most part were old, ill-favoured, and the forsaken. Therefore scandals, feuds, and bloodshed were of frequent occurrence. When one morning before sunrise, Sebituane, who had kept his own counsel, caused it to be proclaimed throughout the tribe that those men and women who had companioned together since the previous sunset, should for the future be partners for life, without regard to previous alliances. The effect of this proclamation was remarkable; there were but few men who had not wives, and fewer still who retained more than one. And as this edict was followed by another, which made death the punishment of adultery, the moral tone of the tribe was raised. Sebituane was not one of Chaka's men, but he adopted his system of war and of government, which are, I think, likely to prevail, until the aspects of life amongst the natives, who are independent of our rule, throughout the whole of Africa south of the Equator are changed. I think, therefore, that the power to govern is by this shown not wanting on the part of the Africans in their own land. The proceedings of Chaka and his imitators may not command our sympathies, strongest language has been used to stigmatize them, and yet in principle and mode of action they have acted like all great men, from Alexander downwards, who have changed the course of the world's affairs. The old forms of government which they destroyed had become effete. I saw one such pass away with the tribe that possessed it. The Manganja, with whom I lived for some time, were a lively, quick-witted, law-loving, but feeble-natured people, and their government seemed to be framed to enable all under authority to avoid the burden of responsibility. Given wholly to agriculture, they did not live together like the pastoral tribes, in large communities, but were scattered over the country in small villages. Each village had its *mfumo*, or head man; over defined districts, containing many villages, was a chief, whose position was not unlike that of a lord-lieutenant of an English county, and over all was the Rundo, or supreme chief; but over him was an imaginary creature, a spirit, that was supposed to reside on the top of a mountain, and whose will the Rundo consulted when any of the subordinate chiefs came to him in a difficulty. And they frequently came to him. For if trouble occurred in a village, for which unlimited talk-

ing was no cure, the head man, instead of exercising the authority with which he was invested, for fear of incurring enmity, would, as was his privilege, endeavour to shift the responsibility on to the chief of the district; he, if interests were involved which might expose him to ill-will, decide which way he might, would negotiate with other chiefs, in order, if possible, that things might be made pleasant for all parties; but, failing in that, the Rundo was resorted to. His invariable policy was to shelve the question if he could. But, supposing after long debate (and these people debated with an eloquence that would have struck dumb many a tall talker amongst ourselves) this was found impracticable, then Bona, the spirit, was consulted, whose decision, which was given through the medium of a woman to whom he was supposed to appear in her dreams, and his pronouncement disposed of the question, though it was rarely the full force of the judgment was carried out. Government under such circumstances existed scarcely more than in name. It said much, however, for the general docility of these people, that they went on for generation after generation, growing their crops, elaborating their laws, which they rarely enforced, amplifying their customs until their ceremonials were most intricate, with no sedition or revolution amongst themselves, until a people more resolute than they came down upon them and occupied their places. The only man I met with belonging to this tribe who raised himself above the prevalent weakness was Chibisa. For a time he showed a capacity that was almost heroic. He raised himself to chieftainship over a horde of vagabonds from all the tribes between the Zambesi and the Shire; but he lacked the power to continue great: he settled down to eat and to drink (and he had learnt to get drunk from the Portuguese), and at length was shot by a Portuguese rebel, whose alliance he had courted, during a quarrel over a tusk of ivory.

It is almost impossible to know what the Africans really are, unless you live with them long enough to overcome the distrust which most of them have, and with reason, of all men that are not black. The attitude of travellers is generally more or less aggressive, and that of the natives to them actively or passively antagonistic. To strangers they are invariably reticent about their own affairs, and frequently assume an appearance of stupidity, which is not really natural to them.

Frequently, also, travellers grievously misjudge them, by assigning to what they are pleased to call an incurable natural depravity that which is simply the result of some terrible belief, that at one period or another has been the creed of all races. The Africans are very superstitious. They are great believers in witchcraft, which means with them that certain men and women have personal intercourse with unseen spirits, who are generally supposed to be malevolent, and gain from them the power of inflicting mysterious sicknesses and other forms of evil upon man and beast. But this belief is common to the heathen in all parts of the world; and as a vestige of the old heathenism which existed in this land, it is not uncommon to meet with it amongst ourselves. Only the other day a farmer in Dorsetshire was fined by the magistrates for beating an old woman nearly to death, and he did so because he thought her a witch, who had wrought harm to his cattle. Of course this belief with the Africans frequently leads to the perpetration of horrible cruelties. Somewhat akin to belief in witchcraft is faith in fetich. This is elaborated into many customs, but in principle it simply means the power which certain people are supposed to possess, of imparting to an insignificant thing, such as a stick, or a stone, or a bone, for instance, a supernatural efficacy. This superstition also is perpetuated amongst ourselves in the belief in charms. I know a parish in England where it assumes a revolting form. On a certain day in the year, which is known in the district as "toad-bag day," many people resort to a man to purchase a charm against certain kinds of disease, the said charm consisting of a leg of a toad sewed up in a bag, which is thought to have derived some mysterious virtue from the hands of him who sells it, for half-a-crown. Dahomey's bath of blood, and other monstrous practices, which travellers have described, to our loathing, are the outcome of these superstitions, and have been called into existence by the brutal caprice or diseased brain of some more than ordinarily inhuman creature, in whom has been invested supreme power. In a grosser form than the ancient heathen, maybe, the Africans are worshippers of certain powers of nature, and assign to them attributes which minister to sensuality. The reproductive powers, for instance, are held in high esteem, and honoured with many obser-

vances, than which nothing can be more vitiating. Yet the principle which underlies all such customs is the same as that which led the Greeks to regard as the most sacred persons those who in the City of Corinth were consecrated to the worship of Venus. But while we have admitted the Hindus and other Asiatics into the fellowship of the old classic idolaters of Europe, we have excluded the Africans, and misrepresented them because we have not understood their position, and the causes which have led to it.

What the Africans now are, the people that once inhabited these islands were. There is no superstition there that had not its counterpart here, no deed of foulness and barbarity committed there, that was not perpetrated here. We now enjoy all the benefits which have accrued to us through long ages of civilization, through having been brought into harmony with the highest forms of the world's progress; whereas they have been, until lately, isolated from the rest of the world by physical causes, quite as surely as the ocean separated the Sandwich Islanders from our knowledge; and of no people, is it recorded that unassisted they have been able to raise themselves from barbarism. It was the Slave Trade that broke the spell of Africa's seclusion, and in this fact lies the explanation of its continued degradation. but looking at the tone of public feeling amongst all civilized nations with reference to slavery and the slave trade, and the interest now excited amongst all classes by the geographical discoveries of Livingstone and others, the future is full of hope for Africa. Africa is a great fact, we cannot get rid of it, and we are fast becoming convinced that it may be turned to a better use than we have hitherto made of it. The Africans are irrepressible, they have the gift of vitality above most men, and live and multiply under circumstances that would be death to other races. The natives of Tasmania have disappeared; the Australians are nearly extinct; it is but an actuary's question as to when we shall see the last of the New Zealanders; and the Indians of America die out in the presence of the white man. Not so the Africans. Place him where you will, so long as he gets sunshine, and under what circumstances you may, and Israel in Egypt scarcely increased faster. It is estimated that there are nearly fifteen millions of people of African descent on the mainland



and islands of America. Africa itself is more thickly peopled than was supposed, instead of thirty, it probably contains a hundred millions of people. We cannot hope to possess ourselves of Africa as we have of America, for side by side with us on his own soil the African would surely prove the stronger. So whether we meet with him in his own land, or elsewhere, it is manifestly to our own interests (to say nothing of higher motives) to make the best of him. It is in Africa itself we must look for the highest possibilities of the race, for those outside are slaves or the descendants of slaves. They live also in the lands of their thralldom, and in the presence of those who are, or who have been their masters. You may free them all, but you will not purge them from the ill effects of slavery simply by emancipating them. It will take many years to get rid of the mischief which long generations of slavery have wrought in their natures. Had the Israelites after their emancipation remained in Egypt in the presence of their former masters, they would have been slaves in nature still. And so it was with the free coloured men in the United States and the West Indies. Their associations tend to keep alive the recollections of the past and to check noblest aspirations. The galling discomfort, if not of legal prescription, yet of bitter caste-prejudice in the whites, and which manifests itself in every day life in a thousand cruel and annoying ways, are greatly against them. These people therefore, afford as yet no fair criterion of what the African race is capable. I believe, however, that the possibilities of the Africans on their own soil are not inferior to those of any race of men on the earth. Their civilization may, in some things, prove unlike our own, their range of virtue and vice somewhat different, yet I do not think they will prove mentally our inferiors, or that their moral standard will be lower. I say this from no theory evolved from my own inner consciousness, but from a conviction which is the result of a personal knowledge of them. I have helped to deprive the slave trader of his prey; and I have seen those whom we released gradually rise higher and higher under the benign influences that are brought to bear upon them. One of them, Chuma, is now with Dr. Livingstone, and has been his faithful friend and trusted companion in all his weary wanderings and trying experiences. This young man, when a boy,

slept in my hut and was under my own care for nearly three years, and a better youth I have never known. I have seen a great owner of slaves in Africa turn out, as a present to a friend of mine, a boy whom he had not long had from his native village, from the slaves' sleeping pen, as he would a pup from a litter in a dog-kennel, and I have had that boy under my care in England, where he won the hearts of all he met by his ready sympathy with that which was good and true. I have stayed at the Kaffir College at Capetown, where youths but lately gleaned from their native kraals were being educated, and manifesting an ability and a tone of life far superior to that of the lower classes of England, and scarcely inferior to our own youths of a higher station. And while I write, I recollect that there is an African who when a child was taken out of the hold of a slave ship by our English sailors, and who now holds the high position of a Bishop of the English Church, the chief pastor of an African diocese, where all the clergy are Africans. The Africans must from their character and position in the world have an important part to play in the future, and it mainly depends upon us whether that part will be played for good or for evil. In many things they are as necessary to us as we to them, for in many things they are our complement. And indeed this is true of all the differing races of men. The members of a single family generally differ in character, yet the variety of disposition and capacity instead of producing discord, contributes to the higher life and happiness of the home; and so with the various families of men, the Africans not excepted, they are members one of another, and, rightly estimated, are indispensable to the formation of one perfect humanity.

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#### THE TWO BROTHERS.

A TALE BY MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, AUTHORS OF  
"THE CONSCRIPT," ETC.

#### CHAPTER X.

LOUISE returned from Molsheim in the beginning of September. She had also completed her studies, and called to see us on her arrival, as she had always done when coming to Chaumes for the holidays.

She was the prettiest girl far and near;

tall, cheerful, and as light as a feather. It was not possible to see a lovelier head of fair hair nor more intelligent soft blue eyes. Yet she was a Rantzau, and their spirit was in her. One could not help laughing at her satirical way and look when she spoke of her *kind* uncle Jacques, his good-natured face, tender looks, and her cousin George's beard.

It was easy to see she had been to Molsheim, where the good sisters, as Monsieur Jacques used to say, were preserved in the sugar of charity. Louise was very good and truthful at heart for all that.

My two best scholars having come home again, I looked forward to the pleasure of calling on them now and then, and of spending a more pleasant existence. I was equally fond of both, they were attached to me in return — and that was the chief point, for we all have our faults, and the best way is not to notice those of others.

Two or three days later, one Thursday afternoon, towards one o'clock, Mdlle. Suzanne, who was the curé's old servant, came to tell me that her master was waiting in the garden of the presbytery for me to assist him in taking the honey from his hives.

I followed her directly. It was a fine, warm autumn day, and bees were swarming by thousands in the air.

Monsieur le Curé had got our masks out, to which were attached long collars for the neck and shoulders, like the capes which are joined to chimney-sweepers' hoods; our gloves, of coarse linen, reached above the elbows. I had taken care to draw my boots over my trousers, for bees do not relish being robbed of their honey, and resent the theft by filling every aperture they can get into. Large sharp spoons and honey-pots stood by, with a piece of linen rag, which I was going to burn and fumigate the hives with.

I arrived in high spirits, and found the curé no less well-disposed for the work.

"We shall have a very large quantity this year, Monsieur Florent," said he; "I would not mind betting there are thirty pounds' weight of honey, putting all the hives together."

"There is no knowing, Monsieur le Curé," I replied; "we often find a great deal where we did not expect much, and nothing where we fancied we should have a great deal. Then we must leave a quantity in reserve for the bees' food next winter. After this very hot summer we may expect severe cold."

"Quite correct, Monsieur Florent! Let us put on our things."

The curé took off his cassock; and when I had changed my coat for a blouse, we put on our masks, drew up our gloves, and pulled down our capes. I then told Suzanne she was to shut all the windows so as not to lose many bees, for these insects persist in pursuing one into the farthest corners of rooms. When all this was done I went into the kitchen, placed a few burning pieces of charcoal on a shovel, and came back to the hives.

Any one would have thought the bees knew what we were about, for, although they allowed us to approach them every day, they now covered us from head to foot, buzzing about our masks in great excitement; but of no avail, for their honey had to be taken.

I commenced smoking them out by holding a piece of rag over the burning embers in front of the three middle hives, Monsieur le Curé blowing meanwhile. I then went to the back and turned the first hive upside down, all the bees having flown out with the exception of a few which hung about as if benumbed. The curé held the pots, and I began to cut the under layers of honeycomb out, placing the snowy flakes delicately one on the top of the other, out of which streamed the most transparent golden-coloured honey.

The heat being excessive, many bees returned to the hives, and we had to smoke them out a second time.

We thus went through Monsieur Jannequin's ten hives, taking great care of the younger swarms that had not yet had time to lay in all their provisions. True enough, we had over thirty pounds' weight of honey, eight large pots being quite full. I had been cautious not to hurt the grubs rolled up in their cells, for they are the hope of the future, and none but the unskilful ever make havock among them.

We now restored everything to order, plastering a layer of fuller's earth mixed with cow-dung at the bottom of each hive to keep the cold out. There is no other word to define the nature of the substance thus mixed; but, however crude it may sound, it is a good hint to apirists.

We had attended to everything and were just going in, when we heard some very loud shouts and whipping in the lane at the back of Monsieur le Curé's hedge. It was a large cart coming down; our infuriated bees had settled on the driver and the people with him.



"Confound the bees!" was the cry. "Allons, can't you get on?—quick! Devil take the bees! wherever do they come from?"

These questions were being asked by a stranger, and one of our peasants replied,—

"Those bees, monsieur? They belong to our curé."

"Ah!" exclaimed the stranger; "of course they do; they could not belong to any one else but a curé."

He then relieved himself of a volley of epithets against all Jesuits and priests, so that when the cart had gone by we had a good laugh, and Monsieur le Curé good-humouredly said,—

"Here's one who has not spared abuse of me! He must be a factory-man—a stranger."

"A Parisian, I dare say," replied I. "He has been stung anyhow."

I held the branches aside and perceived, at about ten steps from the gap I looked through, an immense vehicle, on the top of which was an enormous package of deal wood. One of Monsieur Jean's servants, old Dominique, led the horse by the bridle, and a stranger walked by, holding his handkerchief up to his nose.

Whatever could that package be? I wondered. I saw it was for Monsieur Jean, and that it had come from some distance. Thinking over it, we carried the pots to a small back room in which Monsieur Jannequin kept his plants and tools in winter.

Suzanne ran away as fast as she could. The windows were covered with bees, and Monsieur le Curé was much amused at her fright, calling, "Suzanne, come and taste our honey!"

"Thank you, monsieur, I can taste it later," she replied, hiding behind the door. Amid laughter and quizzing we fumigated our coats, and when the bees had dropped we took our disguise off.

As I have said, the quantity of honey we took was enormous; the curé fetched a plate, on which he placed three of the finest honeycombs.

"This is your part, my dear Monsieur Florent," said he. "I thank you for the assistance you have given me."

"I am quite at your service, Monsieur le Curé."

"I know, and am much obliged to you," said he, taking me out. "Au revoir."

I then left with my plate, which I carefully covered, for though the operation

had been performed an hour ago, thousands of bees, half intoxicated by the smoke, were swarming about everywhere. They were now beginning to go back to their hives, and not more than three or four pursued me and my honey.

When I got to the school-house, I closed the door as soon as I was in, and my wife and Juliette carried the plate into the cool pantry, admiring the honeycombs all the way.

"Have you seen a large cart go by?" asked my wife, while I stood washing my hands and face in the kitchen.

"I have."

"Well, the whole village is wondering about it."

"Was not the driver stung?"

"He was, right under the nose, and on his neck; but that is not what people are talking about. They say a magnificent piece of furniture has arrived, a beautiful piano Monsieur Jean has ordered from Paris for his daughter. Madame Bouveret declares there never was anything like it."

On hearing this I thought I would like to look at it. I had for some time wished to see an instrument of real Paris make. Our pianos in Lorraine had only three octaves, and came from Harchkirch. I may say, without the least desire to injure the manufacturers of our country, that they murdered them and did not make them. Their instruments never kept in tune; one had to hold the tuning-fork continually, and wind them up by half a tone all the time. Then the swelling of the wood in autumn, and the grating of all the chords getting unstrung! It would have been wise to put down in black and white all the qualities their makers attributed to them, before they were paid for, as I did with the cows of Elias. By dint of changing, one might perhaps have fallen on a good piano out of fifty.

My wife was just as curious as I was to see the instrument, but I told her she could wait till the next day, whereas I only had Thursday afternoons to myself. On leaving I promised to be back by supper-time.

As I went down the street I saw a group of neighbours standing in front of Monsieur Jean's house; others were coming that way; girls carrying dead leaves in grey linen cloths threw their burden down to look in through the open windows.

Louise must have seen me coming, for she ran down to meet me.

"Oh, Monsieur Florent," said she, "here you are just in time; walk in. Come and look at the beautiful piano father has bought me."

"That is what brings me here, my dear," said I, going into the best room, which had been newly papered with a beautiful sky-blue leaf-pattern.

The piano stood between the two windows that looked out on the street.

Monsieur Jean, with his large bald forehead, was walking up and down in deep thought, and his arms crossed behind him.

"Ah! so here you are, Monsieur Florent; you have come to see our piano?" he asked, stopping in front of me. "Well, now look at it; what is your opinion?"

He seemed quite proud, and not without cause, for it was a splendid piece of furniture, and surpassed my expectations. It was made of rosewood, shone like a mirror, and had gilt bronze handles. It was somewhat in the shape of a chiffonier, and any one could guess by its outward appearance that it was first-rate. No such finish is wasted on Harchkirch instruments; but all I could have imagined was nothing compared to what I was soon to hear.

Louise, in her great eagerness to display her musical talent, hastily opened the piano and exhibited the ivory and ebony notes on which the sun now shone, then she ran up and down the keys with her white taper fingers as fast as lightning. The different sounds of the flute and hautbois at the top, and the full, sonorous bass tones at the bottom sent me off in a perfect ecstasy.

Louise was much more of a proficient in music than I was. Her fingering showed that a great deal of trouble had been taken with her accomplishments at Molsheim, and it is but justice here to say a good word for the sisters, they did not neglect the fine arts.

Only, if I may be allowed an observation, the harmonious blending or union of chords one in the other, which can only be obtained by organ practice, on which instrument all sounds have gradually to swell, and the passage of one tone to another, which we call fugue,—a thing old Monsieur Labadie so excelled in,—besides a few other details of expression, were wanting in Louise's performance. It does not ensue that it was at all an indifferent one, no, it was not; though her haste to show all she could do was perhaps her cause of not keeping perfect

time; but I had no fault to find with her. I told her I was very much pleased, and congratulated her, saying I was proud to call her my scholar, at which her eyes sparkled.

"So, really, you are satisfied, dear Monsieur Florent?" she asked.

"I am indeed; you do me great credit in every respect, my dear."

"Then please do sit down," she exclaimed. "I must sing to you now. You will accompany me, Monsieur Florent, and sing with me."

"What are you thinking of, my dear?" I exclaimed. "I sing with you? I know nothing but church music: Kyries, Glorias, Alleluias."

"What does that signify? We can sing church music. At the convent chapel I used to take the contralto parts. You have such a fine bass voice, Monsieur Florent! We must sing together."

Finding she had made up her mind to it, I sent one of my barefooted scholars, who was looking in at the window, to fetch the organ book at my house. Off he went in the dust, and came back five minutes later with the right copy.

Monsieur Jean, who knew no other will than that of his daughter, seemed pleased at the idea of hearing us sing together. I opened my book, after placing it carefully on the polished music-stand, then beat the preliminary one—two—three, and we both started on a grand Kyrie just as if it were full cathedral service.

"Kyrie-e-e, Kyrie-e-e-e eleison."

I never should have believed Louise had such a fine voice if any one had told me. It was full-toned, touching, and went up—up—as high as heaven. At first a shudder crept over me, and I opened my eyes very wide, thinking we were going up higher and higher still. The notes were fortunately written down before us, and we had to keep following them.

As nothing encourages and stimulates so much as feeling one's self supported by a magnificent voice, I don't remember ever having sung so well in my life. I actually considered, my bass was a worthy accompaniment to such singing.

This is the result of emulation. When a man has to accompany himself on a worn-out, asthmatic organ in a low church without any echo, in which five or six choir-boys are shrieking out in a straggling sort of way to aged people who don't even listen, because they have grown deaf, then he may pull out all the



stops, swell his voice, hold down the pedals, and yet the result will be most depressing, perfect wretchedness.

What a difference!

Monsieur Jean had thrown the windows open so that all the village could hear; but we did not think of the people who were listening, going from an *Alléluia* to a *Salutaris* in raptures and enthusiasm.

I was just like a child, playing everything Louise told me. The evening set in so rapidly it was as if the afternoon had lasted one minute. Then only, towards dusk, did I remember it was supper-time, and suddenly rose.

"Whatever will my wife and Juliette say?" exclaimed I; "they are waiting for supper."

Monsieur Jean laughed and asked me to take supper with them, but having promised at home, I did not think that was quite proper; so I left, followed by Louise and her father, who saw me out, the old man saying,—

"The notes work very well, certainly, and those Parisians do make first-rate instruments, but they cost a pretty sum. Now, just guess what I have been charged for that piano, Monsieur Florent."

"Not a bit too much, Monsieur Rantzau," replied I; "when a thing is perfect, it is never too dear."

"Well, no, in one sense," said he laughing; "but a two thousand franc piano!"

"Bah! that is not too much for you to spend."

"As to that, I can afford it; still, two thousand francs are two thousand francs, Monsieur Florent. I shall have to sell bushels of salt, and many a cartload of hay and straw, before I make that sum up again. Two thousand francs! The Parisians can't be losers by the piano-forte business; they must make a good thing out of it, eh?"

"It is right they should, Monsieur Rantzau; where there is merit there should be the reward."

"I have nothing to say to the contrary," said Monsieur Jean.

Talking thus we came to the door; the people who had gathered were going away. "You will come back another time, will you not?" said Louise, holding out her hand.

"As often as I can, my dear."

On turning to wish her and Monsieur Jean "good night" I perceived George behind the leafy hedgerow at the back of his father's garden opposite. He was stooping down to hide; he had most cer-

tainly heard us, and perhaps had been listening.

As I walked homewards I looked back on the pleasures of the past day, and thought of the enjoyment I should have when I could accept Louise's invitation in the future. I told my wife and Juliette all that had occurred while we ate our supper, after which we went to bed under the safe watch of the Almighty.

#### CHAPTER XI.

EVERYTHING went on smoothly now. After five and twenty years' toil I was beginning to reap the fruit of my labour.

Paul was completing his studies at the Normal School, on leaving which institution he would certainly have a good situation.

Juliette had as much work as she could do. I and my wife were in good health, thank God; my two best pupils had returned; everybody liked me; what more could I desire? I considered myself the happiest of men. Nevertheless a very disagreeable thing happened at this time.

I went to see Louise on the following Thursday, carrying her some pretty pieces by Mozart that I had hunted up in Father Labadie's old music scores.

On reaching Monsieur Jean's house I found him standing at the window in an extraordinary passion.

"Now come here, Monsieur Florent," said he, drawing the curtains aside as soon as I entered; "please look out. Did you ever see a more abominable thing in your life than that man's face opposite?"

He pointed to his brother Jacques, who just then was sitting in shirt-sleeves on a bundle of straw at the corner of his barn and pleasantly taking a pinch of snuff.

I could not see what he was doing to offend Monsieur Jean, who now began to walk up and down in the room.

"Last year," continued he, "that old wretch had his grain thrashed in the barn at the back, where he also opened his ventilator to avoid our all being stifled with the dust, for it comes in his house as well as mine; but this year, in order to prevent Louise from going on with her music, he has given orders for his thrashing to commence three weeks earlier than usual, and opens his barn right opposite. His idea is to deafen us with the noise, and thus force us to close our windows. Does not such a brute deserve to be sent to Toulon, and have all the skin peeled off his back with a horsewhip?"

I had never seen Monsieur Jean in so violent a passion, and, as the unfortunate tic-tac over the way did not cease, while dust filled the air, I had nothing to answer on the spur of the moment; but, after a little reflection, I said,—

"It is very annoying, Monsieur Rant-zau; but Monsieur Jacques may not have thought of all this. He may have other reasons for thrashing his grain on the front side of his house; we cannot tell. It is always better to put the best construction on things, and not look on the dark side."

"You are a kind-hearted man, Monsieur Florent, and have to keep on good terms with everybody; neither do I blame you, for, situated as you are, that brigand might take it into his head to turn you out of the Mairie if you were not very cautious; but I tell you things are as I say. I have known him long enough, and I tell you he thinks of nothing but evil; his only enjoyment is to vex others and injure his neighbours. He is always ruminating and turning over in his mind how he can harm the innocent. He is too much of a coward to attempt an open attack, and, besides, he is afraid of the treadmill; but, if he were as brave as he is perverse, you would see strange things come to pass until he would, of course, be stopped by the authorities. Oh, the miserable wretch! And, then, to think the Almighty ordains we should have such brothers! Look; now do look at him. Wouldn't any one swear he is an old Jew, an old usurer, planning the ruin of his relatives?"

Monsieur Jean did not consider that he was himself the picture of his brother, only that he was bald and Monsieur Jacques' hair was grey.

Passion had totally blinded him; seeing which, and not feeling inclined to get mixed up in the new quarrel, I put the books on the piano.

"Do not take this little disappointment to heart, my dear," said I to Louise. "I had brought you some music, but as we cannot play on account of the din, I will come back next Sunday after vespers, and we will try the new pieces. Monsieur Jacques will not be able to have his grain thrashed on the holy day of rest, you know."

Bowing to Monsieur Jean, I then left by the back door, for, if I had crossed the street, Monsieur Jacques would have called to ask me how I was, and might have shaken hands with me to his brother's face. I therefore went down

the garden-lane, thinking, as I went, of the abominable consequences of family feuds.

I could see Monsieur Jacques' sly smile of satisfaction as he sat on his sheaves in front of his barn; but I could not bring myself to believe all Monsieur Jean thought of him. He had certainly gone too far.

On that same Thursday evening, after supper, George looked in on his return home from his father's saw-mill at Saarrouge.

"I have brought you a piece of white heath, which I gathered on the heights, Monsieur Florent," said he pleasantly; "I thought you would be pleased to have it."

"So I am, George; sit down, I have one or two specimens, but not of that family. This is a rare one. Bring out the brandy-cherries, Marie-Barbe; George won't refuse to take one or two with me?"

"By no means," said George, sitting down. When my wife had placed the cherries before us, we talked of the high table-lands on which white heath grows, of the saw-mills, the sale of timber, valuations, and felling. Finally, I came to the barn subject, which was uppermost on my mind.

"By the way, George," said I, "you are now having your barley and oats thrashed in the front barn! Would you believe your uncle Jean fancies you do that to prevent Louise from practising her piano! I of course don't believe anything of the kind, but he —"

George burst out laughing.

"Well, upon my word, Monsieur Florent," said he, "that squealing and thumping on a piano from morning to night is a fearful nuisance."

"George!" I exclaimed, "how can you call that squealing—you who have learnt music at college, and who play so nicely on the flute? Louise sings, sir, with much taste and talent. She has a splendid voice."

My wife, who was sitting in the window-seat, made me a sign to hold my tongue, but I could not hear such an untruth without feeling concerned.

"Maybe," replied George; "I don't deny it; but," added he, reddening, "my father is not fond of the piano. Every one has a right to play on the instrument he likes best."

I shook my head as much as to say his reasons were very bad ones; and he continued, "Now, Monsieur Florent, do say whether you think it is pleasant to have



such a scoundrel as that living in grandfather's house, which he has robbed us of, and then to see him buy two thousand franc pianos out of our money."

"Allons, allons!" cried I, getting warm in spite of my wife's signs, "this is going a little too far! We will say no more about it, we should disagree. Louise has robbed nothing at all, sir; it is none of the child's fault. I have discovered many very good qualities in her, and I am very fond of her. I am grieved to see you and your father do all you can to annoy her."

My wife fidgeted about tremendously, but my heart was too full. George stared at me, and I went on,—

"I should very much like to know, sir, whether there is a prettier girl in all the Saarbourg arrondissement, or one who is more lady-like any where, than your cousin? I am not a Rantzau, and I have not the slightest desire to flatter them, but if I had the honour to belong to the first family of the country, I should not go about finding fault with my own relatives; I should feel proud of all who did the race any credit. That is my frank opinion, and those are the very words I should tell Louise if she said anything behind your back."

Seeing I was grieved, George suddenly held out his hand, and said he hoped he had not offended me.

"Offended me!" I cried, "not at all; I am only fond of my old scholars, especially those who deserve my esteem, and you are one, George. That is why your injustice concerns me; if you were any one else, I should not so much care."

"You are quite right, Monsieur Florent," said he, with a softened voice. "I love you all the more for it. It is a pity," he continued, rising, "that everybody is not of your mind. Good night, Madame Florent; good night, Juliette." Then turning and pressing my hand, he added, "If it is agreeable to you, my dear master, we will some day take a stroll up in the mountains together. I should like you to see how lovely the country is round about the springs of the Saar."

"Wherever you like, George. I am always happy to go out and have a talk with you."

I took him down-stairs, and when he had gone I congratulated myself on having for once said what had been so long on my heart; but my wife blamed my conduct, and declared I should soon get between Monsieur Jean and Monsieur Jacques in the position of a nail between

the hammer and anvil, that is — I should come in for all the blows.

"I don't care if I do," I replied.

I had evidently taken too many cherries and lost sight of danger. "If these people seek to do me evil because I seek their good, God will punish them; they will repent of it."

This is what a man is led to through following his inclinations; he is sure to commit the most incautious deeds.

I approved of my new line of conduct the whole of the following night, even in my dreams, but the next day I perceived I had been very rash, and, had the opportunity occurred, I should have retracted my words. However, no evil consequences ensued, for two or three days later George came to fetch me. He had put on a mountaineer suit, a blouse and broad-brimmed hat, and held a strong stick in his hand. I saw he had a mind to go up to the saw-mills, and feeling no less exuberant than he at the prospect of a climb, I hastily put the brandy flagon in my pocket and a crust or so in my bag.

Although I had reached fifty I was still a good walker, being rather spare and of a nervous temperament. Then, the beauty of the scenery, the light and shade in the branches, the hoary trees, the ivy, moss, and cool streamlets leaping over beds of gravels between the rocks, the insects dancing on a sunbeam, the velvety woodland flies, and many other things besides, all contributed so to enliven and vivify me that I felt twenty again! Neither is this all. After a good stretch up hill and down again, through broom, heather, and dried twigs, what a pleasure to view in the distance a secluded valley through which winds a river, and close by a saw-mill, with its small bridge, its heavy wheel, pond, and lots of planks in fan-like rows; while in the midst of all this, the wood-cutter stops thinning the trunk before him, to look up and watch us approach from afar; meantime the paddling of the wheel and the rush of the water underneath the dykes fill solitude with their busy noise, and male and female buzzards pursue each other in wide circles above the pine-woods!

These were the sounds and scenes that soothed and rested me, these I delighted in.

As to George, his business was the valuation of timber; he had a wonderful eye for it.

"How many square metres of fuel do you suppose there are in that fir-tree?" would I ask.

"So, and so many," was the reply.

"And in that beech-tree?"

"So, and so many."

He never made a mistake, his father having taught him a good deal in this line when a boy, and he had since been greatly helped by arithmetic and logarithms.

There was no doubt about his becoming a famous timber merchant; and although my tastes were quite different, I was happy to see he was likely to be a thorough man of business.

We had left Chaumes at five; at half-past nine we reached the foot of the great Langin heights, in which Saar-rouge takes its rise, and stood in a narrow defile, covered here and there with black patches, which showed this to be a spot used for the burning of charcoal.

There was not a soul in the place; the last awnings had been dismounted and carried towards the forges in the valley; nothing was left but the charcoalmakers' hut standing by the side of a spring that was overrun with watercress.

George put his hand through a hole in the door, drew the latch inside, and when we had entered he piled the remains of blackened logs and some dry firwood on the hearth; struck a few sparks, shook the lighted tinder among a handful of dry fern, which instantly took fire, and smoke curled above the lone woods.

This is the way primeval man first proceeded: nothing better has since been invented; but in those early times this smoke rising from virgin forests was a sign that the human soul had awaked, and that wild beasts had a master. I have read that in some book, I do not remember where.

When the fire was bright George took two smoked sausages out of his bag, which he buried in the hot ashes; I produced my flagon, and we sat down very cheerfully.

The savoury smell of the sausages filled the interior of the hut; thrushes and blue tomtits, birds that love to hover round human dwellings, hopped and chirruped outside. When the sausages were quite done we ate our meal with great appetite, each making his knife supply the place of a fork; a gentle wind rising among the leaves meanwhile cooled us.

I should not have wished for a pleasanter or happier life, if the accomplishment of our duties had not called us back to the village.

We rested until eleven, then took up our sticks, and joyfully trudged on to the

saw-mills, where George cast up an account of the planks, beams, and cubic metres of logwood belonging to his father. Cartloads were still being brought in from a neighbouring coppice; whole trunks, covered with their bark, were hung by bright chains to chariots drawn by reddish-coloured bullocks. These young animals fastened their feet in the rock, straining every nerve as they pulled, struggling on with haggard eyes under the driver's whip.

We heard the grating of the wheels a long way off. The ruts in the gravel-roads at the foot of the slope were full of water, as rapid and clear as quicksilver. It cooled the poor animals' feet.

All round the defile mountain peaks rose against the sky; the beauty of the country could not be surpassed. The smacking of whips in the valley, the prolonged shout of the woodmen and carriers calling from one mountain to the other, the sound of the axe high above in the trees, the tinkling bell of some stray animal seeking pasture,—were sounds that joined in the great hum of solitude, and blended with the rustle of leaves and the monotonous fall of the river.

What movement and what life, even in those apparent deserted places as these! Labour, work—coalmen, woodcutters, cattle, and all, have to toil summer and winter. But this grand sight conveys an idea too of rest; it raises the soul to the contemplation of eternity.

I considered all this sitting on the bridge, with my legs dangling over the parapet, and looking at the old pond half covered with sawdust. Floaters were here making one of those rafts which swim down the Saar as far as Saarbrück.

Meanwhile George had finished his work, taken down all his notes, and now made me a sign to start anew. We were both much rested.

We took the rugged path, full of knotty roots, which runs along the heights above the cart-road. It was very sultry. Crickets and grasshoppers rose by clouds, chasing each other at our feet. Numerous green, swollen-out lizards were panting on the burning sand, scarcely able to drag themselves along to the coppice close by, surfeited, as they were, with the insects they had feasted on. We were bathed in moisture, and walked on under the shade of the dark pine-wood in silence, each indulging in a day-dream of his own.

The distant days of my youth rose be-



fore me. I recalled my arrival at Chaumes; the first things that struck me; the things I took pleasure in; the beginning of my friendship with Father Labadie; my respectful love for his daughter, who was always sewing and mending old clothes, now and then casting a timid glance my way; and then I remembered our first words, and my first questions, when she gently withdrew her hand, and said in a tremble, turning aside, "Ask my father, Monsieur Florent." Then, though I was as bashful as she was, our avowals, the promises, the solitary walks, my reveries up the hill, when I would wonder where she was, what she was doing, what she was thinking of. Ah, love and matrimony!

The forests we were going through reminded me also of the many Thursdays spent here in those bygone times.

I do not know what George was thinking of, but he looked very serious, and suddenly, on perceiving the light break through the yet distant outskirts of the forest, he exclaimed, —

"You are a very good walker, Monsieur Florent; are you not tired out?"

"No; I never feel fatigue when I am thinking."

"What are you thinking of?"

"Oh, many things! Of the past — of life. You will know later, George, what a man thinks of when he gets on in age. You are now too young; I cannot explain exactly. You have nothing to do with the past as yet. But what is it *you* have been thinking of?"

"I? — really I could not tell."

Talking thus, we entered the road leading to our valley. It was bordered on one side by the forest; on the other it was divided by a hedge from the grass-fields; beyond, ran the river through Monsieur Jean's meadow.

The weather being very hot that year, harvesting was still going on, and we heard the laugh of peasant-girls making hay. Through the long grass and bulrushes we could see a cart, which had been heavily laden, just coming down a sandy path on the opposite bank towards the river. It was intended it should wade through the water, which was very low on account of the dryness. Whenever the wheels sunk in the wet sand it swayed to and fro, and more and more as the ruts became deeper.

Men and women, with rakes on their shoulders, were looking at it. Monsieur Jean's black and white oxen were majestically walking in front, and Louise

brought up the rear in a blue cotton dress and broad-brimmed, flapping straw hat. Her lovely hair fell in slight disorder about her neck, her cheeks were glowing with animation, and she seemed to be telling the women that the road was very bad, that the cart was not properly loaded, and threatened to fall over each time it rocked from side to side.

We could not hear what she said; we only guessed from her manner the sense of her looks and gestures as we stood admiring the pretty picture framed in by the high mountains around.

George appeared very attentive.

"That crop," said he, after a moment, "is very badly stacked; it will all topple over!"

He smiled when the vehicle got in the water and the sand seemed to give way.

A minute later we witnessed the most extraordinary scene. The frightened women threw up their arms in great terror, rending the air with their shrieks. Louise, as quick as lightning, ran down to the river, stepped in, and, with her pitchfork supporting the cart on the side it was leaning over, pushed it back as long as she could, crying, —

"Here, here, help! — don't be afraid!"

But the other women, seeing the danger, did not hasten to join her. Her feeble efforts were insufficient to keep up the falling load; the cart threatened to turn over and crush her.

I shuddered — when George, with a leap, cleared the hedge, and, flying over every obstacle, rushed on; then down the bank, falling knee-deep in the water; in a moment he had snatched the pitchfork from his cousin's hand, and, with fearful might, thrust back the avalanche, which was well-nigh smothering them both, calling out in a wild passion, —

"Hue! hue! — mille tonnerres! — whip your beasts on! — pull! — pull!"

The women and girls, now seeing all danger over, ran to the rescue, pushing up the load with their rakes, while old Dominique at the front was belabouring the oxen with the stick end of his whip. They pulled in good earnest, quite scared by the noise, and the big cart gaining its equilibrium, by degrees reached the opposite side of the river; the crop was saved.

The valley echoed with joyous shouts, and George returned the pitchfork to Louise, saying with a strange smile, "I just came in good time, didn't I?"

"Indeed you did," replied Louise with a blush. "Thank you, George."

She showed her wet stockings to the women, pulling aside her drenched skirt, and laughingly saying, "See what a state I am in, and my shoes are full of sand!" They stood round her all laughing too; I then looked at George, who came back with long strides, he was very pale, and his curly hair stood up all round his head.

"Well done, my boy!" I cried. "Now what say you of this pianoforte performer? She is not chicken-hearted, is she?"

"No, she is a Rantzau," replied he, picking up his hat, which he had lost in the hedge. "I fancied the whole crop would go swimming down the river, it was so badly laden. My cousin has been at a convent, you see. The pole should have been tied down the middle and firmly on to the back. At convent-schools girls don't learn that sort of thing; they are taught how to sing."

"Yes," I replied, "they sing, and, what is more, they sing very well; a thing that did not hinder you from showing a good deal of pluck."

I saw this vexed him, and said nothing more on the subject, but went on in silence towards the village, the cart following us some four hundred steps behind. The pole had been replaced and the ropes tightened, so that the forage above was all straight, and the women were sitting on the top of it. I could see Louise tying a bough of leaves on the ladder. George walked on in advance of me, for I kept turning round. When he reached the bend of the valley he let something drop, and stopped to look for it in the high grass. When he caught me up after his search, he told me he had lost his flint, but had found it again. We now entered the village.

"Good evening, Monsieur Florent," said George, when we came to my door. "If you don't mind, we will go out again another day."

"We have had a very nice walk, George," answered I, "and I hope it will not be our last."

He departed, and I went up to the sitting-room, where my wife and Juliette were very pleased to see me back again. I had but time to go into my little closet and there change my linen when it was supper-time.

The singing of the haymakers was heard for awhile after we had sat down to table. Juliette jumped up to look out of the window, then came back saying, "It is the last crop of the season; they

have the bouquet on their ladder, and Mademoiselle Louise is with them. It may rain as much as it likes, the harvest is all gathered in now."

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From The Saturday Review.

#### THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

To the majority of Englishmen our West African possessions are only associated in a dim sort of manner with ivory, gold dust, palm oil, slaves, the King of Dahomey and his "customs." Some who have indulged in discursive reading may bethink them of Governor Wall, who flogged a soldier to death and was hanged in consequence, and of "L. E. L.," whose melancholy fate is still within the memory of contemporary history. Other conscientious devourers of the daily papers may remember that every now and then an African mail has brought intelligence concerning the quarrels of two rural potentates called Ja Ja and Oko Jumbo. We doubt much whether there are many, even among educated people, who could tell the names, or even the approximate positions, of our settlements on the West Coast of Africa. One reason may be that nobody goes there who can help doing so, and that very few who do go return. Yet our West African settlements are important in more ways than one. It is undoubted that they exercise a civilizing influence on the savage races which surround them; and if we abandoned them to-morrow, it would not be easy to prevent the revival of the slave-trade. As regards commerce also they ought to excite our interest, the value of the imports and exports being about a million and twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling respectively. Attention is now specially directed to Cape Coast Castle, on account of the invasion of that settlement by the Ashantees, who, having won a victory over some tribes nominally under our protection, were at the date of the despatch of the last mail within six hours' march of the seat of government.

The most northerly, and at the same time the oldest, of all our settlements on the coast is the Gambia, which is called after the river of that name. This river falls into the Atlantic a little to the south of Cape Verde, and, by means of it, intercourse with the interior of Africa, to a distance of several hundred miles, is carried on. The capital is Bathurst, situated on an island near the mouth of the



river. This is a mere trading settlement, with scarcely any territory attached to it. Originally formed in 1588 by a Company which received a charter from Queen Elizabeth, the staple of its commerce long consisted in slaves. Proceeding to the South, we come to Sierra Leone, the seat of the Governor of all the West African settlements, and situated 8° 30m north of the Equator. This colony was ceded to the British in 1787, and comprises a considerable amount of territory.

Between Sierra Leone and the Equator is a tract of Upper Guinea, known as the Gold Coast. Its capital is Cape Coast Castle, and it is the scene of the present disturbances. The colony comprises several minor settlements, of which Accra and Elmina—recently ceded by the Dutch—are the chief. It was founded by the African Company in 1750, under authority of an Act of Parliament. To the eastward of the Gold Coast is Lagos, the most recent, but, as far as regards imports and exports, the most important, of all our settlements in Western Africa. It was only acquired in 1862, when Docemo, the native king—who is still alive—ceded it to us in return for a pension of 1,000*l.* a year. Formerly it was the greatest slave depôt on the coast, and its possession by us has greatly contributed to the suppression of that traffic. It must not, however, be supposed that the neighbouring tribes would quietly submit to see their principal source of riches cut off; and, though awed by the vigour of successive Administrators—notably the last, Captain Glover—they have never ceased to give trouble. Their chief grievance is that runaway slaves have found at Lagos a secure asylum under shelter of the British flag, which, however, during Captain Glover's absence on leave, did not last year always prove a very efficient protection. Indeed on more than one occasion escaped slaves were by the aid of the ex-King Docemo carried off within sight of Government House. Two of these hapless captives committed suicide rather than again go into bondage. The troublesome tribes in question are the Egbas and Ijebus, sometimes called Jebus; and, in addition to the slave grievance, they have lately conceived that they were suffering under another wrong. They have for years past been engaged in intermittent war with a tribe to the eastward of their own territories, called Yorubas. These hostilities, of course, have been a great hindrance to commercial intercourse with the interior

—an intercourse which the Yorubas, who are friendly to the British, and fully alive to the value of trade, have been ever anxious to maintain. The Egbas and Ijebus are the great obstacle to this, and levy heavy transit dues on all goods passing through their territory. Thinking that it depended on them to arrest all trade—and frequently they have thoroughly paralyzed it—these savages have acted as if they were the masters of the situation, and in a position to bring pressure on the British authorities. In order to checkmate them, Captain Glover nearly two years ago determined to despatch a pioneer expedition in order to open up the country and to secure an alternative route to that which passed through the Egba and Jebu territory. The envoy, Mr. Roger Goldsworthy, an ex-officer of Lancers, and now Commandant of the Houssa armed police at Lagos, underwent serious risks and great hardships, but was completely successful. He found the Yorubas quite prepared to keep open the new route, and he established the most friendly relations with them. The Egbas and Ijebus, furious at seeing their power for mischief passing away from them, and conscious that if the new route were adopted the administration of Lagos would be independent of them, sought to baffle Captain Glover's scheme by means of intrigue. They found zealous coadjutors in the ex-King Docemo, and in both white and black partisans at the settlement. A new policy was instituted. The new road was not taken advantage of, and the result has been an almost complete paralysis of commerce, a great rise in prices at Lagos, the abduction of refugee slaves, and a spirit of determined hostility to British rule. Indeed, both Docemo and the two tribes above mentioned have openly avowed their intention of getting rid of the white strangers altogether.

It is, however, on the Gold Coast that the attention of the few who take an interest in West African affairs is at the present moment concentrated. Besides the settlements on the coast occupied by us, a considerable tract of country inhabited by the neighbouring tribes was years ago formally received under our protection. These tribes are collectively styled Fantees, or the Fantee Confederation. The Confederation, however, owing to discouragement received from us, is little more than nominal, and is only an agglomeration of independent clans, friendly to each other and loosely united from

fear of their hereditary foe the King of Ashantee. The Colonial Office has formally approved of the principle of a Confederation, but has done nothing to promote it, and, rightly or wrongly, the Fantees are under the impression that their project is viewed with contempt by the local authorities. The Fantees, however, with wits sharpened by the instincts of self-preservation, foresaw the imminence of the danger which their so-called protectors failed to recognize, and the event has justified the note of alarm which they sounded. The Ashantees, indeed, are a formidable enemy, and have on two previous occasions given us much trouble. Formerly they held sway over the Fantee country and over the maritime district which we now occupy, and it was our wrestling from them the seaboard and denying the sovereignty over the Fantees which brought about the war of 1824. Some rather sharp fighting took place, and ultimate success was only purchased by the expenditure of much money, and the loss of Sir Charles Macarthy, the Governor. For nearly forty years a sort of armed truce was observed, but in 1863 the King of Ashantee again declared war—a war which cost us 100,000*l.*, and one in which for months our troops endeavoured with much loss from sickness to bring the enemy to action, but in vain. Since then we have pursued a policy of conciliation, not to say subserviency, sending presents with the messengers who proposed—or, as rendered by the natives, “sued for”—peace. All our efforts have, however, failed, and now for the third time within half a century we are at war with this fierce and untamable race.

What the cause of the rupture was no one seems quite able to say. The general belief is that the cession of Elmina to us by the Dutch has something to do with it. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen is of this opinion. It appears that the Dutch used not only to give a yearly sum of money to the King of Ashantee, but also to pay him so much per head for the captives he made in war. These captives were sent to serve as soldiers in other Dutch settlements, and certainly gained by the change of masters. When we took over Elmina, we made inquiries concerning this subsidy, and, learning that it was given not as tribute but merely for the encouragement of trade, determined not to continue it. Of course head money for slaves, under any circumstances, was out of the question. Irri-

tated at such a sensible diminution of his revenue, the King of Ashantee, misinterpreting our conciliatory behaviour, presumed on our supposed weakness, and snatched at what he considered a favourable opportunity for driving us into the sea. Early in January last the Ashantees, in four divisions, and with numbers variously estimated by those on the spot at sixty thousand and eighty thousand men, crossed the Fantee frontier. Recent advices, however, tend to show that their strength has been exaggerated, and that the main body at all events is not more than thirty thousand strong. The border is only three days' journey from Cape Coast Castle, yet it does not appear that the Administrator took any steps to obtain trustworthy information. He never even noticed the invasion till the 3rd of February, and then he contented himself with a mere proclamation announcing the invasion, and prohibiting the supply to the invaders of munitions of war. The Ashantees in the meantime had themselves announced their arrival in the most energetic manner, having marched through the country plundering and burning in every direction. Taken by surprise at first, only 4,000 or 5,000 Fantees could be collected to oppose the enemy, before whom they were of course obliged to retreat. At length, however, the different chiefs managed to assemble an army of some 30,000 men, and a battle whose dimensions would have been considered respectable even in Europe took place. The numbers were about equal on each side, but the Ashantees possessed the advantage of being under a single commander, while the Fantees were a mere collection of clans each obeying only the order of its immediate chief. The fight was well contested, having lasted some eight or nine hours. At length the Fantees, having lost 1,000 men, and being short of ammunition, were obliged to retire, falling back, however, so steadily that the victors contented themselves with occupying the abandoned position. At this place, only seventeen miles from Cape Coast Castle, the Ashantees, who, though the conquerors, lost, it is said, 2,000 men in the battle, remained for some time waiting for reinforcements. We learn that the King of the Ashantees—his euphonious name is Carie-Carie—has sworn to drive the English into the sea, and that he is expected to head the reinforcements asked for by his commander-in-chief. Whether these reinforcements have arrived or not



we do not know; but the invaders on the 7th April resumed the offensive. The Fantees had in the meantime been reinforced, and were encouraged by the presence of 120 of the Houssa police, under Lieutenant Hopkins, who had been tardily empowered to afford them substantial aid. A battle which lasted six hours took place, the Houssas fighting gallantly and losing two men killed and fourteen wounded. The Ashantees, however, gained the day, and Lieutenant Hopkins fell back with his detachment to the coast. The Ashantees must have bought their triumph dearly, for not till the 14th did they again engage the beaten, but still stubborn, Fantees. On this occasion the fight lasted fourteen hours, at the end of which time the Fantees were completely routed.

The first battle was fought at a spot about seventeen miles from Cape Coast Castle; the second action took place apparently at the same place, but the scene of the last engagement was no doubt nearer to Cape Coast Castle. At all events, it is said that the whole country is now in the hands of the invaders, and that we cannot be said to hold an acre of ground save what is commanded by the fire from the forts on the coast. The fortifications of Cape Coast Castle consist of an earthen work adjoining the road which leads to the town, a strong masonry fort on the shore, and a martello tower in which is kept the ammunition of the garrison. Unfortunately this tower is isolated, and the fort itself is overlooked at a distance of 300 or 400 yards by some high hills. Cape Coast Castle is, however, sufficiently strong both as regards fortifications and garrison to defy the dusky warrior, who is as unlikely to fulfil his oath as was his predecessor Quacoi Duah, who vowed in 1863 to cut off the Governor's head, and didn't. The outlying settlements are in a somewhat critical condition, their works being out of repair, ammunition being short, and the garrisons weak. Accra, for instance,

was a short time ago only occupied by thirty negroes of a West Indian regiment, without an officer. It is to be hoped that the reinforcements which have been despatched from Sierra Leone and Lagos will be employed to strengthen these forts, for there seems to be no intention of carrying on any operations in the open field. The force at the disposal of the Governor consists of three men-of-war or gunboats, and 840 armed police, black soldiers and volunteers. Had it been desired, ten times that number might have been raised from among the Fantees, who, if well armed and led by Englishmen, would probably fight well. Fighting would however interfere with the moral force policy which seems to be in favour. Besides, Lord Kimberley denies that we are under any obligation to protect the protected tribes. It is not, he lately said, British, but only British-protected, territory which has been violated, and we have never pretended to defend it against aggression in the same way as British territory. To unsophisticated minds it would seem that here is a distinction without a difference, and that the meaning of protection is to defend the protected against aggression. To calm any apprehension that might be felt, he asserted that the Ashantees, who numbered only 4,000, were at the *back* of the protected territory. Information obtained from non-official sources gave the number at 30,000 in one body, and, indeed it is now officially admitted that the Colonial Office has been misinformed, and that the enemy numbers from 30,000 to 40,000 men. Convinced at last that we have to deal with no mere raid, but with a very substantial and formidable invasion, Lord Kimberley has sent out in hot haste a rocket battery and some marines. It is probable, however, that these reinforcements will arrive somewhat late, for by this time the rainy season has commenced and operations in the field must have perforce come to an end.

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**DILIGENT IN BUSINESS.**—A man industrious in his calling, if without the fear of God, becomes a drudge to worldly ends; vexed when disappointed, overjoyed in success. Mingle but the fear of God with business, it will not abate a man's industry, but sweeten it; if he prosper, he is thankful to

God that gives him power to get wealth; if he miscarry, he is patient under the will and dispensation of the God he fears. It turns the very employment of his calling to a kind of religious duty and exercise of his religion, without damage or detriment to it.

Sir Matthew Hale.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume II. }

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{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXVII. }

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## "HONOUR ALL MEN."

WHOM shall we honour? Kings on thrones  
all golden,

With crowns of orient pearls, and Tyrian  
robe,

Heirs of the might of generations olden,  
Stretching their sceptre over half the globe?

Whom shall we honour? Statesmen sage and  
hoary,

Wise to retain and wiser to reform,  
Stirred by no thirst but that of life's true glory,  
Bold pilots through the darkness and the  
storm?

Whom shall we honour? Poets chanting  
sweetly

The lays of might that thrill a nation's heart,  
High souls that do their Master's bidding  
meety,  
And on the mountain summits roam apart?

Nay, not these only: infants in their weakness,  
Slaves in their galleys, prisoners in their cell;  
Young girls that shrink and quail in maiden  
meekness,

Sick, poor, unknowing;—honour these as  
well.

Calm let the voice be, kind as angel's greeting;  
Gentle the words, as one who fears to pain;  
Reproach with pity, wrath with love still meet-  
ing,

Searching how best thy brother's soul to  
gain.

So spake true saints of God, and won men's  
favour;

So lived meek Paul, in pure and blameless  
guile;

Now with clear joy, and now in accents graver,  
Rousing each conscience, winning each to  
mile.

So, subtly truthful, courteous, calm and gentle,  
Drawing all hearts with cords of trust and  
love,

His true sons guarding with a love parental,  
He moved, as bright stars through the dark-  
ness move.

So spake our Master, patient, meek, and lowly,  
To way-worn travellers, Israel's wandering  
sheep;

He the All-pure, receiving men unholy,  
Sharing their joys, and weeping as they weep.

Yea, doubt it not; each soul deserves that  
honour;

We may count none as common or unclean;  
She beareth still the King's true stamp upon  
her;

Marred, half-effaced, His likeness still is  
seen.

Hushed be each word and thought of wrath  
and scorning;

Turn not away in weariness or pride;  
When the light dawns of life's eternal morning,  
The poorest, frailest, may be at thy side.

Yes, honour all; but keep thy heart's best lov-  
ing,

For those true brothers, children of thy God,  
On the same pathway, to the same goal mov-  
ing,

The strait and narrow way our Master trod.

Love with a love that does not fail nor lan-  
guish;

Enduring, zealous, hoping, helping all;  
Quick to console all sorrow, soothe all anguish,  
Still burning brightly though the thick night  
fall.

Sunday Magazine.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

## UNSATISFACTORY.

"HAVE other lovers,—say, my love,—  
Loved thus before to-day?"—

"They may have, yes they may, my love;  
Not long ago they may."

"But though they worshipped thee, my love,  
Thy maiden heart was free?"—

"Don't ask too much of me, my love;  
Don't ask too much of me."

"Yet now 'tis you and I, my love,  
Love's wings no more will fly?"—

"If Love could never die, my love,  
Our love should never die."

"For shame! and is this so, my love,  
And Love and I must go?"—

"Indeed I do not know, my love;  
My life, I do not know."

"You will, you must be true, my love,  
Nor look and love anew!"—

"I'll see what I can do, my love;  
I'll see what I can do."

Macmillan.

## HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

GOD make my life a little light,  
Within the world to glow;  
A little flame that burneth bright,  
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,  
That giveth joy to all,  
Content to bloom in native bower,  
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,  
That comforteth the sad;  
That helpeth others to be strong,  
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff  
Whereon the weak may rest,  
That so what health and strength I have  
May serve my neighbours best.

God make my life a little hymn  
Of tenderness and praise;  
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,  
In all his wondrous ways.

Good Words.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

From The Quarterly Review.  
CENTRAL ASIA.\*

THE first two works on our list were issued before the late revival of excitement about Central Asian questions. The publication must, in each case, have been inspired by a happy prescience, or guided by singular good fortune.

Of Professor Vámbéry's book, we cannot speak at such length as it might justly claim. It is the only history of Bokhara in existence; the narrative is maintained with surprising spirit; and the proportions assigned to each period are adjusted with great judgment, and free from prolixity. The author uses a variety of new Oriental sources, and introduces us to dynasties now named in an European book for the first time. They, indeed, as might be expected, are not the dynasties whose history affords the most attractive episodes. The attention must flag over the barren wars and bigotries of the later Uzbeg rule, till that rule reaches a climax of degradation in Nasrullah Khan, best identified to English readers as the unpunished murderer of Conolly and Stoddart, father of the present Amír Mozaffar, on whose unhappy head, as Professor Vámbéry remarks, the ancient Hebrew proverb, that "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," has found a rare and rapid completeness of verification. In the base reign of Nasrullah a new and vast power rises luridly on the horizon of Bokhara.

\* 1. *History of Bokhara, from the Earliest Period down to the Present.* By Arminius Vámbéry. London, 1873.

2. *A Journey to the Source of the River Oxus.* By Captain John Wood, Indian Navy. New Edition, edited by his Son. With an *Essay on the Geography of the Valley of the Oxus.* By Colonel Henry Yule, C.B. 1872.

3. *Correspondence with Russia respecting Central Asia.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. 1873. Nos. 1 and 2. (Quoted below as A and B.)

4. *Die Russen in Centralasien.* Von F. v. Hellwald. Wien, 1869.

5. *A General Report on the Yusufzais.* By H. W. Bellew, Assistant Surgeon, Corps of Guides. Lahore, 1864.

6. *Report on Peshawar District.* By Major H. James, C.B. Lahore, 1871.

7. *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.* Vol. XXVII.: *Notes on Kafiristan*; and Vol. XXXI.: *Account of Suwat, &c.* By Captain H. G. Raverty.

Bokhara seems not to have been of much antiquity at the Mahomedan conquest. Moslem writers, cited by Vámbéry as asserting that the city's name meant in the language of the idolaters "a place of study," indicate its true origin. The site is said to have been a hollow covered with marshy jungle. Here, then, amid the reeds and wild-fowl, some pious Buddhist ascetics established their *Vihāra*, just as the early monks of our own lands sat down amidst the fens of Ely or Glastonbury. It is interesting thus to trace in the name of Holy Bokhara a flood-mark, in the extreme north-west, of that strange influence of Hindu religion which has spread in an opposite quarter to far Japan and the Moluccas.

We had selected for extract passages treating of the accession of the Amír Maasum (1784), and his invasion of Merv, because they touch characteristics of Central Asia; the pharisaic Islamism of Bokhara; the slaving raids, which are the scourge of the whole Khórasan frontier; the processes by which tracts of Asia, once fertile and populous, become the irretrievable prey of barrenness. But space affords but one extract, which we take from a letter addressed to the Amír by Aga Mahomed Shah in 1797, and which contains a remarkable recognition of the national unity of the Turkish races:—

Dost thou perchance wish to renew the old wars between Iran and Turan? For such a task thou art verily not sufficient. To play with the tail of the lion, to tickle the tiger in the ear, is not the part of a prudent man. Yet all men are descended from Adam and Eve, and if thou art proud of thy relationship to Turanian princes, know that my descent is also from the same. . . . We all of us owe thanks to God, the Almighty, that he hath given the dominion over Turan and Iran, over Rúm, Rúš, China, and India, to the exalted family of Turk. Let each be content. . . . I also will dwell in peace within the ancient boundaries of Iran, and none of us will pass over the Oxus. —P. 355.

It is indeed a notable fact that for more than eight centuries at least, unless the anarchy that followed the death of Nadir Shah show a kind of exception, no dynasty of other than Turanian blood has



reigned in Iran; nor, during that time, has any dynasty of Iranian blood held high power anywhere in Asia.

The English of Vámbéry's work is far above the ordinary run of anonymous translations. There are some odd mistakes in it, but they evidently spring from the translator's want of familiarity with Oriental subjects, and not from defective knowledge of either German or English. Dr. Vámbéry gives us incidentally many curious etymologies. We are glad to believe him when he tells us that *Mankbar-ni*, the cognomen of Jaláluddín, the gallant king of Chorasmia, meaning "the Sniveller," is an error for *Mangbardi*, "the Heaven-sent." Still the meanings which he assigns to the names of the Tartar tribes are trivial enough. He considers the name of the great tribe of *Kerait* to have been a corruption of *Kirit*, "Grey Dog." *Manghit*, the tribe to which the reigning house of Bokhara belongs, he interprets as "Sick Dog"! *Kungrat*, the race from which the Khans of Cathay used to select their handmaidens, according to that strange system of competitive marks described by Marco Polo, and still surviving as an Uzbek clan, is "Chestnut Horse;" and *Oirat*, another tribe of great fame in the Mongol wars, is "Grey Horse." We hesitate when our author asserts the surname of Timour, *Gurgán*, as commonly written, to be properly *Köreken*, meaning "Handsome," and to be merely the name for the particular family from which the conqueror was sprung. We have always understood the title *Gurgán*, to be a Mongol term, meaning "Son-in-law," which was applied formally to chiefs espoused to ladies of the Great Khan's family, and which was bestowed on Timour because one of his wives was a daughter of the last Mongol emperor at Cambaluc. Hence he is called by the Chinese Timour *Fuma*, a term having the same application.

We bow to Professor Vámbéry's *Ozbeq*, without adopting a symbol that only puzzles an English reader; and we doubt not he has reasons for writing Belkh and Bedakhshan (though why in the name of consistency not *Bedekhshan*?), but in an English book we protest against these

disguises of the familiar Balkh and Badakhshán; whilst we hardly recognize the Lion of the Panjáb under the form of *Rendjit*, or Naoshera (more strictly Noh-shaira), the scene of his triumph over the Afghans, under that of *Nutcherov*.

The last chapter of the "History of Bokhara" is headed "*Emir Mozaffar-eddin and the House of Romanoff*." This gives a spirited sketch of Russian progress in Turkestan. Vámbéry, it need not be said, is no friend to Russian aggrandizement, but in this history he writes impartially and does full justice to Russian valour and enterprise.

In General Duhamel's memorandum on a diversion against British India, recently published by the "Allgemeine Zeitung," on nothing is so much stress laid as on the necessity of Afghan alliance. And it was a just perception of this that led to our fatal enterprise of 1838. The importance attached to the Russian agency in that quarter was perfectly well founded, however disastrous the shape that our rulers gave to their consequent action. The third part of a century — the measure of a generation — has passed since then, and great indeed has been the approximation of the two empires. The advance has not been all on the Russian side. In 1838 our frontier posts were on the left bank of the Sutlej, and of these Ferozpoore alone was within 300 miles of the Indus. In 1873 the Indus and all its Indian tributaries are within our frontier, which practically extends to the foot of the Bolan Pass leading to Southern Afghanistan, as well as to the jaws of the Khyber leading to Kábul. Russia was then at Orenburg; she is now at Samarkand; and her troops have been at Shahr Sabz. Roundly speaking the direct interval between Ferozpoore and Orenburg was more than 1800 miles, that between Peshawar and Samarkand is less than 500.

The history of the Russian advance from the old frontier has been sketched in former numbers of this Review by the hand of a master.\* The last of these

\* See "Quarterly Review" for October, 1865, and October, 1868.

brought the narrative to the battle of Irjár and the capture of Khojand.

The battle of Irjár, fought May 20th 1866, at a spot near the left bank of the Jaxartes between Tashkand and Khojand, was won by the Russians at very small cost; their friendly historian von Hellwald says, "Some dozens of wounded were the loss spoken of;"\* but it was an important day in the history of Central Asia.

The Amír of Bokhara there first came into personal contact with Russian discipline, courage, and artillery; he had to flee for his life, leaving his whole camp equipage, guns, and material. It was difficult to maintain illusions when Russian round-shot were bowling by him, and Cossack spears pressing upon his crupper; and, for the first time, the hard shell of arrogance and ignorance was pierced by some perception of his own ineffable weakness before the power that he had provoked. Vámbéry calls Irjár the Cannæ of Turkestan, but perhaps *Plassey* would be a happier parallel, not only in the results of the victory, but in the disparity of the victor's force and the insignificance of his losses. Khojand was stormed a fortnight later (6th June). The half of Khokand, with two out of its three most important cities, had now passed into the Russian empire, and the Khan held what was left him at the pleasure of the Czar; the Russians, therefore, had nothing to dread in rear of their advance to Bokhara. The Amír looked far and near for help in vain.

Count Dashkoff, who had succeeded to the command, advanced. The fortress of Uriatippa was stormed on the 2nd October, 1866; and Jizzakh on the 18th. A pause followed, during which an imperial ukase [16th (28th) July, 1867] reconstructed the Russian administration in Central Asia, placing under one general government of Turkestan the whole of

the territory from the Aral to the Thian-shan and the Zungarian frontier. General Kaufmann was selected for the new government. The Amír in this interval made some half-hearted and futile attempts at negotiation, followed by renewed hostilities. In May, 1868, the Russian advanced posts were at Tash-Kopruk, or "the Stone Bridge," on one of the branches of the Zarafshán, or River of Samarkand. On the 13th the force (about 8000 men and 16 guns) went forward. A vain attempt was made to stop them by a pretence of negotiations; but General Kaufmann paid no attention, and the Zarafshán was crossed in the face of the Uzbek batteries. The Amír's troops, amounting to some 40,000 men, and posted most favourably, left their guns and ran as soon as the Russians drew near. The gates of Samarkand were closed against the fugitives, but opened to the enemy.

The Amír's last attempt at resistance against the invaders was made (June 14) at Sirpúl, about sixty miles on the Bokhara side of Samarkand, ending, as usual, in the complete rout and dispersion of the Amír's forces and capture of their guns, and was followed by the peace which transferred to Russia all the Bokhara territory from Katte-Kurghán eastward, accompanied by a war indemnity and the fullest concession of commercial privileges.\*

Simultaneously an episode occurred at Samarkand which reads like a repetition of events in India. Major von Stempel had been left behind in the old citadel with detachments amounting to 658 men including sick. A force brought by Jura and Baba Beg, the chiefs of Kitáb and Shahr Sabz, to the aid of Bokhara, and consisting of many thousands, after an attempt to decoy the garrison to a distance from the walls, with the treacherous connivance of the native officials, entered the city, and for eight days continued their assaults, by day and night, upon the very imperfect defences of the citadel. These were maintained in the most heroic and

\* Yet this Austrian writer speaks of the "murderous fire" of the Amír's artillery, and says he was provided through English aid with excellent rifled cannon and Minié small-arms. It is strange that so intelligent a writer can be so credulous. He is surpassed, however, by the Petersburg *Mir*, which states that England is organizing Chinese troops in Western China to use against the Russians!—*Times*, March 29th.

\* We nowhere find a trustworthy statement of the terms.



indefatigable manner, with heavy loss indeed (221 killed and wounded), but without parting with an inch of ground; and on the 20th June the return of General Kaufmann brought relief to this illustrious garrison.

We may mistrust the objects of the conquering Russian, or feel that his interest and ours are hard to reconcile; but it is impossible to feel much compassion for the conquered Uzbek. The memory of Conolly and Stoddart is enough to bar that. Nor surely can any Englishman read the details of Russian feats like this defence of Samarkand without a glow of sympathy, and the remembrance of many a parallel story on Indian soil.

Not long afterwards the Amfr had to seal his humiliation by calling in Russian aid to put down a rebellion which his heir, Abdul Malik Mirza, had raised, with the assistance of the chiefs of Shahr Sabz on the south of the Aksai mountains, which bound the valley of the Zarafshân. Karshi (November 1868), and, on a renewed occasion two years later, Shahr Sabz itself, the cradle of Timour,\* were occupied by General Abramoff, but faithfully made over to the Amfr of Bokhara.

Evidently, however, it rests with Russia to advance her boundary to the Oxus when she thinks it for her advantage. And in the recent correspondence between Lord Granville and Prince Gortchakoff the probability of that advance seems almost frankly implied.

That correspondence and the discussions on it have brought up many names destined perhaps to be better known, but heretofore little familiar. Nor has this sudden revival of the Central Asian question in a new phase found some of our most potent authorities of the press well up in their geography. To quote examples would be invidious, though it would be the best justification of our desire to devote the remainder of this paper to an attempt, aided by free use of the works before us, to sketch some of the main facts of the geography of the countries between the two empires, and especially of the tracts named in the recent correspondence.

We must limit our field, and do not intend to touch on the three great northern Khanates. Their fate seems fixed as that of the three sinners whom Dante beheld

in the jaws of Dis. Bokhara, already more than half devoured,

Che 'l capo ha dentro e fuor le gambe mena;  
Khokand, mutilated and still, but his head yet spared,

Vedi come si storce, e non fa motto.

Khiva, "che par sì membruto," the most bloated sinner of the three, even as he feels the "maciulla," the heckle of the mighty grinders closing upon him, calls up a show of the old insolence.

There is one particular name which haunts the geographical utterances of some of our daily teachers, as the case of King Charles I. haunted the memorials of one of Mr. Dickens's eccentrics—it is the *Bolor Dagh*. At one time conviction dawns of the fact that this Bolor Dagh belongs, like *phlogiston* or the *primum mobile*, to an obsolete system. But it is only for a moment; a few days pass, and we find our old friend the Bolor Dagh revived, like the "De'il that was dead" in the old Scotch rhyme, and playing as important a part as ever.

The reality represented in some measure by this name of Bolor Dagh, condemned to geographical oblivion by the error and fiction with which it has got inextricably connected, is the mountain mass on which lies the great plateau of Pamir. M. Severtzoff and some other geographers give this mass the name of Tsung-ling, applied to it by the Chinese from time immemorial, and which has perhaps as fair a claim to adoption as those of Kuen-lun and Thian-shan, which have long acquired all the rights of citizenship. But we shall adhere to the name of Pamir as less outlandish. This seems to be the "Mountain Parnassus" of Aristotle, "the greatest of all that exist towards the winter sunrise," from which flowed down Indus, Bactrus, Choaspes, Araxes, and other rivers of the largest size. To this the old Parsi traditions seem to point as the origin and nucleus of the Aryan migrations. And to this day it is a centre round which cluster in a very remarkable manner fragments of old Aryan nations. On this central boss of Asia the oldest Mahomedan invaders would seem, by their identification with Gihon and Phison of the great rivers which descend from its sides, to have believed that the terrestrial paradise was to be sought. This is the northern Imaus of Ptolemy, over which caravans passed to Serica for silk. And our most modern geographers con-

\* This is the *Sherri Yebst* taken possession of by the Russians according to B. p. 51. One fancies at first that they had secured a butt of some famous dry vintage.

cur with Ptolemy in regarding this great physical and political watershed as but a prolongation of the great Himalya. To this day, thirty-five years after Captain Wood's winter journey to one of the chief sources of the Oxus on the Pamir plateau, no second European has stood upon that upper story of the world; and though native explorers have rounded his data and extended route-measurements across the whole breadth of the great watershed, it is still to that officer that we are indebted for the core and spine of our geography of the Upper Oxus. We regret that Captain Alexander Wood, in republishing his father's narrative, did not give us a regular biography of the author.\* The slight sketch that he does present of his history, the charm of character which shines from the narrative itself, and the high importance and interest of his exploration mark him as one entitled to a permanent place among English worthies.

If we look to the Pamir plateau, properly so called, the whole drainage of its surface flows by various branches either to the Oxus, or to that great central drain of Eastern Turkestan which our maps call Tarim Gol, terminating in Lake Lob, a basin without outlet, of which we know but the name. The old tradition of the Chinese, based perhaps upon the apparent disproportion of this recipient to the vast amount of drainage directed towards it, has always regarded the Tarim as the veritable origin of the Hoang-ho, which was supposed to dive underground like a colossal Arethusa, and to reappear near the Chinese frontier. Neither Indus nor Jaxartes draws any supplies from the proper surface of the plateau, though the former is fed from its southern spurs, and the latter also may be regarded as receiving contributions from its northern counterforts in the upper valleys of Khokand.

Strictly speaking, however, Pamir is divided from the Khokand mountains by another and lower plateau, called the Steppe of Alai. A vast sierra runs like a barrier wall from east to west between these two Steppes, rising in some glorious peaks to 25,000 feet above the sea. To this the eminent traveller Fedchenko, who first described it from the north, has given from the Russian standpoint the name of *Trans-Alai*. To us, looking from India, it would be *Cis-Alai* or *Trans-Pamir*, and it seems better to retain the

neutral name which our Indian travellers had already given it of *Kizil Yart*.

Taking this sierra as the northern limit, the Pamir Steppe may be reckoned to have a length of about 180 miles from north to south, with a breadth of about half. It rises at the highest part to 15,600 feet above the sea, and seems to consist in the main of stretches of tolerably level ground, broken and divided by low rounded hills, and in many places whitened with salts, but interspersed with patches of willow and thorny shrubs, and in summer with tracts of luxuriant grass, the fattening properties of which have been extolled by various travellers from Marco Polo downwards. Many lakes, apparently shallow and varying in extent with the season, are scattered over the surface. Deer (or some animal so called by native travellers) are numerous near the waters, and the great sheep to which Mr. Blyth gave the name of *Ovis Poli*, after the traveller who first mentioned it, seems to be found all over the plateau. According to one native traveller the wild yak, a characteristic animal of the higher Himalya, is also found on Pamir.

To the eastward some of the offshoots of Pamir rise high into the regions of eternal snow before dropping into the plains of Kashgar or the valleys of the Yarkand river and its tributaries. On these upper waters a small secluded State, spoken of already as ancient in the seventh century, had maintained itself in essential independence from time immemorial. Latterly it bore the name of Sarikol, or of Tashkurghán ("Stone Fort") from the wall of massive stone that girds its old capital. Much interest attaches to it as having been till the other day the one surviving community of Aryan race to the eastward of Imaus. In 1869 it was annexed by the present ruler of Kashgar; the representative of its ancient Tajik lords was driven out,\* and the whole of his people were swept away to be replaced by Kirghiz herdsmen.

Below this is Eastern Turkestan, a country which till very recently had been for centuries rigidly inaccessible. It forms a great elevated basin, encircled, except on the east, where the Great Gobi shuts it in, by mountains among the highest in the world. The southern and western parts of the basin, where the cities of Khotan, Yarkand, and Kashgar, have existed from unknown dates, stand

\* And surely a portrait of him in the good old fashion would have formed an apter and more valuable frontispiece than the horrid crocodiles that usurp that place.

\* He appears, from an allusion in the Russian papers, to have found his way to Tashkand.



at a level of upwards of 4000 feet above the sea, and its lowest part, where Lake Lob lies, is supposed to stand about 1200. The populated country consists of a chain of oases forming an open necklace of rich cultivation, girdling a central desert—the 'Takla Makán—which is, in fact, a great inlet of the Gobi. A constant tradition in the country, confirmed by notices in Chinese works, alleges the 'great encroachments' of this desert, and speaks of cities buried in its sands, of which the sites are known. That treasure is reputed to be found in these is a matter of course, but that *tea* is found, in one of them at least, is a more uncommon circumstance, and appears to be a matter of fact. The climate is very dry; there is little rain; cultivation depends on irrigation from the rivers, which are utilized by an infinity of canals and watercourses. Mr. Shaw, the first Englishman to penetrate this region, and fortunately for us, as intelligent as he is enterprising, was strongly impressed by the cultivated and settled aspect of the country, and by the prosperous, brisk, and intelligent aspect of the people. He believes that though they have long been Turks in language, there is in the race a deep basis of Aryan blood. The long faces, well-formed noses, and full beards of the peasantry testify to this.

From the second century before Christ this region has again and again come under Chinese dominion. It did so on the last occasion in 1759, and they held it, not without frequent and serious revolts, till 1863. The spirit of insurrection which had for eight or nine years been rife among the Mahomedan subjects of China then spread to these regions; the eagles gathered from all sides to the prey, and the mastery of the country was eventually attained, through alternate valour and treachery, by Mahomed Yakúb Kushbegi. This man is said to be by descent a Tajik of Shagháná, but born at Pishpek, on the Chú river (now in the Russian territory of Fort Véroñ), and, according to some accounts, commanded the Khokand garrison of Ak-masjid, on the Jaxartes, when they repelled the first tentative attack of the Russians in 1852. For the last six years he has reigned over the whole basin of Eastern Turkestan with the title of Atalik Gházi; and his power now reaches from Pamir eastward to Komul, a distance of some 1100 miles. Should Russia covet this territory, she would probably not find the first conquest difficult, now that

Khokand is practically a tributary. It is indeed, alleged that the chief pass between Khokand and Kashgar has been already made practicable for artillery. But it is not probable that the Russian Government will at any early date be desirous so far to extend its cares; nor, if it did, would the occupation be so serious to us as the establishment of Russian power on the Oxus.

During the period of the Chinese rule, up to the murder of Adolphus Schlagintweit at Kashgar in 1857, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that as little rumour of what passed in Eastern Turkestan reached India across the high Tibetan tracts as there reached Europe in the middle ages of what was passing among the Aztecs. Many Englishmen now living must have spent thirty years in the upper provinces of India without ever having heard a word of events in Kashgar of Khotan. About the years 1834–35 some obstacles in the route usually followed by pilgrims from Chinese Turkestan, bound for the holy places of Arabia, led them to adopt the practice of travelling to Bombay for shipment to Jedda. Mr. Wathen, then Secretary to the Bombay Government, having taken advantage of this circumstance to collect from them a number of particulars regarding the modern history and geography of their country, the publication of these was regarded as a contribution to knowledge of extreme novelty and value.\* And justly so, seeing how completely closed to modern exploration the country was. This entire absence of communication was due, no doubt, in some considerable degree, to the old Chinese custom of hermetically sealing a frontier.† But, in a great degree also, it was owing to the nature of the routes between the two countries. A few figures will best show what that is.

Amritsar, the commercial centre of the Panjáb, lies about 60 miles from the foot of the mountains, and its distance in a straight line to Yarkand is, roundly speaking, 460 miles. But the actual distance as travelled by the principal routes is—

1. By Kashmír, Ladák, Karakorum Passes, and Shadulla, to Yarkand, 70 marches, or 945 miles;
2. By the more easterly routes, via Kúlú, Ladák, Changchenmo, and Shadulla, to Yarkand, 77 marches, or 1069 miles.

\* See "Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal," vol. iv. p. 653.

† The unchanged conservative custom of the ancient Seres: "Mites quidem sed et ipsis eris persimiles, cætum reliquorum mortalium fugiunt."—Pliny, vii. 20.

On the first of these two lines, and in the section between Ladúk and Shadulla, the frontier station of the Kashgar government, an interval which occupies 20 marches, four passes have to be crossed that are higher than 17,500 feet above the sea, and for 10 successive marches the halting-ground is never below 15,000 feet, say the height of Mont Blanc.

On the second route, the interval between Ladúk and Shadulla occupies 25 marches. On this also four passes have to be crossed that are higher than 17,500 feet, and three of the four are over 18,350 feet. Moreover during these 25 marches the encampment is never below 11,000 feet; three times only it is below 12,000, and in eleven cases it is at 15,000 feet and upwards. This surely is the true Roof of the World! Pamir is but an entresol.

The intervention of such a region as these figures characterize not only renders serious menace on that side impracticable, but it is such a barrier to communication, and such a deadener of the sense of neighbourhood, that the presence even of a Russian force upon the plain of Yarkand would not be realized with anything like the vivid impressions that would be produced by its advent on the Oxus opposite Balkh or Kunduz.

Great as these obstacles are, they are not enough to prevent trade. The year after our Government persuaded the Maharaja of Kashmír to abolish transit duties on the trade with the Kashgar territories, it increased sevenfold. The demand, by that well-to-do population of which Mr. Shaw has told us, for our Indian teas, and for our English woollens and piece goods, is great. Shawl-wool, silk, and gold are to be had in return. And yet we have all but let these advantages slip through our fingers:—

The trade of the new Russian province of Tashkend was in 1868 about 5,000,000<sup>l</sup>.\* in value, but was said to be capable of vast increase if the Eastern Turkestan market could be secured. Since then Russia has made a commercial treaty with the Atalik Gházi, Mohammed Yakúb, for the purpose of securing access to this market, but it is quite open to us at present to do the same. The moment, however, is critical. Russia, in the exercise of her undoubted rights, has chosen to protect her own manufactures by establishing a prohibitive tariff against English goods in her newly conquered provinces. Even in the semi-independent State of Bokhara, her in-

fluence has secured the imposition of crushing differential duties to the detriment of English trade. We thus see what we have to expect in the vastly more important market of Eastern Turkestan, now that she has once put her foot there. And surely we shall not be able to blame the native ruler if he grants to Russia exclusively those commercial advantages which we do not take the trouble to ask for a share in.\*

The chain of lofty Himalyan peaks striking off from the south-east point of Pamir, to which our maps give the Turki names of Múztágh and Karakorum, divides the highest valleys of Sarikol and the Yarkand river from the basin of the Indus, which draws, from those mountains and the southern buttresses of Pamir, the tribute of the River of Gilghit and its confluent. This Gilghit valley, with the valley-states ramifying from it of Hunza or Kanjúť, Nagri, and Yasin, and others to the south-west, of which we barely know the names, constitute Dardistán, the country of the Daradas of old Sanskrit literature, the *Daradræ* and *Dardæ* of Ptolemy and Pliny, still bearing the same generic name as *Dardus*. Of the Gilghit valleys we know little yet, and from near the Gilghit confluence, for a course of many miles down the main stream, no European has ever passed. The Raja of Kashmír is gradually annexing the Dard valleys. In Yasin, one of the highest of them, poor Hayward was so cruelly murdered two years ago, when about to ascend to Pamir by the Pass of Darkot.† His last letters give a few particulars regarding the people, and speak of their brown hair, occasional hazel and blue eyes, and the (comparatively) English aspect of the women. Though the people of all the districts we have named are reckoned as Dardus, at least two languages are spoken among them, having absolutely nothing in common. The *Khajuna*, spoken by the people of Hunza and Nagri, at the foot of the great Múztágh glaciers (the greatest glaciers in the world out of the Polar circles), is a non-Aryan tongue, whose relationship has not yet been traced to any language. Little has been told us of these people. The Kanjúťis of Hunza are described as "tall skeletons"; they are by habit and repute

\* Letter of Mr. R. B. Shaw in the "Times," Jan. 25, 1873. — We are glad to see by recent accounts from Calcutta that an envoy has arrived from Kashgar, that a commercial treaty is likely to be concluded, and that Mr. Forsyth will conduct a return mission.

† We have a report of this pass by one Ibrahim Khan. It runs for about six miles over snow, and a glacier has to be crossed.

\* This figure has naturally given rise to question, but the amount is not essential to the object urged.



desperate brigands and man-stealers, and are the terror of the northern valleys. The *Shind*, again, or language of the south-western Dards, is evidently a dialect of Sanskrit kin.\*

Most, if not all, of the Dard tribes now profess Mahomedanism, but, like others of the rude converts round Pamir, they have not abandoned their love of the grape-juice, which abounds in these purlieus of the Nysæan Mount.† And Islam having but recently penetrated those regions, there is naturally a lack of those venerable shrines of ancient saints in which Mahomedan devotees rejoice. Hence, it is alleged, the Dardu Moslem, when they catch a promising saint, are apt to make a martyr of him, in order to have a holy shrine at hand, as an aid in "making their souls."

In that unknown tract of the Indus valley to the south, the Dard comes in contact with tribes of Afghan race, or, at least, of tribes *Afghanized* by long contact and subjection, and these extend down to our own Afghan province of Pesháwar. The name of *Yághistán*, applied to the tract, exactly describes the *malandrinesco* character which the people have borne ever since the region was colonized by the turbulent Afghan. A large part of the country derives a more courteous name from the great Afghan clan of Yúsufzai, who are its predominant occupants, and who also inhabit the northern half of our Pesháwar plain. But the less complimentary name is thoroughly deserved. Their polity is, probably, the nearest approach to the realization of the French *Commune*, in its most modern sense, that exists on earth. Each petty tribe forms an independent commonwealth, and each such community is the rival, if not the foe, of every other. When undisturbed by a common external enemy, the several tribes are always opposed; feuds, estrangements, and affrays are of constant occurrence; the public roads and private property are alike insecure. The traveller invariably conceals and misrepresents the time and direction of his journey. *Vendetta*, unsurpassed by anything in Corsican story, is a law imbibed by children with the mother's milk; and the women are often the first to urge their men to deeds of blood. The

men, though wearing arms as regularly as other men wear clothes, seldom or never venture from their own lands, unless disguised as priests or beggars. On the Pesháwar plain, previous to the British occupation, men ploughed with rifle slung and sword girt; growing crops and grazing cattle were watched by armed pickets. All this is changed now *within* the red line; and the Yúsufzai plain, of which great part was dreary waste, is becoming rapidly covered with cultivation. But the plain alone is within our boundary, and the old characteristics prevail beyond it.

Of our Pesháwar valley itself some parts have an aspect of savage sterility; but from the slight elevation on which the British camp stands, the impression, especially in spring, is very different. A vast sheet of luxuriant wheat is at your feet, broken by groves of fruit-trees rich in blossom; the clear bold outline of the mountains encircles you on all sides; snowy peaks, the outliers of Hindu Kúsh, rise to the north-west; to the south-west open the dark jaws of Khyber, breathing painful memories; far to the north-east you almost certainly behold Aornos, if you but knew which of those heights it crowned! Yonder cairn of tumbled stones on the plain was once a great Buddhist dagoba, rising in golden splendour to a height of 700 feet (so say the Chinese travellers), the work of the great Scythian conqueror Kanishka. The valley was studded with the cities and temples of an Indian people. But after the Mahomedan invasions began, and Mongol raids that followed them, year after year, the fertile and prosperous plain became desolate; man almost disappeared, and the rhinoceros haunted the marshy thickets of the valley. Then came the Afghan immigration. The marshy thickets exist no longer, and the very memory of the rhinoceros, which Sultan Baber hunted here little more than 350 years ago, has perished as utterly as the mammoth's on the banks of Dordogne; nor does the animal exist within a thousand miles of Pesháwar.

In the Yúsufzai country, near our border, there has existed for many years the seat of a fanatical Mahomedan zealotry, founded originally some fifty years ago, and which has long derived recruits and remittances from the bigoted and malcontent in India. The troubles stirred by this nest of sedition and fanaticism led to the somewhat serious operations of 1863 known as the Sitána or Ambeyla Campaign. A name often mentioned in

\* A work now being published by Dr. Leitner, of Lahore, may be expected to give information of high interest on Dardistan.

† Nothing seems clear as to the position of that city and Mount of Bacchus, which was visited by Alexander, except that it was somewhere in the angle between the Kábul river and the Indus.

connection with those troubles was that of the Akhund of Swát. This personage, Abdul Ghafúr, was originally a herdsman, whose austerities and hermit life gradually won him an immense reputation for sanctity and miraculous power. His history is singularly like that of some of the ascetic saints in the Roman Calendar. Though not a man of literary or theological education, he became a potent authority in all religious questions, and issued his rescripts to the surrounding regions. It was commonly believed that he daily entertained hundreds of visitors, cured them of all diseases, granted their diversity of desires, and fed them as his guests, without the aid of visible means. Probably the Akhund was by no means himself the active and indefatigable intriguer that the Anglo-Indian press conceived, but he and his name were used as tools by the Sitána gang.

Swát is the greatest of the Yúsufzai valleys. In old times, when yet an Indian country, it was known as *Udyána*, or "The Garden." Its river, Suvastú, appears by that name (*Soastus*) in the Greek writers, and the remains of old Indian cities and Buddhist temples still exist in the valley. It has never been entered by any European, nor is that easy for any stranger, even a Mahommedan. The valley, 70 miles in length, is crowded with villages, hidden among groves of plane and other stately trees; the cultivation runs in an almost unbroken chain of terraces beside the noisy and sparkling river; and the mountains above are crowned with forests of the edible pine, the Deodar cedar, and the wild olive. But this secluded paradise has its drawbacks. It is frightfully unhealthy; the filth and vermin of the dwellings are even beyond other Afghan wont; and feuds are at such a pitch in the upper valley that hardly any intercourse takes place between village and village. Some of the Swát customs are very peculiar. Among others is that of a periodical redistribution of lands by lot, after intervals varying from ten to thirty years. Another is that when two proprietors fall out, both are expelled from the community (like the "rogue elephants" of Ceylon) with the loss of all civil and domestic rights, until they can make it up again. The women have great freedom, and go out on visiting excursions 30 or 40 miles from home, in be vies of fifteen or twenty together, with no male escort. The Swátis also, strange in Mahommedans, are said, after a few years, to drive the plough

through their own cemeteries, prefacing the operation merely by an apostrophe to their dead kith and kin, "Look out! tuck up your legs! the plough is coming."\* The men are dark and lean, having little resemblance to the typical Afghan, and it is probable that a strong mixture of aboriginal blood, as well as seclusion, has tended to fashion their peculiarities.

Near Jalálábád—a name still heard with pride by an Englishman,—the Kábul river is joined by a large tributary, descending from the lofty mountain country to the north, and generally called in our maps by the local names of Kúner or Káma. It is the *Choaspes*, or perhaps the *Malamantus*, of the ancients. As far as the first lofty chain of heights through which the river breaks, the country is inhabited by *Afghanized* tribes; after a rugged ascent the upper valley is reached, extending, it is said, in comparatively easy slope to the borders of Pamir, and forming the kingdom called Chitrál, or as often Káshkár. Klaproth, whose knowledge was large, but not the omniscience which he supposed, decided that the mention of a Kashkar in this quarter was a blunder of Elphinstone's; but he was rash and wrong.†

Our knowledge of this country is scanty. The people make an ignorant profession of Shiah Mahommedanism. Their language, from the vocabularies that have been published, is evidently of Sanskrit affinity. A telegram from Russia recently announced that the Mir of Badakhshán had "concluded an offensive and defensive treaty with the Badshah of Chitrál." The chief of Káshkár does in fact give himself the high-sounding title of *Bádsáh*, but it is about as appropriate as that of the quondam Emperor Soulouque. The country is said to be fertile and well peopled; but at heights varying from 6,000 to 12,000 feet, these are relative terms; and probably 80,000 souls would be a liberal guess-estimate at the population of his territory. The country is said to produce some silk and shawl-wool, with abundance of fruit, including fine grapes, from which wine is made, and used freely. Man-selling is very rife

\* Captain Raverty, in B. A. S. Journal, xxxi. p. 265.

† " . . . Un amas d'absurdités reçues à bras ouverts par les compilateurs, et entre lesquelles le double Kachghar occupe le premier rang. Le voyageur anglais, M. Elphinstone, ayant entendu parler de la ville de Kachghar . . . et du pays du même nom . . . n'a pas su combiner ces notions, que de supposer deux Kachghar. Il est cependant bien clair," &c.—*Mémoires relatifs à l'Asie*, ii. 293.



in Chitrál. The usual victims are the neighbouring Kafir tribes; but, failing them, the King is said to seize on slight pretence and sell his own subjects. Badakhshán is the usual mart. The Chief of Upper Káshkar, which recently formed a separate State, is alleged to have sent an annual tribute of slaves to the Prince of Badakhshán.\*

The road by Chitrál to Wakhan and Pamir (and so to Yarkand or Kashgar) is said to present less natural difficulty than any other from India; but this is not saying a great deal. The usual route leads from Pesháwar to Dír, in the north-west part of the Yúsufzai hill-country, through the Bajaur highlands, between the Kúner and the Panjkora rivers, that is to say the tract between the *Choaspes* and the *Guraus*, which Alexander traversed, and in which he captured the city *Arigæum*. Dír is mentioned by Marco Polo as on the route taken by Mongol banditti in an inroad on Kashmir and the Panjáb, from the side of Badakhshán. From Dír the road northward crosses the mountains which form the western wall of the Chitrál Valley, by a pass having a probable height of 12,000 or 13,000 feet. In winter this pass is impracticable on account of the snow, and in summer it is beset by Kafir robbers, who keep up an incessant fire upon travellers. Many are killed in the pass, and the graves of those who have fallen are marked by cairns and flags, and designated, "The tombs of the martyrs." Hundreds of these dismal memorials line the road and damp the traveller's spirits on the way between Dír and Chitrál. Besides the pass at the head of the Chitrál Valley, leading to Pamir, there are more direct but more difficult passes from Chitrál direct across the Hindu Kúsh to Badakhshán. On that called *Nuksán*, glaciers and large beds of snow are passed. In descending towards Chitrál the traveller is girt with a leathern kilt, and slides down the snow slope. Ponies have their feet tied together and are rolled down. "By these processes," says the native authority, "both men and beasts generally reach the base of the pass safely."

The learned but errant Wilford, in the latter part of last century, sent one Moghul Beg, a forerunner of Major Montgomerie's "Pundits," to explore these regions, and was informed by him that Chitrál was then "in great measure trib-

utary to the Emperor of China." This is a very curious circumstance, and, combined with other information collected by our eminent traveller, Mr. Shaw, identifies Chitrál with that *Bolor* of the modern Chinese Tables which has been rendered, by a combination of accidents, such a Will-o'-the-Wisp in geography.

The people of Káshkár are said to be very handsome, like their immediate neighbours to the westward, the Kafirs or Pagans; indeed, they are in all probability merely a converted section of the same race.

The land of the independent Kafirs — a land of lofty mountains, dizzy paths, and narrow bridges swinging over roaring torrents, of narrow, terraced valleys, of umbrageous forest trees, of wine and milk and honey, remains, as when Elphinstone first collected particulars regarding the people, untrudged by any European foot. The best chance that has ever occurred of exploring this country presented itself during the British occupation of Kábul, and was, in a melancholy manner, despised and neglected. The story is thus told by Captain Raverty, in the words of an officer who witnessed the circumstances: —

In the end of 1839 . . . when the Shah (Shújáh) and Sir W. Macnaghten had gone down to Jelalabad for winter quarters, a deputation of the Sialposh Kafirs came in from Nurgil to pay their respects, and, as it appeared, to welcome us as their relatives. If I recollect right there were some thirty or forty of them, and they made their entry into our lines with bagpipes playing. An Afghan Peon, sitting outside Edward Conolly's tent, on seeing these savages rushed into his master's presence, exclaiming, "Here they are, Sir! They are all come! Here are all your relations!" Conolly, amazed, looked up from his writing, and asked what on earth he meant; when the Peon, with a very innocent face, pointed out the skin-clad men of the mountains, saying, "There! don't you see them? Your relatives the Kafirs?" . . . The Kafirs themselves certainly claimed relationship; but I fear their reception by poor Sir William was not such as pleased them; and they returned to the hills regarding us as a set of purse-proud people, ashamed to own our country cousins. During the remainder of our sojourn in Afghanistan nothing more was seen or heard of this singular race . . . and I cannot but regard it as most unfortunate that when so favourable an opportunity presented itself of becoming acquainted with these tribes, and the country they inhabit, they should have been allowed to depart unconciliated, and no advantage have been taken of their visit.\*

\* The same charge of selling his subjects was formerly alleged against the Mir of Badakhshán. See Timkowski's "Travels," i. 423.

\* "Journal of Asiatic Society of Bengal," vol. xxviii. p. 345.

The narrator himself does not say what manner of men our supposed cousins were, except that they were "skin-clad." But unless they were *fair*, we scarcely see how the story of their kinship to us should have arisen. Burnes, Atkinson, Wood, and Masson, all speak of their blue eyes, nearly all of their brown hair. Bellew describes Faramorz Khan, an officer of Kafir birth in Afghan service, as of fair, almost florid complexion, and light brown hair, hardly to be distinguished from an Englishman. Elphinstone, who saw so accurately through a telescope what others have missed with the objects under their eyes,\* says that the Kafirs are remarkable for the fairness and beauty of their complexions. All these indications point to European complexion at least, but we are called to abandon this as delusion by Dr. Trumpp, a learned German missionary, who made acquaintance with three Kafirs at Pesháwar. He declares them to have been in all respects like natives of the Upper Provinces of India, of swarthy colour, with dark hair and dark eyes; only with a ruddiness due to wine. Further, Dr. Trumpp asserts that the Kafir words given by Burnes "are not Kafir words at all, but belong to one of the numerous dialects which are spoken in the Kohistan of Kábul." But, in fact, all the scanty vocabularies professing to represent the languages of the Kafirs, Kohistánis, Pashais, and others pre-Afghan tribes of that mountain country, show a good deal in common with a good deal of divergence. After all, Kafir is as vague a term as liberal theologian; and even among the Kafirs of that ilk—the Kafirs of Kafiristan, whose typical fairness we cannot doubt—there are eighteen tribes, and, may be, varieties of dialect. Hear again the accurate Elphinstone:—"There are several languages [dialects?] among the Kafirs, but they have all many words in common, and all have a near connection with the Shanskrit. They have all one peculiarity, which is, that they count by scores instead of hundreds, and that their thousand (which they call by the Persian or Pushtoo name) consists of 400, or 20 score." The reckoning by scores instead of hundreds appears in the grammar of a Kafir dialect collected by Dr. Trumpp.

Among the notable customs of the people, besides their large and constant use

of wine (which they boil, says Sultan Baber, a connoisseur in that matter), they always sit on chairs or stools, and find it as difficult as we do to adopt the cramped postures usual among Asiatics; they use slips of pine for candles; they employ with dexterity leaping poles for crossing the smaller streams; the dead are placed in coffins, and, after much waking, are carried to some lofty spot, and there deposited, but not buried. Their winter is severe, and arable land scanty; hence they depend much on dairy produce. Their houses are lofty, at least on the downward side of the hill, and much embellished with wood-carving.

Surrounded by people professing Mahomedanism they are natural objects of kidnapping forays, and these they retort on their neighbours by sallies from their mountain fastnesses to plunder and kill. Wood, in 1838, found the valley of the Upper Kokcha in Badakhshán deserted on account of the Kafir incursions. Raverty mentions a savage invasion of Kafiristan, made twenty years ago from the south-east side by the chief of Bajaur, in which villages were sacked and burned, and the people carried off and sold. Faiz Bakhsh speaks of a like invasion from the north in 1870 by the reigning Mír of Badakhshán, which penetrated through the Dozakh Darah, or Hell-glen, to Kalar, which he calls "the capital of Kafiristan," bringing back a large number of captives whom he saw at Fyzabad. Whatever difficulty from *within* the Kafir country exists as to its exploration is due apparently to this atrocious treatment at the hands of their Mahomedan neighbours.

It is pretty certain that the Afghans were not wrong in calling them our cousins, though more than "once removed." Perhaps when we come really to know them we shall find in them the nearest existing type of what the Aryan Hindu was when he first entered that sacred land of the *Hapta Hendu*, or Seven Rivers, from which he has acquired a name, and when blue-eyed Brahmans drove their white oxen a-field in the forests of Gandhara.

The *Kamoz* tribe of Kafirs are fairly supposed to be the surviving representatives of the *Kambojas* of primeval Indian literature, a name with which scholars have connected that of Cambyses, and from which was borrowed, by a practice frequent among Buddhist colonists or converts, the name of that region in the far East in whose forest depths such weird and stupendous masses of architec-

\* The Afghans believed that he had a telescope with which he could see what passed on the other side of a mountain. As a parable it was true.



ture have lately come to light. In two other Kafir tribes—the *Ashpins* and *Ashkins*—one is tempted to trace remnants of the *Aspasii* and *Assaceni* of Alexander's historians.

Passing westward from Kafiristan we find the valleys of Tagao, Nijrao, and Panjshir, scarcely better known, and largely inhabited by a people—the Pashais—who appear to be of kindred race to the Kafirs. It is much to be desired that the improvement of our maps of northern Afghanistan should be seriously taken in hand by our official Indian geographers. It is not merely north of Hindu Kúsh, where our rulers have been discussing the limits of Afghan dominion, that we need additional light; it is even more seriously wanted on the south of the mountains. Our maps agree in presenting blanks greatly to be lamented, and they disagree in other respects to a startling extent; especially in that important field that intervenes between Kábul and the passes of the Hindu Kúsh. The most diligent surveyor during our occupation of Kábul was the gallant Sturt, of the Bengal Engineers, the son-in-law of Sir Robert and Lady Sale, and whose name is worthy to be remembered with their own. It seems probable that his work perished with him in the fatal passes, for no trace of it has been found by recent search, either at Calcutta or at Westminster; and the only professed record of all his precious labours that is known to survive is a meagre map in a very poor book,\* stated therein to have been “chiefly derived” from a map by Sturt, who was the author's companion on a journey into the Oxus valley.

We can dwell no longer on the tracts south of Hindu Kúsh, but before passing beyond it to the ground dealt with in Lord Granville's late correspondence with Prince Gortchakoff, it may be well to recall the chief facts regarding the dominion of the Afghans north of the Indian Caucasus.

The Russian Minister speaks of Dost Mohammed as the founder of the Afghan State; but this is not accurate.

The modern Afghan State was formed from a fragment of the Empire of Nadir Shah, that last specimen of the typical Asiatic conqueror on a great scale. Among the many Afghans in his army was a young soldier of distinction, Ahmed Khan Abdali, who, on the assassination

of his leader (1747), hastened to snatch the government of his native province. This he shortly afterwards converted into kingly authority, assuming the style of *Dur-i-Dúrán*—“The Pearl of the Age”—and bestowing that of *Duráni* upon his tribe, the Abdalis. During the twenty-six restless years that he survived he carried his victorious expeditions far and wide. Westward they extended nearly to the shore of the Caspian; eastward he repeatedly entered Delhi as a conqueror; and at his death he bequeathed to his son Timour an empire which embraced, not only Afghanistan to its utmost limits, but Sind, the Panjáb, Kashmir, and the territory north of Hindu Kúsh to the Oxus. This, we apprehend, is the *original* foundation of the Afghan claim to the provinces north of the mountains.

Badakhshán also was overrun by the arms of Ahmed Shah about the year 1765. The pretext of that invasion was to obtain possession of a certain holy relic,—the Shirt of the Prophet. It was carried off in triumph, and sent by Ahmed Shah to Kandahar. We know not if it be there still, but if so Kandahar may make the unique boast of possessing the Shirt of Mahommed and the Begging-pot of Sakya Muni.\*

It is needless to enter into the barbarous dissensions among the grandsons of Ahmed Shah, which brought to the ground the short-lived *Duráni* empire, and ended (1818–1826) in the division of all Afghanistan, except Herat, among the many brothers of the ambitious and able Fattah Khan Barakzai, who had been the Vazir of one of the rivals, and whom his master, Mahmúd Shah, with odious cruelty, treachery, and ingratitude, had first blinded and then murdered. Dost Mahommed was one of those Barakzai brothers, and to him Kabul fell. We need not dwell upon the history of our dealings with him, our re-establishment of the Duranis in the person of Shah Shújáh, and the dark days of 1841. Those of us who had then come to man's estate, or near it, cannot forget; the later generation, it is to be hoped, read the tragic story in Sir John Kaye's book, once justly characterized in striking words by Lord Strangford in the pages of this Review.†

During their fratricide wars the Duránis lost all their external conquests, and

\* See Sir H. Rawlinson's remark in the “*Jour. Roy. As. Soc.*” vol. xi. p. 127.

† “A Work as awful, as simply artistic, and as clear and lofty in its moral as an *Æschylean* trilogy.”

\* Burslem's “Peep into Turkestan,” 1846.

among them the Oxus provinces, which fell back under the independent rule of various Uzbek families. Among these were the Kataghan Uzbeks ruling at Kunduz. Murád Beg Kataghan, who succeeded in 1815, greatly aggrandized his dominion, and in 1838 it extended from near Balkh to the highlands of Pamir. This chief was ruling when Moorcroft, Burnes, and Wood, successively visited the Oxus valley.

In the middle of the last century, when the army of the Manchu Emperor had conquered Kashgar, two of the Khojas, as the chiefs were called, who had for some generations been ruling that region with both spiritual and temporal authority, sought shelter in the lofty wilds of Pamir. The Chinese generals pursued them even thither, and when the Khojas escaped again into Badakhshán territory they descended into that kingdom and demanded the refugees. The King of Badakhshán quailed before the Great Khan of Cathay; one of the fugitives was dead, but a paltry pretext was found for the execution of the other; and eventually his head was given up for transmission to Peking. As the story was told to Captain Wood on the spot, the treacherous inhospitality of Sultan Shah was ascribed, not to fear of China, but to the attractions of wealth and beauty which had accompanied the fugitive in his flight.

He sued for life, but in vain; on which the holy man cursed Badakhshan, and prayed that it might be three times depopulated,—that not even a dog might be left in it alive. Already, has the country been twice bereft of inhabitants; first, by Kokan Beg of Kunduz, forty years ago, and again by Murad Beg in 1829. — Wood, p. 162.

The march of the Chinese into Badakhshán is notable as marking the highest flood-tide of Chinese advance to the West in these later ages — the last such flood-mark, one is tempted to say, in the world's history. But who can venture to predict the history of a nation of 400,000,000? It is difficult to ascertain what was the real extent or duration of their intervention in Badakhshán. The most distinct record of the movement (in the "*Lettres édifiantes*") makes no mention of a military *occupation*, though such an occupation is assumed in the apocryphal German Baron's travels. It is certainly the case that Wilford, in a passage already referred to, states the Chinese to have been then (in the latter part of last century) in *possession* of Badakhshán. Yet if the subjection were

more than acknowledgment of vassalage, surely some memory of the fact would have come to light in the writings of Elphinstone or Wood.

Ere Murád's death (some time before 1845) his power had waned, and it then passed not to his son but to the Uzbek chiefs of Khulm, who for some years exercised considerable power in that region. About the time of General Ferrier's visit (1845) he had got embroiled with the Afghans, and the latter began to make conquests north of the passes. In the end of 1849, after the episode of Dost Mahommed's infelicitous attempt, ostensibly to assist the Sikhs against us, but really to recover Pesháwar, the advance into Turkestan was renewed, and in February 1850 Balkh was taken. In the end of the same year another of the Afghan princes succeeded in taking Khulm, and early in 1851 marched westwards against Akcha, which, after a sanguinary resistance, fell, and was given up to plunder. Siripúl surrendered soon after; Shibrghan, Maimana, and Andkhoi, in 1855. Kunduz was conquered, after some fighting, in 1859, by Mahommed Afzal Khan, who was then proceeding to carry out the annexation of Badakhshán, when the Mír, who seems to have recovered his territory at the death of Murád Beg, after some parley agreed to submit and pay an annual tribute to the Afghans of 2 rupees for every house in his province.

In 1863 (9th June) old Dost Mahommed died, and was succeeded by Sher Ali Khan. When the latter, after many vicissitudes, was firmly seated on the Kabul throne, Jahandár Shah, the Mír of Badakhshán, who had been in intimate relations with his rivals, could no longer hold his ground, and was superseded by Mír Mahmúd Shah, another of the royal family, supported by the Afghans. The Afghan refugee, Prince Abdarrahman, seems to have informed General Kaufmann that Mahmúd Shah and his brother, who is in possession of the district of Rusták, pay to Sher Ali Khan a tribute of only 15,000 rupees. Faiz Baksh, however, states the amount to be 60,000 rupees, including 10,000 for Rusták, and 800 for Wakhán. And another account, by one of Major Montgomerie's emissaries, and probably representing the bazaar-talk of Fyzabad, says that he paid in the first year 80,000 rupees and 500 horses.

Very recent accounts mention that Jahandár Shah was getting together a force of all kinds for a new attempt to recover



his throne. We now turn again to our geographical review.

On the establishment of Ahmed Shah as King of Afghanistan, the province of Balkh with the small Khanates of Siripúl, Maimana, Andkhoi and Shibrghán, commonly known as the *Chihár Vildayat*, or Four Domains, were formed by that prince into a government in favour of an Uzbek comrade, Hajji Khan. In the beginning of the century this territory fell to pieces, and was generally under Uzbek chiefs, whose allegiance wavered, according to the force applied or their own immediate objects, between Bokhara and Afghanistan. Of their conquest by the latter we have just spoken.

The ancient fame and productive soil of Balkh, as well as its position, preserve to it the headship of the Afghan provinces north of the mountains. If we except the bricks with cuneiform letters seen by Ferrier, no trace has been recovered of the ancient splendours of Bactra. The remains that exist are scattered over some twenty miles of circuit, but consist mainly of sun-dried brick. Balkh seems never to have thoroughly recovered from the horrors of its destruction by Chinghiz Khan. Though often partially re-established, it has almost ever since been a frontier city exposed to Tartar ravages; and the account given of its ruins by Ibn Batuta, in the first half of the fourteenth century, is very much like that given by Burnes five hundred years later. Indeed Vámbéry mentions in his history that the citadel of Balkh, between its erection in the fifteenth century and its restoration one hundred and fifty years later, had been destroyed *twenty-two times*. The seat of Afghan government, and the chief collection of population, is now at Takhtapúl, some eight miles east of the old city. A little further, on the road to Khulm, is Mazár Sharíf or "the Noble Shrine," where a whimsical fiction has located the body of Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet. Vámbéry himself has visited Mazár, and mentions the roses, matchless for colour and fragrance, that grow upon the pretended tomb.

Kunduz is the heart of the region called in old days Tokháristán, from those Tochari, whoever they really were, whose movements overthrew the Greek dominion in Bactria. The province embraces a great variety of climate, from the secluded valley of Andaráb, close under the snows of Hindu Kúsh, once famous for the silver that was mined hard by, to the hot swamp, not more than 500 feet above the

sea-level, in which the paltry capital of the Kataghans stands. So low is the country round Kunduz that the roads approaching the town have to pass over piles amid the swampy vegetation. The plain adjacent is in the main richly cultivated and thickly peopled, but it is interspersed with extensive tracts of jungly grass, and is extremely and proverbially unhealthy. The people of the upper country call it "the Badakhshi's grave."

Fifty miles east of Kunduz is the boundary of Badakhshán. This is a country that seems always to have impressed the Oriental mind as one possessing some peculiar and charming quality. It is a kind of monarchical Switzerland, consisting of an aggregation of *Daraks* or glens, forming a number of small principalities, generally divided by mountain barriers of considerable height, but bound together by a kind of feudal allegiance to the Mír living at Fyzabad, who rules immediately over the central provinces of Fyzabad and Jerm. These may be regarded as constituting Badakhshán Proper. Some of the other provinces most under the Mír's influence are also held by members of his family; the others are under their own hereditary rulers. All these alike bear the title of *Mír*, as well as the King of Badakhshán himself. Their tenure, according to Pandit Manphúl, a Hindu gentleman, who resided some time at Fyzabad as the agent of the Panjáb Government, and who is as yet our best authority on the subject, is one purely of fidelity and military aid in time of need, and involves little or no tribute to the King.

Unfortunately our means of forming correct ideas of Badakhshán are very limited. Captain Wood remains the only European who has visited it, but his visit was in winter; and it was only as he was departing that the land began to doff her mantle of snow. Still we can gather that the chief elements of its charms are to be found in soft green sward, and the music of sparkling brooks, strong in contrast alike to the sterile and dreary plains which expand to the westward, and to the rugged aridity of the mountains on the south, which often look like the outposts of Pandemonium. Add fertile bottoms, rich orchards nestling in the dells, walnut-trees, stately planes, and poplars festooned with vines, slopes gay with a wealth of almond and pistachio blossom, and snowy peaks that form the background to every picture, and send cool breezes down the gorges to freshen

the summer nights. Nor are there wanting vast plateaus of highland pasture, where the air revives the fevered frame and exhilarates like wine. Even the staid and reticent Marco Polo, as his latest editor notices, is moved to unwonted enthusiasm when he recalls the charms of those glorious uplands of "Balashan." Sultan Baber, a keener lover of nature, great as was his affection for Kábul, contrasts the barren and stony highlands and sparse herbage of Afghanistan with the pine-clad heights, the soft turf, covering hill and vale alike, and the abundant springs of Badakhshán and Khost:—

Burnes relates how natives and foreigners alike spoke with rapture of the vales of that country; its rivulets, romantic scenes, and glens; its fruits, flowers, and nightingales. The brief notices of Manphíl and Wood's few words on descending into the lower valley of the Kokcha, where the snow had disappeared, delightfully corroborate these charms. — *Introductory Essay to Wood's Journey*, p. lxxx.

This is the beautiful country which that petty chinghiz, Murad Beg, had ground beneath his brutal Uzbek heel, sweeping away thousands of families from their pleasant vales to be sold into slavery, or set down to perish among the pestilent swamps of Kunduz.

Fyzabad, the capital, which Wood, in 1838, found desert and almost annihilated, has now for a good many years been re-occupied, and shows reviving life; though, unfortunately, one chief business carried on is that of the slave market.

This business of kidnapping and man-selling has indeed for a long time been the great scourge of the whole line of frontiers from the Caspian to Kashmír: Turkmans selling Persians, Uzbegs selling Hazáras, Hazáras selling Herátis, Badakhshis selling Chitrális or Kafirs, Chitrális selling each other, people of Wakhán selling those of Shaghnán, and *vice versa*, Kanjútis stealing and selling all men on whom they can lay their hands. It is to be hoped that the abomination is drawing to a close. The Atalik Gházi, according to Mr. Shaw, has already shut the market in Eastern Turkestan. And it must be acknowledged that the day which sees Khiva under Russian power will do more towards the blessed consummation than any other measure.

Badakhshán is believed to have much mineral wealth, especially in the districts of the Upper Kokcha, known by the old name of Yamgán, which the popular ety-

mology interprets as "All-Mines." Here are said to be copper, lead, alum, sal-amoniac, and sulphur, though few of them are worked. Here, too, in the high valley-district of Korán, are the famous mines of *lájwurd*, or lapis-lazuli, which were visited by Captain Wood. Korán is a wild glen near the border of Kafir-land, coupled in a local rhyme with the jaws of hell, but which once constituted a quasi-independent state, which in the eighth century was of substance enough to send a mission of homage and tribute to the court of the Chinese emperor. The disproportionate pretensions of such a district may have depended on the quarries of lazuli, the trade in which is probably of great antiquity. It is most likely the *sapphire* of the Periplus, mentioned among exports from the ports of the Indus delta in the early years of the Christian era. Iron is obtained a little to the eastward of Fyzabad, and rock-salt is mined largely now, as it was in Marco Polo's time, on the western border of Badakhshán.

As regards the population of Badakhshán, we have no basis for an estimate. In Wood's time, after the Uzbek raids, it was at a very low ebb, but it has since doubtless revived to some extent. The only facts in the least resembling data on this point that we know of are a Chinese report of last century, that it contained 100,000 families; and the amount of the tribute settled to be paid by the Mír to Kábul, which was put at 50,000 rupees, and said to be at the rate of 2 rupees for each house. This last reckoning would give only 25,000 houses. But we are ignorant what definite extent of territory was included in either estimate, whilst Wood's account of the manner in which families cluster together shows that the very word *house* is of ambiguous meaning. Fyzabad, the capital, in 1866-67, did not contain more than 400 houses. Mashhad, the largest town in the province of Kishm (Marco Polo's "very great province of Casem"), once the residence of Humáyún, the son and father of two great kings, had at the same time only 150 houses. Jerm, which did duty for capital in Captain Wood's time, had then at the outside 1500 inhabitants.

One of the most famous among the highland fiefs of Badakhshán is Wakhán, a state lying along the highest waters of the Panja, as this main branch of the Oxus is termed. The inhabited part of Wakhán is about 140 miles in length; the lowest part is about 8000 feet above



the sea, and the highest *kishlak* or village about 11,000 or 11,500. The climate, as may be guessed, is rough, and the bitter blasts that blow from Pamir down the valley, and across the higher tracts of Badakhshán, are recognized with a shudder as the "wind-o'-Wakhán"—the *Borra* of the Upper Oxus. A few willow and poplar trees alone can stand against it.

At Panja, the chief place of Wakhán, the river bearing that name is formed by the confluence of two streams; the more northerly descending through a wild untenanted valley from the lake which Wood discovered (Lake Sarikol or Victoria), lying at 15,600 feet above the sea, in a hollow of Great Pamir; the other, issuing from a smaller lake on Little Pamir, at an altitude some 2000 feet lower, flows through the valley called that of the Wakhán *Sarhad* or *Marches*, bordering on Chitral; and here the hamlets appear to be more thickly scattered than elsewhere in the principality. Even at such a height the people have some agriculture, but their chief wealth is in live-stock, sheep, goats, kine, ponies, and *yaks*; for here we are bordering on Tibetan ground. The houses are built contiguous (as commonly in a Scotch *clachan*), of stone and mud, flat-roofed, and warmed by large stoves of masonry. The vent-hole in the roof serves as a sun-dial. The housewife recognizes the dinner hour when a particular spot is gilded by the sun's rays shining through that orifice, and an analogous observation determines the seed-time.

The Wakhis are by profession Shiáhs; but when a slave-raid upon brother Shiáhs is in hand, they are ready to curse Ali and all his belongings.

At the lower end of Wakhán the Panja turns sharp to the north, and quits the field of anything like precise knowledge. Just here, on the right bank, and in the fief of Ishkashm, are the mines of those rubies which under the form of *Balas* made the name of Badakhshán a household word in the far West, in the days of Dante and Chaucer. They have not been worked for many years.

The river next reaches Shaghán (or Shighán\*) and Roshán, two other secluded states owning allegiance, at least nominally, to the Mír of Badakhshán. The Shighnis grow crops of wheat and barley, and abundant stone-fruit, and have flocks and herds and two-humped shaggy cam-

els. It is not unlikely that the district preserves in its name a memory of the ancient *Saca*, as it undoubtedly forms a part of the region that they once occupied. Next comes Darwáz, a kingdom lying still in deep obscurity. No European has been near it; nor has Badakhshán apparently ever claimed its allegiance.\* The name calls up imaginations of dark gorges, perilous rocky paths over abysses, the roar of white Oxus surging up faintly from a thousand yards below; and, back through the ages, of the Seric caravans picking their toilsome way upward to Pamir along the wild valley of the Comedæ; in later days, of Moslem warriors raising a barrier across the glen to bar the Turk forays; whence the valley got the name of *Al-báb*, Persianized to *Darah-i-Darwáz*, the "Glen of the Gateway."

Darwáz stretches well to the north, and there borders on Karátégín—the *Karata-guinea* of the Russian despatches; another country shrouded in obscurity which just begins to break. It forms a valley-state on the great northern tributary of the Oxus, the Surkháb or Red-water, which comes down from the Alai Steppe north of Pamir, visited recently for the first time by M. Fedchenko; nor before him had any European seen the stream in any part of its course. Russian enquiry begins to afford us a little information about Karátégín, and their rough estimates of population give it 100,000 souls, likely enough to be in excess of the truth. The people are a Persian-speaking race, called *Galchas*, living secluded, without foreign traffic, under a Khán or Mír, who, like his neighbours, claims, or used to claim, descent from Alexander. They practice some slender tillage, with cattle and horse-breeding, gold-washing, salt-mining, and a manufacture of excellent iron.

In Karátégín, or immediately below it, must have been the country of Wakhsh, famous in old Arabian geographies, and in the name of which we trace that form of the great river's name which the Greeks made *Oxos*. Here some of those old geographers represent the river as plunging underground, like "Alph the Sacred River," and in terms a good deal resembling those which Polybius uses in speaking of the Oxus in a lower part of its course.† The Arab story is more con-

\* Written *Chougnan* in the Russian correspondence.

\* Some Russian documents have spoken of Darwáz as owing allegiance to Khokand. If this is true, it is recent; but we doubt its accuracy.

† x. 48.

ceivable than that of Polybius ; for great as are the changes indicated in the lower course of Oxus, it is difficult to imagine such a subterranean passage of its waters in the Turkman Desert.

Below Karátégín and Wakhsh we have Kúláb, extending to the Oxus, a province that was subject to Kunduz in Murad Beg's time, but has never, that we know of, been invaded by the Afghans. At present the local chief seems to call himself, when hard pressed, a liegeman of Bokhara. Kúláb is nearly coincident with the region which was known from the earliest Mahomedan times, and earlier, as *Khotl* or *Khotlán*, a name even now not entirely obsolete. As regards this and the adjoining province of Hissár, also owning spasmodical allegiance to Bokhara, we stand grievously in want of information. Chagháníán, Hissár Kobádián, Termedh, the Iron-gate, are all names once famous in Eastern history, and all, we believe, still surviving, but that is nearly as much as we can venture to say. The famous pass of the Iron-gate — the second so called, another, still more celebrated, being Derbend on the Caspian — has been seen by no European that we wot of since Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijo passed through it in 1403 on his way to the court of the great Timour as one of the envoys from Henry III. of Castile.\*

These states of the Oxus basin north of the great river are cut off from the Russian territory in the valley of the Zarafshán by a lofty and rugged chain of mountains, known as the Karatau, Fantau, and what not, rising far into the region of perpetual snow, and presenting great difficulties to passage. Young Sultan Baber had once, when in evil fortune, to make the transit from Hissár into the valley above Samarkand, and this is what he says of it : —

Having entered the valley of Kamrud, we went up the river. In these roads, which are extremely dangerous, often overhanging precipices, and in the steep and narrow hill-passes and straits which we were obliged to ascend, numbers of our horses and camels failed, and were unable to proceed. After four or five days' march we reached the mountain pass Sir-e-ták. It is a pass, and such a pass ! Never did I see one so narrow and steep ; never were paths so narrow and precipitous traversed by me. We travelled on with incredible fatigue and difficulty, amid dangerous

narrows and tremendous gulfs. Having, after a hundred sufferings and losses, at length surmounted these murderous steep and narrow defiles, we came down on the confines of Fan. Among the mountains of Fan there is a large lake. — *Autobiography*, p. 85.

It would seem to be of the same route that Fedchenko tells us : —

The road from the lake (Iskander Kúl) to Hissár is described as being very difficult ; the natives affirm that the watershed can only be traversed on foot, for which reason travellers dispose of their horses in the villages at the foot of the mountains, and procure fresh animals on the other side. — *Jour. Royal Geog. Soc.* xl. p. 450.

We need inflict no more geography upon our readers. Our object has been the humble one of elucidating the late correspondence with Russia, and not of adding to the mass of military and political speculation regarding the possible collision of the two empires ; so our closing remarks shall be very brief.

First, a few words as to objections raised by some members of both Houses, in connection with the boundary of Wakhán. Here, we have no doubt, the Government had reason on its side.

Wakhán is, indeed, a valley ; and though the usual road through it happens to lie on the south of the Oxus, and therefore only to pass through villages on that side, a valley, like a frigate or a sloop, must have two sides, and the Oxus, which runs through the middle of Wakhán, cannot be its boundary. The true boundary of Wakhán is, no doubt, the watershed which divides it from the next great valley to the north, *i.e.* from Shaghnán. But Shaghnán is a dependency of Badakhshán, at least in theory, as much as Wakhán. We ought, therefore, to take the northern boundary of Shaghnán. What that is, who can tell ? Probably for the best approximation to a definition we should have to go to Ptolemy and the Chinese pilgrims — say, *e.g.*, a line drawn from the Oxus 50 *schæni* up the *φύπηξ* of the Comedæ to the *Turris Lapidea*, and thence to the Dragon-Lake and the middle point between Heaven and Earth ! The thing is a kind of *reductio ad absurdum*. Mr. Gladstone in a few words put the matter on its right basis. But some of his colleagues in both Houses, by seeming to evade the real point, had provoked suspicion of some conscious error. In certain cases we believe this was simply because high officials had not taken the trouble to un-

\* The translation by Mr. Markham forms one of the most interesting volumes of the Hakluyt Society's series.



derstand the question involved. We cannot, indeed, doubt that the Under Secretary for India understood the matter thoroughly; but his recommendation to members interested to study Lord Strangford's writings, though excellent in the abstract, was a little beside the purpose. No one can drink too copiously from that well of patriotic wit and wisdom, filled from a source too early sealed, so sorely missed. But in reference to the point at issue, it was like advising a friend exercised by Mr. Fergusson's theories about the Dome of the Rock, to read "Robertson's Sermons."

The tribute to Kábul for Wakhán we saw lately was reckoned at only 800 rupees, or 80*l.* a-year! Surely the goddess, whose rites are celebrated at No. 1 Savile Row, plays strange freaks in her distribution of fame. Wakhán was estimated by Wood in 1838 actually to contain 1000 souls, excluding temporary nomad immigrants, and he judged it might be capable of supporting 5000! \* Yet this barren and inaccessible upland, with its scanty handful of wild people, finds a place in Eastern history and geography from an early period, and has now become the subject of serious correspondence between two great European Governments, and its name, for a few weeks at least, a household word in London.

Indeed this is a striking accident of the course of modern history. We see the Slav and the Englishman—representatives of two great branches of the Aryan race, but divided by such vast intervals of space and time from the original common starting-point of their migration—thus brought back to the lap of Pamir, to which so many quivering lines point as the centre of their earliest seats, there by common consent to lay down limits to mutual encroachment.

All this matter of Wakhán is, however, trivial, and beside the real question, which has been lost sight of in the special pleading about the Afghan frontier. The importance of that particular affair has been overrated in England, and the recent correspondence has produced an unfortunate and utterly unfounded feel-

ing, not here only, but to some extent in Russia, that we have somehow got an advantage over the latter.\*

The best encouragement to be derived from the correspondence is the sense it gives us that our Ministers have not partaken of the ordinary apathy of the country in prospect of very serious, though contingent, dangers. We have entire faith in the moderate views and sincerity of the Emperor Alexander; we recognize that Russia has had justification for some, though not for all, of her forward movements. Though we cannot, with the late beloved and venerated patriarch of English geography, see only flowers of Order and Science spring beneath her advancing steps, we admit the benefit to the world of her displacement of the barbarous Uzbeg tyrannies, the suppression of chronic outrage, and the opening of Central Asia to the research at least of her own scientific servants. But facts remain, stronger than the individual will of any passing mortal however exalted, too strong for cosmopolitan logic and sympathies. We should gladly recognize that it were otherwise, but, as things are still, both in policy and commerce there exist standing menaces of discord between Russia's interests and ours. The vessel of Russian power in Asia has shoals ahead, no doubt, but at present she has all the prestige and momentum of advance, whilst ours rides at anchor and re-fits, as all our words and acts are proclaiming. Our position in India, strong as it is, and capable of crushing any direct attack, may, under certain contingencies not hard to suggest,—contingencies which draw our eyes to the Caspian and the Atrek rather than to the Oxus—become a very costly and harassing one.† Spasmodic excitements like this last are mischievous, only less mischievous, as be-

\* Sir H. Rawlinson, in his discourse at the Royal Geographical Society, on the 24th February, suggested that Prince Gortchakoff's objections to the inclusion of Wakhán within the Afghan boundary were connected with wrong impressions of its position, derived from the fictitious geography which it has been so difficult to extirpate. This becomes certain from the expressions of Mr. Stremoukoff, now published (see B. pp. 12 and 64). And Prince Gortchakoff might not unnaturally see in the map which accompanies Trench's "Russo-Indian Question," an expression of English acceptance of that geography. It is surprising to find an English map published so recently (1869) adhere to these errors.

† In India some alarm seems to be expressed at the concessions granted recently by the King of Persia to parties of whom Baron Reuter is the representative. We know too little of the matter as yet to say more than a word on the subject. But whatever enriches and strengthens Persia is likely to be advantageous to England; and that can only be attained by inducements to foreign capital to turn to account her natural resources, as yet the most neglected on the face of the earth.

\* A paragraph quoted in the "Times" of 29th March, from the "Cologne Gazette," as giving *new particulars* about these regions, furnished by Herr Schlagentweit, says that Panja (therein miscalled *Punja*) has a garrison of 2000 men. This is nonsense. When Ibrahim Khan was there in 1870, there were in Panja "ten or twelve *homenen*." It is perhaps a misprint for 200, the estimate (probably in excess) of Major Montgomerie's Mirza, from whose report all these "new particulars" seem to be derived.

ing more genuine, than that sham optimism which so surely leads to them. We do need in lieu of both a well-informed and steadfast public opinion, recognizing the danger, far from provoking it, but determined to meet it; and which would not embarrass the Government, as these hot and cold fits do, but would back and help it in developing a policy of vigilant defence as steadfast, and as capable of action when need arises, as Russia's instinct of advance.

As regards the establishment of an "intermediary zone," there is something to recommend it. It is undoubtedly most desirable to keep our dominions as long as possible from the strain and restlessness that would be the inevitable consequence of actual or approximate contact with those of Russia. Such a zone might be of service in preventing those impulsive movements of Russian generals which have on several occasions involved their government in premature annexations. And as long as the formal advance of the Russian boundaries or Russian predominance (as now in Bokhara)—in spite of all the assurances of moderation given to Lord Clarendon and Mr. Forsyth by Prince Gortchakoff and his colleagues—means the advance of a barrier of monopoly and prohibitory tariffs, every measure seems desirable that keeps a portion of Central Asia longer outside that barrier. And had both parties been equally and sincerely desirous for the establishment of such a zone on equitable terms, nature presents one admirably fitted for the purpose in the Oxus basin itself, as defined on the north and north-west by that scarcely penetrable barrier constituted by the Karatau and the mountains of the Iron-gate, and on the south by the Hindu Kúsh. For it is almost impossible that Russia should experience provocation from the native States south of the Karatau barrier,\* or for us to experience it from those north of the Hindu Kúsh; and any movement by one or the other beyond those barriers must be of the nature of a voluntary aggression.

We cannot discover from the published correspondence who really suggested Afghanistan as the "intermediate zone." For though Prince Gortchakoff ascribes the suggestion to Lord Clarendon (B. p. 4), this derives no confirmation from the papers, whilst Lord Clarendon distinctly says, in the earliest of the published let-

ters, that he was not sufficiently informed to express an opinion whether Afghanistan would answer, and, at his Heidelberg interview with the Prince, it is for the Oxus *as a line*, not for Afghanistan or any other territory *as a zone*, that he argues (p. 10). The Indian Government and the council at Westminster reject or ignore the notion of adopting Afghanistan or any other *zone* (see pp. 4 and 46). On the other hand, it is the Prince himself and his colleagues, MM. Miliutine and Stremoukoff, who hold so tenaciously to the adoption of the Afghan zone—and no wonder.

On the secondary question as to certain details of the northern boundary of Afghan dominion, the whole of the more recent correspondence turns. And on these details alone has any serious remark yet been made in Parliament. In fact, the nature of that part of the correspondence which alone was first published seems in a measure to have confused the minds of public men, and to have distracted their attention from the essential question involved.

Wild officers of the Panjáb frontier have been found, during the late discussions, to urge on England a new and prompt advance to Kábul. There is no fear of that. But wiser men have thought that under certain contingencies we should be ready to push forward outworks to our empire "in advance of our present territorial border, and on the most accessible line of attack."\*

But if the whole of Afghanistan is constituted an "intermediary zone" in the sense pointed out by Prince Gortchakoff, it seems to follow as a corollary that Russia may advance to the Oxus, may cover it with her steamers and line it with her arsenals, whilst we have no right to take umbrage or to make a single counter-step in advance of our present frontier—at least none beyond Quetta—without ourselves assuming the onus of breaking the agreement. We tie our hands; we set hers free even from remonstrance. This, most assuredly, was never intended nor assented to by any Governor-General of India. Is it possible that it is this which Lord Granville has conceded? Is it this that has passed without a serious word in Parliament, whilst questions on trivial incidents of detail have been pressed eagerly? It is hard to believe it; and yet this is the sense that lies upon the surface of the published correspondence;

\* The authority of Bokhara over the provinces south of that barrier is of a very unsubstantial nature, as Mr. Stremoukoff recognizes (see B. p. 29).

\* See "Quarterly Review" for October, 1865, p. 580.



it has been read (we see) in this sense at St. Petersburg; and surely, at the least, there is a doubt obvious enough to have been worthy of a question, serious enough to be worthy of being set at rest at once and for ever.

Here we must close; but we cannot do so without pressing on the Government the necessity of giving distinct and strong encouragement to the study of the Russian language.

A few years ago an Englishman requiring, whilst in Italy, the aid of a Russian translator, found that on the staff of one college at Naples there were *three* Italian gentlemen well acquainted with Russian. We will not ask if any college in any city of Great Britain could present a parallel—but are there three teachers in all England, being Englishmen, of whom the same could be said? Practically, at present, the English people, who have such deep reason to be interested in the movements of Russia, are dependent for the whole of their information regarding these on the Berlin letters in the “Times,” and on the papers translated at long intervals by the Messrs. Michell. The spirit of linguistic study is at a low ebb in England, and needs direct and palpable stimulus. Why should not an exceptionally high number of marks be assigned to Russian in examination for the Indian Civil Service? Why should not the same stimulus be applied to the study of the Afghan and Oriental Turkish languages? There would be a difficulty about examiners at first, but in a few years the demand would produce them.

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From The Graphic.

#### INNOCENT:

##### A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF “SALEM CHAPEL,”  
“THE MINISTER’S WIFE,” “SQUIRE ARDEN,” ETC.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### PHILOSOPHY FOR GIRLS.

THE result of this day’s proceedings was not on the whole satisfactory to Frederick. If, as he, like the maids, felt assured, Innocent’s escapade had been entirely on his own account, a despairing attempt to follow and be with him, such devotion, however flattering, was of an embarrassing character, and very likely to compromise him, however prudently and conscientiously he might struggle to

take no undue advantage of her. Like the gardener he felt that it would not do, and having also, like the gardener, very little confidence in his mother’s severity, he determined to make the matter very clear to Innocent herself. Fortune favoured him so far in this virtuous intention that he found her alone in the breakfast-room next morning when he came downstairs. Frederick was always late. This was one of the things that made Dick so angry; while he, unhappy boy, was hunted up at seven o’clock, Frederick came down to breakfast at ten, with an occasional mild remonstrance, but no more. Things were sent away to be kept hot for him; fresh coffee had to be made, and fresh rolls procured, and to everybody this seemed the most natural thing in the world. He was always late, but he was later than usual on this particular day, which, being Monday, was an early day with the household. I need not enter into the reasons why Monday was an early day. Every lady who is my gentle reader, and who does her own housekeeping, will understand; and for the uninitiated it is well that they should learn to believe and tremble. It might be unwise of Mrs. Eastwood to leave Innocent alone in the room, but she was unaccustomed to the attitude of suspicion, and felt it dreadful to be obliged always to have her wits about her. Perhaps it was with the object of seeing Frederick, that Innocent, poor soul, lingered. She had been slightly, superficially touched by the kindness of her aunt to her the night before, and by the fact that no “scolding” had followed upon the offence; and she had for the first time offered to do something, no greater a business than arranging moss about some flower-pots, for which purpose it was, nominally, that she was left in the dining-room. But another feeling much more strong possessed her. Frederick had “scolded” her. He had beaten her down when she was very low with angry words, and consequently she had a wistful desire to be forgiven by him; to know how he would speak to her next time; if there was any hope for her, or if all was over for ever. The others had slightly moved the surface of her mind by their kindness, but Frederick, by his unkindness, had touched her much more deeply, almost to the point of revolution. All her senses were keenly awake to indications of his coming. She heard his step a dozen times before it really came; she wondered vaguely what he would say, how he would look; she was eager, and

anxious, and tremulous as she had never been before. Her interest in him, instead of being checked, was doubled. This was what his unkindness had done.

When he came into the room first he took no notice of her. He went and poked the fire, and then he examined the table, and rang the bell for his hot coffee. Then only he said, "Good morning, Innocent." He did not hold out his hand. Sometimes he would stroke her hair, or pat her head, or give her some token of affectionateness. To-day he did not even hold out his hand. "What are you doing?" was his next question, for it was odd to see her doing anything. She made haste to answer, heaping up the moss with such tremulous fingers that it fell down again in a mass.

"I am doing this — for Nelly."

"That is right," he said, more cheerfully. "Never mind what nonsense you do so long as you make it up with them. I told you the other day you would never get on till you learned to make friends of your own sex."

Innocent made no answer. What could she say? A general observation like this was like Latin and Greek to her. She looked at him, and that was all. By this time Brownlow had brought in the coffee, and he had begun to eat his breakfast. It is a comfortable sort of thing to do on a chilly spring morning, with a pleasant fire on one side of you, and sunshine and crocuses on the other, looking in through the window. This mollified Frederick in spite of himself.

"That was a very foolish business of yours last night," he said, but in a softer tone; "you must not do such things. I daresay it is dull for you here. You don't enter into their life, and there is nothing of your own to interest you. But still you know girls have to put up with that. It may be hard, but still they have to do it. I suppose when you are married it is expected that you should have it made up to you. At least this is the ordinary state of affairs; girls have to put up with it. I cannot take you to my club, you know, or to the — other places — where I go."

"I did not want you to take me," said Innocent, surprised.

"I am glad to hear it," said Frederick. He did not believe her any more than the maids did. He smiled a little within himself at the idea that she was yielding to a conviction of the necessity for pretence. He was half amused by this, and rather more flattered than before. She must be

beginning, he thought, to feel half a woman, to understand that she must not say and do everything that came into her head, with the freedom permitted to himself, for instance. "I was going to speak to you very seriously," he went on, "but as you are trying to make friends with the others, and to do better, I will not worry you. What I said is for your good, Innocent — which is not to be obtained by your usual way of doing what pleases yourself, but by yielding to others and trying to be content with what is thought good for you. This may be hard — (N. B. Frederick certainly had never tried) — but it is the only way for a girl to get on. You must manage somehow to make friends of your own sex."

Frederick dwelt upon this aphorism with some pride. He felt that it was original, and did him credit, and its wisdom gratified him. On the whole he was pleased with himself while he delivered his little address. Instead of taking advantage of the girl's fondness for him, as some men might have done, he was doing his utmost to lead her in the paths of virtue. Whether she or any one else appreciated it, he at least did. He was so far softened by the sense of his own goodness, that when he had finished breakfast, he put his hand kindly upon her shoulder while he said "Good morning," and finding her face near his and turned towards him, kissed her for the first time with much benevolence of feeling. Innocent's face grew suddenly red under this salute. She was not angry, she was not pleased — she did not know how to receive it; but a sudden flush of colour answered to the light and somewhat careless touch. Frederick himself went off half laughing, half confused. He said to himself that the girl was growing into a woman, that she had developed very quickly since he had brought her home. "I must mind what I am about," he said to himself. Perhaps, on the whole, in giving this kiss, he had gone just a very little too far. And Frederick felt that there was a deep responsibility upon him. He must not delude his cousin with hopes that never could be realized.

With this feeling in his mind he went off to the office, a little wondering and alarmed lest the story of his wonderful encounter last night in the street should have already reached it. But nobody showed any signs of knowing this curious incident, and though Frederick was slightly defiant and ready to stand on his defence at the slightest provocation, no such



provocation was offered him. I do not know how it is that when something disagreeable is about to happen to us, we so often have this preparation of looking for something else, perhaps equally disagreeable, which does not come. Frederick was quite prepared to be assailed about the mysterious female figure which he had rescued from the midst of the crowd, and which he had driven off with, without a word of explanation, under the very eyes of his astonished friend. He looked out a little nervously for every new-comer who entered the place, fancying that his last night's companion would appear. No one came, however, until about three o'clock, just before the hour for leaving, on the verge as it were of security. He was just beginning to tell himself that all was safe, that his perils were over for the day, and that a joke of this kind could not survive twenty-four hours, when the porter brought him the card of a visitor, who awaited him downstairs. Frederick took it unsuspecting, for at that moment he feared only Egerton, his friend of last night. For a moment he gazed in wonder, which rapidly turned into consternation, at the card. This was the inscription upon it:—

**Mr. R. R. R. Batty,**

*The Villa, Sterborne.*

The name of a second-rate hotel in London was written in pencil across the card. Frederick held it in his hand and gazed at it, feeling his features stiffen as if it had been the Gorgon herself whose countenance he was contemplating. I am afraid, that having heard nothing of Mr. Batty for some weeks, he had forgotten the benevolent stranger who had interposed to save him when he was almost in extremity. Mrs. Eastwood had presented her son with a bank-note or two by way of paying the expenses of that illness of his, which had detained him compulsorily in Paris, and put him, no doubt, to a great deal of extra expense; but as there was not sufficient to pay Batty, and Batty did not ask for payment, Frederick had disposed of these very comfortably in other ways.

"Shall I show the gentleman up?" said the porter, while the young man gazed horror-stricken at the card.

"Show him into Mr. Jones's room," said Frederick, with an effort. Jones was absent on leave, and his room was a safe place, where a disagreeable visitor might be encountered without any more

harm than was involved in the sight of him. Then he did what he could to prepare himself for the meeting. He buttoned his coat, and took his hat and cane by way of showing that he was about to leave the office, and had little time for colloquy. He tried to make up his mind in desperate haste what to say about the money, and he tried at the same time, the one attempt mingling with the other, and confusing it, to make up some story for home, to elicit a few more of those most necessary banknotes. It is dreadful to think how many well-looking, faultlessly-dressed young gentlemen in the public service like Frederick Eastwood, looking self-possessed enough for any emergency, and superior enough to crush into insignificance the greater part of their fellow-creatures, should be secretly occupied in making up hasty and clumsy inventions like this, to stave off the paying of money, or to coax it out of well-guarded pockets. Frederick walked along the passage as slowly as he could towards Jones's room. Wretched little Innocent! It was all her fault that he had been seduced into this expenditure, and put in this man's power. Frederick remembered vividly how objectionable the man's loud voice and coarse geniality had been to him when, with a bad headache and a sinking heart, he sat and studied "Bradshaw," and counted out his last francs in the Paris hotel. What must he seem now, when he no longer had it in his power to be of use, and appeared only in the guise of a creditor, always an odious character to appear in? Frederick walked into the room at last with something of the feelings which must move the poor wretch who marches to his execution. Could he have followed his own will, ropes would not have sufficed to drag him whither his reluctant feet now paced with that appearance of voluntary motion which is often such a miserable pretence. To how many places do we go thus, pretending to do it of our own free will—to balls and dinner parties, and other festive meetings, to our own marriage sometimes, to every kind of act in which we are—heaven help us!—free agents, as the jargon goes. Frederick's feelings were doubtless exaggerated, for, after all, he owed this man not much over fifty pounds. But then the man could tell things of him which he fondly hoped were known to no one in his own sphere—as if there was anything in any man's life of a disagreeable or disgraceful kind which was not known!

Batty met him with the greatest cordiality, with a large red dirty hand outstretched, and smiles of genial welcome.

"Delighted to see you looking so well, sir," he said; "quite picked up again, eh, after your little spree abroad? Glad of that. You young men have no moderation. A steady old stager like me knows just how far to go. But you're always on ahead, you young 'uns. I came up to town Saturday, Mr. Eastwood, to look about me a bit, and see how the world was going on, and I've lost no time in looking you up."

"Much obliged, I'm sure," said poor Frederick, shivering. "I ought to have written to you about that money," and he went up to the smouldering fire and poked it violently. "How cold the weather keeps for this time of the year."

"It do, to be sure," said Batty. "But Mr. Frederick, if you'll give me the privilege of calling you so—which comes natural, seeing I have been among Eastwoods all my life—I ain't come here prying about the money. I'm above such mean tricks. When I can be of service to a gentleman I'm proud, and so long as I'm used honourable, and treated like a friend, hang me if I'd dun any man. It ain't the money, sir, but feeling that has brought me here."

"I am sure you are very good," said Frederick, stiffly, "but however that may be on your part, Mr. Batty, I am aware that I ought to have written to you about what is really a debt of honour——"

"Hush, hush!" said Batty, "you make me feel like a shopman, I declare you do. I've taken the liberty to write where we're staying, Mr. Eastwood, on my card, and if you'll eat a bit of dinner with us at seven, sharp, you'll do us honour, sir. I've got my daughter with me. It ain't often I can get her up to town, and when I do I like to show her a bit of the world. If you'd ever been down our way with your cousin, the baronet, you'd have heard of my girl. She's known as the Flower of Sterborne, down our way. I don't say but what you've great beauties about London, greater beauties than our country lasses; but I'm proud of my 'Manda. I'm not in the way of asking my friends when she's with me, but an Eastwood ain't like any one else, at least not to her and me."

"I am sure you are very good," said Frederick, using the same words again, and stiffening more and more. A rapid calculation had run through his mind while Batty was speaking. Should he say

he was engaged, or should he keep the monster in good-humour by enduring a dinner in his company? Was it worth his while, since the monster appeared so amiable by nature, to take all this trouble to keep him in good-humour? These, and various other branches of the same question, went through his mind, retarding his reply. He did not personally know his cousin the baronet, though Frederick was fully aware of the importance to a young man in society of such a relative, and if the man really knew the Eastwoods, his power of telling a disagreeable story was infinitely enhanced. On the whole, it seemed to Frederick that it was better to humour him, to accept his invitation, and trust to the support of Providence to get through the evening. After all, it was seeing "life" as much at least as many other ways which he had taken in his day for that purpose, and which his friends were constantly employing. When he had got rid of Batty he made up, in case of any chance discovery, an explanation of what he was about to do. "I am going to dine with an old fellow whom I picked up in Paris the other day," he said to the people in the office. "A genuine John Bull, ready for anything, but not knowing a word of any language but his own. He turned out to be some sort of rural hanger-on of my cousin Sir Geoffrey, and out of gratitude he is going to give me a dinner. I expect some fun."

"I wonder what that elaborate explanation means?" one of his audience said to another. "Eastwood is always up to some mischief when he's explanatory. This time I wonder what it can be. I don't believe he knows his cousin Sir Geoffrey from Adam."

"If he did, he's a poor wretch in the hands of the Jews, and not much good to any one," said the other; but perhaps this was because neither of the two had a cousin in the baronetage, which makes a difference in a man's feelings.

Innocent was in her usual place in the little window by the door when Frederick went home that evening. The sight of her recalled to him all the wise determinations of the morning, and he was annoyed to see how little fruit they had borne. Really, he felt, this must be put a stop to. He made a sign to her to come out to him, and went round the side of the house into the garden. It was a cold and unfavourable spring, scarcely warmer now, though it was the end of March, than it had been in February, but



the days had grown longer, and Frederick's return was now generally in daylight.

"I wanted to say to you, Innocent, that you must give up this habit of watching for me," he said. "No doubt it is very kind of you. I did not mind it so much when you were quite a stranger, and of course knew me best—and when the nights were darker you were not so much noticed at the window. But now you must recollect it is quite light, and a great girl like you is remarked. People will say unkind things about you. They will say; for instance, that you are fond of me."

"I am fond of you," she said, with the tears in her eyes.

"That is all very well," said Frederick, "but we must not go too far. Don't let me see you there again. Girls ought to know these things without being told. You are a great girl, almost grown up; and you know the others now almost as well as you know me. I should have told you this in the morning, but I forgot. Altogether, Innocent, there must be a change. I had thought your own sense would teach you—and I thought that what I said this morning—— But you compel me to speak plainly," said Frederick, seeing the face of his mother looking out from the drawing-room, and feeling inspired by the thought that he would himself be called to question for this interview with Innocent. He was determined, however, at whatever risk to "put a stop to this sort of thing." And the annoyance to which he had himself been subjected gave him strength and courage. It seems only right that we should have compensation, and afflict others when trouble has come to ourselves.

Innocent made no answer. She walked silently by his side, overcome by the bitterness of this sudden onslaught when she had expected quite the reverse. Poor child, her earliest training was all emotional; the severest kind of mental discipline. When he made her a sign to come out to him, she had thought he meant to be kinder, more affectionate than usual, more like what he used to be when he travelled with her, and cared for her in everything. How quickly, how gladly she had rushed out, leaving the door open behind her, as Brownlow remembered long afterwards. And to find that all her pleasant expectations were to end in a new and utterly unprovoked *accès* of scolding! She tried hard not to cry, her pride being hurt at last, but the

large tears dropped down her cheeks, as she went silently along the walk by his side. She put up her hand furtively to dash them away. She turned her head from him that he might not see them. Was it the same Frederick who had kissed her before he went out, who had always been good to her, except last night? But she could not say anything either in defence or submission. She was too deeply and cruelly disappointed to have any power of speech left.

"You won't give in?" said Frederick. "You are just like all women. You will never allow you are in the wrong. When I come home, fretted and vexed from the world," continued the young man, taking a high tone, "and hoping to have a little repose and comfort at home, you begin to worry me from the first moment you catch sight of me. I declare it is hard; a man who has always tried to do his duty at home—and instead of finding it a refuge from the troubles of life——"

This speech was perfectly unintelligible to Innocent. She looked up at him with vague surprise, being quite unaware, poor child, of the troubles of life from which Frederick escaped with the hope of finding comfort at home. He had fallen without thinking into the ordinary and conventional manner in which manhood indignant addresses its womankind. He pulled himself up suddenly with a "Pshaw!" of disgust, which could only be addressed to himself.

"I mean you must put a stop to all this nonsense," he said, abruptly. "Make yourself happy somehow. Do as other people do. Don't sit and mope in a corner and gaze at me, and don't watch for me any more at that window. If you do, I shall be horribly vexed. There now, run in and think no more of it. I don't mean to be cross; but you must remember, Innocent," he concluded with great emphasis, "you must remember that what you have got to do is to please, not yourself, but me."

Innocent received this first lesson in the female necessity of self-renunciation in silence, taking it in with her eyes as well as her ears. She kept looking at him, in the dulness of her perception, wondering if there was something more to follow; but nothing followed. Then she said "Yes" vaguely, and they went in together, he to the drawing-room, where he had his mother to encounter, she to the schoolroom, high up in the roof, which she had taken possession of to sit and dream in. Girls seldom have

their lesson so very plainly put forth to them in words, but perhaps Innocent's undeveloped mind required it. "What you have to do is to please, not yourself, but me!" She pondered the words, and got to the length of mastering their meaning without any criticism. Such plain-speaking has in it a certain sublimity, surmounting all secondary shades of meaning, and penetrating into the simplest soul. She got it by heart, seated on her window-ledge, looking out upon the little chapel, which once more had caught something of the aspect of the church of the Spina. "Not yourself, but me; not yourself, but me!" Thus Innocent got her first great lesson by heart.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE FLOWER OF STERBORNE.

I DO not know if any prevision of the fate which was about to befall him was in Frederick's mind on that eventful night. He had a few words with his mother, which were not altogether friendly, ere he went to dress, for Mrs. Eastwood objected to the private walk and talk with Innocent, which seemed to her to be done in defiance of her warning and request.

"Ask her what I said to her, if you don't trust me," Frederick had said in high dudgeon, before he went to prepare himself for Mr. Batty's entertainment; and this encounter excited him, and gave him a perverse inclination to enjoy himself with the host whom he felt would be so highly disapproved of by his family. I don't think he let his imagination dwell at all on the fact that there was a third person to be present, or that this was a woman and a "beauty." The greatest beauty in the world being Mr. Batty's daughter could be of little importance to an Eastwood. He went his way to Batty's hotel with his head full of many thoughts, but totally indifferent to this one. He thought it was immensely impudent of the fellow to ask him, that it was rather hard upon himself to be obliged to go, that it would be amusing to see how fellows of that sort dined and conducted themselves generally, along with a variety of other reflections equally superficial; but he never thought of the Flower of Sterborne, nor of the special effect she might be likely to produce on a young man suddenly pre-ented to her. The hotel was not one of those seeming humble and quiet establishments, where princes and millionaires abound; it was

more pretentious and less expensive, but yet dear enough to frighten any moderate soul out of London. Frederick was shown into a small dining-room, prepared for a small party. He saw with some relief that there were but three places, and took his seat very easily and without ceremony in front of the fire, with the *Times*, which was lying on a table. He scarcely noticed the door open; when it did open it would no doubt be Batty, who was not shy, and would soon make his presence known. Frederick read on, without looking behind him, until he became suddenly aware of a rustling and subdued movement, and a slight air moved his paper as if some one had passed behind him. Startled by this, and somewhat ashamed of his own easy indifference, he started suddenly to his feet, and turned round. He never forgot all his life the sight that met his eyes. Standing behind his chair was (he thought) the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. The arch look with which she had been contemplating his unconcern was still in her face. She was tall, almost as tall as himself, and ample, a fully-developed and splendid piece of flesh and blood, not so warm or so full-blown as Rubens, but something approaching that school of art. She was of the class of beauty which has come to be distinctive of the present period, though I cannot tell why. Her hair, I need not say, was golden; her complexion dazzling. She was like the sun, almost as brilliant, in her mingling of tints, her snow-white, and rose-red, and glittering glory of hair. The sight of her was too much for weak vision. It dazzled and brought water to the eyes of the rash and feeble beholder. If you could have calmly examine her features, without regard to that soft glow and glory of colour, and texture, and roundness, and life, it is possible that you might have found them to be not at all perfect; but this not one spectator in a hundred had coolness enough to do. Her eyes were hazel; they ought to have been blue, according to all rules; but it seemed part of her character, and the wilfulness which was its chief point, that she should have eyes, which, beautiful as they were, did not quite "go with" her face. There are many kinds of hazel eyes; it is the most changeful, the most capricious of colours. I have seen it turn to gold in a certain pair of orbs I wot of, showing like light itself in the light. I have seen it melt into the softest liquid grey; but there is



a kind of hazel eye, very bright, very splendid, in which there is hung a subtle little danger-signal to all mankind. These are the eyes that have a spark of red in them, flashing out now and then from the warm, translucent brown, a spark which tells of temper, of passion, of headstrong will, and impulse. 'Manda Batty had these eyes. They were lamps of light, and it seemed to the looker-on, if any one remarked it at all, that this fiery gleam was necessary to give them character, and keep them from losing their due importance in the brilliant and sweet glow of colour that surrounded them. This, if it really was, as I think, an indication of danger, was the only one. At this moment her face was full of suppressed laughter. She had a finger lifted to her lip like a statue of Silence, but how unlike a statue of Silence was she otherwise! or, indeed, a statue of anything; everything about her was warm and soft, breathing a lavish life. When Frederick turned round upon her so suddenly, the laughter in her face burst forth. Perhaps it was louder and more uncultivated than if she had been, as people say, a lady. She threw herself down in a chair, and laughed till the water sparkled on her pretty eyelashes, and she put her hands to her waist with such a rendering of "Laughter holding both his sides" as never entered into any painter's imagination. "Oh," she cried, "I shall die of laughing; come and stop me, come, papa."

It struck Frederick with a shock of surprise and pain when Mr. Batty came in by another door, also inarticulate with laughter. The idea of this wonderful creature being Batty's daughter appalled and struck him dumb. Not to say that he was very deeply embarrassed by the situation altogether, by the laughter of the new-comer, and his own semi-ridiculous attitude—her beauty had struck him at once with one of those impressions which are not to be shaken off, which count, slight and superficial as is often the instrument, among the great things of life. Never before had Frederick been so profoundly moved. He did not understand the effect, nor what it meant. He ceased to be himself for the moment, and become the subject of a strange and subtle experiment, which stamped her reflection upon him. No, he was not himself; he was a mirror of her, a sensitive plate, upon which that sudden light had painted her likeness. These may seem fantastic similes, but I

know no other that would convey what I mean. I suppose it was what we, with our limited powers of expression, call love at first sight. It was certainly adoration at first sight, which is a different thing.

"Well, Mr. Eastwood, here's my wild girl making fun of us both," said Batty, "without even giving me a chance of introducing you. 'Manda, this is Mr. Eastwood, as of course you have found out."

"Don't say Mr. Eastwood, papa."

"No, you're right. Mr. Frederick, that's what I mean, and a deal nicer a gentleman," said the father. "You see, Mr. Frederick, 'Manda has been, so to speak, brought up with nothing but Eastwoods. All the young 'uns from Sir Geoffrey downwards, rode into Sterborne on their ponies to have their lessons with our old curate, and 'Manda being his prime favourite, and partly brought up with him —"

"You don't suppose, papa, that any one but ourselves cares for all these details. Pray forgive me for laughing at you," said Miss Amanda, turning to Frederick, "you were so comfortable and so much at your ease reading your *Times*. What can gentlemen find in the *Times* always, morning, noon, and night? Papa is never done with his paper; first there is one thing, then another. I suppose you had been reading it all the morning, Mr. Frederick Eastwood, and the first thing you do is to take it up here."

"I did not know there was any one observing me," said Frederick, standing confused and humble before her. He who was very lofty and dignified to his mother and sister, was ready to be abject with Amanda. He listened to her with absolute reverence, though all that she had to say was common-place enough. When he was placed beside her at dinner, and found himself at liberty to look at her and listen to her undisturbed, it seemed to Frederick that he had never been so blessed. He took in all her chatter without losing a word. Miss Batty was in full dress. Those were the days when English ladies were supposed always to appear with bare shoulders in the evening, and her beautiful shoulders and arms were bare. Her dress was blue, with a long train, which was considerably in her way. If there was anything wanting in her it was this—she moved about in a manner that did not suit the dignity of her beauty; her movements were quick, jerky, and without grace; she bustled like a notable housewife,

rather than a fine lady. Perhaps if her dress had not been much too fine for the occasion, this would have been less remarkable, but as it was, Frederick's dream was disturbed a little when she jumped up to help herself. "Oh, I can't sit and wait if I want a bit of bread till the servant comes," she cried. Frederick did not like the words; nor the tone of them, but she was lovelier than ever when she said them. Thus he did not lose his senses instantly, or suppose that everything that fell from her lips was divine. But his admiration, or adoration, mastered all his criticism and swept away his good sense. What she said might be foolish or flippant, but how she said it was heavenly. He could not take his eyes from her. He made what effort he could to keep up the ordinary decorum, and look as if he were capable of eating, and drinking, and talking, as he had been the day before, but the effort was very little successful. Miss Amanda saw her victory, and almost disdained it, it was so easy; and her father saw it, and was satisfied.

"Now take me to the play," she said, when dinner was over. "It isn't often I am in town, and I mean to enjoy myself. Oh, we may be late, but it does not matter. If it is only for the afterpiece I am determined to go."

"Was there ever so imperious a girl?" cried her father. "You ought to remember, 'Manda, here is Mr. Eastwood. You can't send away a gentleman that has but just eaten his dinner."

"He can come too," said Amanda. "I like to have two gentlemen. There is always plenty for two gentlemen to do. Won't you come, Mr. Frederick Eastwood? But anyhow I must go," she continued, turning to her father, who was almost as abject in his devotion as Frederick was. Had she been anything short of perfection Frederick would have hesitated much before he consented to show himself in public with Mr. Batty and his daughter; indeed, the possibility of such a thing would have driven him frantic. But now he had no such thoughts. If he hesitated it was but to calculate what was going on in the theatrical world; what there was worthy to be seen by her. He was not much of a theatre-goer, but he knew what was being played, and where. He suggested one or two of what were supposed to be the best plays; but she put him down quite calmly. She had already decided that she was going to see one of the sensational pieces of the day,

a drama (I do not know it, I may be doing it injustice) the chief point in which was the terrific situation of the hero or heroine, who was bound down on the line of a railway when the train was coming. It was this lofty representation which she had set her heart on seeing. Frederick handed her into the cab which was immediately sent for. He sat by her in it; he breathed in the atmosphere of "Ess. bouquet" which surrounded her. Now and then he thought with a glimmer of horror, of meeting somebody whom he knew; but his mind was only at intervals sufficiently free to harbour this thought. It was, however, with a certain fright that he found himself in the stage-box, which it appeared had been provided beforehand for Miss Amanda's pleasure. "I prefer a box," she said to Frederick, "here one can be comfortable, and papa if he likes can fall asleep in a comfortable chair; but I can't understand a lady making herself happy down there." She pointed to the stalls, where Frederick was too happy not to be. There was, of course, somebody he knew in the second row who found him out he feared in the dignity of his box, where Miss Amanda had no idea of hiding herself. "She objected to her gentlemen," she said, "taking refuge behind a curtain," and she did no such injustice to her own beauty as to conceal it. She dropped her cloak from her shoulders, and gave the house all the benefit; and she kept calling Frederick's attention to one thing and another, insisting that he should crane his neck round the corner to look at this or that. Her beauty and her dress and evident willingness to be admired drew many eyes, and Frederick felt that he had a share in the *succès* which he could very well have dispensed with. He had experienced a good many adventures, but very few like this. He had always been very respectable under the eyes of the world; to be sure, he was quite respectable now; there was no fault to be found with the party—his beautiful companion, indeed, was something quite new, and not very much used to her present position; but there was nothing wrong in that. Nevertheless, Frederick felt that there was something to pay for the strange confusion of blessedness in which he seemed to have lost himself. He felt this by intervals, and he kept as much as he could behind the curtains, behind *her*. She was perfectly willing to occupy the centre of the box, to rain down influence, to be seen and admired. "Mr. Eastwood,



I wish you would not keep behind me. Do let people see that I have some one to take care of me. Papa has gone to sleep, of course," said the beauty, and she turned round upon Frederick with such a look that he remembered nothing any more but her loveliness, and the delight of being near her. She chattered through all the play, and he listened. She said a great deal that was silly, and some things that were slightly vulgar, and he noted them, yet was not less subjugated by a spell which was beyond resistance. I cannot be supposed to understand this, nor to explain it. In such matters I can only record facts. He was not under the delusion that she was a lofty, or noble, or refined being, though she was Batty's daughter. He presumed that she was Batty's daughter heart and soul; made of the same *pâte*, full of the same thoughts. She was "not a lady," beautiful, splendid, and well dressed as she was; the humble, little snub-nosed girl in the stalls below who looked up at this vision of loveliness with a girl's admiration, had something which all the wealth of the Indies could not have given to Miss Amanda. And Frederick Eastwood saw this quite plainly, yet fell in love, or in madness, exactly as if he had not seen it. The feeling, such as it was, was too genuine to make him capable of many words; but he did his best to amuse her, and he listened to all she said which was a very good way of pleasing this young woman.

"I hope you mean to stay in town for some time," he said, in one of the pauses of her abundant talk.

"Not very long," said Miss 'Manda. "Papa likes to live well, and to do things in the best sort of way; so he spends a deal of money, and that can't last long. Our hotel isn't like Mivart's, and that sort of thing; but it is dreadfully dear. We spend as much as—oh, I couldn't venture to tell you how much we spend a day. Papa likes to have everything of the best, and so do I."

"And so you ought," said Frederick, adoring. "Pardon me if I am saying too much."

"Oh, you are not saying very much, Mr. Eastwood. It is I that am talking," said Amanda, "and as for our staying long here that does not much matter, for Papa wants you to come to Sterborne. He has been talking of it ever since he came back from Paris. What did you do to him to make him take such a fancy to you? We don't think the other East-

woods behaved very nicely to us, and ever since he met with you Papa has been telling me of all your good qualities. You have put a spell upon him, I think."

"He is very good, I am sure," said Frederick, stiffening in spite of himself.

"Oh, I know," said Amanda, with a toss of her head. "We are not so fine as you are, we don't visit with county people, nor that sort of thing. But we have plenty of people come to see us who are better off than the Eastwoods, and better blood too, so you need not be afraid. Papa has dealings with the very best. We don't like to be slighted," said the beauty, with a gleam of that red light from her beautiful eyes; "and when people put on airs, like your cousin has done, it sets Papa's back up. That was why we went against Sir Geoffrey at the election. But I hope you will come, Mr. Eastwood; Papa took such a fancy to you."

"I have just been away from the office for a month. I fear I shall not have leisure again for some time," said Frederick, feeling that an invitation from Batty was to be resisted, even when conveyed by such lovely lips.

"How hideous it must be not to be one's own master; to have to ask for 'leave' like a servant," cried 'Manda with a laugh; which speech set all Frederick's nerves ajar, and almost released him from the syren. He withdrew into the shade of the curtains, and drew to him all the succour of his pride.

"Yes, it is a pitiful position," he said, with an angry laugh; "but I may comfort myself that a great many people share it with me. Do you know I am afraid I must leave you. This performance is endless, and rather dull."

"Upon my word!" cried Miss Batty, "you are free-spoken, Mr. Frederick. To tell a lady you are dull when she is doing her best to amuse you!"

"Pardon me, I spoke of the performance."

"Oh, I don't care much for the performance," said Amanda, with a beaming smile. "I like the lights and the music, and the feeling of being out in the world. But you wouldn't go off, and leave me— with Papa asleep, and no one to talk to?"

"I have an engagement—at my club."

"Oh, if you wish to go away, Mr. Eastwood—." The beauty turned away pouting, turning her lovely shoulders upon him, and tossing her beautiful head. Frederick had risen partly in the liveliness of personal offence, partly with an

impulse of prudence, to escape while he might. But his heart failed him when he saw the averted head, the resentful movement. Batty dozed peacefully in his chair, interfering with no one. And something tugged at the unfortunate young man, who stood undecided whether to fly or to stay. To leave a lovely creature like this, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, alone without any one to amuse her: to leave the place vacant which a hundred no doubt would give their ears for! What harm could it do him to stay? It was pleasant to spend an hour or two by the side of anything so pretty. Come of it—what could come of it? It was an accidental delight entirely, without connection with the rest of his life; an isolated event, without either origin or issue. Why should not he like others enjoy himself for the moment? While he was thus hesitating Amanda turned her head round with a sudden provoking glance. "Oh, have you not gone yet?" she asked. Frederick felt as it were, on his knees before her.

"Must I go? have I proved so unworthy of my privilege?" he cried, humbly, taking his seat with deprecating looks. Miss Batty did not wish him to go, and said so freely with unflattering plainness of speech.

"I should be left to listen to Papa's snores, which I can hear at home," she said. "I always prefer some one to talk to. I daresay, however, I should not have been left long by myself, for there is Lord Hunterston down below in those horrid stalls looking up. He is trying to catch my eye. No; I don't care to have too many. I shan't see him as long as you stay."

"Then I shall stay forever," said Frederick, inspired by that touch of rivalry. Lord Hunterston, however, did manage to find his way up to the box, whether by Miss 'Manda's permission or not, and Frederick grew stiff and resentful while the other foolish youth paid his homage. Lord Hunterston pricked him into double eagerness, and sent all the suggestions of prudence to the winds. Amanda proved herself thoroughly equal to the occasion. She kept the two young men in hand with perfect skill, though she allowed herself to be slightly insolent to Frederick, referring again to the "leave" without which he could not budge. This time, however, the reference did not make him angry, but only impressed him with the fact that his admiration was nothing to her, and that every step of vantage ground would

have to be fought for, and held with the exercise of all his powers. He felt himself pitted against not Lord Hunterston only, but all the world. It seemed impossible to imagine that this syren, who had conquered himself by a glance, should not attract everybody that had the happiness of approaching her. Terror, jealousy, and pride, all came in to aid the strongest passion of all, which had already taken possession of him—terror of losing her, jealousy of everybody who looked at her, and all the *amour propre* and determination to elevate himself over the heads of his rivals that could lend warmth to a young man's determination. No prize is fully estimated until the sense that it will be hotly contested bursts upon the competitor's mind. Frederick grew half wild when the time came for him to leave the theatre. He secured her arm to lead her down stairs, but only by dint of having all his wits about him, and taking his rival unawares. And then he was dismissed at the cab door, with all his nerves tingling, his heart beating, his whole frame in a ferment. He walked home all the way, following the path which her vehicle, so ignoble, and unfit for her to enter, must have taken; he passed under the windows he supposed to be hers. In short, he did everything that a foolish young man, mad with sudden excitement, and what is called passion, is expected to do, and worked himself into a higher and higher strain of excitement, as with his head full of thoughts of her he made his way home, longing impatiently for the morning, when he might see her again.

## CHAPTER XX.

## WHAT IT IS TO BE "IN LOVE."

THE story of such sudden passion as this, which had come upon Frederick Eastwood, are common enough and well known. Love is a subject which concerns and interests the whole world, and though there is not much that is novel to be said about it, it is the event or accident in life of which the gentle reader never tires. Let not that kind listener be shocked if I call it an accident. Sometimes it is the influence which shapes our lives, but sometimes, also, it is so slight an episode that we are disposed to smile or to sneer at the prevailing human prejudice which makes it the chief centre of existence in all song and story. A pure and genuine love, however, has something of attraction in it for every crea-



ture. It recalls the most delicious moments of life, those in which the dream of perfect happiness, never to be fully realized, is forming in the youthful imagination, and all heaven and earth thrills and quickens with visionary hopes and aspirations; or it suggests, more sweetly and more vaguely even than those dreams themselves, the visions that are to come. The ignoble love which it is my evil fortune to have now in hand, would, no doubt, could I enter into it, recall its own ignoble yet exciting memories to the minds which are capable of such feelings. Frederick Eastwood scarcely slept all night, and when he did drop into a feverish doze, the image of Miss 'Manda, her golden hair dropping warm and bright upon her beautiful shoulders, the soft rose-white of her hand supporting the milky rose of her cheek, the curves of her face, the splendour and glow of beauty about her, haunted his dreams. Better visions, I hope, haunt the pillows of most lovers, but this was how Frederick loved, or rather how he fell into passion and frenzy, suddenly, without warning or thought over the attractions of Mr. Batty's daughter, whom the day before he would have thought quite beneath his lightest thought. Thus Love, even when of the least worthy kind, laughs at prejudice and class distinctions, and at all those conventional restraints which are stronger than the suggestions of wisdom. I do not think that any generous or exalted emotion would have led Frederick Eastwood to commit himself, to depart from what he thought becoming to his own elevated position and character; and this being the case there may be a certain human satisfaction in the thought that something does exist which is capable of plucking the intellectualist from his eminence, and the man of social pretence from his position, as well as the prince from his throne. Love, that conquers all things, conquers in this way even the predominant influence of self. Frederick for once was superior to that determined adherence to his own will and pleasure which had accompanied him through his whole life. His first thought in the morning was for her. He got up earlier than usual, though he had been late on the previous night. He had no wish to sleep; it was sweeter to wander about the garden in the morning sunshine and think of her, which was a proceeding which filled the family with consternation. When he was discovered at the breakfast table making himself very

pleasant and friendly, the surprise of Nelly and Dick came to a height. As for Mrs. Eastwood, she had a mother's natural certainty that her son's manners were always agreeable, except when something had disturbed him. Nothing, it was evident, had disturbed him this morning, and he could show himself in his true colours. He was very communicative and conciliatory, and told them how he had been persuaded to accompany some people whom he met to the play, and that the piece was very stupid, like so many pieces now-a-days.

"That's all very well for you who were there," said Dick, "I should like to find out for myself. All pieces are stupid to a fellow that can see them whenever he likes."

"You might have had my share and welcome, old fellow," said Frederick, with undiminished amiability. "I didn't pay much attention, to tell the truth. There was the loveliest girl in the box—a Miss Batty. Her father is a—country-doctor, I think; but such a beautiful creature!"

"I don't know what tempted him to make this confidence; probably the desire to be talking of her. And then he described her, which raised a discussion round the table.

"I am sick of golden hair," said Dick, who was moved by a spirit of contradiction. "There are so many of 'em in novels, great, sleek, indolent, cat-like——"

"And rather improper," said Mrs. Eastwood; "doing things that one cannot approve of girls doing. In my day what you call golden hair was known as red. Raven locks were the right thing for a heroine, very smooth and glossy——"

"Well plastered down with pomade, and not safe to touch," said Nelly, shaking her own brown locks. "But I agree with you, Frederick, there is no hair so lovely as golden hair. Is your beauty going to stay long in town? Do we know any one who knows her? Has she come for the season?"

"They are staying at a hotel," said Frederick, very seriously. "I met the father in Paris, quite by chance, when I was getting better. That is how I came to know them. They are not quite in your set, I suppose. But she is simply the most radiant dazzling creature——"

"All red and white and green and blue," said the irrepressible Dick, "with her hair growing down to her eyes—oh,

I know ! seven feet high, and weighing twelve stone."

"Yes, that is odd too," said Mrs. Eastwood ; "people like that kind of huge woman. In my days now, a light elastic figure ——"

"They all died of consumption," said Nelly. She was herself exactly the kind of being whom her mother described ; but she took up the cause of the other with natural perverseness. A curious sense of possible help gleamed across Frederick's mind as he listened. He would not allow himself to realize under what possible circumstances Nelly's championship might be useful to him ; but his mind jumped at the thought, with a sudden perception of possibilities which he by no means wished to follow out at once to their full length and breadth. When he went to the office he congratulated himself secretly on his skill in having thus introduced the subject so as to awaken no suspicion — and he went into the conservatory, and cut a lovely little white camelia bud, which Nelly had been saving up for quite another button-hole. It was just after the exciting moment of Nelly's betrothal, and the house was full of a certain suggestion of love-making, which, perhaps, helped to stimulate Frederick's thoughts ; but his blaze of sudden passion was very different from the sentiments of the others. He went to the office first, feeling it too early to be admitted to Amanda's beautiful presence. Happily, there was not very much to do at the Sealing Wax Office. He spent an hour or two there, in a feverish flutter, disturbing the others (who, fortunately, were not very hard at work), and throwing all his own occupations into confusion. At twelve, he went out, and made his way to the hotel. He found Batty there, but not his daughter.

"Manda ?" Oh, she's all right," said the father ; "but the laziest girl in Christendom. Pretty women are all lazy. I haven't seen her yet, and don't expect to for an hour or more. Have a glass of something, Eastwood, just to fill up the time ?"

Frederick winced at this free-and-easy address, and hastened to explain that he was on his way to keep a pressing engagement, and would return in the afternoon, to pay his respects to Miss Batty. At three o'clock he went back, and found her indeed ; but found also Lord Hunterston and another visitor, with whom Miss Amanda kept up a very lively conversation. Batty himself filled up the cen-

tre of the scene, and made a variety with talk of horses and feats in the hunting-field. Frederick was left in the background, to his intense misery. He heard one of the other visitors asked in easy terms to dinner that evening, with again the thrilling prospect of the play after it. He himself, it would seem, had had his day. The only crumb of comfort he procured from the visit was the name of the theatre they were going to. He rushed to Covent Garden after this, poor wretch, and bought the costliest bouquet he could find, and sent it to her. Then he dined, miserable and solitary, at his club, speaking no word to any man, and went afterwards to the blessed theatre in which she was to exhibit her beauty to the world. He saw her from the first moment of her arrival, and watched with horrible sensations from his stall the comfortable arrangement of Lord Hunterston in his corner beside her, and the large figure of the father behind dropping into a gentle doze. He sat and gazed at them in tortures of adoration and jealousy, wondering if she was saying the same things to his successor as she had said to him ; wondering if Hunterston, too, was being invited to Sterborne, and ridiculed about the necessity of getting "leave" — for, Frederick reflected with some satisfaction, "leave" was necessary also to that distinguished Guardsman. As soon as it was practicable, he made his way up to the box ; but gained little by it, since Mr. Batty insisted upon waking up, and entertaining him, which he did chiefly by chuckling references to their previous meeting in Paris, and the amusements of that gay place. Frederick went home half wild to the calm house where his mother and sister were sleeping quietly ; and where poor little Innocent alone heard his step coming upstairs, and longed to get up and say good night to him, though he had "scolded" her. Had she known it, Innocent was deeply avenged. Amanda Batty had not spared the rash adorer. She had "made fun" of him in a hundred refined and elegant ways, joking about his gravity and serious looks, about his fondness for the theatre, and his kindness in coming to speak to herself. "When I am sure you might have gone behind the scenes if you liked," she said, with a laugh that showed all her pearly teeth. "You, who know so much about the theatres : how I should like to go behind the scenes !"

Frederick, who had made so many sacrifices to appearances, and who was dis-



tinguished in society for the stateliness of his demeanour, would have been infinitely insulted had any one else said this—all the more insulted for his own consciousness of those moments of aberration in which he had been behind a great many scenes—though never, so far as he was aware, where he could be found out. But a man in love is compelled, when the lady of his affections is like Miss Amanda, to put up with insults, and does so in scores of cases with a meekness which is nowhere apparent in his domestic character. Frederick felt himself punctured by shafts of ridicule not too finely pointed. He was laughed at, he was rallied, jokes were made upon him. He was even treated with absolute rudeness, Amanda turning her beautiful shoulders upon him, and addressing Lord Hunterston, in the very midst of something Frederick was saying to her. A thrill of momentary fury went through him, but next moment he was abject in his endeavours to get a glance from her—a word of reply.

“Don’t you mind her—it’s ’Manda’s way,” said Batty, laughing as he saw the gloom on Frederick’s face. “The more insulting she is one evening, the nicer she’ll be the next. Don’t you pay any attention: it’s his turn to-night, and yours to-morrow. Don’t take it too serious, Eastwood; if you’ll be guided by me——”

“I fear I don’t quite understand you, Mr. Batty,” said poor Frederick, writhing in impotent pride at the liberties taken with him. Upon which Batty laughed again, more insolently good-humoured than ever.

“As you like—as you like,” he said; “you are more likely to want me, I can tell you, than I am to want you.”

Frederick answered nothing: his mind was torn in pieces. Could he have had strength to go away, to break those fatal chains which in a day—in a moment—had been thrown over him, he would have done it. A sudden impulse to fly came over him; but a hundred past yieldings to temptation had sapped the strength of his nature, and taken away from him all power to make such a strenuous resistance to his own wishes. The self-willed, proud young man put down his head and licked the dust before the coarse beauty who had stolen away his wits, and the coarse man whose familiarity was so odious to him. He turned from the father, and addressed himself with eager adoration to the daughter; and, perhaps because Amanda was a thorough coquette,

and enjoyed her own cleverness in pitting one admirer against another—perhaps because the misery and earnestness in the eyes of her new slave softened her, she was friendly to him for the rest of the evening, and wrapped his foolish soul in happiness. Before they parted he was made happy by another invitation. They were but to be two nights more in town, and one of these evenings Frederick was to spend with them.

“Be sure and find out for me the very nicest thing that is to be played in London,” she said, turning round to him as she left the theatre, though the rival had her hand on his arm. The sweetness of this preference, the sign she made to him as the carriage drove away, contented, and more than contented, Frederick. He went home happy; he got through—he did not know how—the intervening time. Next afternoon he went to call on her, at one moment gaining a few words, which made him blessed, at another turning away with his pride lacerated and his heart bleeding. The succession of ups and downs was enough to have given variety to months of ordinary love-making. Frederick was tossed from delight to despair, and back again. He was jibed at, flattered, made use of, tormented, and consoled. Had he been a man of finer mind, he might possibly have been disgusted; but it is astonishing what even men of the finest minds will submit to under the force of such an imperious passion. They console themselves by the conclusion that all women are the same, and that theirs is the common fate. If Frederick had any time to think in the hurry of emotion and excitement which swept him as into the vortex of a whirlpool, he excused Miss ’Manda’s cruelties and caprices by this explanation. All women who possessed, as she did, those glorious gifts of beauty—all the Cleopatras of existence—were like her; they had to be worshipped blindly, not considered as reasonable creatures. Reason! what had reason to do with those shoulders, those cheeks, those eyes?

The evening came at last—the evening of rapture and misery which he was to spend by her side, but which was to be the last. He counted how many hours it could be lengthened out to, and gave himself up to the enjoyment, not daring to forecast to himself what he might say or do before that cycle of happiness was ended. He dressed himself with so much care that Mrs. Eastwood, who had never forgotten that enthusiastic descrip-

tion of Miss Batty, felt an uneasiness for which she could give no very distinct reason. This time the roses in the conservatory were not enough for Frederick. He had brought one from Covent Garden, carefully wrapped up in cotton wool; and he spoiled half-a-dozen ties before he could tie one to his satisfaction. His mother peeped at him from the door of her room as he went down stairs. In consequence of their play-going propensities, the Battys had to dine early. It was but half-past six when Frederick left the Elms in his hansom, which he had taken the trouble to order beforehand. Mrs. Eastwood opened her window, with a faint hope that perhaps the wind might convey his instructions to the driver, to her anxious ear. She withdrew blushing, poor soul, when this attempt proved unsuccessful. It was almost dishonourable—like listening at a door. When one does not succeed in a little wile of this description, one realizes how ignoble was the attempt.

"Of course, if I had asked him where he was going, he would have told me," she said to herself.

But the truth was that Frederick had so often returned disagreeable answers to such questions, and had made so many remarks upon the curiosity of women, &c., that the household had ceased to inquire into his movements. He was the only one of the family whose comings and goings were not open as daylight to whomsoever cared to see.

His heart beat higher and higher as he threaded the streets and approached the second-rate London inn which was to him the centre of the world. When he was shown into the room, however, in which dinner was prepared as usual, he went in upon a scene for which he was totally unprepared. Seated by the fire, which had suddenly become unnecessary by a change in the weather, and which made the little room very stuffy and hot, was Amanda, wrapped in a great shawl. Her usual sublime evening toilette had been exchanged for a white dressing-gown, all frills and bows of ribbon. High up on her cheeks, just under her eyes, were two blazing spots of pink. Her face, except for these, was pale and drawn. The sound of her voice, fretful and impatient, was the first thing Frederick heard. By her sat a middle-aged woman in an elaborate cap with flowers. There was a medicine bottle on the mantel-piece. Frederick rushed forward, in wonder and dismay.

"Miss Batty—Good God, you are ill——!"

"You may see that, I think, without asking," said Amanda; "when one is well one does not show like this, I hope. The last night, too—the last time for ages I shall have the least chance of enjoying myself, or having a little fun. Oh, it is too shocking! When one is at home, with nothing going on, one does not mind; it is always something to occupy one. Oh, go away please. Dine somewhere with Papa. He is waiting for you outside; never mind me. Oh, aunt, can't you be still—rustling and rustling for ever and ever, and setting all my nerves on edge?"

A sudden blackness came over Frederick's soul. "Dine somewhere with Papa." Good heavens! was that the entertainment offered to him after all his hopes? He stood transfixed as it were, immovable in a blank and horrible pause of disappointment. The close room and the sudden revulsion of feeling made him sick and faint. His perfect and faultless costume, the delicate rosebud in his coat, his tie which it had taken him so much trouble to bring to perfection, his boots upon which he had been so careful not to have a speck—all struck Amanda with relenting as she looked at him, and finally roused her a little out of her absorption in her own troubles. He looked such a gentleman! Miss Batty belonged to that class which is given to describe its heroes as "looking like gentlemen," with often an uneasy sense that the looks are the only things gentlemanlike about them. Frederick impressed her profoundly and suddenly by this means. She relented as she looked at him.

"Dinner was laid here," she said, "as you see—but I don't think I could stand it,—and then when one is not dressed or anything—it would not be nice for you——"

"It is perfectly nice for me," said Frederick coming to life again,— "a thousand times more nice than anything else. Your dress is always perfect whatever it may be. Let me stay! What do I care for dining or anything else? Let me be with you. Let me be with you. Don't send me into outer darkness——"

"Oh, how you do talk, Mr. Eastwood," said Amanda, though with a smile. "No, of course you must dine. We must all dine. No, now go away. I could not have it. Let some one call Papa, and you can go with him——" she paused for a moment enjoying the blank misery



that once more fell upon Frederick's face; then added suddenly,—"On second thoughts, after all, it might amuse me. Aunt, ring the bell. If you are sure you don't mind my dressing-gown—and the room being so warm,—and aunt being here,—and the medicine bottle, and the big fire,—well, perhaps," she said, pausing to laugh in a breathless way,—"you may stay."

If the Queen had created him Earl of Eastwood with corresponding revenues, it would have been nothing to the bliss of this moment. He drew a footstool to her feet and sat down on it, half kneeling, and made his inquiries.—What was it? How was it? was she suffering? did she feel ill? had she a doctor, the best doctor that London could produce, Jenner, Gull, somebody that could be trusted? Amanda informed him that it was heart disease from which she was suffering, an intimation which she made not without complacency, but which Frederick felt to pierce him like a horrible, sudden arrow—and that "Aunt" here present, whom she introduced with a careless wave of her hand, knew exactly what to do.

"It is dreadful, isn't it, to think I might die any moment?" she said with a smile.

"Good God!" Frederick said, with unaffected horror, "it cannot be true!" and he sat, stricken dumb, gazing at her, the tears forcing themselves to his eyes. Mr. Batty entered at this moment, and the man who was human, and a father, was touched by this evidence of emotion. He wrung Frederick's hand, and whispered him aside.

"It ain't as bad as it seems," he said. "We daren't cross her. If she wanted the moon I'd have to tell her we'd get it somehow. We've known for years that she wasn't to be crossed; but barring that, I hope all's pretty safe. It's bad for her temper, poor girl, but I'm not afraid of her life."

Frederick spent such an evening as he had never spent in his life. He sat at Amanda's feet and read to her, and talked to her, and listened to her chatter, which was soft and subdued, for she was languid after her spasms. Mr. Batty sat by most part of the evening admiring, and so did the person called Aunt, who kept in constant attendance. Frederick could not throw himself at Miss Manda's feet according to conventional form; he could not declare his love and entreat her to marry him, as he was burning to do, for he was not permitted a minute alone with her. But short of that, he said every-

thing that a man in love could do. He told his adoration by a hundred signs and inferences. And he went home in such a whirl of sentiment and emotion as I cannot attempt to describe. His love was frantic, yet so tinged and imbued with a sense of the virtuous and domestic character of this evening of complete happiness, that he felt as good as he was blessed. She was going away; that was the only drawback to his rapture; and even that impressed a certain intense and ecstatic character upon it, as of a flower snatched from the edge of a precipice of despair.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### LOUIS NAPOLEON PAINTED BY A CONTEMPORARY.

IN the year 1863, shortly after the last visit paid by Mr. Senior to Paris, he selected from his journals the conversations which threw most light upon the character of Louis Napoleon.

Many of them were with statesmen who are still playing a distinguished part in public life, and could not therefore be published with the names of the speakers. Thus their chief value would be lost. But the same objection does not apply to the most interesting portion of the book: the conversations with Madame R., a lady who was brought up as a sister with the Emperor, and who continued her intimacy with him till the *Coup d'état*, which she, as a woman of integrity, and a staunch Republican, could not forgive.

Mr. Senior made her acquaintance in 1854, shortly before the Crimean War.

February 17, 1854.—I went in the evening to Mme. Mohl's and found there Madame R. We began, of course, with the letter of Louis Napoleon to the Czar:—

"It was Louis Philippe," said Madame R., "that made Louis Napoleon *un homme de lettres*. It was at Ham that he acquired the habit of solitary study and meditation. The lesson was a useful one, but it lasted too long. For five years his health and mental activity were unimpaired, but in the sixth he began to droop. He would have become stupid, perhaps mad, if it had continued."

"I have always suspected," I said, "that the French Government connived at his escape."

"Your suspicion," she said, "was perfectly unfounded. The French Government took every precaution in its power to prevent it. If you like I will tell you the whole story.

"His apartment was at the bottom of a court; on each side of the door was a bench on which sat a gendarme. The sentinels at the gate of the fortress allowed no one to pass without calling for the concierge to examine him. The gendarmes and the concierge were well acquainted with his features. When he had formed his plans, he did all the damage he could to his rooms, and then complained of their dilapidated state. Some workmen were sent in to repair them. His servant was allowed to go to a neighbouring town, about a couple of miles off, to buy books and execute commissions, and for that purpose to hire a one horse carriage, which he drove himself. Through him Louis Napoleon obtained a workman's dress,\* and could have a carriage to meet him. The workmen were to be twenty-four days at work. He waited till the twenty-third to accustom, as he says, the guards to see the workmen coming and going, but also, I think, from his habit of procrastination. At length, about a quarter to seven in the morning, at the time when he supposed the two gendarmes would be at breakfast, sitting with their sides to the door, he went out with a plank on his shoulder. But he was five minutes too late. They had finished, and their faces were towards him. He thought himself lost, and intentionally let the plank strike the head of the man on his right. This succeeded; the man who was struck thought only of his head—the other ran to assist him, and while they were abusing him for his awkwardness he walked on, knowing that they would not quit their posts to follow and recognize him. The soldier at the gate knew him, smiled, and, without calling the concierge, said, 'Passez.' A hundred yards from the gate his servant met him with the carriage and his dog. The dog, not being in the secret, leapt on him with great demonstrations of joy. This was seen by a sentinel on the rampart, who knew the dog, but he was as discreet as the man at the gate had been. They drove straight towards the Belgian frontier, and reached it in about five hours.

"In the meantime the Commandant, whose duty it was to see Louis Napoleon

three times a day, came to pay his first visit at seven o'clock. Louis Napoleon had been complaining of illness for some days, and his physician, who was in the plot, stopped the Commandant in the ante-chamber, and begged him to go no further, as his patient, after a very bad night, was sleeping. The Commandant acquiesced, and returned at two for his second visit. The same answer was given: Louis Napoleon was still sleeping. 'This is very serious,' said the Commandant. 'Do you apprehend danger?' 'I do,' said the physician, 'I do not think that he is quite safe.' 'Then,' said the Commandant, 'I must send a telegraphic message to Paris; what would become of us if he were to die in our hands? And for that purpose I must actually see him.' 'You can see him, of course,' said the physician, 'but, whatever the danger may be, and I have not much fear, it will be increased if you wake him.' 'Then,' said the Commandant, 'I will sit by his bedside till he wakes naturally, that no time may be lost in sending to Paris.' They went into the room and sat at the side and the foot of the bed, in which lay a figure wrapped in bed-clothes and a nightcap, with its face to the wall. After a quarter of an hour, the Commandant exclaimed, 'I do not see him breathe, he must be dead.' The physician was silent, the Commandant turned down the clothes, and found a stuffed figure.

"Of course the telegraph was set to work, and pursuit was made on every road—but Louis Napoleon had been in Belgium an hour before he was missed."

*Wednesday, April 19, 1854.*—I called early this morning on Madame R. Her brother is the architect who superintends the works at the Elysée.

His story to her was, that at seven in the morning of Good Friday, the Emperor and the Empress met him at the Elysée, and she told him that she must give a ball on Monday to the Duke of Cambridge, that there was a difficulty in doing so at the Tuileries, and that he must get ready the Elysée for it.

"But," he said, "there are 3,000 cubic yards of stone in the court, there is no staircase, the walls are mere wet stone and mortar, nothing in fact is finished, except the roof; it is impossible;" and he looked towards the Emperor for protection. "C'est un caprice de femme," said the Emperor. "I am sure," said the Empress, "that nothing is impossible to

\* This workman's name was Badinguay, hence one of the nicknames of Louis Napoleon.—M. C. M. S.



you." So he promised it. The workmen who had gone home were sent for, and 400 of them were kept at work from that time until Monday evening, when the ball began. They were well fed, and a little brandy was added to their wine. When they left off they had been at work for nearly eighty-two consecutive hours; that is, from the morning of Good Friday until the evening of Easter Monday. In that time, besides fitting up the existing rooms, they had built three kitchens and a new ball-room in the garden 90 feet by 35, and 30 feet high. All night they had 700 lamps, and thirty men carrying torches. One of their difficulties was the presence every day of the Empress, ordering, interfering, and not understanding technical objections. On Monday morning the Emperor came. He looked with dismay at the court, still covered with the 3,000 square yards of stone, and at the gap where the staircase was to be. Lacroix then explained to him that he meant to employ these vast masses of stone in building up a vast straight outside staircase, from the court to the first floor, protected by a roof of glass. This was done by seven o'clock that evening, and while it was doing, 400 loads of rubbish were carted out. The poor architect was nearly killed by the incessant worry, want of sleep, and fatigue. "He seemed to me, yesterday," said Madame R., "to have grown ten years older in four days.

"It is remarkable," she continued, "that while this was going on in the house of the head of the State, the head of the Church was publishing from every pulpit in Paris, a protest against Sunday labour. The circular of the Archbishop of Paris on the '*Repos du dimanche*,' which was read throughout his diocese on Easter Sunday, denounces such labour as sacrilege and cruelty, as insolently disobedient to God, oppressive to the labouring classes, and degrading to the national character. The Archbishop must have felt secure in popular sympathy when he ventured to choose such a moment to rebuke his most Christian Majesty. The matter seems trifling, but its childish recklessness will do *Celui-ci*\* great mischief; not the less because the ball was given to an English Prince."

June 10, 1855. — I breakfasted with the Mohls, and met there Madame R. Joseph's letters were mentioned, and some

one expressed surprise at Louis Napoleon's having allowed a work so injurious to the moral character of his uncle to appear.

"I doubt," said Madame R., "whether, supposing him to have moral sense sufficient to perceive the immorality of Napoleon's letters, he would have thought *that* an objection to their publication. He is beginning to be jealous of his uncle. He hopes to become his rival. At first he was satisfied to be Augustus — now he wishes to be also Caesar.

"He has mistaken," she added, "his vocation. He aspires to be a statesman, perhaps to be a soldier — what nature intended him for was a poet. He has an inventive, original, and powerful imagination, which, under proper training, would have produced something great."

"Is his taste good?" I asked. —

"He cannot tolerate French poetry," she answered. "He is insensible to Racine, but he delights in Shakespeare, Goethe, and Schiller. The great, the strange, and the tragic, suit his wild and somewhat vague habits of thought and his melancholy temperament. Of the fine arts the only one that interests him is architecture, probably from the vastness of its products. He hates music, and does not understand painting or sculpture.

"Among the mistakes," she added, "which the public makes with respect to that family, one of the greatest is the treating Jerome as an unimportant member of it. Jerome has as much courage and as much ambition as Louis Napoleon himself. His ambition, however, is less selfish, for it looks towards his heir. He idolizes his son, and in the improbable event of his surviving Louis Napoleon, and succeeding to the Crown, he will endeavour to hand it over to Prince Napoleon. But he will not without a struggle let it be worn by a Bourbon, or broken by a republic. He will fight, and fight desperately, for the rights of the Buonapartes — the enemies of that family ought to pray that he may die before his nephew."

[Sebastopol fell in Sept., 1855, and peace was proclaimed on March 31st, 1856. — M. C. M. S.]

May 16, 1856. — I called on Mdme. R.

"I believe," she said, "that war is more favourable to *Celui-ci* than peace."

May 5, 1858. — I called on Madame R., and found with her an Italian, a man about thirty-five.

\* Louis Napoleon. — M. C. M. S.

"Unless Louis Napoleon's character," said Madame R., "is much changed since 1852, when I ceased to see him, it is little understood. He is supposed to be calm, unimpressible, decided, and obstinate. He has none of these qualities, except the last, and even his obstinacy sometimes deserts him.

"I have known him build castles in the air, dwell on them for years, and at last gradually forget them. When he was young he had two fixed ideas, that he was to be Emperor of France, and that he was to be the liberator of Italy, and I do not believe that, even now, he has abandoned the latter."

"If," said the Italian, "he would frankly declare himself favourable to Italian liberty, these plots, as respects the Italians, would cease. We care nothing for his treachery to France, or for his usurpation, or for his despotism. These are the affairs of the French, in which we do not presume to interfere. The Italians try to kill him as the supporter of the Pope, the supporter of Austria, and the enemy of Italian unity. I do not believe that they would meddle with him if he were merely neutral."

"Has not his treatment of Orsini," I said, "done him good with the liberal Italians? Never was a man's head cut off more politely. Short of pardon, which was impossible, Orsini had everything that he could wish."

"It has done him good," answered the Italian, "for a time. He has shown sympathy for our cause, he has shown hostility against our enemy. He has raised our hopes. He has obtained perhaps a respite. But if he disappoints those hopes, if, in order to court the French clergy, he continues to support the Papal tyranny and to allow the Germans and the Bourbons to oppress four-fifths of Italy, I fear that it will not be more than a respite."

The Italian left us, and Madame R. told me his history.

"He is," she said, "a Milanese named C. He took a prominent part in the Milanese revolution, on its failure emigrated to Rome, and was a member of the Roman Parliament, and was one of the leaders in the defence of Rome against the French. When we entered, Oudinot had him tried, I know not on what pretence, by a court-martial. He was acquitted unanimously. The Pope, or the people about the Pope, prevailed on Oudinot to appeal—a thing of most unusual occurrence, when the acquittal has been

unanimous. He was tried again, and again unanimously acquitted. The Pope then, admitting that the French could not punish C., required him to be delivered for trial and punishment to the Roman Tribunals, and I am sorry to say that he was supported by M. de Rayneval. My intimacy with Louis Napoleon then continued. I saw him and told C.'s story. He behaved well, as he usually does in individual cases, particularly when an Italian is concerned, and ordered C. to be released and sent to France. The Roman authorities, however, were so bent on seizing him, that they managed to detain him twenty days at Civita Vecchia, while they were intriguing to get the order for his discharge reversed. They failed—he came to Paris, and was employed on the *Crédit Mobilier*. He has so much influence among his countrymen, that Orsini, though unacquainted with him, named him as his executor. The tribunals refuse to acknowledge the validity of Orsini's will, but have allowed C. to act as in the case of an intestacy."

"You say," I said to Madame R., "that Louis Napoleon is neither calm, unimpressible, nor decided."

"I do," she answered. "He has a calm crust, but furious Italian passions boil beneath it. As a child, he was subject to fits of anger, such as I never saw in anyone else. While they lasted he did not know what he said or did."

"He is procrastinating, undecided, and irresolute. Courage he certainly has, and of every kind, physical and moral."

[Mr. Senior's next visit to Paris took place six weeks before the battle of Magenta.—M. C. M. S.]

*April 28, 1859.*—I called on Madame R.

"Louis Napoleon," she said, "is delighted with the war. A war to drive Austria out of Italy, in which he should command, has been his dream from boyhood. He said to me once, at Ham, 'I trust that some day I shall command a great army. I know that I should distinguish myself, I feel that I have every military quality.'"

"Is not experience," I answered, "necessary?"

"Great things," he replied, "have been done by men who had very little of it. By Condé, for instance. Perhaps it would be better for me to die in the belief that I am fitted to be a great general, than to risk the experiment. But I will try it, if I can, and I believe that I *shall* try it."



"Then the war relieves him from an anxiety which pressed on him from January 14, 1858, until the 1st of January, 1859—the fear of the Carbonari. He has breathed freely only since he could give notice to them that he had accepted their terms."

"You do not believe, then," I said, "in the sincerity of his negotiations?"

"They were sincere," she answered, "so far that if Austria would have submitted without war, to a sacrifice which would have satisfied the Carbonari, he would have accepted it. The least favourable conditions on which he would have remained at peace with her would have been the erection of Lombardy and Venetia into a separate kingdom, under a Prince of the House of Hapsburg, probably the Archduke Maximilian, with an Italian army and ministry, perfectly independent of Austria. What he would have liked better would have been to put those provinces under the Duke of Leuchtenberg, Eugène's grandson. This would have suited Russia, and perhaps may be the ultimate solution. But I *know* I can affirm with perfect certainty that he is resolved, first, that they shall not remain Austrian; and secondly, that they shall *not* be united to Piedmont. He hates Piedmont as constitutional, as a neighbour too strong to be a slave, and because the king has treated him from time to time somewhat roughly. As to the freedom or the prosperity of these provinces, when once they cease to be Austrian, or indeed as to the welfare of any part of Italy, he is utterly indifferent."

May 7, 1859.—I called on Mdme. R., and gave her an outline of my interview with Prince Napoleon.

"When the Prince thinks that the great object of the war is to terminate the preponderance of Austria in the south of Italy, he gives his cousin too much credit for statesmanship; that may be one of his objects, but it is a subordinate one."

"Subordinate," I said, "to his fears of assassination, or to his hopes of military fame?"

"Those also," she answered, "are subordinate motives. My own conviction is, that if he had not made this war he would have been assassinated; but I doubt whether he is as convinced of this as I am. He feels, indeed, his danger, and is disturbed by it; but he has recovered from the shock of the *attentat*, and

has resumed, to a certain extent, his fatalism.

"His real motive, which towers high above all the others, is his hatred of Austria—a hatred bred in his very bones, a hatred which began in his early infancy, which was fostered during all his early childhood and youth, which made him a conspirator and a Carbonaro when most boys are thinking only of their games or of their lessons.

"On the 24th of December, 1848, a fortnight after he had been elected President, I called on him at the request of the Italians in Paris, to ask him what he intended to do for Italy.

"Tell them," he said, "that my name is Buonaparte, and that I feel the responsibilities which that name implies. Italy is dear to me; as dear, almost, as France; but my duties to France *passent avant tout*. I must watch for an opportunity. For the present I am controlled by the Assembly, which will not give me money and men for a war of sentiment, in which France has no direct immediate interest. But tell them my feelings are now what they were in—; and repeat to them that my name is Buonaparte."

"Can he wish," I said, "to give free institutions to Italy?"

"I believe," she answered, "that he does. I believe that he has a sympathy for freedom; though, where he himself is concerned, it is overruled by his desire of power. He likes to be absolute himself, but he wishes all who are not his subjects to be free.

"Then he desires most eagerly everything that he thinks will give him posthumous fame. Imagination is his predominant faculty. I have often said that nature meant him to be a poet. He would have been a great one. Like most men of imagination, he lives in the future. As a child, his desire was to become an historical character. He has no moral sense; he does not care about le bien ou le mal, ça lui est égal, on plutôt il n'en conçoit pas la différence; nor does he care much about present reputation, except as an instrument. He begins now to expect to fill as many pages in history as his uncle has done, and he hopes that they will be brighter; at least that they will be darkened by fewer shadows. And if he believes, as I have reason to think he does, that the man who founds free institutions in Italy will be praised a thousand years hence, he will do it. He will do it if he hopes that history will accept it as a sort of compensation for his

Having destroyed such institutions in France."

*Sunday, May 13, 1860.*—I called on Mdme. R.

"The Emperor's great ambition now," she said, "is reputation as a historian and an archæologist. He is writing a life of Julius Cæsar, and spends in collecting materials for it every minute that he can spare."

"The materials," I said, "lie in a comparatively small compass."

"Ay," she answered, "but it is to contain an essay on the military organization of the Romans, and a general view of its progress, from the tomb of the kings to that of the emperors. He sent, a few days ago, for M. Maury, of the Institut, took him into his closet, showed him the materials which he had got together, made him read what he had written of an introduction, and asked for candid criticism. Maury says that it was well done, though incomplete, and frankly pointed out the parts requiring further attention."

"Can he read Latin?" I asked.

"Fluently," said Mdme. R.; "and Greek not ill. He is far above par as a scholar."

"I supposed him," I said, "to be idle. That is the character given to him by all his ministers and secretaries whom I have known, and I have known several."

"He is idle," said Mdme. R., "in matters of administration. He hates detail, and he hates discussion. But he is fond of study, and very fond of writing. His ministers complain that, since he has taken to biography and antiquities, they cannot get audience or even signatures from him."

*Monday, May 21, 1860.*—I called on Mdme. R.

I told her that I heard that Naples was intended for Prince Napoleon.

"I know nothing of it," she answered. "What would England say?"

"We cannot wish," I replied, "to see Buonaparte viceroys substituted for legitimate sovereigns. Do you think that Louis Napoleon would make many sacrifices, or run any great risks for such a purpose?"

"I do not believe," she answered, "that at present he is willing to make sacrifices or to run risks for any purpose whatever. Things in Italy are going too fast for him. His policy is dilatory and expectative. He has often said to me: 'Il ne

faut rien brusquer. A qui attend tout arrive à point, à qui va trop vite tout manque.'"

"The malicious world," I said, "would call that a sign of his Dutch blood."

"The world," she said, "would talk nonsense. He has not a drop of Dutch blood. In the beginning of July, 1807, Napoleon effected a reconciliation between Hortense and Louis. They met at Montpellier, and spent three or four days, as was usually the case, in quarrelling. She went off in a pet to Bordeaux, where the Emperor was on his way to begin the seizure of Spain. She passed a few days with him, and then returned at the end of July to her husband at Montpellier. He has many little bodily tricks resembling those of Louis. Louis never looked you in the face; when he bowed it was not like anybody else, it was an inclination of the body on one side. He kept his hands close to his sides. Louis Napoleon has all these peculiarities. In the April of the following year Hortense was frightened and taken ill suddenly, and Louis Napoleon was born on the 20th of April, twelve days before he was expected. On this pretext, Louis, in 1815, tried to get a divorce, but of course failed. He was jealous of Hortense, bribed all her servants to watch her, and often said of Louis Napoleon: 'Ce n'est pas mon enfant;' but he was half mad, and, I believe, said so only to tease his wife. At one time he took possession of Louis Napoleon, and became exceedingly fond of him, which would scarcely have been the case if he had really doubted his legitimacy."

"Louis Napoleon, indeed, was an attractive child. He was gentle and intelligent, but more like a girl than a boy. He is a year older than I am. He was shy, and has continued to be so. He hates new faces: in old times he could not bear to part with a servant, and I know that he has kept ministers whom he disliked and disapproved only because he did not like the embarrass of sending them away. His great pleasures are riding, walking, and, above all, fine scenery. I remember walking with him and Prince Napoleon one fine evening on Lansdowne Hill, near Bath. The view was enchanting. He sat down to admire it, 'Look,' said he, 'at Napoleon, he does not care a farthing for all this. I could sit here for hours.'"

"He employed me, some days ago, to make inquiries for him in Germany in connection with his book. Moquard



wrote me a letter of thanks. Louis Napoleon wrote in his own hand these words, 'Ceci me rappelle les bontés qu'avait M<sup>me</sup>. R. pour le prisonnier de Ham. Les extrêmes se touchent, car les Tuileries c'est encore une prison.'

"While the Duc de Reichstadt, and his own brother lived, he used to rejoice that there were two lives between him and power. What he would have liked better than empire would have been to be a rich country gentleman, with nothing to do but to enjoy himself."

"You tell me," I said, "that as a child, he was gentle (*doux*). Is he so now?"

"In appearance," she answered, "for he has great self-command; but *au fond* he is irritable. He is also very pertinacious, at least in his opinions. Hence he hates discussion, it annoys him and never convinces him. He cannot bear to see people '*triste*' or discontented."

"Here is the letter which he wrote to me the evening before his escape. He tells me that he has sent to me all his remaining manuscripts on artillery, and all the proof sheets of the printed portion, and begs me to keep them. I was then in Paris."

"The instant I read it, I said to my husband, 'He is going to make his escape, he is making me his literary executrix.'

"My husband laughed at me. Next morning at breakfast, the papers came in. I read aloud,—

"'Yesterday Louis Napoleon Buonaparte made his escape from Ham.'

"'Bah!' said my husband, 'you are going back to the nonsense which you talked yesterday.'

"I repeated, 'Yesterday Louis Napoleon Buonaparte made his escape from Ham.'

"'Don't talk stuff,' said my husband."

"Read it yourself," I answered.

"The next day I got this letter from him in London."

"'I need not,' he writes, 'tell you the details of my escape, as you have them in the papers. My measures were so well taken that in eight hours I was in Belgium, and twelve hours after in London. It seems a dream. Take care of my manuscripts and proofs. The first volume is finished, and may be printed from the proofs.'

"Here is another worth hearing. It was written from London in 1847, in consequence of a common friend having accused him of personal ambition."

"'In all my adventures,' he says, 'I

have been governed by one principle. I believe that from time to time men are created whom I will call providential, in whose hands the destinies of their countries are placed. I believe myself to be one of these men. If I am mistaken I may perish uselessly. If I am right Providence will enable me to fulfil my mission. But right or wrong, I will persevere, whatever be the difficulties or the dangers. Living or dying, I will serve France.'

Here M. T. C. came in: she closed the book, but the conversation on Louis Napoleon continued.

"My first introduction to him," said T. C., "was in 1848, when I was prefect. He was then deputy and remarkably shy. The first time that he demanded *la parole*, he mounted slowly the steps of the Tribune, looked round him for a minute or two, and then descended without having uttered a word. Some time after he made a second attempt, and actually spoke, but very badly. I gave a reception to the whole Assembly. He negotiated with me about his coming to it. He did not wish to be announced, as his name would draw all eyes upon him. It was agreed that he should come early, and that I should meet him in the passage, and lead him in without his name being mentioned—but he never came."

"It has been thought," said M<sup>me</sup>. R., "that he was playing a part; that he was pretending to be stupid, as a candidate for the Papacy pretends to be dying."

"I was with him," she continued, "when the Bill of the 31st of May, 1850, for the restriction of the suffrage was in discussion. 'I hear,' I said, 'but I do not believe it, that you support this Bill.'

"'I do,' he answered."

"'What,' I said, 'you the child of universal suffrage, do you support a limited suffrage?'

"'You understand nothing about it,' he replied, 'Je perds l'assemblée.'

"'But,' I said, 'you will perish with the Assembly.'

"'Not in the least,' he answered. 'When the Assembly goes over the precipice, je coupe la corde.'

"In fact," said T. C., "the relations between him and the Assembly were such, that one or the other must have perished."

"It seems to me," I said, "that if Cavaignac had been President the Republic might have been saved."

"So I thought at the time," answered T. C., "and so I think now. Much de-

pended on Thiers. In 1849 I was Minister of Finance. Blanqui—not the conspirator, but the political economist—came to ask me to call on Thiers, and see whether we could come to an arrangement under which Thiers would support Cavaignac. I said that Thiers was, in many respects, a much greater man than I, but still, as he was a mere private person, and I was a minister, he ought to call on me. Thiers is proud and punctilious; he would not visit me, but it was agreed that he should come to me on the ministerial bench, and that we should go out and discuss the matter in the corridors. We had a long conversation, but it ended in nothing.”

“What caused the failure?” I asked.

“He imposed,” said T. C., “conditions which we could not accept.”

I called on Mdme. R., and found there M. Maury, of the Academy of Inscriptions. He is assisting Louis Napoleon in his work on Julius Cæsar. I asked after its progress.

“Much,” he answered, “is finished, and the materials for the rest are collected. He is still on his introduction, and is now at the times of the Gracchi. But some subsequent portions are completed, particularly the story of Catiline.”

“Catiline,” said Mdme. R., “was always one of his favourites. He maintained that Cicero and Sallust were unjust to him. At one time he almost thought him a patriot *incompris*, until he found that he had pillaged Africa as governor, and escaped condemnation only by being defended by Cicero.”

“He says, with truth,” said Maury, “that if Catiline had been, as Cicero makes him out, a mere robber who wished to burn and pillage Rome, he would have raised the slaves. The Emperor treats him as the leader of a political party, an extreme one, a mischievous one, but not a band of robbers and assassins.”

“Is the Emperor,” I asked, “still absorbed in his literary work?”

“As much as ever,” answered Maury. “To-day when I entered he was dictating a portion of it. He thinks much more about it than about Italy. He does not like the theatre, excepting sometimes farces that amuse him; he cares little for society. His delight is to get to his study, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and work at his history.”

“What sort of a scholar is he?” I asked.

“In Latin,” answered Maury, “far above the average of educated Frenchmen, perhaps on a par with educated Englishmen: he reads without difficulty.”

We continued to talk about Louis Napoleon after Maury had left us. Mdme. R. showed me a vase of jade, taken from the palace in Pekin. When sent to her the day before yesterday it came without the cover. This morning Thelern, the Emperor’s servant, who managed his escape from Ham, brought her the cover. “The Emperor,” he said, “spent all yesterday in looking for it.”

“He is a strange being,” said Mdme. R.: “one who did not know him would think that he had enough to do without wasting a day in looking for the cover of a vase; but it is like him. His mind wants keeping. A trifle close to his eyes hides from him the largest object at a distance; I have no doubt what Thelern said was true, and that he did spend three or four hours yesterday hunting for the cover of that vase. He wished to send it to me, and for the time that wish absorbed him.”

“What are your relations with him now?” I asked.

“We do not meet,” she answered, “but we correspond. I am his *intermédiaire* with many of the German *littérati*. I get for him information for his book, as I did when he was at Ham for his work on Artillery. We lived together,” she continued, “from our births till I was about fourteen, and he about fifteen. During the first seven years of this time he was surrounded by all the splendour of a court. During the last eight years he was in Germany, looked down on by the Germans, who would scarcely admit the Buonapartes to be gentry, and would call him Monsieur Buonaparte, and seeing no one but his mother and her suite.”

“Afterwards he lived in Italy and in Switzerland, among Italians and Swiss, but never with French people.”

“His long exclusion from the society of the higher classes of his own countrymen, and, in a great measure, from the higher classes of the foreigners among whom he resided, did him harm in many ways. It is wonderful that it did not spoil his manners; he was saved, perhaps, by having always before him so admirable a model as his mother. But it made him somewhat of a *parvenu*, what you would call a tuft-hunter. He looked up to people of high rank with a mixture of admiration, envy, and dislike; the more difficult he found it to get into their



society, the more he disliked them, and the more he courted them.

*April 11, 1861.*—Mdme. R., Mrs. Grote, Mdme. Mohl, Circourt, Target, Duverger, and Lavergne breakfasted with us.

Circourt told us that he had acquired a new neighbour, the Emperor, who has purchased Malmaison, and a considerable tract all round it, and is busy planting and gardening.

"He comes to Malmaison," said Circourt, "once or twice a week; pointing out, indeed, writing on little tickets with his own hand, the place for every shrub. He is a most considerate purchaser; pays liberally, and is anxious that no one shall suffer inconvenience by removal. A strange contrast to the indifference with which he turns tens of thousands into the streets to make a boulevard or a square."

"I have often said of him," said Mdme. R., "qu'il a la sensibilité dans l'œil. He is deeply affected by any distress that he actually sees; he is indifferent to any that is not brought before him in detail. One day I found him at Ham in great grief. The man who waited on him had died the day before, leaving a wife and family in distress. 'I gave them,' he said to me, '300 francs, but that will do little.'"

"How much have you left?" I asked. "Sixty," he answered. "I can manage with that for a fortnight, until my next remittances come. The government must lodge and feed me.' While we were talking, the man's daughter, a girl of about fourteen, came in to thank him. She was weeping, and he began to sob too. Suddenly he went to his escritoire, took out the sixty francs that he had left, and gave them to her. 'It is lucky,' I said, 'that I have 100 francs more than my journey will cost me.' So I gave them to him, or I should have left him utterly penniless."

"How came he to be so poor?" I asked. "I was told that when he was taken at Boulogne he had 160,000 francs, which were deposited with the maire, and returned to him after his trial?"

"He had much more than that," answered Mdme. R. "His coat was lined with bank notes. It disappeared, with its contents; but, as you say, the 160,000 francs were returned to him. He sold, too, almost all the little property which he had; but nearly all went in buying up the pensions to which the old servants of his mother were entitled."

"He said to them, 'I am condemned to imprisonment for life. With my active

habits, imprisonment will kill me in a few years, and my will may not be respected. You had better take the value of your pension while I am allowed to pay it to you.'

"Almost all that remained he spent in allowances to those who had accompanied him in his expedition and were in different prisons. Persigny had a great deal. The result was that during the latter part of his imprisonment he was very poor, and had the utmost difficulty in getting together the money necessary for his escape."

*Monday, April 7, 1862.*—I called on Mdme. R.

We talked of Louis Napoleon.

"A single day," said she, "changed his character. Until the death of his elder brother he was mild, unambitious, impressionable, affectionate, delighting in country pursuits, in nature, in art, and in literature. He frequently said to me, not when he was a child, but at the age of nineteen and twenty, 'What a blessing that I have two before me in the succession: the Duc de Reichstadt and my brother, so that I can be happy in my own way instead of being, as the head of our house must be, the slave of a mission.'"

"From the day of his brother's death, he was a different man. I can compare his feelings as to his mission only to those which urged our first apostles and martyrs."

"What," I asked, "is the sense in which he understands his mission?"

"It is a devotion," she answered, "first to the Napoleonic dynasty, and then to France. It is not personal ambition. He has always said, and I believe sincerely, that if there were any better hands to which he could transmit that duty he would do so with delight."

"His duty to his dynasty is to perpetuate it. His duty to France is to give her influence abroad and prosperity at home."

"And also," I asked, "extension of territory?"

"Not now," she answered, "I will not say what may have been his wishes before the birth of his son, but what I have called devotion to his dynasty, is rather worship of his son. One of his besetting fears is the revival of an European coalition, not so much against France as against the Buonapartes, and the renewal of the proscription of the family."

"I have been told," I said, "that he leans towards constitutionalism as more

favourable to hereditary succession than despotism."

"I believe," she answered, "that to be true, and that it is the explanation of his recent liberalism. He hates, without doubt, opposition; he hates restraint; but if he thinks that submitting to opposition will promote his great object, the perpetuation of his dynasty, he will do so."

"He would sacrifice to that object, Europe, France, his dearest friends, and even himself."

"One of his qualities—and it is a valuable one, is his willingness to adjourn, to change, or even to give up his means, however dear they may be to him, if any safer or better occur to him."\*

"Another is the readiness with which he confesses his mistakes. His last confession," I said, "was perhaps too full and too frank."

"So I think," said Mdme. R., "but by making it he enjoyed another pleasure, that of astonishing. He delights in the imprévu, in making Europe and France, and, above all, his own ministers stare. When it is necessary to act, he does not consult his friends, still less his ministers, and perhaps he is right, for they would give him only bad advice; he does not conscientiously think the matter over, weigh the opposing reasons, strike the balance and act. He takes his cigar, gives loose to his ideas, lets them follow one another without exercising over them his will, till at last something pleases his imagination, he seizes it, and thinks himself inspired. Sometimes the inspiration is good, as it was when he released Abdel Kader, sometimes it is very bad, as it was when he chose the same time for opening the discussion of the address, and revealing the state of our finances."

"C.," I said, "treats his phlegm as his greatest quality, qu'il ne s'étonne de rien."

"Did C.," she answered, "ever describe to you his fits of passion?"

"No," I said.

"Probably," she answered, "he never perceived them. His powers of self-command are really marvellous. I have known him after a conversation in which he betrayed no anger break his own furniture in his rage. The first sign of rage in him is a swelling of his nostrils, like those of an excited horse. Then his eyes

become bright and his lips quiver. His long moustache is intended to conceal his mouth, and he has disciplined his eyes. When I first saw him in 1848 I asked him what was the matter with his eyes. 'Nothing,' he said. A day or two after I saw him again. They had still an odd appearance. At last I found that he had been accustomed himself to keep his eyelids closed, and to throw into his eyes a vacant dreamy expression.

"I cannot better describe the change that came over him after his brother's death than by saying that he tore his heart out of his bosom, and surrendered himself to his head."

"Once I found him reading *Hernani*. 'How wonderfully fine it is,' he said. 'I know,' I said, 'what you admire in it. It is the picture of a man driven on by irresistible destiny. You are thinking of the *Hernani* qui n'est pas un homme comme les autres.'

"Ah," he answered, 'que vous m'avez bien deviné.'

"Pray show me," I said, "the passage to which you referred."

"He took down the *Théâtre de Victor Hugo* and read to me the following verses from the fourth scene of the third act of *Hernani*—

Tu me crois, peut-être,  
Un homme comme sont tous les autres, un être  
Intelligent qui court droit au but qu'il rêva;  
Détrompe-toi. Je suis une force qui va.  
Où vais-je? Je ne sais, mais je me sens poussé  
D'un souffle impétueux, d'un destin insensé,  
J'avance et j'avance; si jamais je m'arrête  
Si parfois, haletant, j'ose tourner la tête  
Une voix me dit — marche.

"Now," she continued, "when, as he thinks, his mission is fulfilled, his former nature is returning. He is becoming mild and affectionate. Many parts of his disposition are feminine. He adores his child with the affection rather of a mother than of a father. He puts me in mind of the pictures in which the Virgin is looking on the infant Jesus with an expression, half love and half worship. The boy is intelligent and serious, no common child."

"On the whole the best of the Buonapartes is the Emperor, and as I said before, power is improving him, notwithstanding his detestable entourage. He is a bad judge of men, he is shy, he hates new faces, he hates to refuse anything to anybody, and he keeps about him men unable, and, if they were able, unwilling to give him advice, whose only object is to plunder him and the public purse."

\* M. de Tocqueville said of him, "*Il sait reculer.*"  
— M. C. M. S.



"Do you agree," I said, "in the general opinion that he is sinking in public estimation?"

"I do," she answered, "and I suspect that he feels it himself, and, as I said before, that he is trying to recover himself by promoting public prosperity, and by an approach to constitutional government."

"I expect," I said, "when I am here next year to find that you have renewed your old relations to him."

"I do not know," she answered. "When people once intimate have been separated for ten years, there is shyness on both sides."

"In the mean time he is constantly writing to me. On the *jour de l'an*, though he had been receiving people and addresses all day, he found time to send me a note to say that he could not let the day pass without expressing his good wishes."

"He knows too, how much I detest his *Idées Napoléoniennes*. If we talk it must be on the neutral ground of his *Life of Cæsar*. There we shall sympathize, for it is very good."

"From time to time he is absolutely engrossed by it. And he has all the help that money and power can procure."

*Sunday, April 5, 1863.*—Mdme. R. breakfasted with us.

"Every time," I said, "that I return to Paris, I expect to find you reconciled to the Emperor."

"At last," she answered, "you are right. On the 5th of last month he wrote to me to say that for twelve years I had refused to see him, and that perhaps I should persist, but that he could not bear the thought that he might die before I had embraced his child. That the next day the boy would be seven years old. Mdme. Walewska would call on me at one o'clock on that day, and that he could not avoid indulging a hope that I would allow her to take me to the Tuileries. I could not refuse. The next day she came and took me thither. As we entered his cabinet the door was closed, and I found myself in the presence of the Emperor and the Empress. He was the nearest and took me by the hand. He stood still for an instant, then ran forward, took me by the arm, threw himself on my neck and kissed me. I kissed him, and we all of us, including the Empress and Mdme. Walewska, began to weep. '*Méchante femme,*' exclaimed the Emperor, '*voilà douze ans que tu me tiens rigueur!*'

"Then there was silence which the Emperor broke by saying, '*Je crois que nous ferions mieux de nous asseoir.*' He stood with his back to the fire, the Empress and I sitting on each side, and Mdme. Walewska behind the Empress. Then again there was a silence, and the child was sent for."

"I took him in my arms and kissed him. He looked astonished. The Emperor took him between his knees, and told him to repeat one of his fables. 'I have forgotten,' the boy said, 'the ends of them all.' 'Then tell us the beginning of one of them.' 'I have forgotten the beginning.' 'Then let us have the middle.' 'Mais, papa, où commence le milieu?'

"It was clear that he would not show off, so he was allowed to go to his pony."

"'Cette dame,' he said to his mother in the evening, '*doit avoir été très-grande amie de papa, ou elle ne m'aurait pas embrassé.*'"

"The child had broken the ice, though still there was some restraint: but it wore off, and we talked as familiarly as ever. As I went he said, '*J'espère que tu ne me quittes pas pour douze ans.*'"

"Since that time I see him or the Empress two or three times a week. I find him in the evenings alone in his cabinet, at work on his *Cæsar*; but he is glad to break it off, and to talk to me for hours on old times. He is quite unembarrassed, for his conscience does not reproach him—indeed, no Buonaparte ever has to complain of his conscience."

"I sometimes forget all that has passed since we saw one another for the last time before December 1851, when he was still an innocent man. But from time to time the destruction of our liberties, the massacres of 1851, the deportations of 1852, and the cruelties which revenged the *Attentat* rise to my mind, and I shrink from the embrace of a man stained with the blood of many of my friends."

"Do you see the Empress and the child?" I asked.

"Constantly," she answered. "The child flies into my arms, and the Empress is all kindness and graciousness."

"She is a Spaniard; she wants knowledge; in fact, she wants education: but she is very seductive. She is strict with the child, and manages him better than the Emperor does; who, in fact, does not manage him at all."

"Louis Napoleon is slow both in conception and in execution. He meditates his plans long, thinks over every detail,

waits for an opportunity, which, when it comes, he does not always seize: he often keeps deferring and deferring execution until execution has become impossible or useless. But he forgets nothing that he has learned, he renounces nothing that he has planned.

"On the 29th of January 1849, six weeks after he became President, he intended a *coup d'état*. He read his plan to Changarnier, and the instant Changarnier began to oppose it, he folded up the paper and was silent.

"But he never abandoned it, and two years and a half afterwards he executed it."

"What," I asked, "are Louis Napoleon's habits now?"

"Worse than they used to be," she answered. "He rides little, walks little, and is getting fat. He hates more and more the details of business, and yet is more and more afraid of trusting them to his ministers. But his *Cæsar* absorbs and consoles him. He said to the bureau of the Academy, when they came to announce the election of Feuilleux, 'Je travaille à me rendre digne de vous.' He thought at one time of offering himself for the vacancy made by Pasquier. He intended to be present at his own reception, and to read in the frightful academic green coat the *éloge* of his predecessor, and to characterize the nine different governments which Pasquier had served.

"But with his habits of procrastination, he has delayed his candidature till the first two volumes of his *Cæsar* have been published. The first volume is ready, and he intended to publish it immediately; but the booksellers tell him that they will sell better in couples. And as even emperors must submit to booksellers, he waits till the second is finished."

April 15, 1863.—Madame R., the Corcelles, and Lady Ashburton breakfasted with us. We had an agreeable conversation, but I do not recollect much of it.

The Corcelles and Madame R. seemed delighted to meet again. They had not seen one another for years. I remarked to Madame R. that I had not seen at Lady Cowley's great party in celebration of the Prince of Wales's marriage more than three French persons that I had ever seen before.

"The Emperor," said Madame R., "cannot attract an aristocracy, so he is forced to make one. Persigny says 'nous autres des grandes maisons,' just as the Emperor considers himself as one of the

sacred royal caste. If his aristocracy is not of the purest blood, it is at least rich.

"Have you seen Michel Chevalier's building in the Avenue de l'Impératrice? It is to cost a million. Evans, the Emperor's dentist, has become a millionaire. He had early information that the Avenue de l'Impératrice was to be created, and bought land at low prices which is now worth 250,000 francs an acre. Persigny is building a palace at Chamarand."

"Not out of his savings," I said, "for his salary as minister is not above 120,000 francs, and as senator 35,000, and he must spend the whole."

"Nor does he," said Madame R., "do as most of the others do, steal or take *pots de vin*. The Emperor gives him whatever he wants."

April 20, 1863.—We breakfasted with M<sup>de</sup> R., and met there Renan and Maury, librarian of the Institute, the Emperor's principal assistant in his *Life of Cæsar*. I asked M<sup>de</sup> R. when she had last seen the Emperor.

"Yesterday," she said. It is arranged that I go to him every Sunday at five, and stay till a quarter to seven, when he has to dress for dinner, but often, as was the case yesterday, he keeps me much longer, and then he has to run for it, that he may not exhaust the patience of the Empress and of the chef. He delights to talk to a person not bound by etiquette, who can question him and contradict him and talk over all his youth. I never conceal my Republican opinions, and he treats them as the harmless follies of a woman.

"Yesterday he was in very high spirits. I suspect that he has just made up his mind on some subject that has been teasing him. He dislikes coming to a decision, but perhaps for that very reason, when he does so, he feels relieved and happy. He may have decided what to do about Poland, or what to write about some questionable anecdote about Cæsar or when the elections shall be.

"I think that it may have been about Poland. I told him that in some classes of society, I found an opinion that the forcible intervention of France in favour of Poland was impracticable. His answer was, 'Ei, Ei.'"

"Seriously," I asked, "or contemptuously?"

"Laughingly," she answered, "and contemptuously. His 'Ei, Ei,' may have meant nothing, but I think that it may have meant something. There certainly



has been a great pressure on him to take up the cause of the Polish insurgents. There are the wildest ideas as to the political importance of Poland. The war party talks of a Poland twice as large as Prussia, and one third more populous, which is to be the ally of France, and her citadel, interposed between Russia, Austria, and Prussia, a check on them all. It affirms that it would be an easy thing to march on Poland by land, and that the sight of the first French uniform would raise up a Polish population of twenty millions.

"It associates Poland with the proud-est times of the Empire. The Emeutiers recollect that the Poles have always fought by their sides—have often been their leaders, and sometimes their excitors. The army is, as it always is, and perhaps ought to be, furious for war. The Catholic party hopes to make a religious war. It cares not what damage it may do to the country if it can do good to the Pope and harm to the Greek Church and to its schismatic head. Though the peasantry of the provinces are pacific, the low town population—and it is the population of towns, or rather of Paris, that governs France—is always warlike. It does not suffer, or does not know that it suffers, the miseries of a war, and it delights in the excitement. If the insurrection be put down in a couple of months, or within three months, it will be a *fait accompli*, and be forgotten. But if it lasts, if it be carried on with heroic vigor on the part of the Poles and with barbarity on the part of the Russians, a force will be put on him which I doubt his being able to withstand. Again, if the New Chamber should be intolerable—and no one knows how it may act—he may dissolve it, appeal to the people in defence of Poland, and flatter them by promises of which war must be the result. It will be a very dangerous expedient, but he is accustomed to rush into dangerous enterprises, and to succeed in them.

"There is one subject, however, on which he has not decided, and that is the time of his candidature for the Academy. Pasquier's vacancy is to be filled up on Thursday next. His mind is still set on pronouncing Pasquier's *éloge*. 'I wish,' he said to me, 'that I could get some one to propose me as a candidate.'

"'That is not the practice,' I said. 'The candidate presents himself.'

"'I am shy,' he answered. 'If my *César*, or even the first volume of it, had appeared, I should feel that I had some

claims; but I am not vain enough to think that what I have published as yet, entitles me to the honour of being a member of the first literary society in the world. I want somebody to say so for me. You may think that I ought to delay my candidature till the *César* has appeared. But I know now whom I should succeed, and whose *éloge* I should have to pronounce. If I delay I may have to make a speech in praise of Feuilleux or of Victor Hugo.'

"'You,' I said to Maury, 'have read his *César* as far as it has gone. Will it give him a claim to the Academy?'

"'I think,' said Maury, 'that it will. It is a work of great and sagacious research, and contains passages admirably written. It is a wonderful improvement on the *Idées Napoléoniennes*.'

"'When Louis Napoleon,' I said, 'wrote the *Idées Napoléoniennes* he was already a practised writer. He had been for years writing in the *Pas de Calais journal Le Progrès*. It is seldom that a writer improves much after he is fifty. The only instance of an English writer that I recollect is that of Dr. Johnson, whose best work, the *Lives of the Poets*, was written after he was seventy.'

"'That may be the case,' answered Maury, 'in England, where you enjoy a language much purer from arbitrary restraints and idioms than ours is, and where you prefer the substance to the form. *La forme* is our idol. It resembles cookery. The best meat ill cooked is uneatable. Inferior meat well cooked may be delicious.'

"'We have been at work refining our style, introducing into it *des malices et des délicatesses*, until to write perfect French is the acquisition of only a long life. Our best writers, Voltaire, for instance, have gone on improving till they died. We spend much of what you would call useless labour on it, we omit ideas worth preserving because we cannot express them with perfect elegance; we are somewhat in the state of a man speaking a foreign language, *qui ne dit pas ce qu'il veut, mais ce qu'il peut*; but we have created a literature which will live, for it is the style, not the matter, which preserves the book. Good matter ill expressed is taken possession of by a master of style, and reproduced in a readable form, and then the first writer is forgotten.'

[This was Mr. Senior's last conversation with Madame R. They never met again. — M. C. M. S.]

From The Saturday Review.  
EXTRAVAGANCE.

LORD DERBY the other day made some characteristically sensible remarks upon the importance of thrifty habits for all, but especially for the working classes. Speaking on so well-worn a topic, he could of course say nothing very new; but he suggested one or two curious problems. Englishmen, as he remarked, are distinguished amongst all the races of the earth by their extravagance, or are surpassed by their American cousins alone. He quoted some very pithy remarks of Defoe, who said nearly the same thing more than a century and a half ago. Then as now, an Englishman could scarcely scramble through life upon an income which would enable a Dutchman to grow rich; and then as now it was the pleasant habit of a large number of our fellow-countrymen to fill their pockets with money and then to drink till the golden tide had ebbed. Lord Derby explained this phenomenon, or declined to explain it, by appealing to the permanence of national character. It is always a puzzling question how far national characteristics are inherited and how far they are merely the result of the permanence of certain conditions. Of course it saves a great deal of trouble to say that Englishmen waste their means because, as Dr. Watts put it, "it is their nature to"; and by that simple device to avoid all investigation of the political and social conditions by which the habit may have been fostered. There is indeed no reason to doubt that Frenchmen may inherit a tendency to hoard money as a dog inherits a tendency to bury bones; but, on the other hand, that inheritance is itself the result of the conditions under which previous generations of Frenchmen have lived; and by altering their circumstances we need not despair of producing an English breed with the same peculiarities. The labours of successive generations have developed special instincts in various breeds of domestic animals; and the saving instinct may be strengthened in the races which are at present most wasteful. Indeed it is probable that Englishmen are not so far from possessing this cardinal virtue of the political economists as we sometimes persuade ourselves. The Lowland Scot belongs to the same race with ourselves; and yet he is not generally considered to err on the side of extravagance. Some of the facts mentioned by Lord Derby prove upon what slight differences of position a great

difference in the habitual conduct of life may depend. He was speaking on behalf of a very praiseworthy Society whose object it is to make known to the working classes the advantages offered by the Post Office Saving Banks. The fact that such institutions are at everybody's door must be pretty generally known; but the machinery has never been set in motion to an adequate degree. There is a helpless sluggishness in the human mind which prevents us from stooping to pick up a penny, though we are willing enough to hold out our hand. It has been found in certain Friendly Societies that the depositors prefer paying a shilling to a collector who calls at their houses rather than walk across a street to pay ninepence at the office. The principle is one with which we are familiar enough in everyday life. A man who has given an order to his bankers will cheerfully subscribe to a club for years; when, if he had to draw a cheque or to pay the money in hard cash, his zeal would have broken down after the first payment. The introduction of a single link completes the electric circle; and the removal of a trifling obstacle sets in action a whole set of forces which would otherwise remain in a state of complete inertness. The mere difference between declaring a regulation to be valid unless it is vetoed and declaring it to be valid as soon as it is approved seems often to be imperceptible; and yet in practice it often determines whether a law shall be dead or alive. This simple principle lies at the bottom of the theory of frugality, and suggests how small a change may sometimes be necessary to convert a wasteful into a saving people. On which side is the burden of proof? The claims of the public-house and the savings banks may be pretty equally balanced, and a slight difference in accessibility will make the whole difference in their popularity. The theory of advertising rests on the same principle. If the name of Smith occurs to the minds of a hundred people with ever so little greater facility than the name of Brown, that infinitesimal saving of trouble will determine them to go to Smith's shop. To make people do anything, you must save them the trouble of thinking. Mental exertion is the one thing to which nearly everybody has an ineradicable antipathy; and therefore, if you can make an ally of intellectual indolence, there is nothing which you may not hope to accomplish.

From another point of view, unluckily,



this is the great obstacle in the way of preaching thrift. We are extravagant because we find it so easy to act like our neighbours. The tendency is generally denounced as a proof of the moral slavishness of mankind. People complain, and with some apparent justice, of the tyranny of custom. An English curate has often a smaller income than an artisan or a coal-miner; and yet custom orders him to wear a black hat and a frock-coat, to have a steady supply of white neckcloths, and to live up to a certain standard of external decency. Custom orders the struggling middle classes to give elaborately bad dinners, to live in separate houses instead of taking modest apartments, to send their children to schools whose only recommendation is in the high scale of charges, and generally to spend their income according to an arbitrary code of rules prescribed by the vague entity called society, instead of suiting their mode of life to their real wants. Moralists and novelists delight in expatiating upon the manifold evils which result, and they have of course no difficulty in showing that nine-tenths of the customary rules have very little to say for themselves in the court of pure reason. They infer that all the foolish extravagance of English life is due to the inherent snobbishness of our nature. The merchant apes the noble, and the shopkeeper apes the merchant; and the first notion of the poor man who has made a few shillings is to dress himself in the costume of the class just above him. We fully agree that the standard rate of living has been pitched too high in most ranks of society; and it is probable enough that that desire to imitate our betters of which snobbishness is the uglier side has been at the bottom of it. An English household, as compared with a household of the corresponding class in most Continental countries, is a model school in the art of throwing away money for an inadequate return. But when reformers propose a change, they have to deal not only with the spirit of snobbishness, but with the more powerful, if less offensive, spirit of general indolence. They invite us to break our chains; to plan a rational mode of living, and to carry it out in defiance of other people's opinions. Give up, they say, all the useless apparatus with which an English family surrounds itself, and be simple and independent. The doctrine is so excellent that we only wish it were easier to act on it; but these eager persons underrate the difficulty of

putting it in practice. A certain social machinery is provided, costly and extravagant it may be, but yet with the surpassing merit that it is there. To provide the more reasonable machinery would require an amount of thought and trouble which nearly everybody dreads far more than the expense. You would prefer your children to go to schools where they would be taught something besides cricket, and would pay fees on a German scale of economy; then you must become an educational reformer yourself, and convert parents enough to start your new system. You wish for a house built on more rational principles; you must be your own architect, or, in other words, run a risk of going to a lunatic asylum. You wish to entertain your friends on more economical principles. The chances are that you save a very few pounds, and make your home unbearable. Simple meals are perhaps better than bad imitations of elaborate cookery; but unluckily simplicity both in food and dress is very apt to mean expense. You wish to improve your relations to your servants, and you discover that they prefer the conventional system, and that you have only made them more idle and discontented than before. Reformers in all these matters deserve every praise, and we earnestly desire their success; but reform in domestic economy, as in everything else, requires an amount of time, thought, and energy to which very few people are equal.

The real objection to living simply and cheaply is that one cannot afford it. A few geniuses can strike out new plans of life, but most men will find that more trouble is saved by falling in with the stream than by struggling against it. The more favourite method of economy, especially with the female mind, is that which is generally known as cheese-paring. Without descending to a lower platform, it is possible to effect something by minute attention to details. Money may of course be saved by substituting an omnibus for a cab, by retiring to the cheaper places in a theatre, and by all that painful system of minute attention which is irritating until it becomes a habit. Here, too, one must ask whether the game is worth the candle. To keep out of debt is not only the first of duties, but the most essential condition of happiness, and therefore no sacrifice which makes both ends meet should be grudged. But, though a person who pushes his economy to any further point

may boast of setting a good example, he will scarcely find that he has consulted his own happiness. The strength of character which enables a man to retire to a hermitage and devote himself to intellectual studies on bread and water will bring its own reward; but the man who tries to divide his allegiance, to remain in the world without paying the world's price for it, will generally have little reward beyond the trifling satisfaction of a good conscience. In one sense it may almost be said that saving comes easier to the poor man than to his richer neighbour. If an appreciable fraction of your income goes in drink, you can save what is to you a considerable sum by improving in sobriety. The advantage, at least, is tangible, if the temptation to be surmounted is great. But the rich man who has succeeded by the exertion of much thought in putting his establishment on a more reasonable scale often finds that the advantage is rather shadowy and affects posterity more than himself. The chains with which we are bound are riveted upon us with terrible strength. Our bondage cannot be broken by a single good resolution, or a mere change of personal habits. Our families, our relatives, and our acquaintances combine to force us into the regular grooves. And undoubtedly many men who could do better things are forced to miserable hackwork for daily subsistence, and tempted to grow daily more commonplace, and plod more contentedly along the mill-horse round of existence. We would gladly welcome a deliverer, though we can see few signs of his appearance. Society grows more luxurious; and even our good qualities rather tend to increased energy in growing rich than to increased judgment in using wealth.

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From The Saturday Review.  
ITALY.

THE final vote on the Religious Corporations Bill has been taken, and a majority of four to one has declared in favour of the measure. The resignation of the Ministry was not without its desired effect; and when it was found that no other Ministry could carry a Bill, and that no other Bill than that of the Ministry could be carried, the habitual shrewdness and moderation of the Italian Parliament easily induced it to bow to what was, to many of its members, an unwel-

come necessity. There have been struggles and hot speeches, and some divisions; but, on the whole, the majority is probably satisfied with the measure, which is certainly not characterized by timidity or irresolution. It was decided by a narrow majority not to insert a provision altogether banishing the Jesuits out of the country; and on one other point there was a serious contest, but a majority of twenty-one supported the Government in accepting a reasonable compromise. The Government had proposed to recognize the existence of the Generals of the monastic orders, and of the corporations belonging to them; and this recognition was such as to insure their existence in perpetuity. These orders number fifty-two; and as in the rest of Italy monastic orders have no recognized existence, it was constituting a very striking exception that in the capital fifty-two monastic orders should be recognized in perpetuity. Not only the Opposition, but even many supporters of the Cabinet, viewed with the utmost alarm and disapproval so extreme a concession to the pretensions of the Papacy. The Bill and the Ministry were alike in jeopardy when Baron Ricasoli came to the rescue, and made a proposal which got the Government out of its difficulty. It must be confessed that the Ministry only retrieved its fortunes by deserting to a great extent the cause of those whom it had undertaken to befriend. The proposal was that the Generals should receive a pension of 16,000*l.* a year from the State, and that the present Generals should during their lifetime, if they remained so long in office, be allowed to occupy part of their present residences. The pension is to be handed over to the Holy See as an increase of the Pope's endowment, and, until the Vatican will accept the grant, a special board is to be constituted to apply it to the purposes to which it is destined. It is evident that the orders get something by this arrangement, but what they get is very much less than what the Ministry propose to bestow on them. During the remainder of their lifetime the present Generals will have a home in such a portion of their residences as the State may be willing to relinquish to their use. But, as one after another of their heads expire the orders will cease to have a local centre, and their Generals must sink into the position of hangers-on of the Papal household. If the Papacy is reconciled to Italy, the Head of the Church will have at his disposal the not very consid-



erable sum of 16,000*l.* a year for the maintenance of what has always been declared to be an indispensable part of the machinery of his government. Until this reconciliation is effected, this pittance will be doled out to the orders at the discretion of those whom they regard as their enemies and oppressors. It is a striking sign of the feelings and attitude of the Italian Parliament towards the Papacy that this arrangement has been sanctioned by a small and reluctant majority as a compromise almost too liberal in favour of bodies which ought properly to have nothing.

It is not surprising that the Pope should have been thrown into unaccustomed agitation by the decision at which the Italian Parliament has arrived. He reasonably hoped for better things. For many months the Italian Government evidently showed that it was somewhat afraid of him. The inconveniences of an open and enduring quarrel with the Papacy press upon those who are charged with the difficult duty of administering Italian affairs, and it may be remarked that no one has been more forward in endeavouring to conciliate the Pope than Visconti Venosta, who has had greater opportunities than most Italians for considering the bearings of the religious question on the relations of Italy with foreign Powers. Until the decision was known the Pope was unusually mild, and affected to regard the leaders of Italian policy as good sheep who would never wander more than a little way from the true fold. Now that the worst is known, his spiritual wrath has been aroused, and he has broken out into his ordinary luxuriance of anathemas. He has devoted to the ruin they have invoked those who have once more dared to insult and rob him. But even in this dark hour of misfortune he has invented a theory which brings consolation to his aged and afflicted mind. He has persuaded himself that there are two Italies—the Italy of the faithful, the submissive, and the devout, and the Italy of the headstrong, the violent, and the unbelieving; and that the former Italy is numerically far the larger of the two. The good are kept down by the bad, and are for the moment overpowered by them; but they are really the stronger party, and will soon show what their strength is, will prostrate themselves at the feet of their good Father, and will work confusion on his enemies. The strange thing is that this theory should be to all appearances entirely un-

founded. In all other Catholic countries where a contest is being waged between the Church and the State there is a strong clerical party in the bosom of a hostile Legislature. But in Italy, which is still undoubtedly Catholic in its religious sentiments, which is attached to the Papacy by a thousand ties of intimacy and tradition, and which would resent it as a distinct national grievance if the reigning Pope were not an Italian, there is no clerical party at all which can make its influence felt in the conduct of public affairs. There must be some reason for this, and the reason is probably to be found in the long hostility of the Papacy to the national aspirations of Italy. The Papacy has been the cordial ally of Austria and the grudging servant of France, but no living Italian can remember the day when the Pope was not willing to use the heel of the foreigner to trample on the hopes of Italy. The Papacy is everywhere influential in proportion as it has allied itself with the nation in which it is working. It is strongest in Ireland, where the cause of the people and the Church is the same; it is strong in France and Germany, where at least a numerous minority sees in the history of the Papacy something that is bound up with what is dearest to it in the history of its own country; and it is weakest in Italy, where Pope after Pope has been obliged by the force of circumstances to eat the bitter fruits of his temporal power, and to remain an alien to the fondest wishes of his kinsmen and fellow-countrymen.

Even if the Pope could see this, and could bring himself to acknowledge its truth, it is not to be supposed that at his age he would change his policy and alter the habits of a lifetime. But then the Pope may die, and his successor may see things in a different light, and it is therefore of extreme importance to Italy who this successor is to be. Europe has lately rung with the hourly intelligence that Pius IX. was at the point of death, and a medical paper has published with revolting accuracy a list of his diseases, which seem to the lay reader as if they must kill any one in the prime of life within twenty-four hours. Still the Pope lives on, and his protracted existence has enabled him to experience a pleasure which some old men would enjoy with the keenest delight. Lord Brougham is said to have adopted the coarse expedient of inventing a fatal carriage accident, in order that he might read his own obituary notices, and see what the world would say

of so great a man when he was taken from it. The Pope has not been put to so much trouble. Impatient journalists, who took for granted that he must die, and had got ready their elaborate accounts of his life and policy, could not bear to see so much good matter wasted, and kindly allowed him to learn exactly what they thought of him. His fair beginning, his ignominious flight, his inordinate pretensions, his alternations of humility and anger were duly chronicled, and he could read what sort of a Pope current history would pronounce Pius IX. to have been. He has returned good for evil, and seems bent on living long enough to permit these effusions to be forgotten, and so to permit them to be reproduced without the necessity of change. But he is old and ill, and the end cannot probably be far off. The interest, therefore, which is felt in the appointment of his successor is not relaxed, and those who have the charge of nominating a new Pope have all their plans arranged. It is said that, after full discussion, it has been determined to appoint none but an Italian. The name even of his successor has been given, and it is rumoured that the Cardinal of Naples is the lucky man; but nothing can be more uncertain than such speculations. The leading motive which has induced the electors to determine on appointing an Italian is said to be that of appointing a Pope who might seem naturally fitted to wield the temporal power when it is restored to him. The chief of the Roman States is not only the head of the Church, but an Italian prince, and it would be dangerous to call on his Italian subjects to bear among their other burdens the yoke of a foreigner. From this point of view an Italian is to be chosen because he will be best fitted to profit by the triumph of the Church when the destroyers of the temporal power are conquered; but then it is possible that this triumph may never be achieved, and stern necessity may teach the next Pope to postpone his dreams of being a King to a very distant future. In that case also it may be very useful that he should be an Italian, for he will then know the real feelings of his countrymen, and will comprehend the depth of the gulf which bitter memories have placed between them and the head of their Church. After the recent vote of its Parliament, it is impossible that Italy should hope to be reconciled with Pius IX., but it may look forward to the time when it will be reconciled with his successor, if

he is a man capable of new thoughts and alive to Italian sympathies.

From The Spectator.

#### THE BISHOP OF ARGYLL AND THE ISLES.

BISHOP EWING'S death, at an age when a much longer career might fairly have been hoped for him — he was only fifty-nine — deprives the Episcopal Church of Scotland of, we believe, her only Broad-Church Bishop, and the Anglican Communion in general of its most spiritual and benignant prelate. No one would have said of Bishop Ewing, as it has so often been said of some of the most liberal thinkers of the English Church, that he cared more for free thought than for the spirit of worship. His mind was open enough to all fair intellectual considerations. As the beautiful and thoughtful volumes of sermons which he lived to see through the press, but not to see in the hands of the public, shows, he had no cut-and-dried answer to the difficulties of thoughtful sceptics; only they could not penetrate him, for he felt too profoundly the light and strength beneath them. He was a hearty disciple of the Christianity of the late Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, who died only three years before him, and in whose spiritual mind and life Dr. Ewing found just that link between Christ and the life of our own day which seems to be wanting to so many of us, — a link supplying the need of a practical modern interpreter of the mind of Christ, rather than any intellectual answer to intellectual difficulties. At the time of Mr. Erskine's death, a powerful and thoughtful writer who knew him intimately spoke of him thus in these columns: — "Eighty years had not naturalized him here, nor delivered him from the home-sickness with which he yearned after a fuller vision of things divine than that allotted, except in rare moments, to this stage of our being. One never could with him wholly escape the feeling that he belonged to a different spiritual climate. To some, perhaps, this aloofness from ordinary life was seen only in the result of intensifying a very peculiar individuality, and sheltering it from all those influences which make men common-place. . . . This outward universe was to him no more than a parable of the true Cosmos ever before his eye, where all things, great and small, were held in their places by the spiritual gravitation of love, and he



was for ever struggling to utter his impressions of spiritual laws to him far more unquestionable than those by which the outward world is ordered." Such was the Bishop of Argyll's spiritual teacher, and Dr. Ewing's whole mind and thought were devoted to the task of transmitting to the world, so far as it came under his influence, the chief ideas of his friend and master. He had not the rare spiritual originality of Mr. Erskine, — indeed, not one man in a century has, — but he was possessed wholly by the same spiritual ideas, — that Revelation is light and knowledge, that it carries with it its own authentication, that we are not to look outside the teaching for the proof of the teaching, but to find it in the teaching itself, that it is a light which makes the stupendous system of nature not indeed transparent, but still full of meaning to us; that it delivers us from the temptation to ask too curiously "Why were we made thus?" and helps us to accept our lot as it is, in perfect conviction that it is a lot prescribed by love; that Revelation enables us to suffer contentedly, if we must suffer, not because we like it, but because we recognize the love from which, though shrouded in mystery, the suffering comes. The Bishop of Argyll preached this perfect absolute self-sufficiency of the Gospel to reveal the unknown God, up to the point where faith is merged in knowledge. He was impatient even of such forms of prayer as the persistent cries for mercy in our liturgy. To harp so plaintively on the cry for mercy was, he thought, a distrust of God, a virtual denial of revelation, and showed a tendency to ignore the fact that God, so far from needing repeated and pertinacious entreaty on our parts, was yearning for our repentance and inspiring the very hope we were putting forth. There was a great childlikeness and simplicity about Dr. Ewing. He had gentleness and great sweetness, — no bishop of our time fulfilled the paternal idea of the bishop's office as he did, — but he harped like a child on the main string of his devout and simple theology. He was like the Apostle John at the time when he was carried into the church only to say, "Little children, love one another." Not that Dr. Ewing's modes of expression were wanting in variety, fancy, and illustrative imagination, but that the burden of them was always the same. The gospel was an unveiling. It did not explain the mysteries of life, nature, and history, but it revealed their divine pur-

poses so that we could wait in patience for the explanation of those mysteries. He was almost *intolerant* of those forms of Christianity which seemed to him to place new veils between Christ and man. The sacramental theory of the Roman Church was abhorrent to him. He was as wroth as it was in his nature to be against the notion that divine light could be secured by machinery of any sort, — that of a Council or otherwise. He had seen much of the interior of the Catholic Church in Sicily and Italy, and was convinced that the spread of infidelity in these countries was due to the externality of the Roman Catholic worship and the hard shell of its dogma. If ever he said a severe or a narrow thing, it was against the ritualists and sacerdotalists, but even then not against them, but against their ideas. He had indeed little sympathy with what seems to us a true belief, that divine help comes into the heart as much through unconscious as conscious channels. In symbols he could believe, because symbols are but the hieroglyphics of thought. In channels of divine help that were something more than symbolic, that fed the spirit through the body, he could not believe, but spoke of any pleas offered for them as mere subtle apologies for magic and incantation.

Dr. Ewing had real humour, the kind of humour which so often accompanies great simplicity and childlike, evangelic feeling, and he often showed it, not only in Convocation, but in his charges to his clergy. His attack, in 1869, on the then expected dogma of the infallibility of the Pope was a fair illustration of this humour. The Bishops who met at Rome were the navigators, he said, of the bark that is called the Church. "The night is dark. There is no open vision. The track is unknown. The sailors meet and declare that the captain is infallible, and retire, it may be, if they please, to sleep. . . . It is Saul seeking enchantments; a meeting of wizards to create a brazen head like Bacon's or a calculating head like Babbage's. There is no difference in principle between this and the methods of the Buddhists to discover truth; we read of an election of the Dalai-Lama, the pontifical sovereign of Thibet, as follows. It is the result of the election of 1841, reported to the Emperor:—'Your servant, Meng-Pa, inserting his hand within the urn upon the altar, reverently proceeded to draw forth one of the slips. The inscription on the

slip was as follows: 'The son of Tse-wang-teng-tche, Thibstan, present age four years.' All the attendant Lamas exclaimed unanimously, with unfeigned delight, that the lot having now fallen upon this child, it is placed beyond a doubt that the genuine re-embodiment of the Dalai-Lamas has appeared in the world, and the Church has a ruler for its government. The minds of the people are gladdened and at rest." Of course, the Roman Catholics will by no means accept that account of their doctrine of infallibility. But no one can deny that it puts with great humour and force the objection to all external guarantees for the accuracy of revelation.

No man of really spiritual nature can be described, for the simple reason that the spiritual side of the mind, which is the highest and most important side, shades away into the infinite, and all that is left within our grasp is a group of impressions which carry with them the appearance of converging upon this life from an indefinitely wider region of the spiritual universe. There was something of evangelical simplicity about Dr. Ewing, both in the highest sense and, to a certain extent, even in the technical sense in which the word "evangelical" is used, though he was a strong and enthusiastic opponent of all the narrow Calvinistic views. We indicated the source of this when we said that the Bishop chiefly thought of divine influence as limited to our *conscious* life, and disliked, as a form of superstition, any belief which ascribed much value to channels of divine influence outside the sphere of conscious experience. One of the passages in the Bible which evidently had the most tenacious hold both on his heart and his imagination, was the account of Jacob's wrestling with the angel until he wrung from him a blessing. That story of a victory of conscious human need over the mysterious external agents of God's Providence, a victory won by perseverance and suffering, and resulting in a crisis so definite as to be marked even by a change of name from "Jacob" to "Israel," had a special fascination of its own for Dr. Ewing, which appears not once, or twice, or thrice, but half a dozen times at least even in the thin volume of sermons which he has left behind him. We can hardly give a distincter conception of the highest side of his mind than by extracting the conclusion of the first sermon on "the Unknown God," suggested by the

story of Jacob, to which we have referred:—

Nature as a whole is silent, dark, stupendous. It was the Spirit which fashioned it—Creator Spiritus. It is the Spirit which understands it. It is that which signifieth and giveth life; and so far as man understands, he has it—so far as he has it, he understands. So far as man understands, he has life, and is in intercourse and at one with the Spirit of the universe, at one with the Most High, its and his Creator, and Sustainer, and Governor. Behold how great a matter a little spirit is. As man recognizes and comes to this, a great calm enters into him; he has not only looked upon God and lived, but he comes to live by looking. Jacob has become Israel; the Sun has risen on Peniel; and if he halts upon his thigh, what is it when death has been swallowed up in victory, and the dark angel has become the angel of light—the light found to be the product of the darkness—and the hard ribs and skull of the destroyer are changed into the wings and blooming features of a messenger from heaven, and the traveller unknown into the one and eternal love and righteousness? Amen.

And the Bishop himself, though he was so childlike, playful, and spiritual, was not without the masculine strength which strives with the dark forms of earthly trial until it compels from them a blessing. He fought boldly and with great tenacity in the Pan-Anglican Synod for a broader view of Christianity than that very timid Assembly was at all inclined to admit. He was a bold and keen opponent of the Athanasian Creed and the doctrine of everlasting punishment as attaching to heterodox doctrine, which that creed conveys in so startling a form. It was not against sacerdotalism only that he contended. It was against everything that he thought a gospel not of light and love, but of darkness and fear. His was not a massive, but it was by no means a pliant mind. His faith threw off from it all that was inconsistent with it with a completeness and certainty of which few minds could boast. Evangelic, eager, gentle, childlike, sweet, thoroughly personal in his religious devotion, keen in repelling what he thought falsehood, he was a bishop of the Johannine type, if there were one on earth, but to these qualities he added others which it is not easy to ascribe to any Hebrew, and least of all to St. John,—especially a playfulness and humour which helped him to understand the world, and helped the world to understand him.



From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
THE DUTCH COLONIAL SYSTEM.

NOT a little irritation appears to have been excited in Holland by the comments on the Dutch colonial system in which some of our contemporaries indulged on the occasion of the recent Dutch defeat before Atchin. And it must be admitted that a little hesitation before passing a sweeping condemnation on the policy pursued by Holland in the East would be not unbecoming in writers who have to rely on second-hand information. Certain it is, at any rate, that Mr. Wallace, who spent eight years in the Indo-Malay archipelago, speaks of it in very different terms. Describing his visit to Java, Mr. Wallace says, "I believe that the Dutch system is the very best that can be adopted when a European nation conquers or otherwise acquires possession of a country inhabited by an industrious but semi-barbarous people." And again, having explained what the system is, he sums up:—"On the whole the people are well fed and decently clothed, and have acquired habits of steady industry and the art of scientific cultivation, which must be of service to them in the future." To judge the matter fairly, however, it must not be forgotten that long before Holland became a nation, Java was the seat of a very respectable civilization, which has left magnificent ruins which to this day excite the admiration of the European traveller. It is quite possible, therefore, that the "steady industry" at least is an inheritance from the past, not a habit learned from the Dutch. And the possibility of this becomes a probability of a very high degree when we learn that the neighbouring islands of Bali and Lombeck are equally carefully cultivated. The Baleese are independent, and are Hindoos in religion, and Lombeck was conquered by them a generation ago. Of Bali Mr. Wallace writes, "I was both astonished and delighted, for as my visit to Java was some years later, I had never beheld so beautiful and well-cultivated a district out of Europe. . . . Houses and villages, marked out by dense clumps of cocoanut palms, tamarind, and other fruit-trees, are dotted about in every direction, while be-

tween them extend luxuriant rice-grounds, watered by an elaborate system of irrigation that would be the pride of the best cultivated parts of Europe." And his remarks on Lombeck are in the same strain: "It was now that I first obtained an adequate idea of one of the most wonderful systems of cultivation in the world, equaling all that is related of Chinese industry, and, as far as I know, surpassing in the labour that has been bestowed upon it any tract of equal extent in the most civilized countries of Europe." And from this island it must be understood that "all Europeans, except a few traders at the port, are jealously excluded." Mr. Wallace, however, relies less on the high state of cultivation of Java to prove the beneficence of Dutch rule than on the extraordinary increase which has taken place in the population during the present century. It appears that between 1826 and 1865, a period of no more than thirty-nine years, the increase has been from 5,500,000 to 14,168,416. But when we call to mind the rapid increase of the Irish population between 1801 and 1845, and the result to which it led, we may well doubt whether such growth is altogether a healthy sign. Still, making all allowance which may be thought necessary for over-favourable judgment, Mr. Wallace's testimony seems to dispose of much of the current criticism of the Dutch colonial system. When the population is really barbarous, at any rate, there seems no room at all to doubt that the system works admirably. Thus in the north of Celebes Mr. Wallace tells us that within the memory of persons still living the inhabitants of the several villages formed distinct tribes constantly at war with one another. To protect themselves from attack they built their houses on long poles. They were head-hunters, and, it is said, sometimes cannibals. Now feuds are at an end, life and property are protected, and the people have been taught to cultivate coffee plantations with the greatest success, the country has been opened up by roads, the old houses have been pulled down, and in their place have been built neat, comfortable, and well-kept villages.













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